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By Louis Raemaekers

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

A Council of War

Ferdinand : "For God's sake, Wilhelm, do something ! say something ! !"

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THE RIGHT PERSPECTIVE.

REPORTING progress." So might one describe tersely the news of the last few days. With the exception of the Austrian retreat in the Trentino, nothing new has occurred which is very definite, but everywhere is progress reported. A new era has been inaugurated in Greece by the dismissal of M. Skoloudis. The nation resumes its normal life; a General Election will shortly be held, and if as the result of it the King of the Hellenes and M. Venizelos are able again to work together amicably outside the arena of war for the ultimate good of their people, it would give genuine satisfaction to all true friends of Hellas. In East Africa General Smuts continues his well-organised advance towards the central railway which is the backbone of Germany's last colony. Once firmly astride of it, future resistance must of necessity become sporadic, and the end cannot then be long deferred. The revolt at Mecca has been threatening for years, but it is doubtful whether it would have come to a head had not the Young Turk, who is not a Turk by race or tradition, or even by religion except nominally, sold the Caliphate into Teuton bondage. The full significance of this uprising and the deathblow it deals to German pretensions in Western Asia are described on another page.

So we come to the Eastern and the Western Fronts. Russia is sweeping the Bukovina clean of Austrians, and north of the Pripet marshes holds firmly Hindenburg's forces. Hard fighting continues, but everything promises well, though advance must naturally be slower than at the beginning of the big drive. Germany reports that British guns are talking loudly and incessantly in France and Flanders; there have been several small thrusts forward by our infantry. The battle of Verdun still rages fiercely with intermittent lulls, and the Crown Prince grows more and more reckless of his men, hurling masses to destruction in order to gain a few yards. As Mr. Belloc has consistently pointed out in *LAND & WATER*, the French are fighting at Verdun on the sound principle of compelling the enemy [to suffer a maximum loss at a minimum price to the defence. He may yet take Verdun if he is willing to pay the price, for Verdun is no more a fortress than is Ypres; it is a small open town, defended by trenches, and it makes no difference from a military point of view on which side of Verdun the trenches run. But it is a name which has figured greatly in former military history, wherefore for these and other political reasons the enemy does all in his power to create the im-

pression that Verdun is the breastplate of France. It is nothing of the kind. So far as the future of the war is concerned, it is of no consequence whether the common foe or our brave Ally holds this small town.

It is part of the public duty of one and all of us—and no small and unimportant part—to keep a clear view of events, to behold them in their right perspective, and to arrive at a just comprehension of each separate fraction of the immense campaigns in its relation to the whole. This is a more difficult rôle to play than appears at first sight, especially in this country, where the old fires of partisan hatred and distrust still smoke and smoulder, and continually threaten to burst into flame. Though things move at the moment very favourably for the Allied cause, it is inevitable that there will be temporary reverses, perhaps at unexpected moments, for which we must be prepared. No psychological phenomenon has been more notable in the recent past than the perpetual recurrence of elation and depression in the public mind. As often as not there is as little real justification for the one as for the other. This state of feeling seems almost to be bred in the air. It acts and reacts through all the channels of publicity. The Press echoes rather than creates it, though it has been most manifest in those organs of opinion which pride themselves on their popular receptivity. It denotes a certain instability of character, which might develop into a serious national defect, were the public mind to yield too easily to these gusts of mental excitement and despondency. The best antidote is the cheerful and resolute spirit of the Navy and the Army. Detached from political influences, freed from public jealousies, confronting daily the stern realities of battle, our sailors and soldiers stand on a higher plane than their fellow countrymen; they are in truth not only the bulwarks of the ship of State, but also its steadying ballast.

This week we enter the last month of the second year of the war; if we take a wide view, and regard the past three and twenty months as a whole, it must be admitted that achievement far outweighs default. Should we have been nearer the ultimate goal had the rulers of the country lent an open ear to the advice of all their critics? We doubt it. A Government is a human institution and of the same nature as the individual. There lives not a man of such perfection or excellence that in him there is no cause for blame. If his merits be not at fault, then it will be his birth or his breeding; though he lacks vices, his features or manners will be open to attack. And so it has been with the Government; now it was censured for action, now for inaction; if it ignored the neutral it was wrong; if it studied the neutral it was not right. Men and administrations always have enemies, and not only enemies, but friends who delight in seeing them "taken down a peg or two," as the phrase runs. So a system of perpetual attack, unjust and acrid though it may be, ever secures a certain measure of approval.

The right perspective is the first essential for honest and useful criticism, and at no time has honest criticism been more needed. Values change; old conventions disappear; new ones spring up; the whole fabric of life, individual, social and national, deforms and reforms itself before our eyes. From the furnace of war the metal flows, and it is for us to mould it into permanent shape. Never has there been a period in the long history of our race when idleness, either in thought or action, were a deadlier sin. Also is there great occasion for sympathy. We must endeavour to arrive at a reasonable understanding of the trials and difficulties of those on whom we are prone to sit in judgment. Victory is our fixed resolution; it will be attained the quicker if we keep a stout heart and a level head through the trying weeks that lie ahead. The victory for which we fight must be decisive and complete, the beginning of a new and more beneficent era.

Austrian Retreat in the Trentino

By Hilaire Belloc

THE necessity of travel compels me to conclude the present article by Monday night. The last news from the Trentino front, at the last moment I have available for revising these words, is to the effect that the Austrians have retired from the base of the Asiago and are falling back towards the original position which they occupied before they were ordered by Berlin (which has since attempted through International News Agencies a belated apology for the blunder) to adventure themselves against the Italian communications.

The moment is well suited for summing up the magnitude of the attempt, and the corresponding congestion of material and men to which the Austro-Hungarians committed themselves, or rather to which their masters committed them when the folly was first conceived.

It was an undertaking, the preparations for which necessarily covered many months—more even than the time required for the twin adventure and twin disaster of the enemy against the sector of Verdun.

Apart from the time required for the moving of artillery and for the accumulation of munitionment which we will deal with in a moment, we know positively that certain divisions began to be shifted from the Russian front as early as the end of last year. We may justly conceive that the slow movement proceeded throughout the winter season which prohibits all heavy fighting in the mountains, and had not long been concluded when, in the middle of May, the initial intensive bombardment of the Italian line upon this sector began.

For instance, the 34th division and the 43rd division (occupied at this moment in retreating rapidly from the plateau of Asiago) were last identified upon the eastern front against the Russians not later than November. The 34th at that moment was upon the Galician frontier, filling the gap between the upper reaches of the Ikwa and the country in front of Radzilivoff. The 43rd division was just north of it, along the Ikwa line to near Dubno.

With the artillery there was the same slow procedure imposed by the difficulty of communication along one mountain railway and still more by the difficulty of accumulating a head of munitions for the larger guns.

All this long winter work, the movement of troops, guns, stores and men, must prove an accumulation of effort very difficult to reverse and undo. How difficult we shall the better appreciate when we have considered it in detail.

When the whole thing was ready what had happened was this:

The Austrians had left only 44 divisions (or perhaps 45) to watch the Russians and had massed on the Italian front at least 32, and more probably 33, divisions. Of these last as many as 18 were massed for the special effort in the Trentino, which it was hoped would prove decisive.

It behoves us to remember that troops thus gathered for a "hammer blow" are, as Berlin now arranges matters, specially selected and of the best quality upon which the enemy can lay his hands. There was a most valuable and instructive article in the *Westminster Gazette* of Friday last, 23rd June, giving an exceedingly lucid analysis of this policy, and of its consequences; its main consequence being, of course, the necessary expense attaching to such a plan. If your "hammer blow" succeeds well and good. But if it fails you will uselessly suffer the especial loss in especially large numbers of your selected men.

That 18 divisions was the total assembled (with their advanced base at Trent) for the stroke against Italy we have upon the published authority of the Italian General Staff, which has based its report upon the very fullest information.

The whole of this group had been put upon the full establishment.

The 18 divisions were incorporated as seven corps and these corps formed three armies. The two first amount-

ed between them to at least 10 divisions and by these the first actions were to be undertaken. The third and much the largest army was composed of no less than eight divisions* and was to stand in reserve.

Even during the first days of the effort, however, at least two divisions of this reserve were drawn upon, and within a month two more, so that up to a date already a fortnight past at the moment of writing, 14 divisions out of 18 had been thrown into the effort against the Italian front. The four remaining in reserve had probably been partly called on before the retreat began.

The infantry of which this formidable force was composed were organised, as I have said, upon a full establishment; each division counting four regiments or 16 battalions. That is, no less than 16,000 men (so far as regiments of infantry alone were concerned) could be counted in each unit. The only exception to this system of organisation was the organisation of the mountain troops—what the French and Italian call "Alpines." These were organised in brigades and the brigades might be of 10 battalions or a little more. To this body so gathered we must add the presence behind each regiment, besides its four active battalions, of two reserve battalions formed upon the Austrian model, which depends on its so-called "marching regiments" to supplement losses upon the field. The total force gathered, therefore, was—so far as the infantry was concerned—nearly 50 per cent. more than its first nominal effectives. It was not half a million, but it was more than 400,000.

Artillery Reorganisation

Since what we are about to examine is the congestion of the enormous forces of the enemy in this region, due to the check he has encountered, we must pay particular attention to the congestion in guns and munition which is even more serious for him than the congestion in men; especially as the enemy (both Austrian and German) has now for a long time past been absolutely tied to the heaviest of artillery upon which his whole tactic depends.

The tactical advantages and disadvantages of such a policy are well known, the advantage of overwhelming fire, the disadvantage of immobility and also perhaps of lowering the moral of troops taught to depend entirely upon the support of such guns.

But we are not here concerned with these larger points but only with the way in which the Austrian concentration in the Trentino has burdened them in their present problem of retreat with masses of guns and shell as well as masses of infantry.

In order to grasp what these masses of guns are, let us consider what the Austrian artillery establishment was at the outset of the war, and what it had become before the concentration against the Italians was complete.

The normal establishment for the Austrian Army when the war broke out was for each division a divisional regiment of field pieces, 36 in number; while each division was also given 12 four-inch field howitzers (to be exact the calibre is 104 millimetres, or not quite 4½ inches).

Two divisions were normally allowed to an army corps, though often a third division was added upon the German model; and the army corps as a whole had, quite apart from its divisional organisation, eight large 6 inch howitzers.

Under this system, then, an army corps consisting of two divisions, would have had 72 field pieces, 24 four-inch field howitzers and eight large 6 in. howitzers.

The eighteen divisions of the Trentino force grouped as seven corps would therefore have counted, on the scale of establishment discussed at the opening of the war, not quite 1,300 field pieces, together with 216, 4 in. field howitzers and 56 big 6 in. howitzers.

Now the actual force of artillery entering the Trentino

*Compare for size the Crown Prince's army at the opening of the war.

for the purpose of the "break through" was very much more heavily gunned.

The number of field pieces proper to 18 divisions remained upon the original establishment and model, but the heavy pieces were greatly increased in number. Each division had its 4 in. howitzers *tripled* in number. Instead of 12, 36 such heavy pieces were now present. This gives an addition to this arm alone of 432 heavy pieces. The corps howitzers, that is the big 6 in. howitzers, were also tripled, and to the original 56 was added a new 112, making a total of not less than 168 of these large calibre weapons.

On the top of that each corps had a perfectly new group of 36 guns of 80 millimetres calibre (which I believe to be a new weapon?) and which gives for the whole seven corps, therefore, 252 such pieces. Finally attached to the expedition as a whole, and I imagine under a separate command, were the monsters—not less than 40 12-inch. howitzers.

That ends the list of pieces movable by road.

But beyond these again the Austrians had encumbered themselves with the two very large types which can only be moved by railway; four 15 in. howitzers (380 millimetres) and four of those enormous 420's (16½ inches), the value of which is still so much in doubt.

In mere number of guns and howitzers, therefore, the Austrians had, even if they had added nothing exceptional to their plans, very nearly 2,500 guns—to be accurate 2,422.

So far as the congestion of material is concerned, the really striking thing about this number is that nearly *half were heavy pieces*. Every soldier and every student of war will know what it means for an army in movement (even with ample communication and many diverse roads and railways behind it) to have actually as many heavy pieces with it as its field guns!

But this is not all; the gigantic pieces, 12 inches and over, were all but 50 in number, and it is *their* munition which really clogs all movements.

The head of shell behind the *larger* guns amounted at the end of the process of accumulation to 1,000 rounds each behind the batteries, with we know not what vast reserve upon the railway behind.

Now the point to seize with regard to this tremendous concentration of material and men is that the Austrians in the Trentino are bottled up in a fashion unknown to any other theatre in the whole vast sweep of the campaign.

The whole of this huge affair hangs, to use an expression literally accurate for the map "by a thread." Its wounded must be evacuated, its drafts brought up, its further munitionment delivered, along only two lines of railway, one from the north and one from the east, following closely restricted valleys in a wild mountain land, the one coming from the valley of the Drave, the other over the Brenner Pass. There is worse than this, the two lines meet at Boren, and thence all the way to Trent you have nothing but the one line of railway (a double line it is true and very well constructed), running through the most difficult gorges and everywhere through a valley closely restricted.

From Trent as a base, the operation spread out like a fan. It had for its success to be possible at all to reach the first of the main lines of Italian communication to the Isonzo front—the line through Vincenza and Verona. Unless it reached that line it had far better not have set out at all.

But it had not only to reach this line of communication; it had to reach it quickly. Like all these great operations, speed was of the essence of its success. But this was particularly true of this operation in the Trentino, because of the exiguity of communications behind it.

It so happens that the approach from the mountains to the plain (along the edge of which plain runs the main line of communications) is not in a gradual slope but, as we have seen in previous articles, is caught up into a sort of basin defended by an outer rim from the plain, along which rim the Italians stood holding the Austrians firmly meanwhile at the two wings.

We have seen how the Austrians failed, especially in the last fortnight, to force that rim. They seem to have reached their furthest points about 7th June (at which moment they had already brought into action 14 out of their 18 divisions).

The succeeding week was one of gradual but distinct

reaction, and since then the local Italian counter-offensives have everywhere succeeded. To-day the enemy is in full retreat.

Put all this together and what does it mean?

It means that the Austrians staked everything upon the Trentino effort and its rapid success just as the Germans staked everything upon the Verdun effort.

It means next I think that the Austrians tried to continue their attack in the Trentino for just the same reasons that the Germans a few weeks ago, when they found that they had definitely lost the battle of Verdun, thought themselves without the choice of an alternative and so have still attacked, beaten though they are. Something might turn up in both cases! If they stop what else is there for them to do?

But in the case of the Austrians in the Trentino the game is already up. The counter-offensive against *them* began as early as June 4th in Volhynia. They are retreating. They must withdraw all this mountainous munitionment and these scores of heavy, hundreds of medium, and thousands of lighter guns. They cannot even withdraw any considerable number of men from such a region and through such a bottle neck save at the expenditure of some weeks!

Meanwhile, the whole plan depended upon the defensive line against the Russians standing firm. Even if the blow through the Trentino had succeeded—which it did not—it would have been essential for the eastern front to have remained inviolable, but we know what happened there, the eastern front broke at the first Russian challenge; it suffered a disaster which, measured in terms of time and men, is the most severe suffered by any force since the beginning of hostilities. In a little more than a fortnight nearly half of the original effectives between the marshes and the Roumanian frontier had disappeared. The equivalent of something like five army corps was lost to the Austrians for ever in prisoners alone, and certainly not less than the equivalent of 15 divisions had disappeared if we are to reckon the killed as well as the wounded who had not fallen into Russian hands. In that one blow alone Austria lost almost as many men as she had foolishly bottled up beyond Trent.

German Control of the Offensive

I have seen in the papers a statement that the Higher Command at Berlin had disapproved of this Austrian plan, even in its inception.

There is no proof one way or the other, though one would naturally regard newspaper statements of this sort as falsehoods upon general principles, from what one knows of the spread of sensational rumours during time of war. But apart from such general principles there are excellent reasons for *not* believing that the Austrian blunder was committed against the advice of Berlin and for regarding it as a typical blunder of the German General Staff, much more than as an Austrian folly. I will tabulate my reasons for this conclusion:

(1) The Austrian Army has been under the complete control of Berlin from the time of the early Austrian disasters and particularly since the threat to Hungary 18 months ago. German officers were to be found everywhere and German units intermixed with Austrian units wherever this was thought advisable.

(2) The construction of the Austrian defensive works between the marshes and the Roumanian frontier was entirely upon a German model, and was part of all that scheme of which the Germans had openly said (and certainly convinced themselves) that it was impregnable if garnished with the minimum number of men—about 3,000 to the mile.

(3) The concentration of the guns in the Trentino and of their vast munitionment, of specially collected units of a particular value; the tactical type of attack—even down to the "infiltration" and the sending out of small bodies to "feel" the effect of a bombardment—the deliberate running of tremendous losses in order to push through by a rapid stroke—all these were exactly upon the German model, and might be compared point by point with the actions in front of Verdun, which were already three months old in experience when the blow against Italy was launched.

(4) The admixture of political with strategic motive is quite typically German. It may be also typically

Austrian. But, at any rate, no one can say that the Germans would disapprove of the Trentino plan because it had too political a character and not a purely military one.

Lastly, it is not credible that if the Germans had really found their Allies independent for once, and if these Allies had really acted against German advice, the Germans would not have immediately taken counter-measures and drawn in their horns to protect their alliance as a whole from suffering a disaster.

To believe the Germans capable of foreseeing that the Trentino would be checked, and that the Eastern frontier would break is to endow them with a prescience and rapidity of intelligence which the whole of this war belies, and which is only sincerely believed in by their own middle classes and a few panicky people in this country.

But even if one does allow them these exceedingly un-Prussian qualities, one must admit that they would have

guarded against the disaster which, according to such a theory, they saw approaching. They would have checked the effort at Verdun with its drain on the depôts, and would have begun to send men in considerable numbers to Galicia. They did nothing of the sort; the whole thing took them by surprise just as much as it took the Higher Command of the Austro-Hungarians.

The Germans must not only share the responsibility of the Trentino adventure, they must be regarded as the actual authors of the folly, and only those who have made a religion of Prussian methods, I think, can doubt such a conclusion.

The Trentino business was a thoroughly Prussian idea from beginning to end, and I fancy it will have the fate happily attending Prussian ideas in modern warfare. The only un-Prussian thing about it has been the absence (so far as we know) of massacre, arson, torture and rape in the first days of the advance when it was believed to be successful.

Events on the Eastern Front

Upon the Eastern front it is clear that the right wing, which is roughly the advance on Kovel and upon the flank north of Lemberg created by the Lutsk salient, is the theatre upon which the Germans are concentrating all their available power in aid of their defeated Ally. They are, and have for a week past, been holding the Russian advance everywhere, and at the moment of writing (the evening of Monday the 26th) there is no appreciable

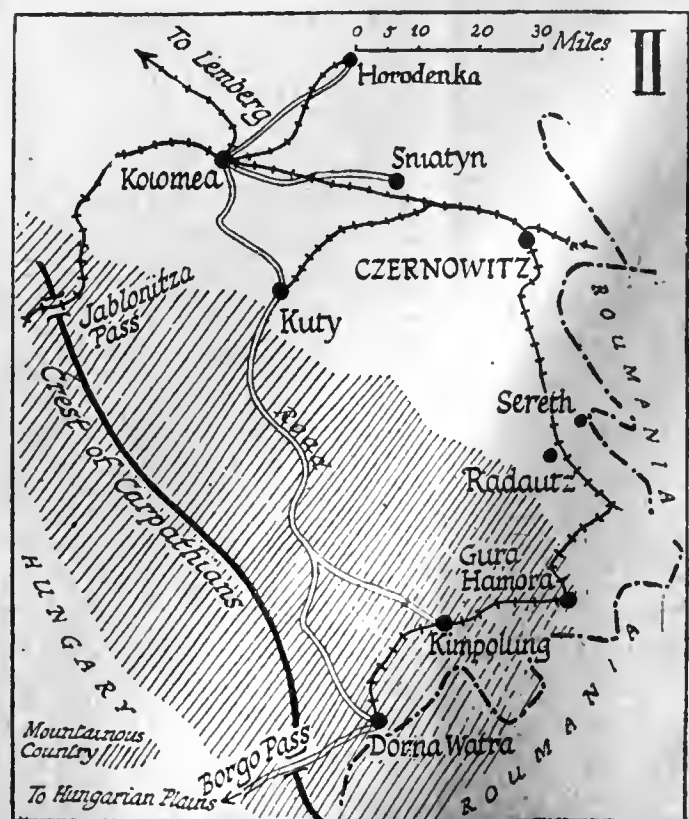
further movement of the line either north-westward towards Kovel, or south-westward upon the Lemberg flank. There is a very furious struggle going on along the whole quadrant from Gorokhov on the south-west to Kolki upon the east, but it is a struggle in which neither side has yet arrived at a pronounced result.

The centre, of course, the great Austro-German salient, between Radziviloff and Kolomea, still stands. The point where there is movement and where there is therefore a threat to that centre is in the south, the Bukovina.

The advance of the Russians over the lower ground of the Bukovina continued throughout the week. The test, as I have said, of its final strategic effect will be the occupation of the town of Kolomea.

If the Russians reach and hold that point the Austro-German centre is no longer in *potential* peril, as it has been now for over a fortnight, but in *actual* peril. It will have to retire and the whole line will have to be modified, and whether that modification would be possible in the face of the extreme pressure it would be subjected to by the corresponding Russian advance is the whole problem of the immediate future in this region.

Meanwhile, it is important to understand what the condition of communications in the Bukovina is. These communications enable a commander possessing Czernowitz—which is the communication centre of the Bukovina—to choose between, or to combine, two quite distinct movements. He can threaten the plains of Hungary and compel an enemy concentration in an advance upon or at the foot of certain passes in the Carpathians,



or he can move up towards the north-west, threatening Galicia.

The conception that the portion of the southern Austrian army retreating towards the Carpathians here is doomed—a conception which has appeared often enough in the commentaries of the last few days—is not borne out by the map or by common sense. This force has a good road and railway along which to retire (Czernowitz-Gura Hamora-Kimpolung-Dorna Watra), and our Allies have nothing more rapid wherewith to cut it off. Even if the railway has not been continued over the Borgo Pass during the course of the war—which would have been an absurd piece of negligence upon the part of the Austrians—there is an excellent road which takes a column in two normal marches from the rail-head on the one side of the mountains to the rail-head on the other, and the pass is quite low and easy.

It is more likely, however, that the Austrians will make a stand successfully upon the eastern side of the hills, because, as I have said, the Russians can hardly make their attack here the main operation.

The accompanying Sketch Map will, I think, sufficiently show the difficulty our Allies are under of putting out of action any considerable section of the retreating Austrians in this region.

From Czernowitz southward there run to the foot of

the Carpathians an excellent road and railway, which serve Sereth, Gurahamora, Kimpolung and ultimately Dornawatra, the old railway.

At the latter point you are already deep into the Carpathians. Beyond goes the road over the Borgo pass towards the Hungarian plains.

Now the Austrians may not have completed, as they should have done, a railway over this low and easy pass, for the purposes of the war. But even so what chance has a pursuing Russian force of cutting them off in their retirement? There is a long mountain road, running from Kutty, through the woods and up hill and down dale to Kimpolung. Cavalry could cover the whole distance in three days, but the rear of the Austrian column was past Kimpolung, if I am not mistaken, before the Allies entered Kutty.

A map is only a mechanical guide, but reasoning from a map it is not easy to see how this remnant of the Austrian southern army can be seriously endangered, nor even why it should not be sufficiently reinforced to turn and stand.

No, the real test is Kolomea. With the Russians in Kolomea the fair begins. The ball opens. With the Russians kept out of Kolomea there is a halt corresponding to the halt upon the northern salient, the Lutzk Kovel region.

Enemy Advance before Verdun

The recent activity of the enemy in front of Verdun may be misunderstood if we forget the fundamental principles underlying everything which takes place upon that front.

At a great risk of tedious repetition I will very briefly recapitulate these.

There opened upon February 21st last an action, the object of which on the enemy's part was the forcing of the French back upon the flooded river of the Meuse, obtaining a local decision by the unexpected violence of their blow and the unexpected density of their concentration, both in men and in guns. This initial action was lost by the Germans in its first week. By February 28th it was clear that they had failed to make good. But the battle was not over, nor was it even as a defensive action won. A defensive action is won whenever—whether the period be precise or indeterminate—it is clear that the offensive can no longer obtain a decision. When it is determined that the defensive line stands and will in future be a machine destroying its opponents regularly in a proportion far exceeding its own loss, the defensive action has accomplished its end.

The enemy still hoped, in spite of his initial check after the first week, to break the French front by infiltration and repeated local assaults. The first and heaviest of these upon the new plan was delivered upon March 9th, and thenceforward for some three weeks or a month the enemy still hoped to break the French resistance and achieve a local decision.

It is not possible to say definitely at what moment this rapidly diminishing hope disappeared, but roughly the great assault on April 9th and 10th will serve as a date.

At that moment most continental students of the war agreed that the battle of Verdun was won, and Colonel Feyler's judgment to that effect was given first and proved the wisest. There was, however, a lull during which it was not certain what the ultimate issue might be, but within at any rate ten days after that last great assault the thing was fixed. The defensive action of Verdun was won and the French line was perfectly safe.

There has followed thenceforward—even for more than two months—a series of actions quite different in conception and object. The enemy has no longer had the intention of breaking the French front or of achieving a decision. He has seen it to be impossible. But partly because he is so deeply engaged that he cannot break off with any useful chance of really strong action elsewhere, partly because he has made the name of "Verdun" (which is not a fortress, which does not even represent an invested area, but which is merely a town happening to stand within a flattish salient) a symbol for his own soldiers and for his civilian opinion at home,

as well as a symbol for neutrals; partly because he hopes that the moral of the French will be affected by his continued offensive; partly because he hopes to exhaust munitionment, and partly because—perhaps mainly because—he desired to provoke a premature counter-offensive, he continues his attacks, which are merely attacks of usury and achieve no conclusive strategic advantage.

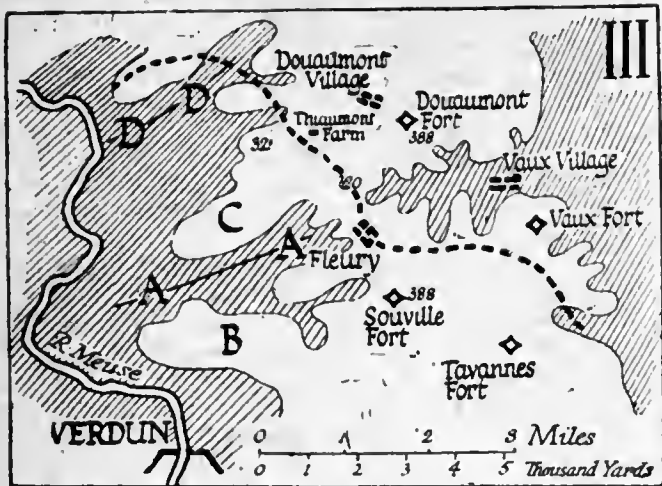
In all this time the French thesis has been that the enemy by this continued offensive was losing more men than he could afford and was inflicting loss less than he expected and less than could affect the final issue. The German thesis has been that the moral effect upon his own troops, upon neutrals and even upon the uninstructed masses within the belligerent countries of putting his men into the houses of Verdun would be worth the enormous expenditure entailed.

These two theses have been in conflict quite as much as the individual men have been in conflict upon that tremendous line, and the future will show which was right.

If the Germans have calculated well, if the uninstructed opinion even of the belligerent countries, and especially of this country, be so much affected by an approach to the geographical area of Verdun, as to confuse the issue and to weaken the determination of the governments involved, then the Germans have done well to continue. If, on the contrary (as would seem more reasonable) the purely military consideration should have weight, then he has committed and is continuing to commit a fundamental error, and the French will prove to have been right in the gradual retirement throughout which they have made the enemy pay the highest price possible for every small area successively occupied by his troops.

The movement of the last few days has been that sketched upon the accompanying map.

If we regard the plateau in front of Verdun town, not by its precise contours but by a distinction between the high ground and the valleys running up into the high ground, it is somewhat the shape upon the sketch. The line ran, before the last assault (which was delivered with effectives equivalent to about six divisions), as does the dotted line in that sketch. It affected the occupation of the work erected round the farm of Thiaumont and of part of the village of Fleury. It is, therefore, at these two points in a sort of saddle of the general ridge. To the north the enemy already held the head of certain ravines, such as that marked D D, which point straight down to the Meuse below. At Fleury he is just at the head of one such main ravine A A. Further south the line points eastward, runs south to Vaux fort, and so on to the edge of the plateau beyond. Above the saddle which he has reached by the occupation of Thiaumont



work and a portion of Fleury village, dominating both by about 120 to 150 ft., is the height on which the old fort of Souville, long dismantled, stands, and the part of Verdun east of the Meuse is as on the Sketch Map at rather over 5,000 yards or 3 miles from Fleury. He will, until the moment for the general counter-offensive, which

the enemy has hoped to render premature, but which he has not accelerated by a day, is delivered, continue to gain these small parcels of ground at the expense now of six, now of twelve, now of twenty thousand men in each attack, as against a corresponding French expense of a third or two-fifths. When the process has reached a point where it shall be judged effective to launch the counter-offensive on other parts of the line, he will pay the price of his misjudgment, or will reap the reward of a plan which no one but himself has been able to understand.

He must carry in the immediate future the two ridges marked upon the sketch C and B. C is that of Froide-terre, B is that of Belleville, but every yard of his advance, every action he undertakes, must be measured strictly in terms of men and not of approach. To measure it in any other way is to confess not only ignorance, but a sort of inability to understand the first principles of war.

H. BELLOC

Mr. Belloc has left England, by invitation, on a short visit to the Italian front. His article in our next issue will be a general review of the military situation, supplemented by a telegraphic summary. The week after we shall publish a special article by Mr. Belloc on the Italian position.

The Nelson Touch

By Arthur Pollen

THE capture of the G.E.R. mail boat *Brussels* is one of those extraordinary incidents which, like the escape and return of the *Moeve*, surprises not because it has happened, but because it has only happened once. A submarine is clearly within its rights in ranging alongside a merchant steamer, and calling upon her to surrender or take the chance of being sunk. Having surrendered, it is as obviously within the power of the submarine to compel that merchant ship to conform to orders. Just how the *Brussels* was taken into Zeebrugge, we do not know. The Germans may have put a prize crew on board, as was recently done by a British submarine in the Kattegat, or the U-boat captain may simply have ordered the captain of the *Brussels* to precede him into Zeebrugge under the threat of slipping a torpedo into him at the first sign of disobedience. So long as the field was clear of British patrol boats, the captain of the *Brussels* would have no alternative between obeying and risking both his ship and the lives of his passengers, so that he could hardly hesitate.

There is something picturesque about the procession of captor and captured in such conditions. It is by no means unprecedented in naval war—though I know of no other case of a submarine imposing its commands in such a way. Here is a curious analogy from natural history. The late Captain Robert Ramsey, for some years Commodore of the West River merchant and passenger fleet—he was in England when war broke out, obtained a R.N.V.R. commission as lieutenant, and died in the service of his country, a brave, much travelled, and wholly delightful seaman—had many picturesque stories of the ways of man and beast in China and other out-of-the-way parts of the world. One related the capture of a coolie by a tiger on the outskirts of a Chinese village. The brute carried off his victim in his mouth and galloped full tilt to the river bank and then ran up stream. When the man was missed, these tracks were followed. Over a distance of about two miles from the village, the spoor of the tiger was plainly visible along the soft banks. Imagine the astonishment of those that followed, to find a human track beginning alongside the tiger's at this point and continuing for about three miles further. Both tracks went into the bush and here the remains of the coolie were found. It was evident that the tiger, tired of his load, had compelled the unhappy man to walk beside him.

* * * * *

For the moment, the discussion in the columns of the *Times* to which the Battle of Jutland gave rise, has

come to an end. This, I think, is to be regretted, because Mr. Wilson and Mr. Leyland have left the matter in dispute just at the point when enlightenment is most needed. The discussion arose out of the statement that in the recent battle, our fast division was for some two and-a-half hours in action, and, for the greater portion of the time, engaged a superior number of ships, all more heavily armoured than themselves. Mr. Wilson's case is that if these facts imply that an inferior British force engaged for no other reason than that an opportunity of engaging was offered, and seized that opportunity because it is a sort of naval tradition—already exemplified by Cradock's heroic but useless sacrifice at Coronel—then, however much we may admire the valour and daring of the performance, we must refrain from approving its wisdom. To endorse such conduct by an appeal to Nelson is, he says, to misread the teaching of that singular man, and to put a wrong meaning on the "Nelson touch." "Whence," he asked, "arose the legend that Nelson simply taught 'Engage more closely'?" Should light cruisers rush at enemy battle cruisers and battleships and fight them, or should they retire? Did the frigates of the old days engage ships of the line—the closest analogue to the modern battle cruiser? And if it is right for light cruisers to retire, why is it not equally right for battle cruisers to fall back and bring the enemy within range of their own battle fleet? Why did Nelson, on the eve of Trafalgar, apparently retire in the hope of picking up Admiral Lewis's squadron? Because he knew that numbers only could annihilate. Did he rush impetuously at the enemy or wait patiently for the right opportunity? Whatever Nelson did or did not do, Mr. Wilson is sure that an unequal contest is hopeless in these days. Lieutenant Baudry, a competent French authority, thought so before the war, and, adds Mr. Wilson, "the question has peculiar interest and importance now in view of Admiral Cradock's gallant but unavailing attack at Coronel, which seems to have settled the matter finally." Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Leyland imply that what is meant by the "Nelson touch" was always the object of the great admirals of history. "Each of them has wished to be in superior force and has manoeuvred where possible to gain such superiority." "We must not allow," adds the latter, "the principle of challenging the enemy at any cost, to be exalted into a doctrine at these critical times."

There are thus really three unanswered questions propounded. First, what is the theory on which a commander of an inferior force should sometimes engage a stronger? What was Nelson's teaching on this subject?

Have conditions so altered things that nowadays an inferior force never has a chance? Perhaps if I attempt to answer the second and third questions, the first will more or less answer itself. But before dealing with them, it should be remembered that the phrase "The Nelson touch," was invented by the Admiral's friends as a description of the tactical plan put into action at Trafalgar. It means the specific thing that Nelson once did—not the Nelsonian way of doing anything.

The difficulty of telling Mr. Wilson whence the legend comes "that Nelson simply taught to engage more closely," lies in his use of the word "simply." For sea war is infinitely various, and Nelson, the greatest of all exponents of sea fighting, is as complex in his teaching as were the conditions he had to meet. Nor can we get at Nelson's teachings just by quoting his chance phrases. Though his letters are wonderful, Nelson was not literary, and he had neither a philosophic nor historical training. He was not acquainted with any code of sea strategy, no written system of tactics was available to him, and neither he nor any of his contemporaries produced one. The navy of his day was indeed possessed of certain fighting principles, which, when exemplified in action, almost present a catena of warlike doctrine. But these principles existed only in the memories, the experiences and the accomplishments of the officers of that war trained generation. They were transmitted orally, they lived by virtue of being practised, and there is no other complete record of them. And they were to a great measure lost to the generation that succeeded, just because peace afforded no scope for exemplifying doctrine in action. The disengagement of the fundamental truths of strategy and tactics from their very partial expression and their often obscure exposition, has been the work of naval students in the century that is passed. It is they who have tried, but without convincing success, to set these out as immutable principles of sea war. The task is incompletely performed because it is incredibly difficult, and it is only eclipsed in difficulty by the attempt to apply doctrines deduced from the conditions of 100 years ago to the changed conditions of to-day. This being the case it would be very rash to dogmatise on any one aspect of Nelson's teaching. But it looks as if we could go a certain way towards an answer with safety.

Teaching from Action

I have already suggested that we shall learn more of Nelson's teachings from his actions than from his words. Sometimes his words and his acts are at variance. "Do not imagine," said he, "that I am one of those hot-brained people who fight at an immense disadvantage without an adequate object." When the object was adequate, the disadvantages that Nelson would face are patently understated by the adjective immense. Nor is the adequacy always apparent. Take the two instances of February 11th and 13th, 1797, set out in the first volume of Mahan's life, and note that in the first of these it is somewhat difficult to say that the object was important enough for the risk that Nelson ran.

On the 11th Nelson left Gibraltar in the frigate *Minerve*. He was pursued by a Spanish ship of the line. It was exactly the disparity of forces Mr. Wilson discusses in his letter. A member of the *Minerve's* crew fell overboard, and Hardy, without a thought of the consequences, ordered a boat to be lowered, leapt into it and rowed off to look for him. The Spaniard was gaining; was indeed, almost within gunshot. It was obvious that, if the frigate checked her way, Nelson would have to engage at almost hopeless odds, for the circumstances gave the slower ship of the line the advantage of the wind, and successful flight seemed improbable. But Nelson did not hesitate: He saw a way of fighting without surrendering; but not without losing his ship. It is not improbable that he thought he could bluff his pursuers. "By God, I'll not lose Hardy," he exclaimed. "Back the mizzen topsail." "Singularly enough," says Mahan, "the enemy, disconcerted by Nelson's action, stopped also to allow his consort to come up—a measure wholly inexcusable, and only to be accounted for by that singular moral effect produced in many by a sudden and unexpected occurrence. The daring deed had therefore the happiest results of a strategem, and the frigate was troubled no further."

Off St. Vincent, two days later, the Spanish fleet was divided and was trying to re-unite across the British rear. Nelson's ship, the *Captain*, was the third ship from the end of the line. He at once left his place and engaged the leading ships of the Spanish weather division. The Commodore of course knew that other Captains would act on his example. But he could not know how many would follow nor how soon support would come. What he did was to engage five first-rates and a 74 with the *Captain* only. The disparity of force, as measured by guns, was 600 on one side against 74 on the other—odds of nine to one! Again at Trafalgar, Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, carrying out Nelson's plan, was engaged single-handed for twenty minutes against seven French ships of the Line, and the *Victory* was deliberately exposed to the broadside of four French ships for a full half hour before a shot was returned. When she broke through she was engaged for some time with three ships at least. If an unequal engagement is wrong, the whole procedure of Trafalgar is indefensible.

It would be easy to multiply instances. It almost looks as if Nelson either thought little of his limiting conditions, or always saw an adequate object when the chance of fighting was offered.

When on a famous occasion Hotham recalled his ships from action, Nelson at that time a Captain only, went on board the Admiral, and with what must have seemed great presumption, pressed him to revoke the order. At St. Vincent he was a mere Commodore, and there were no less than four Admirals flying their flags in a fleet of 16 ships. Any one of the four might have seen as clearly as he did what the situation was, but seeing it himself he did not hesitate to act without orders. And as we all know, at Copenhagen he disobeyed his C. in C.'s orders flatly. Each time his almost infallible judgment perceived a way to victory. When he could, it was this judgment and not orders that he followed. It has been said of Nelson that the love of glory was the absorbing passion of his life. Certainly, notwithstanding the words of his I have quoted, far from there ever having been a recorded instance of his declining an opportunity of engaging, there is no case of his not having sought an action when it was possible. We do not need Mahan's authority to convince us that he "was inclined by nature and experience to take risks." How then is it, that with the possible exception of Tenneriffe, we look in vain for a case in which either the adequacy of the object did not justify his daring, or in which his manœuvres, however daring, were not adequate to achieve his object?

The answer is I believe threefold. To begin with, his military judgment of the position was, as has been said above, almost infallible. He possessed, that is to say, an order of mental perception seemingly unique. It was a quality of mind incredibly enhanced by actual experience of war, and one that in supreme danger could work to perfection, because the man was at all times aflame with the most ardent courage. For without the coolness that courage gives, there could not exist the clear and balanced judgment that is vital in the critical hour.

Next Nelson's knowledge of war was not limited merely to the methods by which he could put the splendid instrument at his disposal to the best use on any occasion. He had a profound intuition of the psychology of his opponent. Like all the great masters he relied greatly on surprise, and he knew that the swift and astounding decisions that spring from intrepid daring were the most fruitful cause of surprise. When he backed the mizzen sail of the *Minerve* and startled the Spaniard into stopping, he as likely as not calculated on this very probable result of his action. Amongst the forces, then, on his own side with which he would reckon in a contingency, he would count his capacity to bewilder his enemy by his boldness as one of the greatest. It was as if he had said, "The more risk you take, the less risk you run!"

But, manifestly true as all this seems to be, it affords a very incomplete account of Nelson's character, for much as we may admire his genius, his intuition, and his valour, we should admire him much more for his nobler characteristic, namely, his devotion to duty. Though he seems always to be for fighting at any cost, it was only one kind of fighting that he was looking for, viz., the fighting duty, not glory made obligatory. He never

fought for his own hand, but only for his country. When his mind was made up, when his decision was taken, we can imagine him crying, "a peerage or Westminster Abbey." But one cannot imagine the dazzling alternative deciding him in his action. Thus the key of all his conduct is to be found in the signal that he made just as he began the last and greatest of his battles.

Moral of Nelson's Life

The moral of Nelson's life then, seems to be something like this. Given a commander gifted with all the qualities of mind and soul that constitute genius, and under his orders a force the personnel of which exemplifies the highest attainable point of seamanship, discipline and skill in the use of weapons, and, in the conditions of sea war of a century ago, there would be hardly any disparity in merely material forces that he could not engage with success, *if only he could count* upon the leading, the seamanship, the discipline and the gun skill of his opponents being of a greatly inferior order. It is not only Nelson's career that illustrates this truth. When we are asked: Could a frigate engage a ship of the line or a 64? the answer is that it was constantly done and with success. Is it possible, in modern conditions, for such things to occur again? I propose to offer some reflections on this subject on a future occasion. It would take too long here to state and classify the changes that make an off-hand answer impossible.

But before leaving Nelson, there is one outstanding truth that must never be forgotten. The main fighting units of a hundred years ago were ships of the line and frigates. Ships of the line ran from 64's to first rates of a hundred or more guns. A frigate carried from thirty to forty guns. But the guns were not of very unequal power, so that a frigate could administer roughly half the punishment that could a 74. But her timbers were lighter and she could stand far less punishment. Against this she was generally faster and always much handier. In the ships of those days it was practically impossible to aim the guns. Their arc of training, where it existed, was exceedingly small. Consequently a ship could only attack another if she was, so to speak, immediately opposite the side along which the guns were ranged. Straight ahead or straight astern no guns could be brought to bear. Again, the guns could not be raised or lowered to counteract the movements of the firing ship and keep them constantly pointing at the enemy, and they were not fitted with graduated sights which were altered for different ranges. Guns were aimed by the bearing of the

ship, and hit only if they were fired at the right part of the roll. Everything then turned upon drill, on which the quick service of the guns depended, and finally upon the seamanship that would bring the firing ship within a useful range of the target, for beyond a few hundred yards, gunnery could in no circumstances be effective. It is obvious then that a captain with a well-trained, well disciplined crew, who was himself a master of seamanship, and with a quick eye for the movements of his opponents, could sometimes so manoeuvre as to keep a less skilful enemy under fire while he himself remained within the dead angle on which the enemy's guns would not bear. This was only one of the ways in which superior seamanship could not only equalise forces, but give a crushing superiority to the one that was on paper the weaker.

Present Conditions

Now in applying the lessons of the past to the present, it seems to me the most important thing to bear in mind is this. In Nelson's time, the development of this kind of superiority depended hardly at all on arrangements and provisions external to the ship. The whole thing turned upon the zeal, ability and devotion of the admirals, captains, officers and men. It had little or nothing to do with the Admiralty, and was almost unaffected by decisions of policy and preparation made at Whitehall. The implements of war were, for the most, rudely simple and of a type common to all ships and both sides.

When we speak of Nelson having a splendid instrument at his disposal—a better instrument than the French possessed—we must remember that this perfection was a product of himself and of the fleet at sea, and not a product of the governing body. To-day things are totally different. If, then, we are to approach the questions of how and in what conditions a force inferior materially can engage one that is, in respect of greater range, or power, or speed, or protection, its superior, we must remember that only those tactics are open to the Commander of the weaker force which *the methods of using his weapon prescribed by his equipment* make possible.

And as in choosing this equipment he has no voice at all, we may find that if we have a difficulty in finding modern parallels to Nelson's achievements, the explanation may lie, not in the lack of Nelsons afloat in time of war, but to the reign of a very un-Nelsonian spirit on land, both in peace and in war.

ARTHUR POLLEN

GREENMANTLE

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

We have pleasure in announcing that with the next issue of *Land & Water* (Thursday, July 6th) will begin a new serial story by John Buchan, the author of "The Thirty-Nine Steps," one of the most successful books published since the outbreak of the war.

All those—and there are many thousands—who followed the strange adventures of Richard Hannay in "The Thirty-Nine Steps" will be enthralled by his still stranger experiences in "Greenmantle"—where he plays the principal part in a mysterious mission to Berlin, Constantinople and the East. Those who do not as yet know Richard Hannay will be glad of this opportunity to make his acquaintance.

No character has so captured the imagination since the advent of Sherlock Holmes.

It frequently happens that the demand for LAND & WATER is greater than the supply, owing to the necessity for economy in the use of paper. In order to avoid any difficulty in obtaining a weekly copy our readers are requested to place an order in advance with their newsagent or bookseller, or to post a subscription (£1 10s. per annum) direct to the Manager, LAND & WATER, Empire House, Kingsway, W.C.

Significance of the Mecca Revolt

By Lewis R. Freeman

[The writer of this article, a distinguished American journalist, has travelled widely within the last five years through Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, and the borders of Arabia. His story of German propaganda in these Mohammedan countries is curiously instructive]

IT is still too early to endeavour to make any intelligent forecast of the probable effect upon the course of the war of the remarkable action of the Grand Sherif of Mecca, who, supported by the tribes of Western and Central Arabia, proclaimed his independence of the political and religious leadership of the Porte and his creation of an autonomous Arab State. But while the military effect of this dramatic development must remain more or less in obscurity for the time being, there need be no uncertainty regarding the moral effect.

Perhaps the most significant thing about the bold action of the Sherif of Mecca is that his revolt is undoubtedly directed quite as much against Germany as against Turkey. The Arab—an Oriental himself—has been able to worry along for several centuries with the Oriental corruption and persecution of the Turk, but the Occidental brutality of the German has brought him to arms in less than two years. The manner in which the hundred million of Mohammedans under the British flag have been held loyal while those under the Kaliph are breaking into revolt is only another example, similar to that furnished by South Africa, of the practical wisdom (to say nothing of the justice) of the British humanitarian method of dealing with their subject people.

Many of the most carefully laid plans of the Kaiser have gone "agley" since the outbreak of the war, but in no other instance—not even in South Africa—has there been so picturesque an example of retributive justice as that furnished by the action of the Sherif of Mecca. Few impartial observers who had opportunity to note the pace and the course of the Germans in Asiatic Turkey in the two or three years previous to the outbreak of the war but felt that they were riding for a fall, but that they should have come their cropper at their one most carefully prepared-for hurdle is especially fitting.

A few words concerning what Germany planned, plotted, worked and, finally, fought for, in Asiatic Turkey will make clearer the magnitude of a failure of which this revolt is only a part, though an important one.

The "*Drang nach Osten*," or "Drive Eastward," policy of Bismarck, as extended by William II, has—or I might better say had—for its end the physical exploitation by the Germans of the seven or eight hundred thousand square miles of Turkey-in-Asia and the practical political control of the twenty million people living under the flag of the Crescent. The absorption of the Balkans was incidental to linking up Berlin and Bagdad.

Like all the rest of Germany's plans for the extension of territory and power, this, the most grandiose of them all, was also the most thoroughly prepared for. The now historical visit of the Kaiser to Palestine and Syria seven or eight years ago was staged as carefully and prayerfully as the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, and the pilgrimage of the War Lord to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem was not allowed to obscure another little *hadj* he made down the "street that is called Straight" in Damascus, to bow head and bend knee before the jewel-studded marble sarcophagus of the mighty Saladin. To us in the West, perhaps, the imposing and much-pictured hospice erected by the Kaiser near the summit of the Mount of Olives was the most tangible result of this visit, and so it was intended that we of the Occident should be impressed. But, in the light of later events, we now know that the real motive of this spectacular progress through the Holy Land was for its "educational" effect upon the Mohammedans.

"Is it really true that the Emperor of the Germans is a Moslem and has made the pilgrimage to Mecca?" my Arab servant asked me shortly after our arrival at a little hotel in Tiberias in the spring of 1912.

"Not that I know of, Shamu," I replied. "What put such an idea into your head?"

"This," he answered, handing me a gaudily coloured poster showing a towering white-robed figure saluting, by touching the hilt of a flaming sword to his turbaned brow, a host of much less heroic figures whom the artist had evidently endeavoured to depict as receiving the salute with shouts of wild acclamation.

"This writing," explained Shamu, pointing to a couple of rows of "pot-hooks" running like a frieze around two sides of the picture, "says that the Sultan of the Germans is one with the Sultan of the Turks as the 'Protector of the Faithful'; and it also gives him the title of 'Hadji,' which means that he has crossed the Sands to Medina and Mecca and touched with his forehead the sacred stones of the tomb of the Prophet."

Except for the "boar-tusk" moustaches and the fine defiance of the Potsdam pose of the heroic central figure, the poster might just as well have been captioned "The End of the Hegira," or "Mohammed Interpreting the Koran," and an Occidental might easily have passed it without remark among the coloured prints in a bazaar or mosque.

"Roll up a sheaf of them with your *rezail*," I ordered when Shamu told me that there was a huge stack of these posters in the storeroom in which he had slept; "they will be interesting to show my friends in London and New York."

When we packed up to depart, however, Shamu came to report that the pictures had been removed, doubtless at the orders of the proprietor—an oily little Greek—whom we had seen eyeing us suspiciously when we were marvelling over the original sample. This individual was evidently one of the numerous Teutonic propagandists operating at that time in Syria, Palestine and the rest of Asiatic Turkey.

These posters and similar devices for inculcating in the simple Mohammedan of the Near East an impression of the "oneness" of Teutonic and Turkish aims and ideals, were not without their effect, for I subsequently found ample evidence that the sedulously nurtured belief that the Kaiser was a Mussulman and a Hadji had taken firm root in the minds of the more ignorant followers of the Prophet in Syria, Palestine, and even here and there in Egypt.

Even before the present revolt in Hedjaz, the Kaiser experienced some bad "slip-ups" in his religious propaganda, and one of the most disastrous of these befell as the consequence of a poster and postcard—widely distributed in the East and especially in Persia—claiming to be the reproduction of a photograph showing Mohammedans being blown from the muzzles of guns in India. The original appeared to have been made by pasting the picture of a robed and bearded Mussulman upon the photograph of a British battery at artillery practice, and then rephotographing the composite. In the picture issued to the Persians a British "Tommy" is about to pull the lanyard of the gun that will blow the unlucky Moslem to bits, while several lines of native script warn the men of Iran that this will also be their own fate unless they arm to resist the terrible Englishmen.

Something of the effect of this poster on the Persians I was able to learn from an Anglo-Indian officer, invalided home with dysentery, with whom I talked not long ago.

"Your true Oriental," he said, "has little regard for any law save that of might, and most of the trouble we had with the Bedouins and Persians was due to our disregard of a truth England has been learning by bitter experience for a couple of centuries. The Germans, however, unwittingly did us a good service on this score by distributing postcards among the Persians calculated to show the 'frightfulness' of British methods of dealing with Mohammedans. The worst of these—inspired by the Mutiny death penalty, doubtless—showed an old *imam* being blown to Gehenna from the muzzle of a British field gun. But no sooner did the Persians see this picture than they began telling each other that, if the British were such terrible foemen, it would never do for peaceful Shiahs like themselves to go to war with them."

"I was with one of several small columns which operated in the interior from Persian Gulf ports, and our *only*

trouble was from scattered bands out of touch with Teutonic propaganda. In the towns, where they had been carefully instructed as to our 'frightfulness,' they were like lambs. The last time I saw the Political Officer for southern Persia he told me facetiously that he was seriously considering getting out a new edition of the 'gun-blowing' card for distribution in our own interests."

The British Forces operating in Mesopotamia have had some help and some hindrance from the Bedouin Arabs of that region, and until the accounts are cast up at the end of the campaign it will probably not be known on which side the balance lies. But with the more highly

civilised Arabs of Mecca and Medina—many of whom claim lineal descent from the friends and disciples of the Prophet himself—there is good reason to believe that they have looked on the activity of German propagandists with suspicions from the first. The loyalty of Egyptian and Indian Mohammedans, and—especially—the immunity Jeddah and the *hadj* routes to Mecca have enjoyed from disturbance by the British, who could have at any time cut off seventy-five per cent. of the pilgrim movement to Hedjaz, have also doubtless operated potently to bring home the value of the friendship and protection of the Allies.

Germany's Mistakes

3.—Moral

By Colonel Feyler

[This is the final article of the three which Colonel Feyler has written on Germany's mistakes. The two former dealt with the strategical and the political]

THE violation of Belgian neutrality was, as we have said in a preceding article on the subject, a great political blunder; but there is no doubt that it was even a greater blunder in the moral sense, for by this blunder Germany surrendered to her enemies all claim to whatever chivalry there may be in such a war. Bismarck would never have committed this error, though he was the last to be influenced by a scruple; but he was at least quick to discern and to take advantage of the scruples of others.

Not satisfied, however, with this initial lack of *finesse*, Germany added to the fundamental blunder of putting justice on her enemies' side an amazing variety of blunders, so to speak, of *manner*. It is possible to do a good deed in a manner most reprehensible: Germany not only did a bad deed, but added thereto a most objectionable manner of doing.

She started by violating international law, and followed by arrogating to herself a sort of right to violate. Germany's necessity in attack was to excuse to all the world what still remained quite inexcusable on the part of her victims in their defence. She then added insult to injury by holding up to public obloquy the Belgian people, whom she accused of violating, in their treatment of her soldiery, the very articles of the Hague Convention which she herself had set at nought, and by telegraphing to all the points of the compass that they were but a half-civilised people—in that they were attempting to defend their hearths from the invader.

To the crushing of an innocent and defenceless neutral state, Germany in her might added disdain and insult, only thereby to offend every chivalrous sentiment and every feeling of admiration which all the world has for courage in distress. Germany seemed to grow small beside Belgium growing greater and greater. Herein lay her first blunder of *manner*.

A second was soon to follow; not content with offending humanity's sense of justice and chivalry, the German Armies proceeded to vent their rage on the highest manifestations of the ideals of past centuries. Louvain, more than half destroyed; the cathedral of Rheims laid in ruins; Notre-Dame of Paris bombarded from the air—an outrage on numberless past generations in their struggle upwards towards beauty and towards faith—a whole rich store of the idealism bequeathed to modern times by past ages, crushed to powder under a triumphant Juggernaut of materialism.

This time, however, Germany seems almost to have faintly realised her blunders and in attempting to set up a defence committed a third aggravation, and that the most unbelievable and extraordinary, of her initial mistake. In centuries to come, men will almost refuse to accept the history thereof as too amazing for belief. *Of her attacks on justice, on weakness, and innocence, on idealism and humanity, Germany strove to make a new TRUTH—and of the protests of peoples and of civilisations, a new HERESY.*

The whole nation seemed to lend itself with a fierce fanaticism to the strange work of building upon a foundation of sand the cathedral of this new religion. Truth,

which had so long dominated the world and the ages, was suddenly to become the monopoly of one nation against all others, and was to have political frontiers, like the religions of two thousand years ago; it was to have its own especial Deity, a god with a nationality, a mighty god—above all, a jealous god, a god of battles, giving the victory to the people that had chosen him and punishing the iniquity of their enemies; a god armed with sword and helmet, shield and spur and gauntlet of steel, leaning for support upon the monstrous howitzers which proclaimed his power and imposed his sway—a god the like whereof no age has ever yet seen, no people ever yet worshipped—a god with the spirit of the Old Testament, with the attributes of the Middle Ages, and with the power of the Twentieth Century.

The truth of this god, the "German Truth," rose up in battle against the nameless truth which in Germany was decried as an international heresy. By word of mouth, in writing, by post and by telegraph, in the press, in the outpourings of their university professors, in the writings of their priests, in the circulars of their public servants and functionaries, by every method of advertisement and through every agent of publicity, even in private correspondence—in short, by every means whereby doctrine can be heard or read or insinuated into the intelligence—the German people, by their very situation themselves unable to hear more than a faint echo of the world's noise, presumed and attempted to foist their own ignorance upon those who, seeing and hearing all, are able to know much. They strove to place the whole world under the governance of their strange god.

This was the last and greatest blunder of all. The violation of international law had offended the world's sense of justice, the insult to the conquered its sense of decency, the attack on idealism its sense of art; but the outrage on *truth* revolted and alienated all the conscience of Christendom.

From this time onwards all the highest moral forces fight on the side of Germany's enemies; theirs is a struggle for the liberty of the peoples and they are fighting in a cause such as *Bonaparte* championed before yet he became *Napoleon*, when he still held that one nation may not be the subject of another. The war is inspired by the cause of the defence of small and neutral states against the greed of the Great Powers and against the oppression of too potent an Empire. It is a war for idealism against rampant and purblind brutality, a war in defence of the patrimony of humanity, culture and faith that nineteen centuries of Christian civilisation have handed down to modern Europe.

It matters but little that other interests, less elevated, more material, and more selfish, take some part in the struggle. Seen from near-by even the snow of the glacier has its impurities, but the distant mountains are none the less noble nor their mantle of snow less immaculate. The great present-day force of public opinion does not linger to examine the scoria, which it knows to be a necessary and legitimate part of material existence—but it knows that sentiment alone is truly dominant and that the world without idealism were but a poor thing indeed.

The essential moral blunder on Germany's part is to have driven the *conscience* of the whole world to be the greatest ally of her enemies.

The Sea and the Air

The Future of the Air Board: A Lesson from Naval History

By F. W. Lanchester

IN the preceding article the case for and against an Air Ministry was briefly discussed. It was pointed out that the history of our Navy is of value as shedding light on the problems which arise in the development of an independent service, and in illustrating clearly the circumstances under which a special service with an independent Ministerial head is desirable.

Whether we go so far back as to Saxon times or whether we take for our starting point the later period after the Norman Conquest we find at the outset the King in person at the head of both Army and Navy, that is to say, the two formed part of a single defensive and offensive organisation or service. We have to pass in fact to comparatively modern times before a complete separation between the services came to be established. Nominally, of course, the King is still the head of both Services, just as in the days of King Alfred; this is, however, a point of mere academic interest. The truth is that the British Constitution has entirely changed in character without any real break of continuity.

It is undoubtedly one of the difficulties of the present subject that this gradual change in the constitution was taking place concurrently with the development of the Navy, and so it is not always easy to decide, in respect of any change in the relationship between the State and the Services, the part played by external or broadly political conditions as against that played by internal or domestic changes.

Protection against Piracy

In the earliest records of British "Sea power" we have accounts of combination of merchants and shipowners acting in protection of their common interests. In Saxon times the main purpose of the British Fleet was the protection of trading ships and the coast regions from enemy (or piratical) aggression. Later, in early Norman times, it would appear that the British Fleet was more generally employed as an instrument of defence and for the conveying of troops, etc., rather than for avowedly aggressive action. The first expedition of conquest on record took place in the reign of Richard I; we may therefore consider that British sea power as we to-day understand the term, dates from that period.

At the time in question there were Admirals appointed to the Fleet just as in the Army there were Commanders, but whereas the Commanders on land were commonly Royal personages—(frequently the King himself being in supreme command)—our Naval Commanders were rarely so chosen. The style "Admiral" is recorded to have been first used in 1297. We are compelled from a modern standpoint to regard the King in the 13th century as acting both as Minister of War (at times also as Commander in Chief) and as First Lord of the Admiralty, hence at that date both Navy and Army were parts of a single Service—the service of the King. Moreover in these early times the fighting man on land was equally the fighting man at sea.

We talk freely enough of a *Separate Service*, but when it comes down to precise definition it is not so easy to say in what such a term in its essence consists—it may be said that there is every gradation represented in the historical evolution of our two Services as they exist to-day.

If it be deemed an essential that the *heads* of the two services are distinct, then *nominally* the services (Army and Navy) are not distinct or separate to-day, for their titular head is still the King. It is thus legitimate to regard the separation of the services as due to the *constitutional change*, i.e., the delegation of the Royal power to the Ministry, and from this point of view it will be useless to search for evidences of a separation in the records and history of the Services themselves.*

But there are other factors which if not decisive on the point are at least contributory. So long as the weapons used at sea were identical with the weapons used on land the soldier would be employed for naval warfare and land warfare indiscriminately, and he would sometimes be required to change his rôle more than once in the course of a campaign. Such a state of things certainly existed prior to, and even for some time after, the introduction of gunpowder, the real differentiation probably did not take place till the fifteenth century.

In Mediæval Times

It is also a feature in the situation that the sailor normally occupied in the duties of navigation had, in early and mediæval times, also to be available as a fighting man, for at that time the "navy" was largely composed of "commandeered" merchantmen, and as merchantmen such vessels had to be prepared to put up a fight to resist piracy, even in periods nominally of peace.

The evolution of more recent times, leading up to the present day position, has been controlled by the fact that fighting at sea has become specialised—it is comparatively rare to-day that soldiers are called upon to man a war vessel.*

Likewise every branch of the service, whether it be the seaman skilled in the handling of the sailing ship of the last century, or the engineering staff of the modern warship, the Service has to be manned by specially trained men—from the stoker upwards. All this specialisation with its necessary lengthy training has tended towards the differentiation of the Navy as an independent Service, but even with this the essential factor is not to be sought here. The Army also has its own specialised branches,—Cavalry, Artillery, Royal Engineers, etc.; one or two branches more or less would not have presented insuperable difficulty.

If we would search for the fact of *accomplishment* in the separation of the Services, it lies clearly and broadly in the circumstance that when and as the Royal power and responsibility passed into the hands of a Ministry, the two services as we know them to-day were ultimately given into the hands of two independent Ministers. It is true that history recounts many changes and steps forward and back, but the above is the one salient pertinent fact.

If we would search for the underlying *reason* and *logic* which led to the said division of executive and responsibility it must be sought in the preceding 200 or 300 years of naval experience; *the duties of the Navy had resolved themselves mainly into operations of indirect military value*. This is the essential fact.

Thus the value of sea power as permitting our military forces to be moved freely on the high seas, likewise the pressure brought to bear against enemy transactions and commerce by means of blockade and by the declaration of contraband and the right of search or capture on the high seas, also the isolation of the enemy's outlying possessions by the exercise of sea power, all these may be classified as operations of indirect military value, and experience has proved that these constitute nine-tenths of the work of a modern Navy. In air warfare, on the contrary, the duties of aircraft have in the main been associated definitely with other military operations, and thus have been direct in the sense of the present article.

The importance of operations of the character stated has for many centuries been increasingly recognised, and the whole is to-day summed up in the two words "Sea Power." Quite early in the development of Sea Power it inevitably became recognised that its exercise by any nation must depend upon the creation and efficiency of a fleet of fighting ships, and in definitely establishing

* The changes effected in the administration of the Navy at different times are on record, vide "The Royal Navy"; Wm. Laird Clowes (Sampson Low and Company).

* A notable recent occasion was the case of the *Triumph* at the outbreak of the present war. Commissioned at Hong Kong on August 5th, 1914, a deficiency in her complement was made good by 100 volunteers from the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry then forming part of the Hong Kong garrison.

the ascendancy of such a fleet in face of an enemy. In other words the primitive state of naval warfare in which ships containing armed men were employed by piratical bands or by nations at war, each to harass the other's commerce and sea communications, early led, as logically it must, to the conception of fleets equipped for fighting and destroying the enemy's armed vessels; in other words in place of the first duty of the fighting ship being its primary function of controlling and destroying the enemy's commerce the first duty of the fighting ship became the execution of its secondary function of grappling with the fighting ships of the enemy. To-day the domination of sea power in this sense is assured to Great Britain by the supremacy of our battle fleet. We have the apotheosis of sea power in the Dreadnought and super-Dreadnought battleship which constitutes the back-bone of a modern Battle Fleet.

A Modern Navy

I have stated that ninety per cent. of the work of a modern navy lies in the performance of its duties of indirect military value. This has not always been the case. In the earliest exercise of sea power a very much greater importance attached to the direct attack on coast towns, etc., in fact in its origin the fighting ship combined at once the functions of fighting ship and transport. The men who fought at sea in due course fought on land; the weapons which served them at sea were the weapons which served them also on land. Thus in early times the function of the warship or fighting vessel lay in its power of direct military aggression; its secondary function, however, just as at the present day, consisted of acts of aggression against its own kind, the fighting ships of the enemy; thus in the early history of naval warfare there was far less to differentiate the duties of the forces ashore and afloat than there is to-day.

It may seem to many strange to consider a battle fleet action of capital importance such as Trafalgar and such as we have just witnessed in the battle of the North Sea (Jutland) as the performance of the secondary function of an arm or of a Service whose primary function even lies mainly in the conduct of operations of but indirect military value. We know from history and experience (and perhaps we are in a sense overawed by the fact) that the winning of such a naval battle is an event of decisive importance: we scarcely realise by how many stages are cause and effect removed. When a victory is won on land the victor enters forthwith into possession of the territory and spoils of the enemy. If the victory is decisive he may have the enemy nation at his feet, he may have the whole of his territory at his disposition, he may impose his will in enemy territory to any extent he may wish. The winning of a decisive victory at sea however, means nothing of the kind; it implies that sea power passes into the hands of the victor, that he can do many acts of indirect military value, such as stifle his enemy's commerce, prevent the free movement of his troops, can isolate and deal in detail with his outlying possessions; its decisive value as a factor in warfare depends upon the ultimate consequence of these facts. It depends to a comparatively unimportant degree on the fact that he can commit direct acts of aggression, in the support of the Army in the field by bombardment, as recently at Gallipoli and on the Belgian coast. So far as we know also the winning of an air battle would not immediately result in conclusive victory, or give possession to the victor of enemy territory; it would, however, clear the way to the better employment of aircraft in the carrying out of operations of direct military value. It is thus debatable whether we are to regard an organised air battle as of direct or indirect military value. In truth, counterpart to this, it is equally uncertain whether the organising of air fleets for battle purposes is rightly work for an Independent Service or not. Probably if an Independent Air Service were established, the equipment and maintenance of battle air fleets would become one of its recognised duties and the present Services would be relieved of that responsibility.

The importance of sea power, owing to its very indirectness, has taken centuries to establish, and were it not for the teaching of history it is doubtful whether any military man or statesman, however astute, would have fully appreciated all that is meant by the command of the sea. Sea power in this respect is comparable to one of

those apparently purposeless moves in the game of chess, the value and power of which has only been demonstrated by centuries of analysis. It is true that the conquering fleet may directly impose the will of its commander on the coastal regions of enemy territory, but unless supported by a military organisation such action against a great power can never be in the least degree decisive. It has been truly said that one gun on land can face a whole battle-ship armament at sea. There are to-day methods of defence by which the direct application of sea power is entirely nullified except when used in an ancillary capacity to military operations on a sufficient scale. We have had a recent example of this fact in the abortive attack on the Dardanelles, first by the fleet alone and later by the fleet supporting an inadequate military expedition.

The whole of the foregoing argument bears directly and definitely on the problem of the future of air warfare. The present day separate control of the Army and Navy as two Services has arisen from the inexorable logic of facts—the facts as above set forth. In brief the Navy is a force whose duties are to-day almost entirely of indirect military value. At the time in history when this was not the case the naval and military forces were under one effective military command. As the circumstances changed (due largely to the increase in world commerce and in the building up of the over-seas dominions of the great powers, etc.) and the present state of things came gradually to be recognised, consciously or unconsciously the logic of the position was reflected in the disposition made by the king's advisers, and the Naval forces which were destined to carry out these multifarious duties of indirect value were ultimately placed, rightly and necessarily, under a separate control headed by a specially appointed Minister, the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Future Air Warfare

The question which is to-day before us is whether there is any real analogy between the naval history of the past and the air service history of the future, or whether in brief there are conditions which render the treatment of the one necessarily right as the treatment of the other. Expressed in other words, are we to consider aircraft as a new *Arm* or are we to consider our air forces in the light of a new *Service*?

In a previous article I have dwelt somewhat on this theme and have pointed out how hollow is the cry of "One Element one Service." It is scarcely necessary for me to repeat the previous warning against such clap-trap fallacy. It is an unfortunate fact that for every one man who will follow a reasoned argument, there are a hundred who will subscribe to a plausible slogan. I feel therefore that no apology is needed for having returned to the subject.

In the work of the Air Board of the future the ultimate decision as to the development of a separate Air Service will be determined not by the opinion of this or that authority, neither will it depend upon the ingenuity with which Parliamentary speakers string words in sequence in futile debate, nor yet will it come about as a result of the coining of cunningly worded epigrammatic phrases. The future of air warfare and the work of the Air Board will be guided by the logic of facts, just as has been the development of the existing Arms and of our Services in the past. If the operations of indirect military value ultimately prove to be of sufficient importance to demand a special Service, an Air Service with its own Minister and administrative paraphernalia will assuredly come into being. If these duties do not become relatively of sufficient importance, no artificially created Air Ministry is likely to prove other than a cumbrous and costly failure.

Space does not permit an adequate review of Mr. Eden Phillpotts' *The Human Boy and the War* (Methuen 6s.), but we should do our readers an injury if their attention were not drawn to this volume. The stories are full of the most delightful and wholesome laughter; they are an excellent tonic for depression and worry. All the boys are a joy, even that little Judas, Mitchell. The kinks in their mental attitude appeal to the sympathy, and their general outlook is pre-eminently brave and sane. Mr. Phillpotts has done a really good work in giving us this book at this time.

Letters to a Lonely Civilian

By the Author of "Aunt Sarah and the War"

MY DEAR YOU,—If you don't see *The Freeman's Journal*, you missed a letter of Stephen Gwynn's, which I know you would have found well worth reading. In comparing the Sinn Feiners with the Irishmen in the trenches (from which Gwynn himself has just returned) he says, "The only thing in common between these two bodies of men was their willingness to risk their lives in pursuit of the ideal they believed in. What is it that the Irish troops have done? The hope of every thinking man among them was by making war abroad to end strife at home." He knows that if there were not fifty Irish Nationalists in the trenches for every one Sinn Feiner who fired a shot against England, "no English Minister could have come to Parliament with a proposal to set up immediately an Irish Government in Ireland."

"When I think of my own dead," he adds, "it is hard not to be indignant. I remember vividly when I buried the first of them, a Donegal man who had been brought up within sight of my old home. Early in the day, when a bombardment was beginning, he took me round his section of the trench—for he was a sergeant—telling me how this man had behaved courageously, and never saying a word of himself. An hour later I found him lying on his back, and did not know him, he was so blackened with the explosion. His legs were shattered, but he was cheerful and uncomplaining, only asking for water—and I could not get it for him. He lay, for many hours till night, and then, as they carried him down, he died of the pain. I never met a better man, and he had come there for the sake of Ireland. They buried the last I saw dead before I came home—two poor lads who were blown to pieces as they sat at their breakfast. Three others were in that same fire-bay, and I liked ill leaving them there. These are the silent heroisms, day-long and night-long endurance, of men whose name no one hears, nor recognises, save their own kindred, in the casualty list. For them no High Masses are sung; there is no crowd to welcome them to the landing-place."

The Duke of Connaught has one early memory which no Canadian nor other experiences, not even the overwhelming sentiments awakened by the war, are able to efface. The friend who told me the story will publish his reminiscences, but he won't grudge me the anticipation of one minor particular. At King Edward's wedding in the 'sixties, the future Kaiser was entrusted to the care of the Duke of Connaught, who, on that occasion, wore kilts. In the course of the service he had a surprising experience—bitten into his memory. His amiable young nephew had crawled low to bite him on the leg.

The other day Sir Thomas Beecham ventured the first—I think the first—Wagner opera given in London since the beginning of the war. It was a characteristic venture but, musically speaking, the spirit of reconciliation was far to seek. The music was too big for the theatre; it was an alien spirit trying to burst its bonds. But even if "Tristan and Isolde" itself seemed fretful and uneasy, the Beecham audience was content—content to think about art instead of nationality. In this attitude we are unlike the German audience that claims Shakespeare for its own, calls him Wilhelm Speerschüttler, and, wherever their own experience coincides with all-embracing statement, imagines him a German. But what of that other Englishman of their admiration, Oscar Wilde? Is he still the inspiration of the young poets of Munich? If he is, here is a rebuke for them—a few disjointed words from an unpublished letter of Wilde's: "The Tower of Babel, that dreadful structure by whose monstrous walls the German language was first heard." How much he must suffer in the German version!

Happy men! I am not ironical. At last they have been found, and where do you think? In the front trench. Such is the testimony of a Man of Affairs just returned from a visit to the vanguard of the B.E.F. in France. "I have been all over the world," he said, "but now for the first time, have I found happy men.

And, mind you, only in the first trench. In the second, they have a quiet grievance about the rations or the rats. In the third, they want plum and apple jam. At the Base they turn up their noses at plum and apple, and want strawberry!" And so, he says, all the way back to London, the murmurs go on gathering as you get further away from the elation of being in the forefront. I suppose it is a sense of the luck of being alive at all—a sense deadened in the daily citizen. The joy of danger is a commonplace with the hunter and the swimmer and the footballer and the alpinist in some milder degree. It rises, says my friend, to something of an ecstasy when experienced in the front trench. There they meet "the bright face of Danger," at its most alluring.

Letters from the finest address in all the world—from the trenches—are all very much alike—and likeable! "Last night a party (bang) went out (bang) to look at our barbed wire (bang, bang). They were seen and fired on (bang), one man was wounded. I put a first field-dressing on him (bang) and stayed with him (bang) till the stretchers came. The dug-out is full of rats (bang). We see and hear them between the bangs, at their various little affairs. It is wonderful (bang) what a lot of (bang) different and strange sounds a rat can make. I have been up each night from 8 to 12, from 2 to 3, from 5 to 7. Of course (bang) there is no undressing, and practically (bang) no washing, as water (bang) is very scarce. Thanks for the mar (bang) ma (bang) lade (bang, bang, bang)." How topsy-turvely reminiscent of Corot it reads, and of that unforgettable description of the day of the landscape painter. He rises before dawn, and almost hears the buds popping, and *listens* to the oncoming of light. "The sky brightens. (Bing). The first ray of the sun (Bing, Bing, bang), everything is alight, everything burns." And then after sunset: "Bing! a star dives from the sky into the pond." By the way, Corot's own account of the end of his day was all in keeping with our altered time-table: "I must stop—my Heavenly Father has put out the lamp."

I hear from Miss Julia Marlowe, that she and her husband, Mr. Sothern, have taken their last calls in New York. By these farewell appearances they have earned over £6,000 for the British Red Cross, for the French wounded, and for the families of English actors—actors indeed—killed in action. All partings are the more poignant in war-time; and many tears fell at the Shubert Theatre with that final curtain. It made a little for happiness to hear from Julia Marlowe that she had boldly recited before a great and spell-bound audience Helen Cone's "Chant of Love for England"—that splendid rebound from the "Hymn of Hate." And another bit of good news remains; for Julia Marlowe and her husband, I am told, have a notion of taking a house over here.

A hundred-and-a-half of wounded soldiers, with cigarettes, could hardly have been amused in a typical London house, however palatial, before 1877, for that house was, in a literal sense, stuffy—it was carpeted, curtained, cushioned. Even after that date, the Queen Anne rooms, with their slender black furniture and their polished floors, having thick curtains and Morris papers, were not, strictly, smoking rooms for a multitude. It is the house of to-day, the very day, that meets the wants of the war. The stone floor, the marble, the painted instead of papered walls, the wide stained-glass window, the hostess fearless of wind, dust, and sun, her untarnishable gold, her clear silver tissues—here are conditions for the réception of soldiers. Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton have throughout the war given the welcome of their brilliant house, and of the terrace that divides it from Hyde Park, to such a company from the hospitals. As the omnibuses, heavily laden with men of the lightest spirits, start on the return journey to the wards a cheer rends the air, such as might, in other days, have disturbed even the reverie of the Statesman who confessed that he went to Kensington Gardens to prepare his next Parliamentary impromptu!

The Roof of Armageddon—II

By Will Irwin

[The writer in the preceding article told of his visit to the Italian Army in the Alps. A chance offered for inspecting a military base on a very high mountain. Part of the journey had to be done by teleferica, which he described as a sort of gigantic cash carrier]

THE advanced base, which was our first destination, was a small plateau high up in the mountain; from there, as luck served, we were going to try for the glacier. To achieve the base alone would have been a big feat of Alpine mountaineering in time of peace. For Alpinists distinguish between summer ascents and winter ascents; and to them April and May count as winter months. Of old times this base plateau was seldom climbed in winter. Then one must have guides; he must edge his way perilously around corners of rocks; he must cut paths with an ice-axe. At certain stages of the journey the party must travel linked together with ropes, that immemorial device of Alpine work.

War changed all that. Everywhere the army has chopped or blasted roads. Men by the thousand, and even mule trains, are going up to that base plateau every day. It needs nothing but strong legs, wind, and endurance of altitudes, together with a willingness to brave avalanches. Had we climbed, however—we untrained civilians from sea-level—we must have started at dawn, and we should have been lucky to reach the plateau by dark. This mountain work is a great tester of flaws in middle-aged men. As it was, we should mount by mule to the foot of the teleferica, and take the very hardest part of the rise in a few dazzling minutes. After we reached the advanced base, our expert Lieutenant assured us, there would be no real Alpine work unless luck and the weather enabled us to go forward to some of the front trenches on the glacier—only plain climbing.

Dawn brought better courage for telefericas; and as we bobbed along a precipitous road on sure-footed mountain mules, we found ourselves gay. The Commander, a little compact bullet-headed man, all determination, leadership and nerve, grew communicative on this subject of war in the air. Man had never done anything like it before, he said. Hannibal and Napoleon crossing the Alps? They crossed hundreds and hundreds of metres lower than the very artillery positions of his boys up there. Garibaldi's famous mountain campaign in 1866—it was won on lower levels, and mostly without artillery. Here was the Italian army fighting, and winning too, on the very glaciers. And it was an artillery fight, mind that. So we brushed past long mule trains going down for fresh loads, past files of reservists plodding upward—and—

There was the teleferica.

I had been dizzy with imagination the day before when I saw that little hand-teleferica. But my imagination had never conceived anything like this one. I should say it was at least a half a mile long, and it sagged upward to a great cliff. A carriage had just started as I looked. It became a speck in the distance; it lost itself against the grey cliff; a weary time later I could see it reappear a speck again on the snow-crown at the crest of the precipice.

We were in the motor-shed now; what with the surroundings it resembled nothing so much as a shaft-house in the little mines of the Colorado Rockies. And now the carriage had come down, and an orderly was packing it comfortably with blankets for the first passage. This carriage is just a box, perhaps four feet long by two broad and a foot and a half deep. Two frames hang it from the wheels on that slender cable, and it has just room for two men, sitting face-to-face, and legs by legs, with their backs braced against the frames. It is like riding through the air in a bread-basket. The terrifying thing about it to prospective passengers is the low side-rails. They seem no more than a foot high. I had a feeling that the slightest jog would spill us.

"Don't you think we'd better have some hot soup?" asked the Lieutenant suddenly. Beside the shaft-house, a cook was ladling soup into the grub cans of a newly-

arrived mule train. We found spare cans and begged a ration. For the Lieutenant, as I understand now, was wise in the soldierly technique of holding men to their work. It is half of the art of being an officer. He had perceived, without my telling him, that I did not like sheer heights—a very common form of personal fear—and he was about to carry me through. When we packed ourselves into the basket, when, with an "au revoir" from the Captain in command of the shaft-house, we made a slow, halting start, gathered speed and shot away, I was still taking scalding soup from a tin spoon. Just then our Lieutenant looked me straight in the eye and began to talk.

"You call this broth, don't you?" he asked. "In London I found, they make a distinction between the word 'broth' and the word 'soup.' What is the exact distinction?"

In Mid Air

I half perceived what he was doing, and I clutched at this device for closing imagination. All through that flight we talked as hard as we could talk—upon Italian cooking, American cooking, British cooking, upon the lack of variety in the preparation of English meats, and the various ways of serving macaroni, upon Scotch scones, corn-on-the-cob and polenta. Once the regular speed of our carriage slackened; but before my imagination had time to rush to the surface and picture what might happen in case it stopped altogether, it had gathered speed and gone on. An object rushed past us in the air. It was the other basket passing on its downward flight. The trip was only half over then; I thought we had gone further than that. And now the Lieutenant removed his eyes from mine and began to cast cool glances from right to left. I had a secondary terror at this moment, for fear he would ask me to view the scenery and I should not have the moral courage to refuse. But he put no such test to my nerve. He let his eyes jump back to mine, and continued to talk on food, drink and good cheer.

I was facing forward; and though I kept my gaze fixed on his, I could not help seeing what was back of him. That grey cliff seemed to be moving toward us. Should we ever arrive? It crept and crept. Now, it seemed, I could have reached out and picked a bunch of sage-grey lichen which hung just behind the Lieutenant. And now there was a little jar as the wheels ran over a brace like a trolley-pole. We were travelling across the snow-cap at the top of the cliff. I became aware for the first time that my fingers were cramped from holding the edge of the basket.

We had a little walk in an upland plateau after this. All in a burst we had come from the timber line to a place as devoid of life as the moon, from a temperate winter to an Arctic winter. We could not see the higher peaks from here, for round shoulders of mountains cut them off. There was not even the relief of snow-shedding crags. It was all a gigantic, rolling, tumbling field of white.

We were approaching a shaft-house. Again, as the orderlies packed me into the basket, I must shut my imagination and control my breath.

Any soldier can tell you that the second time under fire is more trying than the first. I found that the same rule holds of telefericas. Moreover, this was longer than the first flight, and, as I learned later—I did not look down to see—somewhat higher. It seemed, at the end, that the cliff would never crawl down to me. But the Lieutenant knew all this and—tactful man—he sprang the best device he had, brought up his heaviest gun.

He got me to talking about myself.

He asked me what I had written; and I wallowed in shameful egotism. Then, somewhere at about the height above ground of all but the tallest skyscrapers, he switched the conversation to English literature.

There were more flights after this, but I was growing inured; and I dared, occasionally, to look down. Once, we passed fifty feet over a trail where the men of a mule-

train stopped to gaze up at us; I could catch the glint of white teeth in their open, gaping mouths. After the heights we had already shot, this fifty feet did not seem to disturb me at all. Yet, had we been dumped out there, we should have died as suddenly and thoroughly as though we had been dropped from four hundred and fifty feet. Of all human emotions, I dare say none, not even love, is so illogical as fear. It restored my amour-propre to learn, later, that many Alpine officers prefer going under fire to travelling by teleferica.

A Silver Olive Grey Army

Now I have described this Arctic landscape as lifeless but that is reckoning without the army. For all the way up, even before we abandoned the mules, we had been getting glimpses of a wonderful army organisation, trafficking back and forth, doing, in orderly fashion, a hundred diverse things. Sometimes, as you stood in a bowl of the mountains, the trails seemed alive with crawling men and mules. It kept reminding me of that old rush to Leadville in '79, when all the adventurers of the western world packed up and climbed across the snowy peaks to death or treasure. Only in those old days of the Rockies the crowds were colourful and picturesque; flaming cowboy bandanas flashed at you along the trails; rumbling old stage-coaches stuck beside you in the mud; there were jingling silver spurs, carved Mexican hat bands, and the crude finery of frontier women. Here, all was silver olive grey. At one point, a gang of soldier labourers dug a new road with pick and crowbar and blasting-powder. At another a gang cleared with heart-shaped shovels the way through an old road which had been smothered in an avalanche. Once, in this day's wanderings or the next, I saw along a white mountain-side a long string of men, looking like flies gathered on a sugared cord. When I put the glasses on them, I found that they were dragging a gun mounted on sledges. Up they went, making almost imperceptible progress, across a slope on which a man could scarcely stand without the help of steps. Everywhere were trains of mules, lurching along the edge of precipices, packed with explosives, with shells, with food, with clothing, with that variety of supplies which civilised men need to live and fight in the Arctics of the temperate zone. You could see here the organisation of an army as by diagram; you cannot see it so in flat country like Belgium or Flanders. You understood why, for every ten men on a firing line, a hundred are working behind, and why the man behind is more important, sometimes, than the man on the line.

The organisation seemed to my inexperienced civilian eyes a perfect thing. I could notice no hitches anywhere—no over-leisurely methods, no undue haste, and no jams in the traffic. Everywhere, even to the roof of Armageddon, I was to find the men well-fed, well-equipped, lacking no necessity. I remarked this to a Florentine Captain whom I met somewhere up on the higher mountain-levels, adding that the Germans, so proud of their teamwork, should see what these Italians had done.

"Ah," said my Florentine, "this efficiency of which the Germans are so proud—it is the attempt of mediocrity to reach excellence. It cannot be done. The one thing always better than efficiency—it is genius."

He should know, this Florentine, having sprung from the little town which produced more genius in two centuries than many great nations in their whole history!

By mule, by teleferica and by legs we came at last to the point among the mountains where there was safety from avalanches, where many troops were gathered, and where we were going to make our start against the glacier. We were near the higher peaks now, those grey pinnacles which shoot up above the very ice-fields. To this point, as I have said, only the most hardy and expert mountaineers came in winter before the war; and they seldom, and as a perilous adventure. Even in summer it was too hard and high a climb for the mountain goatherds; they kept their flocks lower down. Except for Alpinists, the only form of higher animal life which put foot or hoof on these solitudes was the wild chamois. It was melting a little now, and along the path to camp we even trod in a little mud, but the path must have run across a ridge; for just beside it a soldier, starting a piece of military work, was boring through the snow, looking for a foundation. He rammed and rammed, and his

steel went down for six or seven feet before it rang to rock.

Soldiers were coming our way, first a group of officers, who greeted us after the fashion of the Italian army by saluting and giving their names, and then a horde of soldiers, turning out to gape at the unparalleled spectacle of civilians in such a place.

They might have been Gurkhas or Apache Indians for their complexions. That glare of sun on snow which was turning my own face a feverish lobster red, had tinted them not only brown but almost black. The North Italian is not specially dark; there are as many grey eyed men among the Alpini as brown-eyed, as many brown-haired men as black-haired. But the sun spares no complexion up here.

The camp was like other camps; it is better that I should not describe it. Here, as everywhere in the real mountains, we saw no aeroplanes. The highest fighting in the Alps is almost at the extreme practicable elevation of aeroplane flight; the aviator who dared it would merely skim the peaks and passes, an easy target.

While we stood there, a company of soldiers with packs on their backs and ice-clamps on their shoulders, raced down a snowy decline into camp. They frolicked like boys out of school—snowballing, washing each other's faces, coming on by great, vaulting leaps.

Back from the Trenches

"They are just back from the trenches," said the officer in command. Now I had seen many men of many armies "just back from the trenches," and the contrast here struck me at once. The others had shown the strain in pinched faces and weary movements. But the Alpini came out larking. The men of these peaks, fighting not only the enemy but nature, weary leagues and heights away from civilisation, are the most cheerful warriors I have seen in Armageddon. Why I cannot guess unless it be the nobility bred of the mountains.

When we had finished luncheon, which a sergeant cooked for us over a spirit stove, our Lieutenant inspected the kit and equipment of his little command and issued orders. Our great steel-barred Alpine boots were wet in spite of the thorough greasing which Giacomo had given them that morning. It is hard to keep dry feet in thawing weather. Those boots must be greased again. We must put on two fresh pairs apiece of heavy woollen socks. Our big double sweaters, our mask-like woollen caps, and our long mittens had come up in our knapsacks by teleferica and soldier-back. Another squad of soldiers would carry them and our overcoats up to the point where we might need wraps badly.

"It is warm enough now," explained the Lieutenant, "but you never know. And see!" he pointed upward.

Sortes Shakespearianæ

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

Austria's Press Bureau on Russia's
advance.

*I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude*

Troilus and Cressida, V., iv., 23-4.

Food Scarcity in Germany.

*Those palates who, not yet two summers
younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it.*

Pericles, I., iv., 39-41.

Recognition of the Volunteers.

*While that the armed hand doth fight
abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home.*

Henry V., I., ii., 178-9.

From the higher peaks, in the direction of our course, tufts and whirls of white snow-mist were blowing.

"There is a wind and a tempest over there," he said. Then he issued the orders of the day.

The mountains rose above us, shoulder on shoulder, to the grey, serrated crags which were the peaks. Between two of these crags was a kind of Pass—an edge of the giant glacier. When we reached it we should be on the eternal ice.

Our Lieutenant mentioned that it was not perilous climbing, this. We should not even need the ice-clamps, those devices like the spikes of a telephone lineman by which Alpinists make sure their footing on ice. But it was going to be hard work. When we reached the pass—we should see. And so, our soldier-bearers before and behind, we began the climb—up and up.

On the first level we passed another company just back from the trench-work—the same larking boys. Always, when I met a detachment of Italian soldiers, I used to call out:

"Who speaks English here?" It seldom failed to bring a response, and usually five or six responses. Then the English-speaking soldiers would come forward to tell me that they used to work in Buffalo or Dayton or New York or Chicago. However, the South Italian, not the Northerner, is the Italian of the United States; and when this time I gave my hailing-call, I scarcely expected a response. But a voice replied in good English:

"I do!"

"Where do you come from?" I asked. That was the second question in the formula.

"Leadville, Colorado," he said. "I work in the Johnnie Hill mine."

Leadville! I was brought up in that town on the roof of the Divide; and all day long these mountains had been recalling to me forgotten vistas of the peaks about Mount Massive.

His name was Joe Rossi. He had worked as a miner in many places, such as Ogden, Salt Lake and Ouray, but Leadville was the latest foothold in his wandering life. He liked the camp, he said; he had a good time there. We squatted in the snow, the rest of the Alpini staring as though trying to catch our strange conversation. He showed himself pathetically eager to talk common-places about the old home. We spoke of how the through train stops at Malta and your car goes up to Leadville by a side line, of the new movie-shows, of the Elk's Opera House, of Ben Loeb's Pioneer Saloon. He was so avid of conversation about Leadville that he showed up at my quarters that night for another talk.

As we pushed on, all our old sins of pipes and cigarettes began to be expiated in our middle-aged hearts. Soldiers climbed past us, a reproach to our feeble legs and lungs; more soldiers were coming down. We struck a very steep slope, where we must set our spiked boots carefully into the slippery trail. And here we were forced to dodge suddenly in order to escape a squad coasting without sleds. They had simply drawn their army overcoats between their legs, sat down and let themselves go. They would coast thus until the speed grew dangerous, when they would turn their course into the loose snow, bring up half-buried, rise, shake themselves and start again. Our Lieutenant yelled out something in emphatic Italian to the effect that the King, not they, had paid for those breeches; but before he finished they were out of hearing.

We seemed very near the summit of the pass now; yet each time we surmounted a ridge there was another before us. The tempest was still raging above, whirling swift snow clouds from the peaks. And, as we looked forward,—we had a strange illusion. It seemed as if we were crawling to the edge of a cauldron, and that the speeding mists were not snow-clouds, blown horizontally, but fumes rising from the depths of the great kettle beyond.

When, at last, we had thrown ourselves on to a sled which happened to be standing at the summit of the pass, when the skimen of our escort had bundled us in our double sweaters, our coats and our long mittens, there seemed at first but little to see. We were looking simply on a snow-field, a snow storm sweeping it, and here and there we could catch the rise of a grey rock-pinnacle. Also, as the snow rose and settled at the mercy of the wind, we could catch glimpses of spots where the Italians had set their trenches, or of incredible positions which

they had already taken and passed. Those positions looked very near; but to reach them, our escort informed us, would take many hours.

The Adamello, spreading over a hundred square kilometers, is one of the great glaciers of the world. Now it has become a battlefield, the strangest on which man ever fought. I can give no better idea of its conformation than this homely comparison: Heap up a pan of loose, jagged, splintered rock, with many of the splinters sticking up in the air, and pour over it a pail of white glue. The glue will settle, before it hardens, into the spaces between the rock-points; and here and there it will flow over the edge of the pile. The splinters of rock are the grey glacial peaks; the glue is the eternal ice; the points of overflow are the passes, like the one upon which we stood now.

We rested, shivering under our double sweaters and our coats, and when our hearts grew accustomed to the new altitude, there was more climbing and some perilous scrambling until at last, with little force left in us, we reached one of the very highest guns of Armageddon. Of the gun it is not necessary to speak.

How they got it there by sheer man-power, sometimes advancing only a hundred yards a day, sometimes stopped by a blizzard, sometimes following new roads blasted out by expert Italian dynamite workers who learned their trade in the Pennsylvania mills—that will make a great story when the war is done. To draw it within killing range of the Austrians, many a brave man had died in the blizzards.

The crew, quartered not far away, had all the comforts which one may hope for in Arctic conditions. Their avalanche-proof hut was built for compactness; in their bunks they lay like sardines. A cauldron of sausages and potatoes was cooking for dinner, and the Captain insisted on brewing tea, seasoned with condensed milk. There was an English-speaking soldier here, too—but he had learned our tongue in Australia.

However, the thing I remember best about this gun is the leaving of it. As we scrambled down, beyond sight of the glacial field, the storm increased. The gun was a black blotch against a background of whirling, drifting white, and on its breach stood a soldier, singing—singing with full voice, into the teeth of the blizzard, a gay love-song of Naples.

When we came across the Pass, on our return, we stepped at once from winter to spring. In two minutes of walking we felt the atmosphere change from Arctic to temperate. For behind us, on the field of the glacier, the snow still whirled, while before us the sun was shining bright and hot in a cloudless sky. And now we could sit down on a snowbank and enjoy a view which not two men a year ever saw from this point before this war, so perilous and difficult was the ascent—the winter-covered peaks of the Alps from above.

We descended before darkness fell. The Lieutenant taught us to advance down loose snow by the same expert jumps which the Alpini employ. We were minutes in descending heights which it had taken hours to ascend. Wrapped in every garment we had, we slept in bags that night under a hut on a shelf of rock. Once guns woke us, and once the singing of a company starting out before dawn on some expedition into the zone of ice and fire. In the cloudy morning of the next day we walked back by trail through the orderly confusion of army transport. There was avalanche dodging to do in that walk; but I, for one, preferred it to descent by teleferica.

* * * * *

It is a fortnight since I wrote what precedes this; and now I may say more. During all that trip to the glacier, we knew without being told that battle was impending on those peaks. That was the reason, I may say now, why we never saw the front trenches of the Adamello. The storm delayed us for a day; and the next day there was business afoot which it was not for a civilian to see. But they used our gun at the edge of the pass and used it well; the Italian line went forward two miles along the glacier, taking peak after peak. The gun—at the time when we saw it probably the highest in all Armageddon—went with them. And to-day I have a letter from our Lieutenant, who stayed behind because he would not leave an impending fight. "I am alive by miracles," he says, "and we are three kilometers nearer Trent."



A Camp near the Summit of Lavaredo

By Ludovico Pignocchi

This magnificent painting of an Italian Camp in the Alps is on view at the Italian Artists' Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. It illustrates strikingly Mr. Will Irwin's graphic article on the preceding pages

Union Jack Club Extension

Land & Water's Special Appeal to Its Readers

WE publish on this page the first list of subscriptions to the fund for the extension of the Union Jack Club. This list by the way is only made up to noon of last Friday.

Mention has been made of the memorial bedrooms, and to-day an illustration is given of the one dedicated to the memory of King Edward VII., and known as King Edward's Room. It will be noticed it is a very cheerful bedchamber, simply furnished, and we may add



Bedroom Presented by King Edward VII

scrupulously clean, for that cleanliness which is a distinctive characteristic of the Services is very much in evidence throughout the Club. On the far wall hangs a photograph of King Edward, and above the bed is a small tablet mentioning that the room was given by His Majesty. All bedrooms presented as memorials, commemorate in this fashion those in whose honour they have been erected.

It is to provide more bedrooms of this character that this extension is specially needed. Each bedroom costs £100, and a donation of £1,000 enables a corridor of ten rooms to be constructed. Once a bedroom has been named, that name it bears in perpetuity; and it is hoped that by the time the extension is complete, many of the bravest acts and noblest deeds of the war will be permanently recorded in this kindly fashion at the Club.

The doubt has been expressed whether after the war the Club may not find itself with a house too large for its needs. There is no fear of this. Before the war began it found its accommodation becoming cramped owing to its increasing popularity. Once a man, be he in the Navy or Army, has stopped at the Club, he always returns to it. This is a habit that has grown steadily during the last nine years. The Club will be none too large for its needs not even ten years hence, for the simple reason that more and more men will make use of it every year.

The Bishop of London spoke the other day about drunkenness among firemen on a hospital ship. Before sitting in judgment on these men one would like to know what accommodation had been made for them when they went ashore for a little change and enjoyment. It is only human nature to kick up your heels when you are on a short holiday and to have a drop of sumthin' with a pal. But if it be only possible to indulge in this mild form of pleasure which is common to all humanity, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, priests and people, under conditions which make drunkenness almost inevitable, let us be honest and not blame the men but the conditions.

Now at the Union Jack Club a man can order all the drink he wants, but he cannot get drunk. For this reason. The conditions do not permit of it; his own sense

of self-respect forbids it; the atmosphere is fatal to excess. If he wants to get drunk he will avoid the Club; if he wants to enjoy himself rationally he will seek it out. And it is because ninety-nine men out of a hundred want to enjoy themselves rationally when they are on a holiday that the Union Jack Club has grown too big for its clothes.

It is for the public to provide it with the outfit it requires to continue and maintain this good work.

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For full particulars of the Thresher "Bolmat," see page xx of this present issue.

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LAND & WATER

Vol. LXVII No. 2826 [54TH YEAR]

THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1916

[REGISTERED AS] PRICE SIXPENCE
[A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY



By Louis Raemaekers

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

The Inevitable End: Chased by the Furies



The Waiting List.

Dunlop: "Hullo! where's the car?"

The Squire: "Where's the car, indeed! Goodness alone knows! -Joan has it somewhere in France, driving mechanics backwards and forwards from their billets to an aerodrome, and she tells me the car's getting badly knocked about."

Dunlop: "That's very likely, I should think. What are you doing about a car for yourself?"

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RECONSTRUCTION

WHILE the British Army is engaged in the fiercest and biggest battle in the country's history—a battle in comparison with which Waterloo and Blenheim were mere skirmishes—we at home have to engage our thoughts and energies in a reconstruction of the Empire and the nation, so that Freedom henceforth shall be housed in security and Liberty safeguarded against her most potent enemies. Already events are moving towards this end. The Declaration of London has been finally scrapped. In the House of Lords an important judicial decision has been given, which will have a far-reaching effect on the vexed question of trading with the enemy, reversing, as it does, judgments recorded in the Courts of Law. The Home Secretary has informed the House of Commons that it is not at all his intention that alien enemies, at present interned, shall be permitted to resume business in this country when peace is restored. These incidents, each important in itself, have a cumulative significance in that they all occurred within the same week. They point to a vital alteration in opinion, effected through the powerful circumstances of the time.

An influential Committee has been appointed by the Board of Trade to prepare a scheme for providing British commercial firms with improved financial facilities for trade. A Special Committee is to be formed to inquire into the neglect of the teaching of science and to advise the authorities on the best procedure for the application of science to commerce and industry; it is to work in close concert with the Board of Education. The final report of the Departmental Committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture to consider the settlement and employment on the land in England and Wales of discharged sailors and soldiers has been issued. This report enters deeply into the present conditions of agriculture. It is something more than coincidence that the announcements regarding these three Committees, concerned respectively with the future of trade, education and agriculture, should have appeared on the very same morning. It is evidence that a new life is stirring within these islands.

This agricultural report is a most weighty document. Our greatest industry has been studied with minute care and without prejudice; the recommendations, if carried into effect, will revolutionise rural life and inaugurate healthier and happier prospects for all who are directly employed upon the land. There are two reports one signed by the Majority of the Committee; the other by a Minority. The former appear to lack the courage of their convictions and do not grasp the urgency for

action. They think agriculture can be left to work out its own salvation, forgetting they are dealing with the most conservative industry in the world. In some ways the British farmer is quicker to change his ideas than the husbandmen of other lands, but from the very nature of his occupation, he is, if left to himself, a slow mover, especially when seasons are good. The Minority have realised this; they call on the State for immediate action. "The necessary measures to put the proposals in force," they say, "should be regarded, not as controversial but as emergency legislation to be passed during the war." This minority consist of the well-known agricultural authority, Mr. E. G. Strutt, Lord Rayleigh's brother; Mr. Leslie Scott, K.C., Conservative M.P. for a Liverpool Division; and Mr. G. H. Roberts, the Labour M.P. for Norwich—three men of very divergent outlook. But they are unanimous in their suggestions of reform and regarding the great peril of delay. The gist of their proposals is set out in this sentence:—

Our view is that the State must take action, on the one hand, to establish and maintain a proper standard of wages for all farm workers, and on the other to ensure to the agricultural industry such measure of security and prosperity as will encourage the employment of labour at such wages.

The quiet summer air over Kent, the garden of England, throbs nightly with the devastating explosions of war. Men's thoughts run in strange channels when British guns, fighting a strong and stubborn foe, are audible in British homes. We know that they proclaim glorious deeds of daring and devotion; that they are sounding the requiem of many young and gallant lives. And we who stop at home can render no help to the players in this terrible game; we have, so it seems, to sit still and look on. Yet there is courageous work also for us to do, different in degree, but if we choose to make it so of the same high quality. Those familiar words of Ruskin have never shone out with more splendid truth than in these days: "Our estimate of the soldier is based on this ultimate fact—of which we are well assured—that put him in a fortress breach, with all the pleasures of the world behind him and only death and his duty in front of him, he will keep his face to the front; and he knows that his choice may be put to him at any moment." Is there any less truth in these other words of Ruskin that occur in the same chapter? "In true commerce as in true fighting, it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss—that sixpences have to be lost as well as lives, under a sense of duty; and trade may have its heroisms as well as war."

It is a question that in some form or other we all are called upon to answer if national reconstruction and reorganisation are to be carried out efficiently, for all of us are in trade either as buyers or sellers. Are we prepared to risk our sixpences, or to give support to heroic measures in order that when the harvest of victory is ripe, it may be garnered in fullest abundance? In the old fat days of peace the reproach most commonly levelled at stay-at-home Englishmen by their brethren who had dwelt in ruder and rougher lands where punishment is apt to follow closely on the heels of any sin of omission or commission, was that they hated action. They talked a lot; they occasionally wrote complaints to their pet newspapers, but for the most part they were quite content to sit still and do nothing. They had handed over the affairs of the nation to a few trained swordsmen who were in the arena for notoriety or riches; and they themselves looked on public life as a gladiatorial game and were satisfied to lounge on the benches, applauding or averting the thumb at the right moment. That point of view has disappeared. Nowadays it is the recognised duty of all individuals to take a personally active part in affairs of State, just as though it had fallen to their lot to serve their King on the field of battle.

Battle of the Somme

IT is as yet too early to form any estimate of the ultimate effect of the Anglo-French offensive. Its immediate objective which is, as Mr. Belloc points out in another column, the "crumbling" of the enemy lines until his resistance is exhausted, implies a prolonged process of hammering which is by no means likely to be confined to the present area. It is worth noting in detail what has been done so far.

Last week we heard of a very prolonged and general bombardment, accompanied by the "feeling" of the opposing front by means of a series of sharp attacks or

village of Herbécourt and the Bois de Mereaucourt, both to the east of Frise, thus rendering the retention of that position impossible. By Monday evening they had captured the village of Fenillères on the Somme, while some four miles further south they had established themselves in Assevillers, the outskirts of which they had reached and occupied on the previous day. This brought them well over the second line of the German defences, while the subsequent capture of Buscourt, about a mile east of Fenillères and of Flaucourt, two miles further south, leaves them only three miles away from Peronne.

In the extreme north of the theatre of battle the advance of the Allies has been at once less regular and less extensive. There has been vigorous fighting to the north of the Ancre, especially around the villages of Gommecourt and Serre. In this region the conflict is described as "still fluctuating." The French semi-official statement attributes the more vigorous German resistance in the northern part of the battlefield to the greater facilities for reinforcements.

Briefly summarised, the position up to date appears to be as follows:

North of the Ancre, though some successes have been secured, the fighting has so far been on the whole indecisive.

South of the Ancre the British forces have made a very marked advance between La Boisselle and Montauban; the whole salient of Fricourt being now in our hands. We inflicted heavy losses upon the enemy, captured many prisoners and much war material.

To the south of Montauban, our Allies have established themselves in full possession of the second German line over a front of over nine miles, as far south as Estrées.



raids on the enemy trenches. In the course of Saturday last we learnt that the offensive of the Allies had begun. It was launched at the point where the English and French lines join, the field of battle covering roughly the sector between Arras on the North (held by the British) and that part of the French line which lies over against Peronne, a town which the Germans still occupy. The accompanying sketch map will show the proportion this area bears to the whole line between Verdun and the sea.

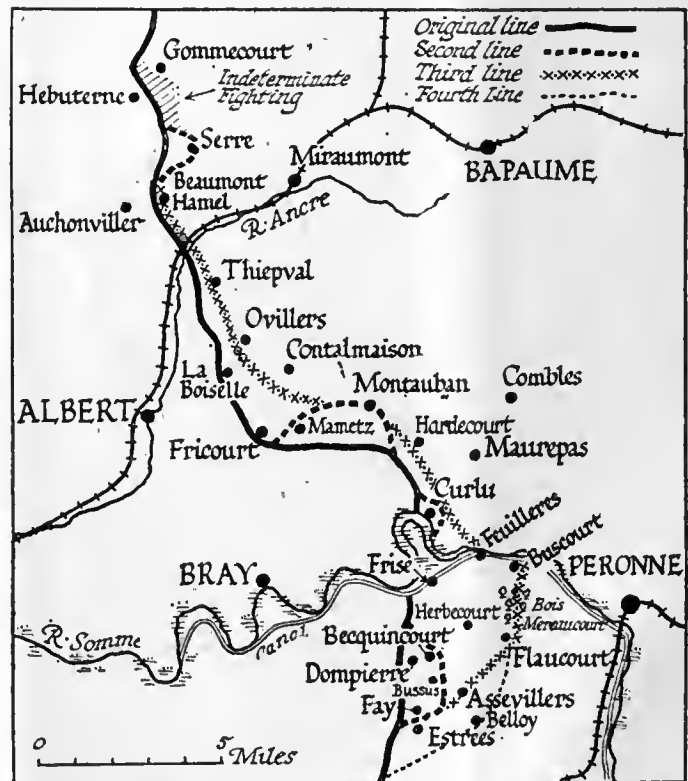
The first news which we got concerning the success of these operations appeared in the French communiqué issued on Saturday night and in Sir Douglas Haig's despatch on the same evening. These communications show that both Allied armies had made notable advances.

The British attacking from the South where the line turns eastward from Fricourt captured the two villages of Mametz and Montauban. This necessarily put into imminent peril the German forces which were hanging on to Fricourt itself, which now became a very pronounced and dangerous salient. At the same time the French attacking beyond the Somme where the line once more takes a turn southward, were able to announce the capture of Dompierre and of the villages of Becquincourt, Bussus, and Fay, while to the North of that river their forces occupied Curlu.

So matters appear to have stood at the end of the first day's serious fighting.

Meanwhile, the British were attacking the northern side of the salient now formed around Fricourt and a despatch issued late Monday night announced the capture of what was left of the little village of La Boisselle, situated to the north-west of Fricourt. This rendered the retention by the enemy of Fricourt itself impossible and his troops were withdrawn under cover of a violent counter-attack upon the Mametz-Montauban line. In the course of these operations considerable captures of prisoners and guns took place, the total of the former reaching at that date something over 4,300.

To the south of the Somme during the same period the French successes had continued. They had seized the



It would, however, be a mistake to estimate the importance of these operations in terms of mere mileage. What the Allies are attempting is not the mere pushing backward of the Germans, but the weakening of their line until it should become untenable, and our estimate of their success in that direction must depend largely on the number which they have been able to put out of action. So far it is estimated that the Allies have taken over 13,000 prisoners; and this implies a high measure of loss in killed and wounded. Our own losses have doubtless also been heavy, but there is no reason to think that they have been disproportionately heavy—the enemy has taken nothing like the same number of prisoners—and we know very well that our ability to bear such losses is now far greater than his. X

P.S.—Since the above summary was written, the French have rounded off the south end of their line by the capture of Estrées and Belloy-en-Santerre.

The Final Phase

By Hilaire Belloc

[The following commentary on the military situation was telegraphed by Mr. Belloc from the Italian Front on Monday, July 3rd. It is necessarily incomplete. His full and detailed analysis of the Allied Offensive on the Western Front will appear next week.]

IF we look upon the war as a whole we shall see that there is so strict a co-ordination between the various parts of the Allied higher commands that everything which has taken place since June 3rd, exactly a calendar month ago, forms part of one plan. That plan is already fairly understood by the general public, which has been wisely admitted to a larger measure of confidence than it has enjoyed in the past.

It was known everywhere and was indeed the common sense of the situation that the Russian offensive in Volhynia and on the borders of Galicia and in the Bukovina was the preliminary and the calculated preliminary to action elsewhere. What was not known and what could not be known, because such things are not calculable, was the measure of success it might attain. But it was clear that whatever the measure of that success might be, the first of the summer attacks upon what are essentially the works of a besieged fortress, would be followed when once their effect began to develop by corresponding movements upon other sectors of that immense interrupted line which runs from the Baltic to the Roumanian frontier across the Southern Balkans from Monfalcone, all along the Italian Alpine front to the Ortler, and then after the neutral territory of Switzerland from Belfort to Dunkirk.

Action upon the westernmost front was not designed by the Alliance to be delivered until a full month after the first effects of the Russian pressure should be felt, nor was it certain where the first consequences of that pressure would show themselves. As a fact they showed themselves, as we all know, in the Trentino.

The Russian attack has succeeded—I will not say beyond the Allied expectations, for I have no knowledge of what calculations were made—but certainly beyond anything which the enemy had thought possible. We know from many sources of information that the enemy had staked everything upon the supposed sufficiency of his defensive line between the Pripet Marshes and Roumania.

The Austrian effectives detailed to the defence of the line between the middle Styr and the sector in front of Czernowitz, together with two or four German divisions lent in aid, were calculated upon that normal minimum of somewhat over three thousand men to the mile, including of course the local reserves which had been thought essentially sufficient for the works prepared under German guidance in this southern half of the enemy's eastern front against Russia. Within three weeks close upon half these original effectives had disappeared.

More important than the local advances effected by the Russians was the tremendous depletion of the enemy strength between the marshes and the Roumanian frontier. With new bodies of men the Germans could help their allies but little, and when the Russians had formed their great salient round Lutsk the Germans countered the danger by massing heavy pieces along the middle Styr and upon the Stokhod, both below and above the place where that marshy stream is crossed by the railway leading to Kovel. There the Russians held and hold the bridge-head of Svidniki.

At that bridge-head the Russians remained. East of it up the Stokhod, across the narrow belt between the Stokhod and the Styr and so down the Styr past Godomichi and Kolki, they still remain upon the western bank of the river. But the newly concentrated German heavy artillery holds them there.

What the Germans had not the strength to do even in guns let alone in men, was to produce a similar check upon the southern half of the line. Upon the extreme left of the southern portion of the Russian advance, that

advance proved continuous. The Austrian army at Czernowitz was broken into two portions. One retired upon Kolomea and one upon Dorna Watla just beyond Kimpolung, both of these places defending the foot of the Carpathian passes into Hungary, the first the Jablonitza, the second the Borgo. But of these two the first was by far the most important, and the Russian threat to Kolomea, now just occupied, has been the concern of the enemy for a fortnight past.

Meanwhile this first breach in the outworks of the great siege, this disaster suffered by the enemy in Volhynia and in the Bukovina, was followed by the abandonment of his adventure in the Trentino.

I pointed out last week the fact that the Austrian offensive in the Trentino was essentially a German move. The Austrian units there were closely overlooked and ordered even upon the divisional staffs by German officers. The whole plan in its larger lines, as in its details, was a repetition of Verdun. It had absorbed 18 divisions and between two and three thousand guns, half of them heavy pieces. It had been undertaken with only the single and difficult line of supply reaching from the fortified junction of Franzensfeste to Trent to feed it, because it was thought certain of success. It failed. The Italians concentrated men against it with an ease and celerity which I hope to describe in my article upon the Italian front in a week's time, and at last the Austrian retirement was ordered.

The moment was one of capital importance in the history of the war. It marked the beginning of those straits for men, of that necessary shortening of the front which has been the necessary and calculated result of the Allied operations since first the enemy lost his advantage of mere numbers, and still more since his advantage in munitions began to fall to a parity with our own. In a sense, the withdrawal of the Austro-German division from the Balkans was an earlier manifestation of the same tendency, and Bidou, whose anonymous work in the *Débats* of Paris and whose admirable signed study of Verdun has made him deservedly famous, pointed it out many weeks ago.

But the abandonment of the Trentino offensive, the steady pressure of the Italian pursuit, and the immediate connection of these with the Russian advance, were the first clear example of a shortening of front, of an anxiety for men and resources, apparent upon the map to the public eye. The enemy retirement from the enclosed basin of Asiago, his occupation of new defensive lines, roughly corresponding to the old frontier, his obvious intention of withdrawing as rapidly as possible through the narrow neck of the bottle of the men and guns he had so foolishly packed beyond Trent, was hardly in full swing when the third act of the great drama opened and a general bombardment was remarked against the enemy along all the front held by the British between the Somme and La Bassée.

For some days this preliminary, the significance of which was a matter of open comment upon all sides, proceeded. It was accompanied by what the French call "soundings," that is, the feeling of the enemy's lines by what would be called in open warfare (and has been called by the enemy even in this siege work)—reconnaissances. These had a double object of discovering the enemy's real strength all along the line and of forbidding his movement of units.

Such preliminaries were followed by the first blows, the results of which are only just coming to hand as I write. It is no overwhelming stroke upon one sector, such as were the earlier and inconclusive offensives of this war, that is intended. It is a policy which the French despatches and semi-official reviews of the war have well defined by the metaphor of "crumbling." The enemy has gambled upon striking hard at an immense expense in men upon one very restricted sector of his western front, that of Verdun.

For close upon six months the Allied Higher Commands

refused to reply to this tremendous hammering (wherein the enemy spent himself so lavishly) and maintained a political discipline which has very probably determined the issue of the war. Though there were isolated examples, rather in the press than in the public of anxiety and even of folly during the strain, yet the strain was endured.

The menacing of the combined fronts has but begun. What developments the immediate future will show we cannot tell, but the essential point for opinion to bear in mind is that the operation will be long and detailed and there will be no question of any one or two violent offensive operations destined immediately to achieve

their result or fail as was the model of the first great offensive in this war. Still less is there any question on the Allied side of massed and destructively expensive effort upon one selected sector. Verdun has been a sufficient object-lesson in that, and the enemy has proved it for us.

The policy now deliberately undertaken and to be carried through is a prolonged general and deliberate policy, the separate parts of which will appear upon point after point of the long fronts attacked, and the object of which is the full use of what is now a great superiority in men and at least an equality in munitions.

A General Review of the Situation

AT the moment in which these lines are written the third critical phase of the war is opening.

The first was the initial phase which concluded with the Marne and the Battle of Ypres' and decided the simple truth that if no further political factors came in upon the enemy's side, or endeavour came in to weaken the Alliance against him by fatigue or quarrel, he would inevitably lose the war.

This initial phase will certainly appear to the future historian the most important of all. The historian of 1812, for instance, does not lay chief stress upon the horrors of the Retreat from Moscow, and as for the brilliancy of the attack on Borodino—which seemed at the moment of such vast importance to the French themselves as well as to their enemies, puts it altogether into the background. What he emphasises (and you may see it in every competent writer upon 1812) is the initial blunder of entering with so vast a force, with such conditions of transport and upon so few avenues of approach, a country of which the French Higher Command was at bottom ignorant.

Next and later the historian of 1812 emphasises the undue delay of Napoleon at Moscow. But if his interest is in strategy, as it should be, he is likely to debate at greater length than the delay at Moscow the question of whether Napoleon would not have done well to halt in Smolensk.

It is the same with the present war.

It is not the dramatic final actions which perhaps, when they come, will quite eclipse all the rest for vividness and for decision, certainly in the long swaying of the trench lines during the central period, but this initial phase which will arrest his pen, and upon it will he make turn the whole nature of the great war.

His reasons for doing so will be that he will have, as the contemporary public cannot fully have, though it gains rapidly in construction, a conspectus of the forces at work. He will appreciate the fact that the Central Empires combined were, in August, 1914, humanly certain of victory and of rapid victory at that. They were overwhelmingly more numerous. They had chosen their own moment. They had prepared and they possessed the equipment for the munitionment of modern war upon a scale far superior to that of their opponents.

That they failed was due to a strategic blunder of the first class, a blunder comparable to Erlon's blunder two days before Waterloo. They totally misconceived the proportionate grouping of the French lines between the Vosges and Paris, and they suffered the defeat of the Marne. There still remained to them the opportunity of occupying the ports of the Channel when they had rallied after their defeat for turning the far inferior Allied line by the open gap that was left. They blundered again, or at any rate they delayed, then when they tried to force the gate they lost the battle of Ypres and the first phase of the war was over.

They lost the battle of Ypres from a complete miscalculation of the strength of the modern defensive, coupled with the characteristic ignorance of the type of soldier they had to meet. For the success at Ypres was not merely the result of a blind formula "the strength of the modern defensive," it was much more the result of certain moral qualities in the defending force, which enabled them to exhaust the enemy's attack at a moment when they were still so small in number and still in process of organisation.

The second critical moment of the war was the beginning of last summer. There had by that time clearly appeared to all the belligerents what not one of them guessed when the war broke out, the character which modern trench warfare would exhibit.

Everyone had been caught short in heavy munitionment, but the unexpected accident turned greatly to the profit of the enemy because he had, for totally different reasons, provided himself with a much larger proportion of heavy pieces and with the machinery for their munitionment. This end of the spring or beginning of summer last year is critical because upon its fortunes would depend the duration of the war. The matter was argued at some length in these pages, and the conclusion was arrived at which the future showed to be just. The great offensive would be undertaken with the opening of the fine season, if that offensive were launched in the West, which had been creeping up in munitionment and in men, and if it were successful the war would be of short duration. Should such an offensive be forestalled by the enemy, or when undertaken, fail, the war would be of long duration. Its ultimate issue still remained clear so long as no new political development came to weaken the Alliance or to strengthen the enemy.

The enemy took advantage of the immense disproportion between his power of munitionment and that of the Russians. He still had advantage in this matter over the Western Allies (though he has since lost it, for those who say that the curve of his increasing munitionment is steeper than that of the Western Allies at the present moment are ill-informed) but he had a much greater advantage of course over long industrialised Russia. He seized that advantage, broke the Russian lines at Dunajetz and proceeded throughout the summer of 1915 to advance through Poland, forcing salient after salient upon the Russians, in the hope of achieving a decision against them, of obtaining a separate peace from them or, alternatively, leaving them negligible for the rest of the war, and then coming back in full force next year against the West. He failed to achieve his end. But he had forestalled any offensive against himself and he had prolonged the war greatly to his moral and political advantage, for though the numbers in the West would continue to increase against him and the power of munitionment in the West would also increase, yet he might gamble upon the effect of time in wearying his opponents and in affecting, what is always somewhat imperfect, the co-ordination of the separate Allied forces and their commands.

Relying upon such factors he pursued his efforts throughout the autumn and obtained, when his assault upon Russia was exhausted, the first grave political change in his own favour, the adhesion of a neutral—Bulgaria. He overran Serbia and Montenegro, for a moment threatening the general communications of the British Empire, was baulked in this by the counter-stroke of Salonika and then almost with the opening of the next year decided upon a certain effort in the West, which was his last hope, but which offered him the chance of very considerable results. He decided to mass against a particular sector of the western line just such striking forces as had been his work seven months before upon the Dunajetz. With this difference, however, that the striking force he was ready to launch in this last attempt was stronger by far in heavy artillery and its munitionment than anything he had yet been able to put forward.

The sector which he chose for this last great effort

was the sector of Verdun. The French line here made a pronounced salient which lay beyond a flooded river. He conceived a repetition of Friedland upon a great modern scale. By crushing in the French salient against the river he would break that portion of the French line entirely. A great army would be thrust back upon a flooded valley across which it had no adequate communications. There would be in the defeat such a congestion as would give everything beyond the river into his hands, men, guns and material. And from that success would immediately result the rupture of the Allied line at this point and a decision in the West.

We all know what followed. The French covering line was battered back in a week. But the main positions lying behind it, though still beyond the river and still imperfectly provided with communications across its flooded valley stood the shock. The attack had begun upon the 21st of February. By the 28th it was clear that as a mere surprise attack it had failed.

He believed it might still be possible at a very great expense of men to obtain his decision in a slower fashion; if only the month of March was occupied in that attack. He tried now to force the French line upon both sides of the Meuse, and with a loss of about 200,000 men over and above the losses inflicted upon the French; with a balance against himself of that very considerable expenditure he continued his effort. The first great spasm of that effort was defeated upon March 9th, and there were many who were then ready to say that the defensive battle of Verdun was won. But a month was to pass before things were certain, and it was not until the last spasm of April 9th that the result was clear. By that date the defensive battle of the sector of Verdun was won, it was clear the French line would never be broken.

Significance of Verdun

When this was appreciated upon both sides of the struggle, when the great defensive action of the sector of Verdun was thus conclusively shown to have fallen to the military advantage of the French and the immense loss inflicted upon the enemy had been wasted, there was clearly a moment in which he hesitated upon what his next course should be. Circumstances themselves dictated that course—he seems, so far as we can now judge, to have had no option but to undertake a continuance of the offensive actions against the Verdun sector. Not because he now had any hope of there achieving a decision, but because it was only there he could continue to attack, and there by his attack he might achieve other political and moral effects what he had failed to achieve as a purely military task. He had not the men, the positions or the time for moving guns which, before the counter-stroke of the Allies should be launched, would enable him to forestall it in any other field. It was an open secret that such a counter-stroke would come in the summer. The British army was not only rapidly growing in numbers, but had perfected its organisation. The curve of increase in Western munitionment was very rapidly rising. The losses of the French had been now for long far inferior to his own.

To continue an attack upon the sector of Verdun, though his original battle was lost, was his only course, and he continued it with not one but many motives of action combined, the confusion of which long puzzled those who were following the war as students but which is now pretty clearly apparent, although the particular emphasis he might lay upon one or another of these his motives and the proportionate value they had in his mind cannot yet be determined and was indeed fluctuating from week to week. These motives may roughly be tabulated as follows:

(1) He had made of the name "Verdun" a familiar symbol in all the belligerent countries and among the Allies, while he had particularly impressed it upon the masses of his own population and nowhere more than upon the rank and file of his army. Verdun, which was but one section of the long trench line, was represented as a "fortress." Though the attack was only against one sector of an extended line it was represented—even in the maps which he distributed to his soldiers—as an "investment." A shadowy salient was treated as though it was a besieged area with no issue but a narrow

one for the defenders. He acted upon the principle that the putting of his soldiers into any part of the geographical area called "Verdun"—that is of a particular small town which, so far as the strategical results of its occupation was concerned, might just as well have been a ploughed field, would appear to neutrals, to the civilian population, to his own army and perhaps to some extent to the belligerents against him, as the "taking" of Metz, or Plevna, or Sevastopol of old.

In other words, he calculated upon the "moral" effect of the name Verdun, and to put his soldiers into the houses of the town, or such houses as lay west of the Meuse, he was prepared to sacrifice his remaining offensive, hoping that such a result would distract opinion from the military problem.

(2) He further hoped that the continued offensive against the French would affect the moral of that people, civilian and even military. He was here doing what he has so often done during the war, something which his own psychology positively condemns him to do, misunderstanding the mind of his opponent. Just as he believed that the raiding by aircraft of open English towns would break the will of the English people or cause its political opinion to weaken, just as he had counted upon a revolutionary movement in Russia, so he counted now upon what he believed to be the unstable will of the French. From his own side he could be certain that no losses, however great, however superior to the losses he himself inflicted, would cause confusion with the conduct of the war. His press was entirely official. He had published nothing but what was published by authority, he was able to conceal, and he has in fact concealed, from the mass of his population the price that was being paid. He knew that such concealment would not be possible among the Western powers.

A second motive was the effect on the Western moral, and especially on the French moral by the mere continuance of an attack which now had no possible strategic result open to it.

(3) He seems also to have been affected by this consideration—of the Western forces opposed to him the most formidable hitherto had been the French. France was a conscript country, the strategy of the French had shown itself unexpectedly superior. The army had long been very thoroughly organised. The British, on the other hand, had had to improvise an army, its staff work was long necessarily imperfect, the provision of a corps of officers to deal with the new force, 10 or 15 fold that which had been provided for the war originally, presented grave perils of weakness. Could he prolong the offensive against the French sufficiently to even make them partially exhausted? Though this were done at the expense of his own exhaustion, yet he could when he fell upon the defensive count upon having to meet an attack mainly of newly improvised British armies, not with their combined attack, which he had chiefly dreaded.

(4) The next consideration was an alternative to, and therefore partly contradictory of this last. In the alternative of failing to exhaust the French by his attack on Verdun even at the expense of his own exhaustion, he might at least provoke a premature counter-offensive.

This, it is generally believed by competent authorities in France, was the chief military conception in his mind throughout the whole business.

It is clear that if you are yourself approaching exhaustion while your enemy as a whole is increasing in munitionment as well as in numbers, that the enemy will have marked some day upon which his own superiority will be so overwhelming that he will attack without fear for the result. It is equally clear that under such circumstances to compel him to attack before his full strength is developed, especially in munitions (a further point to be dealt with in a moment) is to secure a great advantage.

Nothing has been more remarkable in the whole of the prolonged and exceedingly extensive attacks which have succeeded to the loss of the battle of Verdun by the enemy, nothing has been more striking in all these ten weeks of mere assault since the hope of a decision was abandoned by the enemy, than the refusal of the Allied Command to be provoked into a premature counter-offensive. It is indeed astonishing that so piquant a test of the whole situation should not have been seized by general opinion in this country. It would have been seized if the authorities had had the wisdom to explain

the situation soberly and in fréquent communiqués to the British people.

(5) Lastly, the enemy certainly calculated upon a partial exhaustion of munitionment upon the French side. He is here, happily for us, badly handicapped. We know much more accurately how much he can produce than he knows how much we can.

The proof of this is his ignorance of the way in which the French delivery of shell alone would equal his own during all the last phase of the attack. Nevertheless, he may have argued that a certain partial exhaustion was necessarily taking place with the French munitionment as it was taking place with his own. He could not deliver shell continuously. He was himself compelled to certain lulls in the rate of expenditure during which lulls he re-accumulated his head of shell. And he thought it at least probable that he was similarly preventing the French from accumulating any great reserve. Though he cannot have been ignorant of the fact that other sections of the line were piling up munitions against him in overwhelming quantities.

Such would seem to be the five main particular motives which, combined, decided him to continue mere mechanical attack after he had lost the battle of Verdun and all hope of achieving a decision at this point.

But we shall not understand his combination of these five motives unless we seize the general truth that an army engaged upon such an offensive operation after it has passed a certain point *must* in any case continue. Whether the action be one of a few hours or a few days or of many weeks the principle is the same.

Many metaphors have been used to put it vividly and concisely. It has been compared to the suction of a whirlpool. It has been compared to what the French call *engrenure*, that is, the drawing in of anything by the teeth of a cogwheel, the action of which is such that once a man's hand is in, his arm follows and after his arm his body.

It has been compared to another metaphor, to the hooking on of force to force, the attacker being regarded in this metaphor as caught by a bait and fixed in a position from which he cannot escape.

But all these metaphors are metaphors only, and while they state do not explain. It is no wonder that those who have not studied military history—the great majority of educated men—should have refused to be satisfied with such metaphors and should demand a plainer statement.

That statement may I think be put as follows; though it is not an easy thing to define.

The attacking force before it is launched must be organised at an expense of time which is largely proportionate to the magnitude of the operation in view. There is not only the material factor of bringing up artillery, building behind that artillery a great head of shell, preparing the local traffic for supply, roads, light railways and the rest. There is also the moral expenditure of time in the staff work and thinking out all the details in the establishment of a whole network of arrangements with a million connections and meshes which cannot be unravelled, which can still less be renewed save at a very grave expenditure of time. An offensive action, therefore, once designed, is like any other investment, a thing which a man is tempted to continue even after it has apparently failed, and which he almost invariably does so continue. There is always the temptation not to cut one's losses, and sometimes almost the physical constraint to go on long after hope has been lost.

Next consider what may be called the momentum of such a thing, moral and material. You have set a great machine in motion. Everything leads up to this machine in its particular field of action and in the direction towards which you have directed it. All its supply, all the movements of its various parts—almost infinite in number in such a case—if it is in that place and that fashion which you have originally presented your effort.

Finally, we must add to a complete comprehension of a phenomenon universal in the whole history of war, the elementary truth that continuance is at least the continuance of the known, and as exhaustion proceeds a change of plan is a plunge into the unknown. The further exhaustion proceeds the more risky is that unknown. The German Higher Command could say to itself, "To-day at such and such a point we advanced 70 yards. A

week ago we took such and such a wood of 30 acres. To-morrow we shall perhaps put our troops into that ruined village 200 yards in front of our present trenches"—and so forth. It is a process continuing upon lines already known. A process which can be represented, not only to those whom one would deceive but even to one's own mind, as a continuous "advance," and therefore in some vague sense continuous success. If *may* produce some unexpected good fortune. To attempt a change in the whole plan in the eleventh hour, to attempt with gravely depleted forces a retirement, still more to attempt another attack elsewhere, may be possible at one critical moment if that moment is exactly chosen. Immediately after such a moment it is increasingly dangerous and *there comes a time when it will be necessarily disastrous.*

Waterloo's Classical Example

The classical example of Napoleon's attack at Waterloo has been quoted by a dozen critics since the German determination to continue after they had lost their original action at Verdun was apparent. Waterloo concerned only a mile and a half of ground, 200,000 men and a few hours. Verdun concerns between 20 and 30 miles of ground, nearly two million men from first to last, and many weeks. But, as I said above, the principle is exactly the same.

In all the marvellous work of Houssaye upon Waterloo there is nothing more striking than the famous sentence in which he argues, speaking of the failure of the first cavalry charges against the British squares and of the middle of the afternoon just before the Prussians could make their pressure really felt (they were already approaching the field and were on the point of taking contact), "Why didn't the Emperor break off the battle?" And he answers far more lucidly than I have been able to put it, by much the same set of statements which I have here made, and concludes with the phrase "because therefore he could not." This "therefore" covers not only his military but his political reasons. When it was clear that the British line would stand and that the Prussian attack was very visibly developing before him upon his right flank in the clear westering sun which took his lines full in face, the Emperor must have known that the battle was lost, yet he continued up to the very sunset of that long June day cavalry charge upon cavalry charge and then at the end sent in and lost the Guard.

What else could he have done? Had he broken battle and retreated, upon what political situation would he have retreated? What *better* chance had he against combined and overwhelming forces whose junction he had failed to prevent. Should he postpone their blow by a few hours he might still desperately hope that in the continued attack somehow, somewhere, something would turn up. He could hope nothing from breaking off, even though he knew that in every military sense of the term the battle was already lost. His forces were not sufficient to develop a new attack elsewhere. Their moral was no longer sufficient for such a purpose. Every one of the metaphors used above applies exactly to that last phase of the retreat at the battle of Waterloo. Had there been a sensational press in those days, fed by the telegraph, and had Wellington's defensive been continued not for hours but for several weeks, during which such a press could have played upon popular emotions, one can imagine what the posters would have been! "The Prussian line compelled to fall back." "The French nearer to the big Elm tree." "The French not exhausted. Fresh forces continually appearing." "Why are not the Prussians already upon the field?" One can imagine such sentences as the following from leading articles: "With no desire of underrating the glorious efforts of our Prussian Allies we cannot conceal from our readers the extreme gravity of the fact that they are still 1,400 yards from Planchenoit, and the best opinion is puzzled to observe the moving in echelon under such circumstances," etc., etc.

The fundamental point about those last afternoon hours of Waterloo was that an exhausted and already beaten enemy was compelled to continue his attack. He had no other choice and in that very fact was making more decisive and thorough his necessary defeat.

The continued attack on Verdun therefore simply means that the crisis now approaching as I write—the

third critical phase, which may very well be determinant of the war, and which will almost certainly give it at any rate its final form, is modified more and more, and more and more in our final power, by the very fact that the Germans have chosen to continue upon the Meuse and cannot help continuing upon the Meuse.

Meanwhile that phase has been led up to elsewhere by three closely connected events—the enemy blunder in Italy, the Russian stroke upon the Galician border and the immobility of Hindenburg in the northern part of the eastern line.

All these three subsidiary phenomena of the moment, all these three forerunners of the critical phase just upon us, hang together.

A Political Illusion

It is the great extension of the enemy's front through what fools have called his "conquest," through his trying to combine the political illusion of occupied territory with the hard realities of military science that led to the breakdown of the Austrian army between the marshes of Roumania. He had to hold that extended line with a minimum of men. He had told the whole world—and particularly the American journalists, who are his chief heralds in the matter—that the Eastern line was "impregnable." The phrase is of course absolutely meaningless as it stands. What it would mean if it were properly expanded would be something like this. "The Russians are so disorganised by our advance last year, by their great losses, my system of defence is so marvellous that I can hold the front between the Pripet marshes and the Roumanian frontier with only forty-five divisions. I am quite secure there until I have done my work elsewhere and choose to return eastward. Or, at the very least I can when terms of peace are proposed find myself in the same situation in the East."

We have seen the folly of this contention. The 45 divisions (there may have been 47. Some have stated, with the addition of certain German units, 49) represented, in the condition in which the Russians found them at the beginning of June, about three-quarters of a million men in line. The Russians struck upon June 4th. By June 18th, a fortnight later, at least one-half of that great force had disappeared. And all over its ruins, deeper in one place, shallower in another, an attack ruinously expensive in men would still be directed against the enemy.

The position of the German line on the north-eastern front was again exactly dependent upon the extension of front to which the enemy had condemned himself. That extension of front did not only mean an immense extension of the actual line to be held (it is over 300 miles in all its sinuosities from the marshes to the Baltic, which Hindenburg has now to survey. It is but 170 miles from Warsaw to the Save) it also means an extension of communications through very bad land indeed.

I will not exaggerate the importance of such an extension in modern war. We are not dealing with the roads of the Napoleonic, or even the Russo-Turkish wars. Existing railways vastly modify the problem, the power of rapidly laying down light railways modifies it. The establishment of provisional-roads modifies it further, as does petrol traffic modify it. Nevertheless it is, even under modern conditions, quite a different thing to hold a line through the Polish forests and marshes over 100 miles from the railheads of the full German railway system, than to hold a line upon those railheads through the developed country of East Prussia and its borders. It was even a different thing to hold a line through Volhynia, though here the Austrians were much nearer their original railheads and railway system, than it would have been to hold one in Galicia with its network of roads and of rails.

Whether Hindenburg's men would have stood against a Russian attack had a Russian attack been delivered there, we cannot tell, but we do clearly see in the present situation that that line was reduced in the present summer to its bare minimum of men.

The reserves that might have swelled its numbers, the depots from which losses in case of an advance would have been made good, were all set westwards when the preparation of Verdun determined the enemy to increase his forces upon the West in such a prodigious fashion and

to make what had been 90 divisions no less than 125. Upon that northern front some months ago the Germans could have poured rapidly by their lateral railway reinforcements in aid of the shattered Austrians in the south. It would have been more consonant with their policy, it would have been an exact replica of what they have done twice before to meet the southern attack by a counter-attack in the north immediately following.

The least informed of our commentators believed indeed that that attack was actually taking place when Hindenburg "felt" his opponent in the first days of the Austrian disaster. Had they considered for a moment they would have seen that he could not in his exhausted condition effect any considerable counter-stroke. At the best it would be a matter of weeks before he could be reinforced.

When we turn to the third of the subsidiary devices (for all are really subsidiary to the West) we can see how the whole is connected, although this Austrian attack in the Trentino has rather a moral connection than a material one with the rest. The attack on the Trentino is simply another Verdun. As I said last week, the conception that it was disliked in Berlin is nonsense. It has every mark of being actually ordered from Berlin. The same type of preparation, the same type of initial assault, and, one may add, the same result. In the Trentino was massed at the end of the bottle neck absolutely everything that Austria had to spare. And the machine will not work backwards. The Austrian effort in the Trentino must continue. It has no choice. If it has run up against an unexpected resistance exactly as the Germans did at Verdun, if it continue to show a corresponding loss; if it have nothing to show by either of these efforts, save the result of the first few days (exactly as at Verdun), so much the worse for the Austrian Higher Command. They have left themselves no alternative choice. They must continue in the hope that sooner or later and at whatever expense of men, the plains may be securely reached and the main Italian communications menaced. They have, it is true, a clear military objective before them, while the Germans at Verdun had nothing of the sort. Were the Germans occupying the whole of Verdun town to-morrow they would not be advanced by one inch or one hour towards victory. If the Austrians were in Vicenza or Verona they would achieve a very great result, and they would have imperilled the whole of the main Italian army in the East. But there is no sign of that army falling in such a peril or believing it to be imminent, and the futility of the continued offensive in the Trentino still closely parallels the futility of the massed attacks upon the heights of the Meuse above the Verdun valley.

For the rest, Bulgaria can do nothing, for Salonika has checkmated all that. Every conception of action through the East has been similarly checkmated, and there remains only the issue of the great attack which has just been launched in the West.

The Younger German Recruitment

There is still no direct information, but only rumour, with regard to the calling out or even warning of the German 1918 class, but there is now ample evidence to hand of the prisoners of 1917 class in the field. Numerous members of this class are among the prisoners captured by the French in front of Verdun.

We must not believe that the greater part of it has yet left the depôts. It is probably in much the same situation that the 1916 class was last April.

The 1916 class had then appeared in the field for about a month and was already furnishing prisoners—about April it was numerous. The 1917 class is not yet as numerous in the field, it will probably be so about July. In other words—as we might expect—three months is about the time which brings one class on to the heels of another. Another way of saying it is that the enemy's wastage is about four times as rapid as the enemy recruitment; or perhaps a little less—for we must always allow for the balance of the younger classes which is at first sent back as unfit, but later can rejoin.

I wonder whether, when 1918 is in the field, our Germanophiles will still believe that the enemy has a vast army of mature men in reserve for what they describe as a "coup-de-grâce"?

H. BELLOC

A Real Blockade?

By Arthur Pollen

AS things go nowadays, we have not had to wait long for the first fruits of the Jutland victory. Four weeks after the battle, the Russians are using battleships to attack the German fleet at Riga; a significant change from the apprehending of so many that this summer the German Fleet would assist in the great attack; and Lord Robert Cecil has announced the death of the Declaration of London! At last, then, we revert to the position from which we should have started, namely, the Law of Prize, as made by the courts in previous wars.

The *Morning Post* informs us that the *New York Times*, which is possibly the most influential newspaper in America, has interpreted this announcement to mean that it has been decided by the Allies to abrogate all the Orders in Council, and to substitute for them a legal blockade. But this does not seem to me to be promised by Lord Robert Cecil's statement, which says that the successive Orders in Council "which have been issued adopting, with modifications, the Declaration of London" are to be in due course withdrawn. Nothing is said as to the Order in Council of March 1915, under which the additional measures, not contemplated by the Declaration of London, were to be taken against supplies reaching Germany through neutral ports. This embargo is not yet by any means absolute, and for at least six months was hardly more than nominal. The interference with enemy supplies became real in the course of last autumn and seriously effective by the beginning of this year. The result is a state of things to-day, the importance of which it is hardly possible to exaggerate. When German newspapers devote column after column—and indeed, special supplements—to dealing with the privations of the people, the means of remedying them, and their results in discontent, disturbances and riots, it is obvious that the situation may easily be critical. Radicals and Socialists are threatening the Government with force and frantic appeals are being made to all classes to endure their sufferings with patience.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* implores its readers to remember they are "still a long way from the ordinary sufferings of a besieged fortress." The leading Bavarian paper prints an interesting dialogue: "It is no longer a question of little privations," says one speaker. "We often lack the most necessary things, such as meat, eggs, butter, sugar and bread. We fathers are deprived of our sons, women of their husbands, and children of their supporters. We cannot bear more; there must be an end to it. This war is a crime against mankind." The other tries to console him by urging that Germans must hold together. "Vast wheat-growing territories have been conquered since last summer, and the Balkan granaries are open to Germany. The new harvest at any rate will mend things. Meanwhile we must endure every privation without complaining. We must even hunger if necessary."

Herr Scheidemann's speech at Waldenburg on the 22nd of last month has been referred to in the British Press before, but only the passage in which, as the spokesman of the Chancellor, he renounces any German desire for territorial acquisitions. But one statement of his seems to me even more significant. "In no circumstances," he said, "may the German people allow themselves to collapse during the next few weeks, which alone separate us from the end of this terrible war—so we hope."

Scheidemann is a leader of the subservient Socialist majority. He was known to be speaking with Government authority. What significance are we to attach to "the next few weeks which alone separate Germany from the end of this terrible war?"

It seems only too clear that the effects of a bare six months of severe, though not rigid, blockade have brought the people to a point at which their endurance and loyalty to their masters have been strained to the utmost. What would be the situation had a real and complete blockade been proclaimed on the first day of the war, before any neutral interests had become vested, when all neutral

sympathy was on the side of the Allies, when the Belgian atrocities had sent a shock through every civilised country? What has the omission of the most effective, and most obvious, use of our command of the sea cost the Allies? There is certainly no excuse for not pushing the siege of Germany to its utmost limits now. Already the little flutter of hope that the proclamation of a naval victory created has gone. And the densest of Germans is beginning to realise that the food dictator of the Empire is not Herr Batocki, but Sir John Jellicoe.

THE NELSON TOUCH

Last week we discussed what in fact had been Nelson's habit in the matter of taking risks, and concluded that as he was never known to have missed an opportunity of fighting, it was probably right to say that in hardly any circumstances would risk arising out of the disparity of force have deterred him from fighting.

This determination to fight seemed to be explained largely by his bold disregard of conventional rules—a thing that arose out of a singular insight into the nature of naval war, and perhaps a still more singular mastery of the instruments at his disposal. And we also saw that these instruments were of a rare merit, because bringing them to perfection—perfection, that is, as compared with the standard that the enemy could reach—was more a matter of seamanship, skill and discipline than of any special originality or excellence of design in the ships, guns, etc., supplied by the Admiralty. In a peculiar way then, Nelson and the officers of his time created the Navy which Nelson himself knew how to put to such stupendous use.

But a further remark must be added. Good gunnery in Nelson's day had nothing in common with that element in good gunnery which for a few years so interested the British public a decade ago. The improved marksmanship of the naval gunlayer was then followed as keenly as the form of Ranjitsinhji, Grace or Hobbs. The annual returns of the Gunlayers' Test supplied averages in their way as exciting as football, cricket and racing news. But in Nelson's time there was no marksmanship. Good gunnery meant rapid loading and a perfectly drilled crew and discipline that was proof against the nerve strain of battle. Given these qualities, the nearer a ship was brought to the enemy the more their advantage showed over an ill-trained enemy. To use weapons to the best effect is, of course, the aim of all tactics. The Nelsonian object then, was always the closest possible contact with the enemy and the greatest possible concentration when attack was made. Contact and concentration could only be brought about by the right handling of the ship.

Tactics and Gunnery

It is at this point you get an extraordinary contrast between the 18th century and 20th century conditions. To handle a three-masted ship in such a way as to bring it, in company with others, to a definite position relative to the enemy, demanded a form and a degree of skill that was exceedingly difficult to attain, and in point of fact could not exist except amongst officers and men arduously and constantly practised in a multiplicity of activities. To employ a fleet in accordance with any tactical conception whatever then, was a function of seamanship, and so wholly did all naval fighting turn upon this quality that St. Vincent, speaking after all the great battles had been fought, almost denied that any credit should be given to the commanders for their tactics, and attributed the results entirely to the "superior seamanship" of the British over their enemies. It is extremely significant that, while he dismisses the refinements of tactics as "frillery and gimcrack," he does not pay gunnery even the compliment of a mention! The reason, of course, is that seamanship was recognised as an art, which it was, whereas gunnery, perhaps rightly, was looked upon

merely as a craft. Anyhow, the fact is incontestable that the gunnery efficiency of the ship in action depended entirely upon the seamanship of the captain, because it was only by good seamanship that the guns could be brought within the very short range within which they were effective. And it was, of course, the function of the leader to leave the captain in no possible doubt as to the point to which he should take his ship. Thus Nelson's tactical boldness was based upon the fact that the more perfectly his manœuvres were executed, the more effective his gunnery would be.

In one very important particular conditions now are almost reversed. So long as a ship's engines are running sweetly and the steering gear is uninjured, no great feat of seamanship is required to follow any course that an admiral may indicate. But with a manœuvring ship, to find the range of the enemy, to ascertain the speed and the direction that he may follow from time to time, to keep the range, once it is found and the enemy's movements are known, when the firing ship is manœuvring also—the performance of all these functions with the accuracy essential for hitting at long range, requires something far beyond perfection in marksmanship either of gunlayers or of the manipulator of the director, something far beyond what can be achieved by any perfection in organising and drilling the personnel devoted to fire control. The desired results can only be obtained by the employment of instruments and methods necessarily as complicated as the conditions they are designed to meet, and capable of working with that minute perfection that is essential if a changing range of 14,000 or 15,000 yards is to be maintained accurately upon the gun sights. For at these ranges an error even of one per cent. of the range would be fatal. Thus to-day all tactical manœuvres tend to make the guns inefficient, and the measures necessary for counteracting this inefficiency do not depend upon the discipline, the drill and the training that the devotion of captains and officers can give to their ships' companies, but entirely upon long and costly preparations which are either originated by the wise foresight of a central naval administration or cannot be made at all. This truth will, I think, come home to us, if we compare Nelson's battles with the various actions of this war.

The staggering thing about Nelson's great battles—St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar—is that in four totally different sets of circumstances, he found a means of determined and, because determined, successful attack on the critical point of the enemy's force. In each case the tactics he employed would have been disastrous to himself and therefore wrong, had it not been an essential part of those tactics that they so added to the fighting efficiency of his guns. Nor in each case could he have employed the tactics he did, had he not been able to count on a standard of seamanship far beyond what other navies of the time would have considered not only adequate but of the highest order. It has followed then that to historians it is Nelson's use of the seamanship of his fleet that has seemed the most striking aspect of his leading. The really vital point is that the leading and seamanship must have spelled ruin if the gunnery had not been equal to the demands made upon it. But given mobility and the mastery of weapons superior to the enemy's, Nelson's genius found the way to his goal.

End of the "Line of Battle"

To understand the tactics of these four great battles, we must have a general conception of the conditions of each, and a general understanding of the theory of fighting that Nelson's generation had inherited. On the latter point we must remember that for considerably over a century, naval thought had been dominated by the doctrine of the line of battle. In the French Fleet the domination of this idea had been made imperative by law. A captain who left his place in the line was subject to the severest penalties that the worst naval offence could incur. There was at one period a serious danger that the English Navy would fall into an equally sterile rigidity. For the line of battle was a defensive conception, and from its character ensured indecisive results. When after the Battle of Toulon, Matthews was court-martialled on the ground that he had attacked before his line was formed, it looked as if all initiative

must come to an end. Fortunately the numerous courts-martial that resulted from this action produced so many verdicts abhorrent to naval sense that the danger was averted. And when Byng, twelve years later, pleaded Matthews' precedent for not attacking at Minorca, the excuse did not avail him. Indeed, Anson, at the suggestion of Sir Peter Warren, had already escaped from the trammels of the line by the device of ordering a general chase when it seemed that the enemy would escape engagement unless the situation were rushed. And in the most glorious of all sea fights until the Nelson era—that at Quiberon Bay—Hawke followed Anson's example. But in the signal book the doctrine of the line still held sway; and neither Rodney in the Battle of the Saints, nor Howe on the Glorious First of June was able to combine loyalty to traditional doctrine with the destruction of the enemy's fleet. When Nelson came upon the scene then, he had the example of these two great but inconclusive actions to warn him, and Hawke's precedent as a key to the way out. When at St. Vincent, he took on the Spanish van single-handed, his manœuvre was unpremeditated, and therefore the action of the captains who supported him could not have been preconceived. At the Nile and Copenhagen he had to deal with anchored and stationary enemies, so that precedent counted for nothing, and the signal book was dumb. But in the eight years that elapsed between St. Vincent and Trafalgar, Nelson's mind had been busy on the problem of tackling an enemy fleet in the open sea. At the Nile and Copenhagen he had demonstrated the power which mobility gave in the attack. How was this to be demonstrated against a superior fleet drawn up in a single line?

The grande of the tactics of Trafalgar—the "Nelson touch" of history—lies in this, that there was here applied to two fleets, meeting in light airs and in the open sea, principles only hitherto employed in totally different circumstances. They differ from those of Quiberon in that they were preconceived. The fleet was kept in such an order of sailing as would permit it at any moment to be shot—like a bolt—at the enemy wherever he might be found. A general chase did not in such circumstances mean a confused mêlée, but an ordered battle. The object in view was carefully provided for. It was to combine a heavy concentration of fire on a portion of the enemy's force with measures that would prevent the ships that were not attacked from turning to the rescue of their friends. Trafalgar gave the quietus to the line of battle and the theory that it embodied. It was proved to be inefficient even for the very unmilitary defensive purpose that had called it into being. It was shown to be not the right formation in which to receive attack, if the attack was at once resourceful and resolute.

Crux of Modern Tactics

Could a battle be fought on the principles of Trafalgar to-day? The difficulties in the way are immense, and they are so, because the school of naval thought that, during the last ten years, has been struggling to make its view on the doctrine of naval war prevail, has been wholly unsuccessful in influencing administration. Naval fighting consists to-day of the same elements as a century ago. To overpower an enemy, superior fire must be brought to bear. Superior fire means hitting him more often than he can hit back. It may be obtained by a marksmanship superior to his own, or where marksmanship is equal, by concentrating more ships on fewer, *in conditions where the guns will hit*. Clearly it is mere parade to manœuvre a fleet in the neighbourhood of another if the firing does not result in hitting. It used to be thought that hitting could be ensured if only you had the nerve to go close enough to the enemy. But the modern torpedo, with its range of five miles and its greatly improved accuracy of aim and certainty of running, makes the seeking of a shorter range than 10,000 yards look like foolhardiness. To get decisive results then at distances that may be held to be compulsory, marksmanship of a high order is vital, because it is on marksmanship that the offensive and therefore the capacity to attack depends.

Three months ago I explained in these columns how, in the ten years preceding the war, Admiralty policy, as shown by the official apology for the Dreadnought

design and by the course of naval ordnance administration, had been governed by the purely defensive idea of providing ships fast enough to keep outside of the zone of the enemy's fire, armed with guns that outrange him. The professed object was to have a chance of hitting your enemy when he had no chance of hitting you exactly reproduced the fallacy of the line of battle. In the issue of March 16th of this journal I showed how at the Falkland Islands there was given a classic example of the tactics that follow from this conception. On the assumption that twenty-five 12 inch gun hits would suffice to sink each of the enemy's armoured cruisers, it appeared that in this engagement the 12 inch gun had attained the rate of *one hit per gun per 75 minutes*. This figure was contrasted with the *one hit per gun per 72 seconds* attained by the *Severn*, in her second engagement with the *Koenigsberg* at the Rufigi. The contrast seemed to show that it was only the obsession of the defensive theory that explained contentment with methods of gunnery so extraordinarily ineffective in battle conditions. For the difference in the rate of hitting was almost completely explained by the range being *constant* at the Rufigi, and *inconstant* at the Falklands. And the methods of fire control in use were proved at the Falklands to be unequal to finding, and continuously keeping, accurate knowledge of an inconstant range.

What light does the Jutland battle throw on this problem? It is, of course, premature to dogmatise. But if, as appears from such reports as we have had, that in the fast division—*Queen Mary*, *Indefatigable*, and *Invincible* being omitted from consideration—three ships carrying 13.5 guns and one carrying 12 inch guns were in action for four hours—four ships carrying 15 inch guns, for three hours and a-half, and two more carrying 12 inch guns for an hour, it would seem to follow that there might have been 6,720 minutes of 15 inch gun fire, 5,760 minutes of 13.5 fire, and 2,880 minutes of 12 inch gun fire. If we accept the Falkland Islands standard of one hit per gun per 75 minutes as right for the 12 inch, we should be right in assuming that a 13.5 could hit say once in 60 minutes, and the 15 inch once in 50 minutes—for at ranges over 10,000, the 13.5 must have more than this advantage over the 12 inch, and at ranges over 12,000 yards, the advantage of the 15 inch must be far greater still. However, if we take these figures, the 15

inch guns should have made 134 hits, the 13.5's 96, and the 12 inch 38.

How many hits from these guns would sink, or at any rate hopelessly disable, the best armoured ship that the German Navy possesses? Only by extraordinarily good luck could any ship survive 40 12 inch gun hits, 30 13.5, or 20 15 inch.

The supposed hits I have enumerated above then, would account for 10 or 11 enemy ships at least. But there seems no reason for supposing that the enemy lost more than half this number, and some that he lost undoubtedly owed their destruction to torpedoes. It cannot be supposed, then, that the gunnery efficiency at the battle of Jutland attained anything like the standard even of the Falkland Islands. And this is particularly interesting, because it is well known that never in the history of the British fleet has the standard of *ships' skill* in gunnery been so high as that attained by the assiduous practice and constant drill of the last 18 months. If less has been achieved by the guns than was hoped, the fault certainly does not lie with the officers. The light of course was bad, there was constant mist and there was necessarily much manœuvring. In bad light accurate observation of fire—and without it there can be no hitting—the obtaining of accurate results from the range-finder, even a clear and distinct view of the target either through the gunsights or the director telescope, are all made uncertain or altogether impossible. Unless the optical instruments employed are specially designed to be of the highest possible light-gathering power, twilight and the thinnest veil of mist blots out the enemy from instrumental view, and at the long ranges that are now compulsory, unaided human sight is useless. There may, then, have been many factors hostile to hitting at the Jutland battle that were not present at the Falklands, where the visibility was good at the longest range.

But when all is said we have to recognise that to employ Nelsonian methods in modern war it is necessary to possess the Nelsonian instrument, and that is a ship whose artillery—at the very lowest—*must not deteriorate when the ship is manœuvred*. For the object of all tactics is to win a position that is only advantageous because it affords the opportunity to hit the enemy more rapidly than he can hit back. There is manifestly no advantage in brilliant tactics, if their very brilliancy ensures a nugatory result with the guns.

ARTHUR POLLEN

How Germany has pushed Her Trade

By Lewis R. Freeman

IT was not long before the outbreak of the war that the able German financier and economist, Dr. Heffernich, made the claim that his country had made greater progress in industry in the preceding decade than any other organised body of men had ever achieved in a similar period of history. This is a fact, and it would be as idle as unfair to attempt to controvert it. It would also be unfair to ignore the fact that Germany's industrial structure is soundly based and that it has been largely, though not entirely, built up by legitimate methods. Germany's foreign trade was another matter, but before going on to a survey of activities in which deliberately underhand, not to say deceitful, practices were in overwhelmingly greater evidence than legitimate ones, it will be only just to epitomise Dr. Heffernich's summary of the basic elements of industrial progress, and to admit how thoroughly Germany contrived to fulfil them.

Heffernich maintained that commercial wealth depended upon labour applied to nature, and that production is determined by economic organisation and technique. Technique is defined as "the scientific application of brains to industry, the supersession of human labour by machinery, the creation of new materials by chemical processes, and the discovery and application of new natural forces." Under economic organisation he included "the division of labour, the association and management of labour, discipline, specialisation of education, and the providing by capital of a suitable equipment of the instruments of industry." That Germany did all

of these things efficiently and well, it is most desirable that her trade rivals should remember; that she will continue to do them better rather than worse, they cannot too early begin to take into account. These are the things in which it will be to their interests to emulate Germany. Just as France and England had tardily to follow Germany's system of industrial mobilisation to provide themselves with adequate munitions, so will they have to take cognizance of the admirable features of Germany's industrial system that they may fight her upon equal terms in the coming trade war.

In Germany's foreign trade system, while it, too, had its admirable features, there was little that Great Britain—especially in view of the lessons already driven home to her—need care to emulate. There were, however, a great number of highly reprehensible though specious practices with which British traders will do well to make themselves familiar in order that they can be reckoned with in time, and more adequate measures taken than in the past to guard against their insidious menace. It is to a few of the long list of questionable methods of the German foreign trader, ranging all the way from "sharp" practices to downright crookedness, that I desire to call attention in this article.

Germany's trade campaign of the past, like her military campaign of the present, was planned from Berlin, though there was always much to indicate that most of the "strategy" that was in such palpable violation of what we might call the "commercial Hague Convention"—common business decency, to put it plainly—were

injected from Hamburg, Bremen and Frankfurt, usually by Jewish shippers and traders. German commercial "outlawry" was, I found, more in evidence the further one went afield. It was carried on more brazenly, for instance, in Africa, Asia and South America than in Europe, and the same rule also applied locally. The German trader tried to put through things in Yunnan and Szechuan that he would not have attempted in Shanghai and Canton, in Borneo what he would hardly have ventured in Singapore, in Asuncion what would have given him pause in Rosario or Buenos Aires.

In the outposts he was crude, on the main trade arteries subtle. And in this latter connection let me say that I fully agree with an official in the British Postal Censorship Headquarters who, after showing me through two rooms stacked full of recent German political and commercial propaganda, exclaimed: "Don't ever tell me again that the Teuton is not capable of subtlety."

Two Types of Trader

Among the straightaway, open-and-above-board German traders one met many of the blond, blunt, stolid type, whose single outstanding characteristic was an infinite capacity for work, men susceptible of appeal only through the pocket or the stomach, and, reciprocally, capable of approaching others only by the same routes. But wherever a particularly important piece of commercial strategy was in course of development, both on the "firing line and at headquarters," one would always find numbers of dark-skinned German Jews—ubiquitous little rats of men, with eyes that bored like gimlets and mouths that shut like steel traps—who, for sheer insight into human nature, beat anything I have seen save behind the green baize table of the "Three-Car-Monte" dealer in a Klondike gambling house. It is not this type, let me say emphatically, that was responsible for any of Germany's psychological miscalculations—her failures to weigh the "imponderable."

The German Jews of Hamburg and Bremen, and their satellites on the outer trade routes, knew all the time that Germany was making more by peace than she ever could gain by war. They knew that a war might well fail of complete success, and that never again could Germany enjoy the commercial freedom—with its concomitant of commercial "brigandage"—that she had enjoyed in the past. They wanted to leave well enough alone, to go on with the (to them) eminently satisfactory "plunderbund" that was bringing them fabulous riches at the expense of all of their trade rivals. The German Jew worked hard against the war, and failed. If conditions are favourable, after the war he will have his revenge on the Kaiser and the Prussian militarists who precipitated it; in the meantime, at home and abroad, he is working feverishly in the hope that, by hook or by crook, he can take up his particular brand of "Made in Germany" activities where he was compelled to drop them in August, 1914. Let us take a few brief glimpses of what these activities were, and how they were carried on.

Clever Practices

As I have said, questionable German trade practices were far less in evidence in Europe than further afield, and most of those carried on in England have by now been pretty thoroughly unmasked. A single instance of this kind will suffice. The German manufacturer (one may as well admit), directed as he was from a Government bureau, had rather a broader and more comprehensive economic outlook than the British manufacturer, else what I am about to set down, along with many similar things, could not have come about.

A decade or more ago the production of a certain commodity of almost universal use, which I will call "K," was very backward in Germany, and as a consequence great quantities of it had to be imported from England, at that time the chief manufacturer of it. The British factories turned it at a cost which enabled them to sell it in England at a fair profit for about £20 a ton, and in Germany for a trifle more. German industrial economists, who had already grasped the highly important truth that manufacture on a large scale greatly decreases unit cost of production, deliberately decided that, since the necessary raw materials were easy to hand,

the fabrication of "K" should be made a dominant industry of their country. Obtaining meticulously detailed figures on the consumption of "K" in the principal countries of Europe—the distant overseas markets were not of great importance on account of high ocean freights for so bulky a product—a heavily capitalised company was formed and plans drawn up for factories capable of a maximum output of the commodity in question 20 per cent. greater than the total amount being used in all of Europe at that time. This, bear in mind, with a commodity of which Germany was at that juncture a heavy importer.

If any one has ever doubted Germany's commercial daring, just let him consider for a moment what this signified. Germany, starting behind the mark—with actually insufficient for her own needs—deliberately lays a plan, not only for satisfying those domestic needs, not only for supplying the whole present demand of Europe, but even anticipating a 20 per cent. greater than the highest that could have been hoped for with all outside competition eliminated. It took men of astonishing audacity even to adumbrate such a conception; it took more than that—indeed, most of those things which Herr Heffernich claimed for German industrial organisation—to make it a *fait accompli*, for an accomplished fact the grandiose dream was destined to become.

Cheap and convenient raw materials, as well as the fact that there was ready domestic demand for the by-products of the manufacture of "K," greatly aided the scheme. Within a year of the opening of the first factories, Germany was not only independent of the importation of "K," but the reduced price at which it was being supplied created an internal demand that doubled and trebled within a short time. The moment the supply overtook the accelerated home demand, the already carefully-prepared-for foreign "offensive" was launched. What happened in England is typical of what befell in other European countries, save that England, having been an exporter of "K," was considerably harder hit.

Capturing the English Market

The "assault" on the English market took the form of an apparently unlimited supply of "K" at £15, and even less, per ton, and as this was several pounds below the cost to the British factories, there could have been only one result. The canny public bought more of the foreign product than they ever had of the domestic, and blessed the benevolent Germans for reducing the cost of living. The British factories meanwhile, suddenly cut off from both foreign and domestic markets, were left in a precisely similar position to the army cut off from its supplies, and with precisely similar results—they began to enter upon a period of slow starvation.

The only form of "counter-assault" that would have been efficacious, the one, indeed, all British industry must be prepared to make in meeting Teutonic competition after the war—organisation upon German lines—the English manufacturers of "K" did not have the initiative to make. One after another factories were closed down, and at the end of a couple of years, of a once rich and extensive British industry, there remained but two or three small concerns that were eking out a precarious existence through the fact that a few British buyers, either through patriotism or discrimination on the score of quality, still insisted on having the home-made article regardless of price.

With the British "K" industry in ruins, it only remained for the victorious Germans to advance and garner the fruits of their victory. I use the term "advance" literally. There was an advance, an advance in the price of "K." Slowly but steadily that price was forced up until it exceeded the former price at which the British manufacturers had sold "K" by more than the Germans had cut under that price in the shock of their initial assault. The hoodwinked consumer protested and called loudly on British industry to come to his rescue, but the bankrupt proprietors of the closed down factories pointed out that, even if they could obtain the capital to resume, they would be just as much at the mercy of the "invading Hun" as before. The several British factories which had managed to carry on gained considerable accession of business as the price of "K" went up; indeed, they are credited with having been the sole factor

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Sunday Pictorial

Next Sunday will contain the first of a series of articles which may well be described as the most remarkable and authoritative utterances on the war that any newspaper in the world has been privileged to publish, entitled—

The Four Chapters of the War



BY THE RIGHT HON.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

To whom Great Britain owes the fact that her mighty Navy was mobilised on the outbreak of war. Mr. Churchill has been Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, President of the Board of Trade, Home Secretary, and First Lord of the Admiralty. In the history of our time no other statesman of Mr. Churchill's years can look back upon a record of such ample achievement. These articles, the first of which will appear in Sunday's issue, have been specially written for the

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that prevented that price from being run up still higher.

That this belief is well founded gains probability from the fact that, during the year or two previous to the outbreak of the war, German interests made strenuous efforts to buy control of the two or three British factories which were the only obstacle in their way to the complete domination of the British "K" industry.

Germany's principal weapon in offensive overseas trade operations were cheap goods, and in the manner in which these, in conjunction with prices and credits, were manipulated to the interests of herself and the confusion of her rivals would require a volume rather than a page to tell it in. I can touch upon it but briefly here.

Long Credits

First a word as to credits. Unprecedentedly long credits—often from six months to two or three years—were inaugurated by Germany when she first embarked upon her foreign trade campaign. In the main foreign commercial centres—Calcutta, Singapore, Shanghai, Sydney, Capetown, Buenos Aires, and similar points—they were generally used more or less fairly, and rarely without considerable success, partly in developing new German business, partly in demoralising that of rivals. But in countries where official corruption was the rule—such as China and some of the less progressive South American republics—they were made the basis of a form of "commercial peonage" not unworthy of comparison with the unspeakable labour peonage of Mexico and Central America.

I will outline briefly what I found one German trader had accomplished in this line in an important Venezuelan distributing centre. The man in question was the representative of a heavily capitalised German trading concern, with tentacles reaching to many parts of the world, but paying particular attention to those countries in which official "complaisance" is more or less of a purchasable commodity. It was, therefore, most active in China, the Malaysian islands, and South and Central America. The operations of the representative in Venezuela were typical of what was going on in all its other branches in the regions indicated.

The branch in Caracas was opened up with a large assortment of general merchandise that had been found to sell readily to the little Venezuelan *tiendas* or general stores. Besides German goods, a great effort had been made to secure the agencies of just as many articles from other countries—especially the United States, France, and England—as a local demand had already been established for. Prices were reasonable, for this concern depended upon a surer and less costly way of establishing its footholds than by "slashing." Credits—almost indefinite credits—were the base of the system.

Trade was welcomed with everybody, but particular attention was paid to cultivating relations with those on a certain confidential list, the names of which were doubtless obtained from the German Consulate through an "annexo" maintained for the furtherance of "patriotic" but not necessarily official business. These names, strangely, were of Venezuelan shop-keepers, large and small, who, while doing a good business, were more or less on the edge of financial difficulties. To these—to practically everyone in fact—the long and easy credits made an especial appeal, and when it was pointed out that not only would German goods be supplied them on these amazingly liberal terms, but that, by trading with the concern in question, much longer credit could also be obtained on English, American and other foreign goods, as there was often an established demand for most of the lines so offered, friendly relations were established at once.

The sooner after this consummation that the financial troubles of the shop-keeper became acute the better for the plans of the Tentonic wholesaler. Indeed, that astute individual often found it convenient to buy up quietly any stray claims that his "outside" man could track down, and then, through his native lawyer, precipitate a crisis by having them pressed in court. When the first of his own business accounts for goods furnished began falling due, the German coolly unmasked and delivered his ultimatum.

"I shall be glad to allow you to go on with your business," he told the frightened *tiendista*, "and to supply you with goods on the same liberal terms as in the past ;

but hereafter you will have to deal exclusively in goods of German manufacture. They are better than the others anyhow. I do not mind carrying for a while the debt you now owe me ; only, in the future, I shall have to require you to make monthly payments equivalent to the value of the goods I have furnished to you for that period. You must admit that this is a very liberal arrangement considering the very awkward position you are in. Agree to it, and all will go on smoothly so long as you make your monthly payments ; otherwise"—and he extended his palms and shrugged his shoulders in his rapidly-acquired Venezuelan manner—"I shall have to let the law take its course and foreclose upon you immediately." Of course, the *tiendista* agreed.

The wholesaler had now arrived at his goal. Thereafter, so long as the shop-keeper carried on at all, he was practically bound to the German house, and to German goods. The full payment of all of his obligations would, of course, have released him, but this eventuality the shrewd Tenton always contrived to prevent. That debt was the chain by which he held the *tiendista* in commercial bondage, and the master was just as ready with cunningly devised expedients to prevent the slave's slipping it off as is the *patrone* of a Costa Rican coffee plantation to see that the store-account by which he holds his *peons* in practical life servitude is not allowed to lapse. Indeed, no fitter term than "commercial peonage" can be applied to this most brazenly ruthless of German foreign trade practices. Luckily, in the future it will be confined to those countries, rapidly decreasing in number, where officialdom is open to the facile argument of what the Chinese call "squeeze."

Of the remarkable methods Germans pursued in bidding for foreign contracts, and of how they manipulated prices and employed cheap imitations of standard articles to displace the latter from a market, I shall endeavour to write at another time.

Mr. Boyd Cable's New Book

ONE of the outstanding literary reputations of the war is that achieved by Mr. Boyd Cable. His first collection of short stories *Between the Lines* was instantly recognised as containing the most vivid and intimate pictures of the actual life of soldiers in France and Flanders, and now in his second book *Action Front* (Smith Elder, 5s. net), we have more of these wonderful sketches of the daily routine of trench warfare. Since the former of these volumes was published, there has been a continuous stream of all sorts and kinds of books dealing with the war, and not the smallest praise that one can bestow on this writer is that his work continues to stand out pre-eminent.

Mr. Boyd Cable is a born chronicler. He takes for the text of each tale a brief extract from a dry official despatch (e.g., *The enemy temporarily gained a footing in a portion of our trench, but in our counter-attack we retook this and a part of enemy trench beyond*) ; then he lets the incidents as it were tell themselves. (There is no self-conscious artistry about the telling ; event follows event easily and naturally ; the dry bones of the official despatch are reclothed in flesh and blood, and the scene lives in the mind ever after. He allows men to express their feelings and you grow aware of the writer's sympathies, but they are only the reflection of the natural sympathies of healthy men of action. In the tale entitled "A Benevolent Neutral," we have a fine picture of that type of American which one believes to be the truest and best type of citizen of that neutral country. "As Others See" is a capital illustration how both Briton and Frenchman come through actuality of battle to know each other better, and to form a truer opinion of their mutual characters.

The gem of the collection is the pathetic little story "A Fragment." One has heard of the regimental spirit, but in these few pages it shines forth with a new and inextinguishable glow. In years to come most of these short stories will pass into the permanent literature of the country, for we hold that Mr. Boyd Cable and Professor Morgan are the two writers who have given us the truest and most exact representations of war as it actually is—both the horror and the humour of it, its callousness, kindness, cruelty and unselfish sacrifice.

The Attack

By Patrick MacGill

THE pale, spiritual glow of dawn trembled in the East and the line of barbed wire out in front of our trench became visible. The men stood to arms, waiting an attack, and I could now hear the scattered crackling of guns as they called to one another, saying "It's time to be up and doing." The sullen monsters of many a secret emplacement were registering their range, rivalry in their voices. For a tense minute the cock-crowing of artillery went on, then suddenly a thousand roosts became alive and voluble, each losing its own particular sound as all united in one grand concert of fury. The orchestra of war swelled in an incessant fanfare of dizzy harmony. Whistling, screaming, stuttering and thundering the clamorous voices belched into a rich gamut of passion which shook the grey heavens.

The sharp, zig-zagging sound of high velocity shells cut through the pandemonium like forked lightning, and far away, as it seemed, sounding like a distant breakwater, the big missiles from caterpillar howitzers lumbered through the higher deeps of the sky. The brazen lips of death cajoled, threatened, whistled, laughed, and sang; the sinister and sullen voices of destruction and the sublime and stupendous pæan of power intermixed in sonorous clamour and magnificent vibration.

The air was full of the pungent odour of cordite and powder, and the smoke curled and coiled around spinney and spur. Above it all the dawn opened, its light widely diffused, and long spears of glittering gold streaked the heavens. On our right the road running parallel to our trench showed mistily in the silvery grey light, and away back in the hazy distance it lost itself in a violated village, the plaything of a thousand vicious guns.

A belated limber came rumbling along the road, keeping discreetly in the shadow of the trees. What had delayed the driver? On the shrapnel-swept road he had little purchase of his life. Cowering in the shelter of the parapet we listened to the rumble and crunch of the creaking wheels. I had a vivid mental picture of the driver hanging forward on the neck of his mule, digging in his spurs with the mad ferocity of fear. His teeth were set, piercing the lips perhaps, and his breath came in short, sudden gasps. "Christ! am I going to get out of it!" he must have said.

"Will morn find me at Nouex-les-Mines?"

Probably he thought of his kin and those whom he loved. Mayhap, he leant close to the ear of his mule and said: "Come, love, get me out of it. Now, it all rests with you."

Something shot clumsily through the air and went plop! against the paradoss.

"Heavens! it's all up with me!" I said, cowering against the fire-step and waiting for the explosion.

But there was none. I looked round and saw a leg on the floor of the trench, the leg of the transport driver. The man's boot was almost worn through in the uppers, the sole was thin and uneven. I was certain that it must have let in the water. The leg-iron, well polished with constant friction, shone like silver. And to think that the man was alive a moment ago! Now part of him was lying out on the roadway; the untouched mule was still careering along, and the rumble of the limber grew less and less.

"Out into the open, boys!" came the order down the trench, and in a moment we were up and across the top.

The enemy lengthened their range and their shells played havoc with the trenches away to the rear, the road and the village. No doubt the mule was lying dead on the roadway now. Our own guns spoke faster and with a more furious vehemence, and the shrapnel hissed at the ugly grey forms which rose over the rim of the trench in front.

We lay down on the slope of our parapet and fired, a bit wildly perhaps, but it was impossible to miss. A machine gun swayed its snout from side to side in an emplacement beside us and extracted its toll from the attackers.

They came forward rushing wildly, their bayonets in air their legs clumsily cutting off the distance between their

trench and their objective. Our wire was but slightly damaged and we took heart whenever we looked at it, its sturdy props and the barbed lines between.

"Take good aim" an officer shouted, running along the top of the trench. "Be sure of your men. . . . Don't get flurried. . . . We'll beat them back easily. . . . Keep cool, and don't get flurried. Don't get flurried, boys, don't—"

He held his peace then, and I looked round to see where he had sought cover. He was lying on his face and a very tiny red scar showed on his forehead.

Although the enemy advanced at the double, the time dragged slowly for the men on the parapet. We waited in agonised suspense for closer combat; our firing seemed to have very little effect on the attackers. Hundreds fell and hundreds took the place of the fallen. The rim of the foeman's parapet was like the lip of a waterfall; the men came across in waves, got dashed to pieces; and waves followed and met with a similar fate. The successive lines of men were endless, eternal as a running brook. On the right they had reached our wires and our boys had gone out and met them there; and there the bayonet was at work. But now they had reached our wires in big droves and some were fumbling through.

We rushed to meet them. An excited machine gunner played for a minute on the crush of friend and foe.

They lost heart, retreated, and we followed with bayonet, bludgeon and bomb, tripping on the wires and slipping on flesh and blood. The dead and wounded were trampled upon, the latter groaned piteously and shrieked for mercy. The retreat became general in our vicinity, the front wave of attackers receded, those which followed stood still undecided. Here and there isolated parties made great fight, holding out until the last man fell.

Some of our boys followed them across and a large party of prisoners were surrounded near their own trench, and a few of our fellows came back with them.

The German gunners had shortened their range and were now shelling the ground between the lines. Callous, indifferent destruction! The incoming prisoners were Germans, as men they were of no use to us. They were Germans of no further use to Germany; they were her pawns in the game of war and now useless in the play. As if in illustration of this, a shell from a German gun dropped in the midst of the batch and pieces of the abject party whirled in air. The gun which destroyed them had acted as their guardian for months, now like an insane mother, it slew its hapless brood.

Fighting was more severe on our right. There a confused and struggling mass reeled round the wires in a last wild effort, and the German artillery dealt death impartially to friend and foe alike. On all sides the wounded covered the field, lying in huddled heaps, in rows, singly, and in pairs. In front of me a German moved on his stomach, then rose to his feet and flung a bomb at our party. A youngster named Lamond rushed forward with his rifle, fired and missed. Still advancing, he slid a round into the breach of his weapon, shoved the rifle close to the German's forehead and pulled the trigger. The upper part of the man's head was blown off.

The boy came running and shouting "Let me into the trench! I've killed a man, killed him! It was wrong. I knew it was wrong soon as I done it. Let me get back into the trench!"

We got orders to retire at that moment. On the right the battle still swayed, by dusk part of our trench was taken. In the morning we drove the enemy out again.

A collection of war cartoons, arranged by H. Pearl Adam, has just been published (*International Cartoons*, Chatto and Windus, 1s.). It is a volume of historical interest, and Mrs. Adam's introduction is excellent. As she rightly says, "The value of the contemporary cartoon is very great, for it deals almost entirely with what people are feeling, in distinction to what they are doing." The countries represented include Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, and Japan, Holland and America, also Poland and Germany. We are not as familiar with the last as we should be.

Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

Richard Hannay's concluding words in "The Thirty-Nine Steps," were: "Three weeks later, as all the world knows, we went to war. I joined the New Army the first week, and owing to my Matabele experience got a captain's commission straight off. But I had done my best service, I think, before I put on khaki." How far he was right in his surmise "Greenmantle" will show. It will be remembered that it was Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office who was the means of giving Mr. Hannay the final clue to the Black Stone Gang

CHAPTER I

A Mission is Proposed

I HAD just finished breakfast and was filling my pipe when I got Bullivant's telegram. It was at Furling, the big country house in Hampshire where I had come to convalesce after Loos, and Sandy, who was in the same case, was hunting for the marmalade. I flung him the flimsy with the blue strip pasted down on it, and he whistled.

"Hullo, Dick, you've got the battalion. Or maybe it's a staff billet. You'll be a blighted brass-hat coming it heavy over the hard-working regimental officer. And to think of the language you've wasted on brass-hats in your time!"

I sat and thought for a bit, for that name "Bullivant" carried me back eighteen months to the hot summer before the war. I had not seen the man since, though I had read about him in the papers. For more than a year I had been a busy battalion officer with no other thought than to hammer a lot of raw staff into good soldiers. I had succeeded pretty well, and there was no prouder man on earth than Richard Hannay, when he took his Lennox Highlanders over the parapets on that glorious and bloody 25th day of September. Loos was no picnic and we had had some ugly bits of scrapping before that, but the worst bit of the campaign I had seen was a tea-party to the show I had been in with Bullivant before the war started.

The sight of that name on a telegram form seemed to change all my outlook on life. I had been hoping for the command of the battalion, and looking forward to being in at the finish with Brother Boche. But this message jerked my thoughts on a new road. There might be other things in the war than straightforward fighting. Why on earth should the Foreign Office want to see an obscure Major of the New Army, and want to see him in double quick time?

"I'm going up to town by the ten train," I announced, "I'll be back in time for dinner."

"Try my tailor," said Sandy. "He's got a very nice taste in red tabs. You can use my name."

An idea struck me. "You're pretty well all right now. If I wire for you will you pack your own kit and mine and join me?"

"Right-o! I'll accept a job on your staff if they give you a corps. If so be as you come down to-night, be a good chap and bring a barrel of oysters from Sweeting's."

I travelled up to London in a regular November drizzle, which cleared up about Wimbledon to watery sunshine. I never could stand London during the war. It seemed to have lost its bearings and broken out into all manner of badges and uniforms which did not fit in with my notion of it. One felt the war more in its streets than in the field, or rather one felt the confusion of war without feeling the purpose. I daresay it was all right, but since August, 1914, I never spent a day in town without coming home depressed to my boots.

I took a taxi and drove straight to the Foreign Office. Sir Walter did not keep me waiting long. But when his Secretary took me to his room I would not have recognised the man I had known eighteen months before.

His big frame seemed to have dropped flesh and there was a stoop in the square shoulders. His face had lost its rosiness and was red in patches like a man who gets too little fresh air. His hair was much greyer and very thin about the temples, and there were lines of overwork below the eyes. But the eyes were the same as before, keen and kindly and shrewd, and there was no change in the firm set of the jaw.

"We must on no account be disturbed for the next hour," he told his secretary. When the young man had gone he went across to both doors and turned the key in them.

"Well, Major Hannay," he said, flinging himself into a chair beside the fire. "How do you like soldiering?"

"Right enough," I said, "though this isn't just the kind of war I would have picked myself. It's a comfortless bloody business. But we've got the measure of the old Boche now,

and it's dogged as does it. I count on getting back to the Front in a week or two!"

"Will you get the battalion?" he asked. He seemed to have followed my doings pretty closely.

"I believe I've a good chance. I'm not in this show for honour and glory though. I want to do the best I can, but I wish to Heaven it was over. All I think of is coming out of it with a whole skin."

He laughed. "You do yourself an injustice. What about the forward observation post at Lone Tree? You forgot about the whole skin then."

I felt myself getting red. "That was all rot," I said, "and I can't think who told you about it. I hated the job, but I had to do it, to prevent my subalterns going to glory. If I had sent one of them he'd have gone on his knees to Providence and asked for trouble."

Sir Walter was still grinning.

"I'm not questioning your caution. You have the rudiments of it, or our friends of the Black Stone would have gathered you in at our last merry meeting. I would question it as little as your courage. What exercises my mind is whether it is best employed in the trenches."

"Is the War Office dissatisfied with me?" I asked sharply.

"They are profoundly satisfied. They propose to give you command of your battalion. Presently, if you escape a stray bullet, you will no doubt be a Brigadier. It was a wonderful war for youth and brains. But . . . I take it you are in this business to serve your country, Hannay?"

"I reckon I am," I said. "I am certainly not in it for my health."

He looked at my leg, where the doctors had dug out the shrapnel fragments, and smiled quizzically. "Pretty fit again?" he asked.

"Tough as a sjambok. I thrive on the racket and eat and sleep like a schoolboy."

He got up and stood with his back to the fire, his eyes staring abstractedly out of the window at the wintry Park.

"It is a great game and you are the man for it. No doubt. But there are others who can play it, for soldiering to-day asks for the average rather than the exception in human nature. It is like a big machine where the parts are standardised. You are fighting not because you are short of a job, but because you want to help England. How if you could help her better than by commanding a battalion—or a brigade—or if it comes to that, a division? How if there is a thing which you alone can do? Not some *embusqué* business in an office, but a thing compared to which your fight at Loos was a Sunday school picnic. You are not afraid of danger? Well, in this job you would not be fighting with an army around you, but alone. You are fond of tackling difficulties? Well, I can give you a task which will try all your powers. Have you anything to say?"

My heart was beginning to thump uncomfortably. Sir Walter was not the man to pitch a case too high.

"I am a soldier," I said, "and under orders."

"True, but what I am about to propose does not come by any conceivable stretch within the scope of a soldier's duties. I shall perfectly understand if you decline. You will be acting as I should act myself, as any sane man would. I would not press you for worlds. If you wish it, I will not even make the proposal, but let you go here and now and wish you good luck with your battalion. I do not wish to perplex a good soldier with impossible decisions."

This piqued me and put me on my mettle.

"I am not going to run away before the guns fire. Let me hear what you propose."

Sir Walter crossed to a cabinet, unlocked it with a key from his chain, and took a piece of paper from a drawer. It looked like an ordinary half sheet of note-paper.

"I take it," he said, "that your travels have not extended to the East."

"No," I said, "barring a shooting trip in East Africa."

"Have you by any chance been following the present campaign there?"

"I've read the newspapers pretty regularly since I went to hospital. I've got some pals in the Mesopotamia show, and, of course, I'm keen to know what is going to happen at Gallipoli and Salonika. I gather that Egypt is pretty safe."

"If you will give me your attention for ten minutes I will supplement your newspaper reading."

Sir Walter lay back in an armchair and spoke to the ceiling. It was the best story, the clearest and the fullest, I had ever got of any bit of the war. He told me just how and why and when Turkey had left the rails. I heard about her grievances over our seizure of her ironclads, of the mischief the coming of the *Goeben* had wrought, of Enver and his precious Committee, and the way they had got a cinch on the old Turk. When he had spoken for a bit, he began to question me.

"You are an intelligent fellow and you will ask how a Polish adventurer, meaning Enver, and a collection of Jews and gypsies, should have got control of a proud race. The ordinary man will tell you that it was German organisation backed up with German money and German arms. You will inquire again how, since Turkey is primarily a religious Power, Islam has played so small a part in it all. The Sheikh-ul-Islam is neglected, and though the Kaiser proclaims a Holy War and calls himself Hadji Mahomet Guillermo and says a Hohenzollen is descended from a Prophet, that seems to have fallen pretty flat. The ordinary man again will answer that Islam in Turkey is becoming a back number, and that Krupp guns are the new gods. Yet—I don't know. I do not quite believe in Islam becoming a back number."

"Look at it in another way," he went on. "If it were Enver and Germany alone dragging Turkey into a European war for purposes that no Turk cared a rush about, we might expect to find the regular army obedient, and Constantinople. But in the provinces, where Islam is strong, there would be trouble. Many of us counted on that. But we have been disappointed. The Syrian army is as fanatical as the hordes of the Madhi. The Senussi have taken a hand in the game. The Persian Moslems are threatening trouble. There is a dry wind blowing through the East and the parched grasses wait the spark. And the wind is blowing towards the Indian border. Whence comes that wind, think you?"

Sir Walter had lowered his voice and was speaking very slow and distinct. I could hear the rain dripping from the eaves of the window, and far off the hoot of the taxis in Whitehall.

"Have you an explanation, Hannay?" he asked again.

"It looks as if Islam had a bigger hand in the thing than we thought," I said. "I fancy religion is the only thing to knit up such a scattered empire."

"You are right," he said. "You must be right. We have laughed at the Holy War, the Jihad that old Von der Goltz prophesied. But I believe that stupid old man with the big spectacles was right. There is a Jihad preparing. The question is How?"

"I'm hanged if I know," I said, "But I'll bet it won't be done by a pack of stout German officers in pickelhantes. I fancy you can't manufacture Holy Wars out of Krupp guns alone and a few staff officers and a battle-cruiser with her boilers burst."

"Agreed. They are not fools, however much we try to persuade ourselves of the contrary. But supposing they had got some tremendous sacred sanction—some holy thing, some hook or gospel of some new prophet from the desert, something which would cast over the whole ugly mechanism of German war the glamour of the old torrential raids which crumpled the Byzantine Empire and shook the walls of Vienna? Islam is a fighting creed, and the Mullah still stands in the pulpit with the Koran in one hand and a drawn sword in the other. Supposing there is some Ark of the Covenant which will madden the remotest Moslem peasant with dreams of Paradise? What then, my friend?"

"Then there will be hell let loose in those parts pretty soon."

"Hell which may spread. Beyond Persia, remember, lies India."

"You keep to suppositions. How much do you know?" I asked.

"Very little, except the fact. But the fact is beyond dispute. I have reports from agents everywhere—pedlars in South Russia, Afghan horse-dealers, Turcoman merchants, pilgrims on the road to Mecca, sheikhs in North Africa, sailors on the Black Sea coasts, sharp-skinned Mongols, Hindu fakirs, Greek traders in the Gulf, as well as respectable Consuls who use cyphers. They tell the same story. The East is waiting for a revelation. It has been promised one. Some star—man, prophecy, or trinket—is coming out of the West. The Germans know, and that is the card with which they are going to astonish the world."

"And the mission you spoke of for me is to go and find out?"

"He nodded gravely. "That is the crazy and impossible mission."

"Tell me one thing, Sir Walter," I said. "I know it is the fashion in this country if a man has special knowledge to set him some job exactly the opposite. I know all about Damaraland, but instead of being put on Botha's staff, as I applied to be, I was kept in Hampshire mud till the campaign in German South-West Africa was over. I know a man who could pass as an Arab, but do you think they would send him to the East? They left him in my battalion—a lucky thing for me, for he saved my life at Loos. I know the fashion, but isn't this just carrying it a bit too far? There must be thousands of men who have spent years in the East and talk any language. They're the fellows for this job. I never saw a Turk in my life except a chap who did wrestling turns in a show at Kimberley. You've picked about the most useless man on earth."

"You've been a mining-engineer, Hannay," Sir Walter said. "If you wanted a man to prospect for gold in Barotseland you would of course like to get one who knew the country and the people and the language. But the first thing you would require in him would be that he had a nose for finding gold and knew his business. That is the position now. I believe that you have a nose for finding out what our enemies try to hide. I know that you are brave and cool and resourceful. That is why I tell you the story. Besides . . ."

He unrolled a big map of Europe on the wall.

"I can't tell you where you'll get on the track of the secret but I can put a limit to the quest. You won't find it east of the Bosphorus—not yet. It is still in Europe. It may be in Constantinople, or in Thrace. It may be further west. But it is moving eastwards. If you are in time you may cut into its march at Constantinople. That much I can tell you. The secret is known in Germany, too, to those whom it concerns. It is in Europe that the seeker must search—at present."

"Tell me more," I said, "You can give me no details and no instructions. Obviously you can give me no help if I come to grief."

He nodded. "You would be beyond the pale."

"You give me a free hand?"

"Absolutely. You can have what money you like, and you can get what help you like. You can follow any plan you fancy and go anywhere you think fruitful. We can give no directions."

"One last question. You say it is important. Tell me just how important."

"It is life and death," he said solemnly. "I can put it no higher and no lower. Once we know what is the menace we can meet it. As long as we are in the dark it works unchecked and we may be too late. The war must be won or lost in Europe. Yes, but if the East blazes up, our effort will be distracted from Europe and the great coup may fail. The stakes are no less than victory and defeat, Hannay."

I got out of my chair and walked to the window. It was a difficult moment in my life. I was happy in my soldiering, above all happy in the company of my brother officers. I was asked to go off into the enemy's lands on a quest for which I believed I was manifestly unfitted—a business of lonely days and nights of nerve-racking strain, of deadly péril shrouding me like a garment. Looking out on the bleak weather I shivered. It was too grim a business, too inhuman for flesh and blood. But Sir Walter had called it a matter of life and death, and I had told him that I was out to serve my country. He could not give me orders, but was I not under orders, higher orders than my Brigadier's? I thought myself incompetent, but cleverer men than me thought me competent, or at least competent enough for a sporting chance. I knew in my soul that if I declined I should never be quite at peace in the world again. And yet Sir Walter had called the scheme madness, and said that he himself would never have accepted.

How does one make a great decision? I swear that when I turned round to speak I meant to refuse. But my answer was Yes, and I had crossed the Rubicon. My voice sounded cracked and far away.

Sir Walter shook hands with me and his eyes blinked a little. "I may be sending you to your death, Hannay. Good God, what a damned taskmistress duty is? If so, I shall be haunted with regrets, but you will never repent. Have no fear of that. You have chosen the roughest road, but it goes straight to the hill-tops."

He handed me the half sheet of note-paper. On it were written three words—"Kasredin"—"cancer" and "v.I."

"That is the only clue we possess," he said. "I cannot construe it, but I can tell you the story. We have had our agents working in Persia and Mesopotamia for years—"

mostly young officers of the Indian army. They carry their lives in their hands, and now and then one disappears and the sewers of Bagdad might tell a tale. But they find out many things, and they count the game worth the candle. They have told us of the star rising in the West, but they could give us no details. All but one—the best of them. He had been working between Mosul and the Persian frontier as a muleteer and had been south into the Bakhtiari hills. He found out something, but his enemies knew that he knew and he was pursued. Three months ago, just before Kut, he staggered into Delamain's camp with ten bullet holes in him and a knife slash on his forehead. He mumbled his name, but beyond that and the fact that there was a Something coming from the West he told them nothing. He died in ten minutes. They found this paper on him, and since he cried out the word "Kasredin" in his last moments, it must have had something to do with his quest. It is for you to find out if it has any meaning."

I folded it up and placed it in my pocket-pook.

"What a great fellow. What was his name?" I asked.

Sir Walter did not answer at once. He was looking out of the window. "His name," he said at last, "was Harry Bullivant. He was my son. God rest his brave soul!"

CHAPTER II

The Gathering of the Missionaries

I WROTE out a wire to Sandy, asking him to come up by the 2.15 train and meet me at my flat.

"I have chosen my colleague," I said.

"Milly Arbuthnot's boy? His father was at Harrow with me. I know the fellow—Harry used to bring him down to fish—tallish, with a lean high-boned face and a pair of brown eyes like a pretty girl's. I know his record too. There's a good deal about him in this office. He rode through Yemen, which no white man ever did before. The Arabs let him pass, for they thought him stark mad and argued that the hand of Allah was heavy enough on him without their efforts. He's blood-brother to every kind of Albanian bandit. Also he used to take a hand in Turkish politics, and got a huge reputation. Some Englishman was once complaining to old Mahmoud Shevkat about the scarcity of statesmen in Western Europe and Mahmoud broke in with "Have you not the Honourable Arbuthnot?" He says he's in your battalion. I was wondering what had become of him, for we tried to get hold of him here, but he had left no address. Ludovick Arbuthnot—yes, that's the man. Buried deep in the commissioned ranks of the New Army? Well, we'll get him out pretty quick!"

"I knew he had knocked about the East, but I didn't know he was that kind of swell. Sandy's not the chap to buck about himself."

"He wouldn't," said Sir Walter. "He had always a more than Oriental reticence. I've got another colleague for you, if you like him."

He looked at his watch. "You can get to the Savoy Grill Room in five minutes in a taxi-cab. Go in from the Strand, turn to your left, and you will see in the alcove on the right hand side a table with one large American gentleman sitting at it. They know him there, so he will have the table to himself. I want you to go and sit down beside him. Say you come from me. His name is Mr. John Scantlebury Blenkiron, a citizen of Boston, Mass. Put this envelope in your pocket but don't read its contents till you have talked to him. I want you to form your own opinion about Mr. Blenkiron."

I went out of the Foreign Office in as muddled a frame of mind as any diplomatist who ever left its portals. I was most desperately depressed. To begin with I was in a complete funk. I've always thought I was about as brave as the average man, but there's courage and courage, and mine was certainly not the impassive kind. Stick me down in a trench and I could stand being shot at as well as most people, and my blood could get hot if it were given a chance. But I think I had too much imagination. I couldn't shake off the beastly forecasts that kept crowding my mind.

In about a fortnight I calculated I would be dead. Shot as a spy—a rotten sort of ending. At the moment I was quite safe, looking for a taxi in the middle of Whitehall, but the sweat broke on my forehead. I felt as I had felt in my adventure before the war. But this was far worse, for it was more cold-blooded and premeditated, and I didn't seem to have even a sporting chance. I watched the figures in khaki passing on the pavement and thought what a nice safe prospect they had compared to mine. Yes, even if next week they were in the Hohenzollern or the Hairpin trench at the quarries or that ugly angle at Hooge. I wondered why I had not been happier that morning before I got that infernal wire. Suddenly all the trivialities of English life seemed to me inexpressibly dear and terribly far away. I was very

angry with Bullivant, till I remembered how fair he had been. My fate was my own choosing.

When I was hunting the Black Stone the interest of the problem had helped to keep me going. But now I could see no problem. My mind had nothing to work on, but three words of gibberish on a sheet of paper and a mystery of which Sir Walter had been convinced but to which he couldn't give a name. It was like a story I had read of St. Theresa setting off at the age of ten with her small brother to convert the Moors. I sat huddled in the taxi with my chin on my breast, wishing that I had lost a leg at Loos and been comfortably tucked away for the rest of the war.

Sure enough I found my man in the Grill Room. There he was feeding solemnly with a napkin tucked under his collar. He was a big fellow with a fat, fallow, clean-shaven face. I disregarded the hovering waiter and pulled up a chair beside him at the little table. He turned on me a pair of full sleepy eyes, like a ruminating ox.

"Mr. Blenkiron?" I asked.

"You have my name, sir," he said. "Mr. John Scantlebury Blenkiron. I would wish you good morning, if I saw anything good in this darned British weather."

"I come from Sir Walter Bullivant," I said, speaking low.

"So?" said he. "Sir Walter is a very good friend of mine. Pleased to meet you Mr. —, or I guess it's Colonel

"Hannay," I said. "Major Hannay." I was wondering what this sleepy Yankee could do to help me.

"Allow me to offer you luncheon, Major. Here, waiter, bring the *carte*. I regret that I cannot join you in sampling the efforts of the management of this Ho-tel. I suffer, sir, from dyspepsia—duo-denal dyspepsia. It gets me two hours after a meal and gives me hell just below the breast-bone. So I am obliged to adopt a diet. My nourishment is fish, sir, and boiled milk and a little dry toast. It's a melancholy descent from the days when I could do justice to a lunch at Sherry's and sup off oyster-crabs and devilled bones." He sighed from the depths of his capacious frame.

I ordered an omelette and a chop and took another look at him. The large eyes seemed to be gazing steadily at me without seeing me. They were as vacant as an abstracted child's, but I had an uncomfortable feeling that they saw more than mine.

"You have seen fighting, Major? The Battle of Loos? Well, I guess that must have been some battle. We in America respect the fighting of the British soldier, but we don't quite catch on to the devices of the British Generals. We opine that there is more bellicosity than science among your highbrows. That is so? My father fought at Chattanooga, but these eyes have seen nothing gorier than a Presidential election. Say, is there any way I could be let into a scene of real bloodshed?"

His serious tone made me laugh. "There are plenty of your countrymen in the present show," I said. "The French Foreign Legion is full of young Americans, and so is our Army Service Corps. Half the chauffeurs you strike in France seem to come from the States."

He sighed. "I did think of some belligerent stunt about a year back. But I reflected that the good God had not given John S. Blenkiron the kind of martial figure that would do credit to the tented field. Also I recollected that we Americans are nootrals—benevolent nootrals, and that it did not become me to be butting into the struggles of the effete monarchies of Europe. So I stopped at home. It was a big renunciation, Major, for I was lying sick during the Philippines business, and I have never seen the lawless passions of men let loose on a battlefield. And, as a student of humanity, I hankered for the experience."

"What have you been doing?" I asked. This calm gentleman had begun to interest me.

"Wall," he said, "I just waited. The Lord has blessed me with money to burn, so I didn't need to go scrambling like a wild-cat for war contracts. But I reckoned I would get let into the game somehow, and I was. Being a nootral, I was in an advantageous position to take a hand. I had a pretty hectic time for a while, and then I reckoned I would leave God's country and see what was doing in Europe. I have counted myself out of the bloodshed business, but, as your poet sings, peace has its victories not less renowned than war, and I reckon that means that a nootral can have a share in a scrap as well as a belligerent."

"That's the best kind of neutrality I've ever heard of," I said.

"It's the right kind," he replied solemnly. "Say, Major, what are your lot fighting for? For your own skins and your Empire and the peace of Europe. Wall, those ideals don't concern us one cent. We're not Europeans and there aren't any German trenches on Long Island yet. You've made a ring in Europe, and if we came butting in it wouldn't be the rules of the game. You wouldn't welcome us, and I

guess you'd be right. We're that delicate-minded we can't interfere, and that was what my friend, President Wilson, meant when he opined that America was too proud to fight. So we're nootrols. But likewise we're benevolent nootrols. As I follow events, there's a skunk been let loose in the world, and the odour of it is going to make life none too sweet till it is cleared away. It wasn't us that stirred up that skunk, but we've got to take a hand in disinfecting this planet. See? We can't fight, but my God, some of us are going to sweat blood to sweep the mess up. Officially we do nothing except give off Notes as a leaky boiler gives off steam. But as individual citizens we're in it up to the neck. So, in the spirit of Jefferson Davis and Woodrow Wilson, I'm going to be the nootrolist kind of nootrol, till Kaiser will wish to God he had declared war on America at the beginning."

I was completely recovering my temper. This fellow was a perfect jewel, and his spirit put purpose into me.

"I guess you British were the same kind of nootrol, when your Admiral warned off the German fleet from interfering with Dewey in Manila Bay in '98." Mr. Blenkiron drank up the last drop of the boiled milk, and lit a thin black cigar.

I leaned forward. "Have you talked to Sir Walter?" I asked.

"I have talked to him, and he has given me to understand that there's a deal ahead which you're going to boss. There are no flies on that big man, and if he says it's good business, then you can count me in."

"You know that it's uncommonly dangerous?"

"I judged so. But it don't do to begin counting risks. I believe in an all-wise and beneficent Providence, but you have got to trust Him and give Him a chance. What's life anyhow? For me, it's living on a strict diet and having frequent pains in my stomach. It isn't such an almighty lot to give up, provided you get a good price in the deal. Besides, how big is the risk? About one o'clock in the morning when you can't sleep it will be the size of Mount Everest, but if you run out to meet it it will be a hillock you can jump over. The grizzly looks very fierce when you're taking your ticket for the Rockies and wondering if you'll come back, but he's just an ordinary bear when you've got the sight of your rifle on him. I won't think about risks till I'm up to my neck in them and don't see the road out."

I scribbled my address on a piece of paper and handed it to the stout philosopher. "Come to dinner to-night at eight," I said.

"I thank you, Major. A little fish, please, plain-boiled and some hot milk. You will forgive me if I borrow your couch after the meal and spend the evening on my back. That is the advice of my noo doctor."

I got a taxi and drove to my club. On the way I opened the envelope Sir Walter had given me. It contained a number of jottings, the dossier of Mr. Blenkiron. He had done wonders for the Allies in the States. He had nosed out the Dumba plot, and had been instrumental in getting the portfolio of Dr. Albert. Von Papen's spies had tried to murder him, after he had defeated an attempt to blow up one of the big gun factories. Sir Walter had written at the end: "The best man we ever had. Better than Scudder. He would go through hell with a box of bismuth and a pack of patience cards."

I went into the little back smoking-room, borrowed an atlas from the library, poked up the fire, and sat down to think. Mr. Blenkiron had given me the fillip I needed. My mind was beginning to work now, and was running wide over the whole business. Not that I hoped to find anything by my cogitations. It wasn't thinking in an arm-chair that would solve the mystery. But I was getting a sort of grip on a plan of operations. And to my relief I had stopped thinking about the risks. Blenkiron had shamed me out of that. If a sedentary dyspeptic could show that kind of nerve, I wasn't going to be behind him.

I went back to my flat about five o'clock. My man Paddock had gone to the wars long ago, so I had shifted to one of those new blocks in Park Lane where they provide food and service. I kept the place on to have a home to go to when I got leave. It's a miserable business holidaying in a hotel.

Sandy was devouring tea-cakes with the serious resolution of a convalescent.

"Well, Dick, what's the news? Is it a brass hat or the boot?"

"Neither," I said. "But you and I are going to disappear from His Majesty's Forces. Seconded for special service."

"O my sainted aunt," said Sandy. "What is it? For Heaven's sake put me out of pain. Have we to tout deputations of suspicious neutrals over munition works or take the shivering journalist in a motor car where he can imagine he sees a Boche?"

"The news will keep. But I can tell you this much. It's

about as safe and easy as to go through the German lines with a walking stick."

"Come, that's not so dusty," said Sandy, and began cheerfully on the muffins.

I must spare a moment to introduce Sandy to the reader, for he cannot be allowed to slip into this tale by a side door. If you will consult the Peerage you will find that to Edward Cospatrik, fifteenth Baron Clanroyden, there was born in the year 1882 as his second son Ludovick Gustavus Arbuthnot, commonly called the Honourable, etc. The said son was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, was a captain in the Tweeddale Yeomanry, and served for some years as honorary attaché at various embassies. The Peerage will stop short at this point, but that is by no means the end of the story. For the rest you must consult very different authorities. Lean brown men from the ends of the earth may be seen on the London pavements now and then in creased clothes, walking with the light outland step, slinking into clubs as if they could not remember whether or not they belonged to them. From them you may get news of Sandy. Better still, you will hear of him at little forgotten fishing ports where the Albanian mountains dip to the Adriatic. If you struck a Mecca pilgrimage the odds are you would meet a dozen of Sandy's friends in it. In shepherd's huts in the Caucasus you will find bits of his cast-off clothing, for he has a knack of shedding garments as he goes. In the caravanserais of Bokhara and Samarkand he is known, and there are shikaris in the Pamirs who still speak of him round their fires. If you were going to visit Petrograd or Rome or Cairo it would be no use asking him for introductions; if he gave them, they would lead you into strange haunts. But if Fate compelled you to go to Lhasa or Yarkand or Seistan he could map out your road for you and pass the word to potent friends. We call ourselves insular, but the truth is that we are the only race on earth that can produce men capable of getting inside the skin of remote peoples. Perhaps the Scotch are better than the English, but we're all a thousand per cent. better than anybody else. Sandy was the wandering Scot carried to the pitch of genius. In old days he would have led a crusade or discovered a new road to the Indies. To-day he merely roamed as the spirit moved him, till the war swept him up and dumped him down in my battalion.

I got out Sir Walter's half-sheet of note-paper. It was not the original—naturally he wanted to keep that—but it was a careful tracing. I took it that Harry Bullivant had not written down the words as a memo for his own use. People who follow his career have good memories. He must have written them in order that, if he perished and his body was found, his friends might get a clue. Wherefore, I argued, the words must be intelligible to somebody or other of our persuasion, and likewise they must be pretty well gibberish to any Turk or German that found them.

The first "*Kasredin*," I could make nothing of.

I asked Sandy.

"You mean Nasr-ed-din," he said, still munching crumpets.

"What's that," I asked sharply.

"He's the General believed to be commanding against us in Mesopotamia. I remember him years ago in Aleppo. He talked bad French and drank the sweetest of sweet champagne."

I looked closely at the paper. The "*K*" was unmistakable.

"*Kasredin* is nothing. It means in Arabic the House of Faith and might cover anything from Hagia Sofia to a suburban villa. What's your next puzzle Dick. Have you entered for a prize competition in a weekly paper?"

"*Cancer*," I read out.

"It is Latin for a crab. Likewise it is the name of a painful disease. It is also a sign of the Zodiac."

"*v.I.*" I read.

"There you have me. It sounds like the number of a motor car. The police would find out for you. I call this rather a difficult competition. What's the prize?"

I passed him the paper. "Who wrote it? It looks as if he had been in a hurry."

"Harry Bullivant," I said.

Sandy's face grew solemn. "Old Harry. He was at my tutor's. The best fellow God ever made. I saw his name in the casualty list before Kut. . . . Harry didn't do things without a purpose. What's the story of this paper?"

"Wait till after dinner," I said. "I'm going to change and have a bath. There's an American coming to dine, and he's part of the business."

Mr. Blenkiron arrived punctual to the minute in a fur coat like a Russian prince's. Now that I saw him on his feet I could judge him better. He had a fat face but was not too plump in figure and very muscular wrists showed below his shirt-cuffs. I fancied that, if the occasion called, he might be a good man with his hands.

Sandy and I ate a hearty meal, but the American picked

at his boiled fish and sipped his milk a drop at a time. When the servant had cleared away, he was as good as his word and laid himself out on my sofa. I offered him a good cigar but he preferred one of his own lean black abominations. Sandy stretched his length in an easy chair and lit his pipe. "Now for your story, Dick," he said.

I began, as Sir Walter had begun with me, by telling them about the puzzle in the Near East. I pitched a pretty good yarn, for I had been thinking a lot about it, the mystery of the business had caught my fancy. Sandy got very keen.

"It is possible enough. Indeed I've been expecting it, though I'm hanged if I can imagine what card the Germans have got up their sleeve. It might be any one of twenty things. Thirty years ago there was a bogus prophecy that played the devil in Yemen. Or it might be a flag such as Ali Wad Helu had, or a jewel like Solomon's necklace in Abyssinia. You never know what will start off a Jihad! But I rather think it's a man."

"Where could he get his purchase?" I asked.

"It's hard to say. If it were merely wild tribesmen like the Bedouins he might have got a reputation as a saint and miracle-worker. Or he might be a fellow that preached a pure religion, like the chap that founded the Senussi. But I'm inclined to think he must be something extra special if he can put a spell on the whole Moslem world. The Turk and the Persian wouldn't follow the ordinary new theology game. He must be of the Blood. Your Mahdis and Mullahs and Imams were nobodies, but they had only a local prestige. To capture all Islam—and I gather that is what we fear—the man must be of the Koreish, the tribe of the Prophet himself."

"But how could any impostor prove that?—for I suppose he's an impostor."

"He would have to combine a lot of claims. His descent must be pretty good to begin with, and there are families, remember, that claim the Koreish blood. Then he'd have to be rather a wonder on his own account—saintly, eloquent and that sort of thing. And I expect he'd have to show a sign, though what that could be I haven't a notion."

"You know the East about as well as any living man. Do you think that kind of thing is possible?" I asked.

"Perfectly," said Sandy with a grave face.

"Well, there's the ground cleared to begin with. Then there's the evidence of pretty well every secret agent we possess. That all seems to prove the fact. But we have no details and no clues except that bit of paper." I told them the story of it.

Sandy studied it with wrinkled brows. "It beats me. But it may be the key for all that. A clue may be dumb in London and shout aloud at Bagdad."

"That's just the point I was coming to. Sir Walter says this thing is about as important for our cause as big guns. He can't give me orders, but he offers the job of going out to find what the mischief is. Once he knows that he says he can checkmate it. But it's got to be found out soon, for the mine may be sprung at any moment. I've taken on the job. Will you help?"

Sandy was studying the ceiling.

"I should add that it's about as safe as playing chuck-farthing at the Loos Cross-Roads the day you and I went in. And if we fail nobody can help us."

"Oh, of course, of course," said Sandy in an abstracted voice.

Mr. Blenkiron, having finished his after-dinner recumbency, had sat up and pulled a small table towards him. From his pocket he had taken a pack of patience cards and had begun to play the game called the Double Napoleon. He seems to be oblivious of the conversation.

Suddenly I had a feeling that the whole affair was stark lunacy. Here were we three simpletons sitting in a London flat and projecting a mission into the enemy's citadel without an idea what we were to do or how we were to do it. And one of the three was looking at the ceiling, and whistling softly through his teeth, and another was playing patience. The force of the thing struck me so keenly that I laughed.

Sandy looked at me sharply.

"You feel like that? Same with me. It's idiocy but all war is idiotic, and the most whole-hearted idiot is apt to win. We're to go on this mad trail wherever we think we can hit it. Well, I'm with you. But I don't mind admitting that I'm in a blue funk. I had got myself adjusted to this trench business and was quite happy. And now you have hoicked me out, and my feet are cold."

"I don't believe you know what fear is," I said.

"There you're wrong, Dick," he said earnestly. "Every man who isn't a maniac knows fear. I have done some daft things, but I never started on them without wishing they were over. Once I'm in the show I get easier, and by the time I'm coming out I'm sorry to leave it. But at the start my feet are icy."

"Then I take it you're coming?"

"Rather," he said. "You didn't imagine I would go back on you?"

"And you, sir?" I addressed Blenkiron.

His game of patience seemed to be coming out. He was completing eight little heaps of cards with a contented grunt. As I spoke, he raised his sleepy eyes and nodded.

"Why, yes," he said. "You gentlemen mustn't think that I haven't been following your most engrossing conversation. I guess I haven't missed a syllable. I find that a game of patience stimulates the digestion after meals and conduces to quiet reflection. John S. Blenkiron is with you all the time."

He shuffled the cards and dealt for a new game.

I don't think I ever expected a refusal, but this ready assent cheered me wonderfully. I couldn't have faced the thing alone.

"Well, that's settled. Now for ways and means. We three have got to put ourselves in the way of finding out Germany's secret and we have to go where it is known. Somehow or other we have to get to Constantinople, and to beat the biggest area of country we must go by different roads. Sandy, my lad, you've got to get into Turkey. You are the only one of us that knows that engaging people. You can't get in by Europe very easily, so you must try Asia. What about the coast of Asia Minor?"

"It could be done," he said. "You'd better leave that entirely to me. I'll find out the best way. I suppose the Foreign Office will help me to get to the jumping-off place?"

"Remember," I said, "it's no good getting too far east. The secret, so far as concerns us, is still west of Constantinople."

"I see that. I'll blow in on the Bosphorus by a short tack."

"For you, Mr. Blenkiron, I would suggest a straight journey. You're an American, and can travel through Germany direct. But I wonder how far your activities in New York will allow you to pass as a neutral?"

"I have considered that, Sir," he said. "I have given some thought to the peccoliar psychology of the great German nation. As I read them they're as cunning as cats, and if you play the feline game they will outwit you every time. Yes, sir, they are no slouches at sleuth-work. If I were to buy a pair of false whiskers and dye my hair and dress like a Baptist parson and go into Germany on the peace racket, I guess they'd be on my trail like a knife, and I should be shot as a spy inside of a week or doing solitary in the Moabit prison. But they lack the larger vision. They can be bluffed, sir. With your approval I shall visit the Fatherland as John S. Blenkiron, once a thorn in the side of their brightest boys on the other side. But it will be a different John S., I guess he will have experienced a change of heart. He will have come to appreciate the great, pure, noble soul of Germany, and he will be sorrowing for his past like a converted gun-man at a camp meeting. He will be a victim of the meanness and perfidy of the British Government! I am going to have a first-class row with your Foreign Office about my passport, and I am going to speak harsh words about them up and down this Metropolis. I am going to be shadowed by your sleuths at my port of embarkation, and I guess I shall run up hard against the British Legations in Scandinavia. By that time our Teutonic friends will have begun to wonder what has happened to John S., and to think that maybe they have been mistaken in that child. So, when I get to Germany they will be waiting for me with an open mind. Then I reckon my conduct will surprise and encourage them. I will confide to them valuable secret information about British preparation and I will show up the British lion as the meanest kind of cur. You may trust me to make a good impression. Then I guess I shall move eastwards, to see the de-molition of the British Empire in those parts. By the way, where is the *rendez-vous*?"

"This is the 17th day of November. If we can't find out what we want in two months we may chuck the job. On the 17th of January we should foregather in Constantinople. Whoever gets there first waits for the others. If by that date we're not all present, it will be considered that the missing man has got into trouble and must be given up. If ever we get there we'll be coming from different points and in different characters, so we want a rendezvous where all kinds of odd folk assemble. Sandy, you know Constantinople. You fix the meeting-place."

"I've already thought of that," he said, and going to the writing-table, he drew a little plan on a sheet of paper. "That lane runs down from the Kurdish Bazaar in Galata to the ferry of Ratchik. Half-way down on the left-hand side is a café kept by a Greek called Kuprasso. Behind the café is a garden, surrounded by high walls which were parts of the old Byzantine Theatre. At the end of the garden is a shanty called the Garden-house of Suliman the Red. It has been in its time a dancing hall and a gambling hell and God

knows what else. It's not a place for respectable people, but the ends of the earth converge there and no questions are asked. That's the best spot I can think of for a meeting-place."

The kettle was simmering by the fire, the night was raw, and it seemed the hour for whisky-punch. I made a brew for Sandy and myself and boiled some milk for Blenkiron.

"What about language," I asked. "You're all right, Sandy?"

"I know German fairly well; and I can pass anywhere as a Turk. The first will do for eavesdropping and the second for ordinary business."

"And you?" I asked Blenkiron.

"I was left out at Pentecost," he said. "I regret to confess I have no gift of tongues. But the part I have chosen for myself don't require the polyglot. Never forget I'm plain John S. Blenkiron, a citizen of the great American republic."

"You haven't told us your own line, Dick," said Sandy.

"I am going to the Bosphorus through Germany, and, not being a neutral, it won't be a very cushioned journey."

Sandy looked grave.

"That sounds pretty desperate. Is your German good enough?"

"Pretty fair, quite good enough to pass as a native. But officially I shall not understand one word. I shall be a Boer from Western Cape Colony, one of Maritz's old lot who after a bit of trouble has got through Angola and reached Europe. I shall talk Dutch and nothing else. And my hat! I shall be pretty bitter about the British. There's a powerful lot of good swear-words in the Taal. I shall know all about Africa and be panting to get another whack at the *verdommt rouinek*. With luck they may send me to the Uganda show or to Egypt, and I shall take care to go by Constantinople. If I'm to deal with Mohammedan natives they're bound to show me what hand they hold. At least that's the way I look at it."

We filled our glasses—two of punch and one of milk—and drank to our next merry meeting. Then Sandy began to laugh, and I joined in. The sense of hopeless folly again descended on me. The best plans we could make were like a few buckets of water to ease the drought of the Sahara or the old lady who would have stopped the Atlantic with a broom. I thought with sympathy of little Saint Theresa.

(To be continued)

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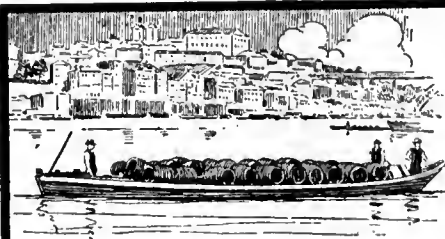


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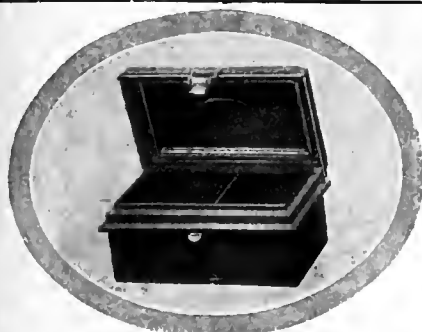
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GERMS OF SETTLEMENT

THE essence of the Prime Minister's speech in the House of Commons on Monday lies in the last sentence: "I venture to make one more appeal to the House and to the country to take advantage of an opportunity which may never recur to provide, at any rate, the germs of a real and lasting settlement of this great question." We leave the House to speak for itself, but so far as the country is concerned, the hope underlying these words undoubtedly represents the spirit in which it will consider the Government of Ireland Bill which is shortly to be presented. The great majority of the inhabitants of these islands are endeavouring very sincerely to wash clean their minds from ancient prejudices and old fears, and in these heroic days are ready to apply heroic treatment to the remedy of grievances and the cure of evils which have hitherto defied the cautious measures of compromise. The Home Rule Act is on the Statute Book, and if before the war ends the germs of the settlement contained in that Act give signs of healthy life, it will be well. Risks must be taken, but they are worth taking, especially at a time like the present, when men's minds are attuned to self-sacrifice. If, on the other hand, these germs die or spring into poisonous growth, we shall know where we stand in regard to Ireland when the whole question of the constitution of Imperial Parliament comes up for revision.

One by one the perennial controversies of the past are being closed by the events of the present. We can but hope that Home Rule may follow on the heels of Conscription, and that the disputations which have hitherto surrounded it will have as little reality in the future as those on national service have to-day. It depends upon Ireland. Prophets of evil recently have been so often discredited that we see no reason to repose special confidence in them on this occasion.

On one minor point it must be admitted that these prophets have recently been justified. When the war began numerous funds were started by all kinds of people. Many of the appeals were conducted with ability and on right business principles, but it was foreseen that new ground for gross abuse of public charity was opened. After some pressure the Home Office in the spring of the year appointed a Committee to inquire into the subject, and the report, just issued, fully bears out the fears then expressed. Reference is made to one fund which has £42,000 unaccounted for, and to another with £20,000, that it is holding until "after the war." A gentleman whose hobby appears to be bankruptcy, had the ingenious plan of living rent free by converting his dwelling-house, the rent of which was

behindhand, into a Soldiers' Home of Rest. These instances are, we fear, only typical. No names are given in the report, but as obtaining money under false pretence is still a criminal offence, we assume the police have the cases in hand. The Home Secretary now proposes to introduce a Bill rendering illegal an appeal to the public for any war charity unless the body making the appeal is registered. The Act we trust will cover all charities at all times and will also put a stop once and for ever to street collections, with their numerous opportunities for fraud and temptations to swindling. It is a wonder that the Home Office has allowed these Flag Days to continue for so long.

To turn to a larger subject. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York early in 1914 appointed a Committee "to inquire what changes are advisable in order to secure in the relations of Church and State a fuller expression of the spiritual independence of the Church as well as of the national recognition of religion." This report has just been issued; it has been compiled for the most part during a period when the Church has been subjected to extremely sharp criticism, and by no class more than by its own members and servants. Those who are responsible for this report doubtless hope that it also contains the germs of a real and lasting settlement. So far as the national recognition of religion is concerned, probably at no period has this been more widely conceded. It is manifest in the spirit and conduct of our gallant sailors and soldiers; it is reflected in hundreds and thousands of private letters and diaries; it is echoed in almost every poem of the war. The present recognition of religion inevitably calls to the mind the miracle of Gennesaret. The barque of Christianity labours in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, the winds contrary and boisterous. And in the gloom of the night, above the raging waters, just where human eyes would least expect the vision, "see, the Christ stands."

We have ceased to hear that at one time hotly discussed question whether ministers of religion ought or ought not to be combatants. It turned largely on whether or not one accepted Ruskin's definition that "the soldiers' trade is verily and essentially not slaying but being slain." But the great battles by sea and land have revealed that the chaplain has no fear of being slain in the execution of his duty; that he is as willing to give his life for his country and his countryman as the fighting man. And that discussion, based as it often was on the unjust assumption that a minister of religion must have something effeminate in his nature is, we trust, now closed for ever.

England has never lacked heroic souls. They are confined to no class of life. Now it is a private of The Buffs, again a fisher girl, to-day a "first-class boy." John Travers Cornwall, of H.M.S. *Chester*, aged 16, is enrolled among earth's few Immortals; his name will endure when the battle of Jutland is as old as the sea fight of Salamis is at this hour. Mortally wounded, he stood alone, at a most exposed spot, with the dead and dying around him, awaiting orders. This high example has been set by him to us all; it touches civil life as nearly as the strain and stress of battle. In the soul of this boy we would see reflected the soul of the Empire—a soul calm and courageous that defies pain, faces death fearlessly and remains quietly at the post of duty awaiting orders. There is a strong temptation in civil life, at times like these, to imagine each could do his duty so much better in some other state of life than that to which it has pleased God to call him. Jack Cornwall's example rebukes this form of cowardice. Each and all have to stick to their post, strong though the temptation may be to leave it, and to carry out their duties quietly, whatever may be the environment. In this spirit we shall conquer, no matter what eventualities may still lie ahead of us.

Nature of the General Offensive

By Hilaire Belloc

[On account of the more immediate interest of the new offensive on the Somme, Mr. Belloc's special article on the Italian Front, from which he has just returned, is deferred to a later date]

THE general offensive of this summer upon the part of the Allies is declared.

There are four main fronts upon which this offensive will ultimately develop. Each will come into play at its own time in the scheme which has been agreed upon. For each its moment will appear in succession, as the embarrassment of the enemy—with the pressure upon him continually increasing and the points of attack multiplying—causes him to expose successively one portion after another of his extended lines.

These four fronts, are, of course (1) the Eastern front, in which the enemy is opposed to the Russians; (2) the Balkan front, which means no more as yet than the use of Salonika as a base for some future offensive movement; (3) the French front, from Belfort to the North Sea, where the enemy is opposed to French and English troops, with a Belgian contingent on the extreme north; and lastly (4) the Italian Alpine front.

We shall have a fairly accurate conception of these four fronts if we consider the whole of the enemy's forces available at this moment as represented by the figure 27, in which case, he has put (roughly speaking) $9\frac{1}{2}$ upon the East, $12\frac{1}{2}$ upon the West, $3\frac{1}{2}$ (for the moment) upon the Italian front, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ upon the Balkan.

It will be seen from these figures that the great mass of the enemy's available force—more than seven-ninths of it—is upon the two main fronts Eastern and Western. It is clearly upon these two that the increasing pressure will be developed. The Italian front will serve mainly to immobilise a certain minimum number of the enemy—not less I think than 25 divisions and, at this moment, far more.

It is then upon the Eastern and the Western fronts that we will concentrate our attention, during all this opening and preliminary part of the general operations which are destined ultimately to disintegrate the enemy's lines.

Simultaneous Offensive

It may be well to digress at the outset upon a very foolish legend which the silence observed upon the Higher Command of the Allies during this great war has permitted to arise. Those who have not grasped the general nature of the operations seem to imagine that the present simultaneous (and rapidly extending) form of attack upon both the main fronts is a happy novelty due to some new close understanding between the Allied Commands which had hitherto been lacking, but which might have been earlier arrived at. There are people who speak and write as though the forces of the Alliance in the past had through sheer incompetence acted independently one of the other, had thus not supported one another and had therefore failed to achieve some expected result. It is almost incredible that there should be people capable of swallowing such nonsense, let alone of writing it, but it has been written, and the Germans have naturally taken advantage of such a legend and spread it as widely as possible through their agents and their dupes.

The principle is, after all, perfectly simple. For the better part of a year, the enemy had an immense preponderance in men—up to the late spring or early summer of 1915.

From that date onwards—for nearly another year—he still had a preponderance in munitionment and especially in the munitionment necessary for heavy artillery, which is the determining weapon of trench warfare. This preponderance, long noticeable (though slowly declining) in the West, was enormous in the East. It permitted him the advance which he made through Poland during the whole of last summer.

Under such circumstances, a general attack would have been manifest folly. The thing would seem so self-evident that one marvels at the lack of intelligence which has failed to perceive it. The fact that the enemy was encircled in no way contradicted the other fact, that he was at first in men and munitions, then in munitions (though no longer in men), superior to those who encircled him. So long as that was the case, successive attacks each just preventing a complete concentration of superior forces upon one point was the only conceivable policy. It is debatable whether the Alliance on the West and East combined is now already superior in munitionment to the enemy. But it is, at any rate, at the least, already virtually equal, and it is very rapidly drawing ahead in munitionment, while in numbers it is now overwhelmingly preponderant and increasingly so. Therefore there is now possible and will be possible henceforward continuous simultaneous attacks multiplying the points of pressure steadily against an enemy who will be more and more at a loss to repair breaches and to support threatened points as the operation extends. But this simultaneous and increasing attack is not an afterthought or a novelty; it is but the final phase of a military policy long foreseen and only now at last rendered possible of execution.

It is worth while making this digression if only to emphasise the truth that the great campaign is conducted, not by professional politicians, nor by the newspapers which keep them in the limelight, but by soldiers.

Comparison of Eastern and Western Fronts

With so much said on this point let us proceed to analyse the two main fronts upon which the general offensive is lighting up like fire running along dry grass.

Regarding both fronts combined, it may be generally stated that the enemy at the end of May—just before the blow fell on him—had committed himself to putting his chief weight in the West and to standing upon the East on the defensive. He had not only determined to go on at Verdun, he had further (on May 15th) put a maximum group of 18 divisions—all it could hold—into the Trentino. And he proposed with what remained to hold the Russians back.

The mere figures $12\frac{1}{2}$ in France, $3\frac{1}{2}$ against Italy—only $9\frac{1}{2}$ against Russia—would show this; but a consideration of the line to be held shows it still more clearly. The smaller number upon the Eastern front was expected to hold a line, not double indeed that of the Western front, but nearly double.

It is true that the Eastern front can now be slightly strengthened by the withdrawal of men from the inept fiasco which Berlin imposed upon Austria in the Trentino. But the succour is not very great. If the Austrians can weaken their forces upon the Italian front by ten divisions it will be the very most they can hope for. And ten divisions will not augment the enemy's strength upon the East by as much as 12 per cent.

The enemy's conception of thus holding his Eastern line with a minimum of men while he massed upon the West was due to his misapprehension of the rate at which Russia had been re-equipped and re-munitioned. Therefore, it was in the strict logic of the situation that the beginning of the general offensive should take place upon that front. The enemy had left north of the marshes, between these and the Baltic, no more than 49 divisions. It was the strict minimum necessary to the bare holding of his lines. Even if the Russians had proved as slow in re-armament as he imagined, he could not have risked a lower figure. It did not give him 2 men to the yard. In distance upon the map, it gave him little more than one actual combatant to the yard, and such a depleted force could not have held at all, had not the country been what it was. The whole line is a chain of marshes and lakes, which leaves the trenches to be defended not much more than half the mileage which the line makes upon the map. It is only the gaps between successive lakes or

marshes which strictly need the minimum of at least two men in the yard for their defence.

Upon the southern half of the line, there were perhaps altogether three-quarters of a million of men, mainly Austrian, to hold the dry ground between the marshes and the Roumanian frontier; it was against these that the first blow fell upon June 4th with what result we know. Within a month, half of the enemy's forces on this southern half of the enemy's Eastern front, were out of action—killed and wounded or unwounded prisoners.

What has been the fate of this section in the last few days?

The Russian Victories

In order to appreciate that we must first consider the southern half of the Eastern front as a whole, and remark its two main theatres of action, which may be called the "Volhynian" and the "Southern Galician" respectively, and when we have appreciated what has been done upon these two wings, we may turn to the novel and exceedingly important addition to the Russian offensive formed by this week's attack upon the junction of Baranovichi.

It will be remembered that in the Volhynian or right wing of General Brussilov's great advance, a salient was formed round the town of Lutsk. That salient threatened, forward to the right, the important railway junction of Kovel and, forward to the left, the flank of the Austro-German centre which still stood along the Strypa, only a few miles west of its original position.

To meet the danger thus threatening both Kovel and the left flank of their advanced centre the enemy, under German direction, largely with new German units and principally with accumulated heavy German artillery, struck at the northern side of the Lutsk salient all along the middle Styr and the upper Stokhod. For a month they maintained the pressure here, making every effort to cross the Styr from Chartoriisk right away past down Kolki to Godomichi. There was a moment when they seemed nearly to have succeeded. They could count for munitionment upon the excellent avenue of supply afforded to them by the railway which runs east from Kovel to the bridge of Chartoriisk, and they had in the middle of their operation the good road which runs through the forest from the station of Manevitchi to Kolki.

The news of this week is that this attempt has at last completely failed. It has not only failed; it has been abandoned. And the German and Austrian forces have suddenly fallen back with the utmost rapidity from the Styr to the line of the Stokhod and were last Sunday, the 9th, already crossing back over the latter stream. They have abandoned all the country within the great bend of the Styr and the Russian cavalry in pursuit was pressing their rearguard upon the railway, beyond Manevitchi station, as long ago as last Thursday, the 6th. The retirement was so hurried that the enemy lost at this point alone, although he had the railway to help him, a battery of his 77 field guns, and three heavy pieces, beside a large batch of prisoners. The total losses in the four days' battle between Styr and Stokhod is not less than 12,000 prisoners, mostly German, and 45 guns.

On the other side of the Lutsk salient it has been the same story. The Austro-Germans had counter-attacked with all their strength and had pushed the Russians back from the neighbourhood of Gorokhov nearly to Ugrivo, but the enemy body thus thrust forward was taken in flank from the north, that is upon the left, in one of those operations (rare, so far, in the great war), which permitted the use of cavalry. It was a charge of cavalry in mass which seems to have decided the issue and to have left over 8,000 prisoners. All the head of the advanced force, in Russian hands. The enemy's line after this action fell back to the neighbourhood of Gorokhov.

At the moment of writing these lines (my article of this week has again to be composed abroad) there is no news of a further advance by our Russian Allies beyond or even up to Gorokhov, but it is clear that the enemy attempt to counteract in this region has failed. The whole of the Lutsk salient is now the scene of a continuous and advancing Russian pressure.

Meanwhile, upon the other wing, in Southern Galicia, there has come the very important news of the occupation of Kolomea, with all its consequences.

It will be remembered that Kolomea was pointed out in these columns as the test point upon the whole of this left wing. If Kolomea could be reached, and held, the situation of the Austro-German centre was thenceforward in jeopardy.

This was not because the point of Kolomea geographically lay at all far behind the advanced Austro-German positions of the centre along the Strypa under Bothmer. Those positions lie either along or close behind the line of the Strypa, as far south as the neighbourhood of Buczacz and, as will be seen from Sketch I, Kolomea itself is not a day's march behind, or to the westward, of these positions held by Bothmer. Merely to hold Kolomea then, does not turn the advanced Austro-German centre by its right nor compel it to the retreat.

But Kolomea is the key to the whole country side up as far as Stanislau, and it commands the main crossing of the Carpathians by road and by rail, over the Jablonitza pass into Hungary. No less than seven great roads converge upon Kolomea, and when one has pushed a little further westward to Delatyn all communication between the Strypa line and the south is cut. The Russians entered Delatyn only last Saturday, but they had already cut the railway at Lanczyn, not a day's march away, while their occupation of Kolomea road centre has had for its immediate effect the pushing of Bothmer's right wing back to Koropiecs.

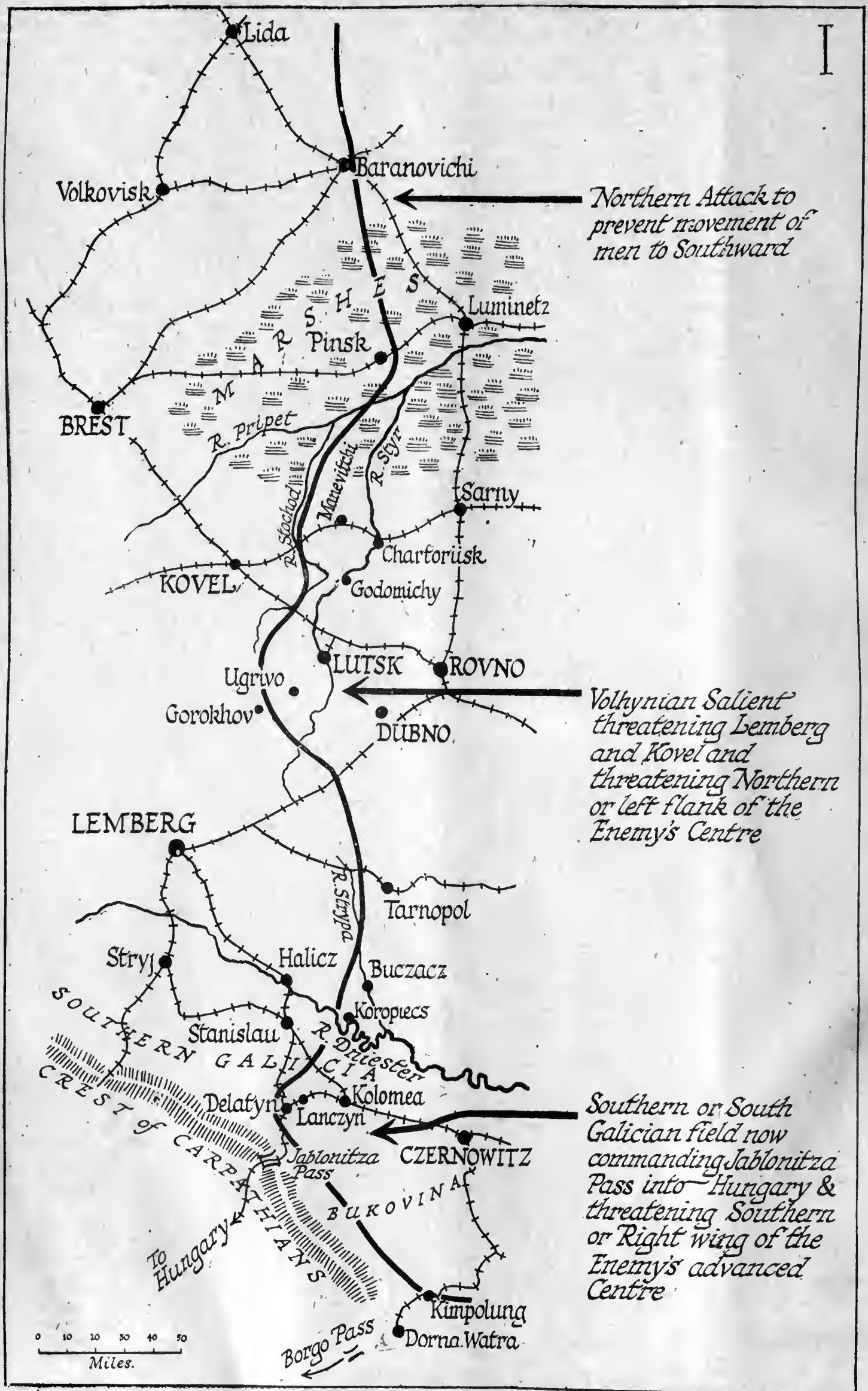
Observe the effect of all this upon Bothmer's communications. No provisionment can reach him from the south at all; all the roads thence radiate from Kolomea and are blocked by the Russians. The line from Hungary over the Jablonitza and so to Buczacz is now cut at Delatyn. There remains for the provision of the Austro-German advanced centre nothing but the lines through Stryj and Lemberg, and the salient occupied by that centre becomes more and more pronounced with every advance of the Russians westward towards Stanislau. The Russian occupation of Stanislau would quite certainly provoke a retirement of the Austro-German centre, but if that did not take place, the further occupation of the road and railway junction and bridge of Halicz would be destructive of its further security. That the Austro-German centre is hanging on at all is only due to the general principle which the enemy has established for himself upon the whole eastern line of keeping every position to the very last, for the simple reason that the political effect of occupying territory here reacts immediately and very powerfully upon the strategical situation. But whatever his political interest be, and however strong it is, Bothmer has already hung on to the very limit of safety. It may be that he will attempt once more a strong counter-offensive in front of Tarnopol (he has already failed in three such efforts) before the pressure upon his right wing becomes insupportable. But it is difficult to see with what troops or material he can undertake such a counter-offensive. If the enemy had had guns or men to lend to the south, they would have been lent before this, but so far he has found no reinforcement possible south of the Lutsk salient.

Meanwhile, we must not lose sight of the spare body which the Austrians are in the act of withdrawing from Tyrol to bring it eastward. It cannot yet have come into play, but its first units—I mean its first complete units with their light and heavy guns, its first whole divisions—might conceivably be at work in Galicia during the course of the present week. There is a sort of race going on between this return of men from the West and the Russian advance up Galicia along the foot of the Carpathians.

The Russian position in the Bukovina, and now in Southern Galicia, obviously permits them to undertake, if they so choose, an advance over the mountains towards Hungary. What would have been difficult or foolish as an attempt along the single line and road south of Czernowitz and across the Borgo pass becomes feasible through the possession of two separate roads and railways now that the Russians are in possession of Delatyn and the road and railway leading to the Jablonitza pass as well.

Attack on Baranovichi Junction

While this continued advance upon the two wings of Brussilov is occupying all the available strength of the enemy south of the Pinsk Marshes, the principle of continuous, simultaneous attack upon a more and more



numerous set of points, which is to be the note of this summer, has received a further example by the launching of the first serious offensive against Hindenburg in the north; and the point chosen by the Russians for this new action is the district immediately to the east of the railway junction of Baranovitchi.

The plan of the Russian railways (on Map I), sufficiently shows the importance of that knot; five lines converge upon it and, what is more important, upon its possession depends the chief lateral communication of the enemy upon all the right wing of his Northern Eastern front. If he loses the junction of Baranovitchi he must fall back for a lateral communication upon the line which runs from Lida through Volkovisk to Brest. This does not mean that his forces will have to fall back necessarily over a wide belt of country, but it does mean that his lines will be supplied with more difficulty from a line of communications more distant, and it would in particular render difficult what must be during the whole progress of the offensive the enemy's chief preoccupation: to wit, the moving of troops up and down the line to concentrate upon the most threatened points. Baranovichi is to the north what Kovel is to the south. It is so important that the moment it is threatened the enemy is perforce pinned and dare not move men from its neighbourhood.

The Russians are much nearer to attaining their end at Baranovichi than at Kovel. They are nearer geographically, and they are probably not faced by so considerable a concentration up here at the northern as they are at the southern junction. They have not, at the moment of writing this, reached the junction itself, but, so far as one can judge from the communiqués and from the map, it is under direct fire already, or, at any rate, under direct observation, and the range at which the station lies from the first Russian positions is not quite 8,000 yards. It has, therefore, already ceased to be of use to the enemy in his communications between north and south, and that is a point of capital importance.

"Crumbling" of the Eastern Enemy Front

Not the least remarkable feature in all this Eastern field of war, is the regular rate at which our ally continues to capture both prisoners and guns. Thus, we have seen how during the German retirement from the Styr, the total prisoners taken in only four days was over 12,000 and 45 guns, of which a considerable number were heavy guns. But we hear day after day of new

items: for instance, an isolated batch of prisoners, made in the village of Gregoreff upon the 7th. The remainder of a battalion (of some 600 men) that were picked up by the cavalry between Stokhod and the Styr last Thursday, and have only just been reported. The Hungarian cavalry charged and largely captured by the Trans-Baikal Cossacks last Saturday. The full total of less than a fortnight past is close on 30,000 men.

Altogether, at the moment of writing, the number of living prisoners, Austrian and German, held by the Russians they first attacked on the 4th of June, cannot be less than a quarter of a million.

It is a formidable figure at this period of the struggle, with the middle of the open season not yet reached, hardly a third of it expired, and with the enemy's reserves of man-power in the state with which all reasonable calculation is now familiar.

The German Class '18 has begun to be called

I say "all reasonable calculation," because there may still be groups of opinion here and there in England (there are no such groups elsewhere) which continue to accept the accuracy of the German lists and vaguely dread some fantastic and non-existent reserves with which the enemy would surprise us at the last moment.

To correct such errors, if they still remain, I would like to point out certain facts which have recently been put before me abroad and the proofs of which are abundantly sufficient.

The German class 1916 has now, at the moment of writing (July 10th), nearly all of it—at any rate, by far the greater part of it—appeared in the firing line. For the German class 1916 appeared in large quantities, notably in the IIIrd Corps, and in the XVIIIth, all along the Verdun sector as early as the 9th of last March.

Next, note that class 1917 began to appear some weeks ago in the German fighting line. What proportion of the German class 1917 has now already been drafted from the depots into the fighting units to fill gaps I am not informed; it may be no more than a fifth, or it may be more; but, at any rate, it has appeared, and has now been present for some little time upon the front.

Lastly, there is this very significant piece of news. Class 1918, of which there has been no question hitherto in any of the conscript nations, except Austria, has now been warned for service all over Germany and in Saxony has already begun to be called up.

The Offensive on the Somme

WHILE the general offensive has taken in the East the form just described and has shown its last development in the beginning of the northern attacks at Baranovichi, the corresponding moves in the West are already in full swing, and the first blows have been struck upon a front of over twenty-five miles, where the little marshy upper Somme crosses the Allied line and where the British Forces join hands with the left of the French Sixth Army.

The minds of all readers in Western Europe have been fixed upon this field, but we shall not understand its importance unless we take a more general survey and consider how the opposing forces stand in the West.

The enemy in the West has disposed his forces into three main groups with three different tasks assigned to each. Each of these groups is about the same size in mere numbers, though differing in quality.

There is first the large immobile mass of somewhat over 40 divisions, which holds all those parts of the line not immediately threatened nor immediately designed for activity. The whole stretch from the Oise Valley eastward through the Argonne and onward to the neighbourhood of Verdun is included in this, as is everything beyond Verdun, eastward and southward, past the salient of St. Mihiel in front of Nancy and so down the Vosges to the Swiss frontier.

There is next what has now become through the immense drain of men the group at least equivalent in numbers and superior in quality which has been sacrificed in the fundamental error of Verdun. By this time at

least 40 divisions have appeared upon this sector. That a large proportion of the original attacking force has disappeared is a commonplace with which all Europe is acquainted, but the gaps have either been made good, so far, by new drafts; or units wrecked in action (as the 5th and 6th divisions were wrecked months ago) and their remnants withdrawn from the fighting had been replaced wholesale by fresh units. Verdun easily accounts for the second 3rd, of the enemy's available forces in the West.

The last third, equal in the number of divisions to the force flung at Verdun and to the immobilised divisions along the rest of the front, is the very large body of men, now not less than 40 divisions in strength counting the "relays" behind the line, which is drawn up in three armies (the 4th, the 6th and 2nd.—Wurtemberg, Crown Prince of Bavaria, Bulow) along the northern portion of the front, not quite a hundred miles in extent, much the greater part of which on the Allied side is held by the British.

It is against this body and against its left or southern wing (Bulow's command) that the Allied offensive opened its bombardment and its first great subsequent infantry attack on the first day of the month. All that which may be called the "Sector of Albert" from near Gommécourt up in the north to a point of about five miles beyond the Somme, upon the south (just up to and beyond the great Roman road which runs eastward from Amiens to St. Quentin) was engaged, striking full at Bulow's second Army.

At the moment of writing, after an advance the details

of which have filled all our press for some days, the Allied line has reached, at the close of this first phase, a series of points which show a territorial advantage eastward, increasing regularly from north to south until the apex touches the immediate neighbourhood of Peronne. There is an almost unchanged line from Gommecourt to the Ancre, which, south of Thiepval, first begins to show a fluctuation in our favour, and which then, in front of Contalmaison, and covering Montauban and Hardecourt, runs southward and eastward until it reaches the Somme immediately opposite Peronne and only bends back to strike the Roman road again near Estrées.

The causes which have imposed such a restriction upon the northern part of the offensive, where the heaviest work has fallen to the British forces, and has permitted a greater and greater extent of advance to the south, and particularly of the French, in the great bend of the Somme, opposite and up to Peronne itself, can only be justly estimated by those upon the spot, and even by these imperfectly. But they would seem to include, if the general consensus of eye witnesses is to be trusted, three among others; first a greater concentration of the enemy upon the northern part of the sector attacked; second (what is a function of this) an element of surprise to the south which was not present in the north; lastly, the difference of ground.

This last, we must especially study, not only for the interest attached to the nature of the advance, as it has proceeded up to the present moment, but also because it will enable us to understand the Allied task during the next few days in the same region.

The natural feature determining all this country side is the upper Somme. The Somme is here so narrow that it would hardly be an obstacle at all, but for these two points; first that its valley is very marshy, the stream being flanked on both sides by ponds and reedy bogs which often fill up a couple of hundred yards of the valley floor; secondly, that the stream has been canalised and for the greatest part of the river's course in this region, the canal is separate from the stream itself, and forms, wherever it so runs separately, a considerable obstacle.

Below Peronne the obstacle hardly concerns us because the Allied forces stand upon either side of it and the connection between them is easily maintained, but above Peronne the stream flows from north to south, over a space of about twelve miles as the crow flies. It prevents, therefore, a strict covering to any attempted advance upon St. Quentin—the importance of which place will be seen in a moment—and is only to be turned from the north beyond Peronne by the country, between Peronne and Combles. But the country there is very badly cut up and full of excellent defensive positions, notably the steep ridge which stands all along above the Tortille to the east of that brook.

Speaking of this great bend of the Somme, we must return to the contrasting character of the country north south of the river below Peronne; that is, generally speaking, the difference between the country over which the British and the left wing of the French are advancing and north of the Somme and the country over which the main part of the French forces are moving to the south of that river.

This last is a large open plateau from which shallow and broad ravines run down towards the Somme. The roof of the plateau is everywhere from about 180 to 200 feet above the level of the river, and there runs right across it like a sort of axis, the old Roman road which originally led from Amiens to St. Quentin. This road is still the main high road of the country as far as Villiers. Below the point where it crosses the river, the bridge broke down in the dark ages and the road beyond was for long abandoned. It is not even now restored to its old importance. Everywhere to the north of this Roman road, as far as, and beyond the village of Estrées (which name like the English place name "Street," to which it corresponds, is continually found upon the Roman roads of the north), the French have made good. They hold at the moment of writing the ruins of Belloy, of Flaucourt and so north to Biaches. They thus are everywhere upon the ridge which directly overlooks Peronne, save that they are not possessed of Villiers at the southern extremity of that ridge, nor have they reached Barleux. Their outposts are within a stone's throw of Peronne

across the stream. They have advanced through fairly open country, not badly cut up, and not heavily wooded.

The whole country side is of standing interest for England apart from this great campaign. These were the fields through which Henry V. advanced in his march to the crossing of the Somme above Peronne, at Voyennes, where he began that countermarch northward again which led him to Agincourt.

To the north of the river the conditions of the ground are different. In the first place, the average of the heights is greater than those to the south of the river by something like 150 feet, and this is of very great importance to the present operations. The greater French advance upon the south of the stream allows the Allies to support their more checked advance upon the north by artillery fire in flank. But that fire, coming from below upwards, has not the efficacy it would have if the plateaux to the south of the Somme were of equal or superior height to those upon the north. Unfortunately, it is the other way about, and the French guns to the south of the Somme have to search out upon the north objectives which are usually higher than the battery firing.

In the second place, all this country to the north of the Somme and between the Somme and the Ancre is more deeply cut up and more ravined than the south. Thiepval, for instance, is more than 200 feet above the valleys bounding its ridge upon the east and the west. Contalmaison is more than 150 feet above the water level at Fricourt, two miles below, and even as one advances further away from the Somme and the Ancre valleys one does not come upon a fairly level step of open upland, such as there is to the south of the Somme. The tortuous character of the contours here is very well seen in the windings of the light railway which runs from Peronne to Albert, by way of Combles, and which can only serve its purpose by taking great loops to avoid the sharp rises of land.

Lastly, this northern bank of the Somme supports a larger number of isolated woods than the southern, and these offer the enemy cover.

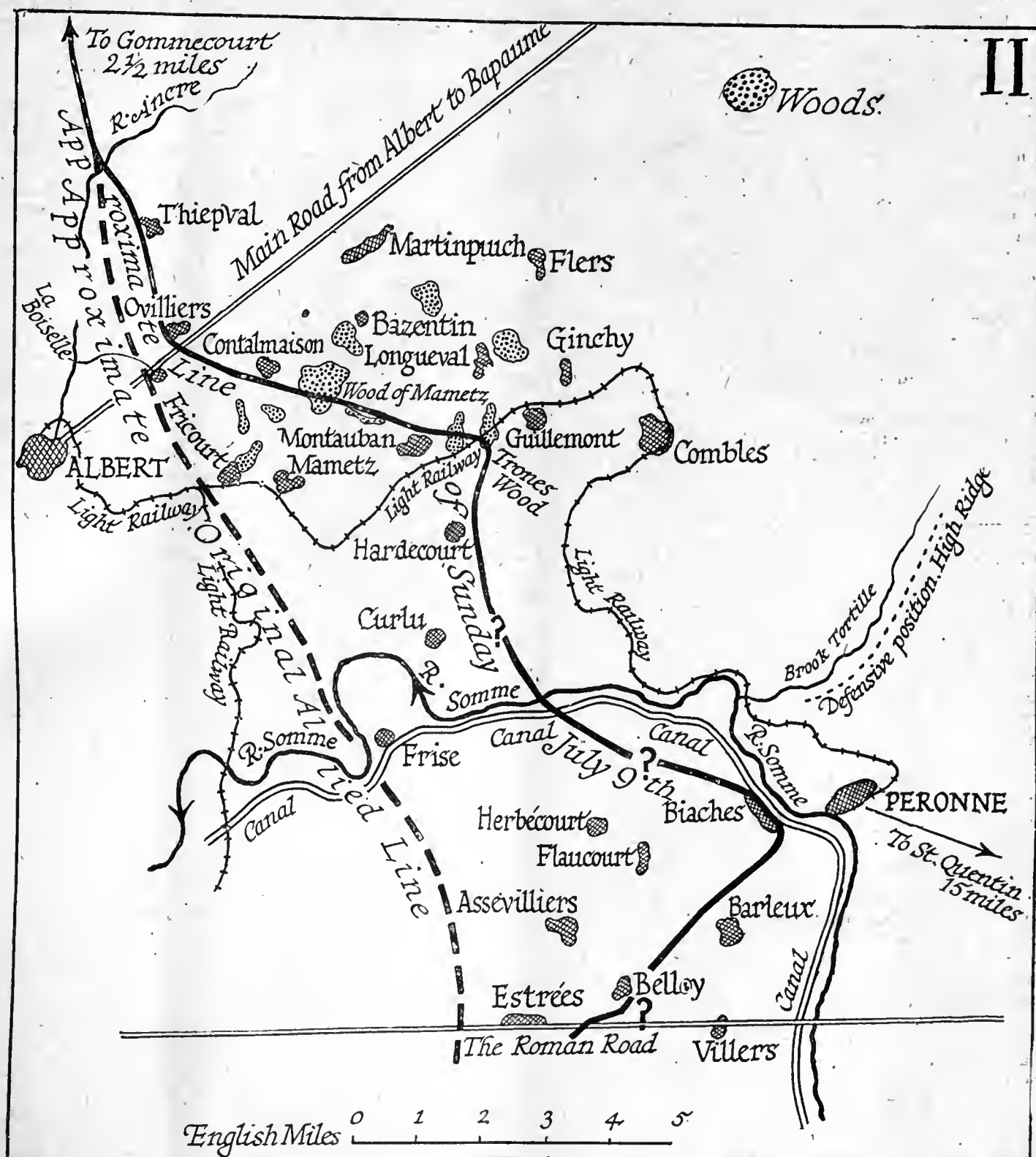
The Operation is not for Territory

Of the operation in general, the thing principally to be borne in mind is that the Allied plan from this opening of the season 1916 onwards is not confined to any one sector and does not even chiefly propose to itself those strategical effects which would result from cutting any one great line of communications or compelling the enemy to retire from any one salient.

It is rather concerned with so pressing the enemy upon unexpected point after unexpected point, with so harassing him in his present rapid decline of useful effectives, with so embarrassing his judgment as to where he shall move to parry that new danger, reserves which he finds increasingly difficult to find, that at last his line will no longer hold at all.

To make that line bend, to flatten a bulge in it and thus to recover territory, is not to advance in any way the progress of the Allied cause. There is nothing in such action savouring of a decision or bringing us nearer to a victorious peace.

But the making of the enemy's defensive organisation to "crumble"; the causing of his remaining spare troops to be moved now here, now there, with increasing difficulty and an increasing chance of leaving open some denuded sector to the numerically superior offensive power of the Allies; the creating of an opportunity for striking with final effect upon one or more such denuded sectors, and—consequently upon this—the destruction of a cordon which, like a chain, is only as strong as its weakest link—that is the major and patent strategical object of the whole Alliance. It is the object at which the military chiefs of the Allied armies aimed patiently, long before they had obtained that numerical superiority which is now more and more the determining factor in the war. It is the object which those institutions so peculiarly ill fitted for armed struggle—professional politics and a sensational press—completely failed to comprehend, and are only now beginning to grasp because the result of so much laborious military work is now beginning at last to appear upon the surface.



It is of the utmost importance then, that opinion should not be misled upon the character of the present operation. We must not judge in terms of territory or in miles of advance, nor even in the threat to communications nor, for the moment, in terms of any retirement of the enemy's extended lines. If anything, indeed, every such retirement and shortening of his lines which his pride or political situation may permit him, is to his advantage and not to ours; so long as he can effect it without severe losses in men and guns.

Five days ago he shortened his line in Volhynia, falling back as we have seen, from the Styr.

The value of that operation to the Allies did not lie in the mere occupation of territory by the Russians, or in their mere advance upon the map, it lay in the fact that the enemy had been compelled by threats above and below to a complete embarrassment, that he had therefore fallen back too late, and that he lost as a consequence of his bewilderment the equivalent of a whole division in unwounded prisoners and 45 guns.

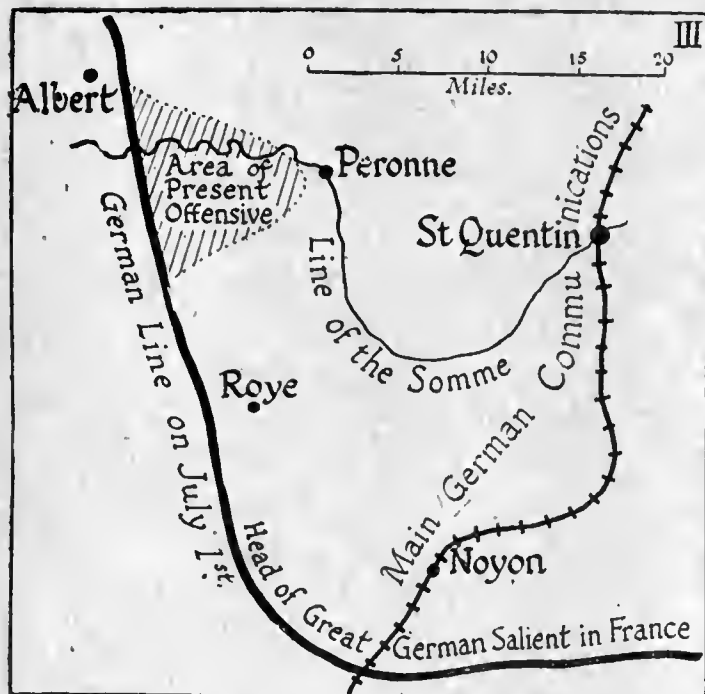
The Allies are within arms' length so to speak of Peronne. Behind Peronne, and the defensive line of the Somme above that town, lies barely fifteen miles away, St. Quentin, the great railway junction, the great road centre, the great depot, upon the enemy's chief line of communications.

Long before the Allies should have reached St. Quentin (should their attack in this particular sector be carried so far) the enemy would obviously be compelled to abandon Roye, Noyon and all the head of his great salient in France. Such a development, such an obvious change upon the map, should the enemy be compelled to it, will provoke I know not what enthusiasm. That enthusiasm will be misplaced. If the enemy retired in time and in good order, without serious loss, he would be the stronger for his retirement.

The object of Europe in this movement is not thus to strengthen its enemy. The object which the forces of civilisation have in view, and which is at last coming clearly into sight, is upon the contrary, to forbid the enemy any such orderly retirements; to pin him first here, then there, then in yet another unexpected place, each of which he must in turn attempt to reinforce, each successive one of which will involve in its reinforcement an operation more delicate and more perilous than the last, until we shall at last compel him to one which will be disastrous.

The Example of the Guard

I think that if the future historian is asked what feature in the operations of the present week upon



the Somme was the best evidence of wisdom upon the part of the Allied Command, and the best proof that their object was in process of attainment, he would reply, not by remarking the capture of those ruins once called Montauban, or Hardecourt, or the occupation of the ridge over Peronne, but by citing the example of the IIIrd Division of the Prussian Guard.

Last Friday, as we have all read, the British carried the ruins of Contalmaison. They lost those ruins again.* But the characteristic of the operation was not the advance and the retirement over a few yards of sloping fields. Its characteristic was the necessity under which the enemy was of calling from the north the IIIrd Division of the Prussian Guard, and throwing five battalions of its infantry upon the threatened spot. To quote the words of but one eye witness. "The losses inflicted upon the IIIrd Division of the Guard were such that the remnant which escaped from the field cannot reappear for the moment as a unit in the fighting."

Another account speaks of the effect of the field artillery

and its shrapnel when these unfortunate troops were caught in the open. Another of the complete breakdown of the exposed companies.

But what was the Guard doing there at all? It was a reinforcement hurriedly summoned from the north to support the XIVth Reserve Corps, the VIth Corps and the Bavarian Division (I believe these were the original units of the IInd German Army opposed here to the Allies) because *this IInd army alone was not equal to the task imposed upon it by the attack of the Allies along the Somme valley.* (We must not forget that it was from this same IInd Army that the unfortunate XVIIIth Corps was despatched long ago to be broken to pieces before Verdun in February).

The IIIrd Division of the Guard, which the present offensive on the Somme has thus disposed of, is but one example of the way in which hurried concentrations are now imposed upon the enemy. There is the fact that the French noted not less than 16 *battalions* in the five days, separate from their normal organisation: thrown in hurriedly pell-mell into the struggle.

The general offensive upon East and West will compel the enemy to many more such confusions and far worse before it is over.

Exactly the same thing happened at almost the same moment 2,500 miles away, between the Styr and the Stokhod. Even as the mixed Austrian and German battalions, or their remnants were surrendering between the Styr and the Stokhod, those troops in front of Gorokhov, two days' march to the south, who, in an earlier phase of the war would so easily have been moved up to aid their comrades, had themselves been struck by the Cossack cavalry and 8,000 of them were passing through the concentration point upon the Lutsk road upon their way to captivity.

In a word, the great war has produced in the enemy a phase of exhaustion in which his rapid and sufficient concentration upon the increasing number of points where he must suffer attack from now superior opponents has already become a matter of bewilderment and strain for him, and is about to become a matter of acute peril and anxiety. There lies before him—perhaps at some distance of time still, but now inevitable—a last phase in which it will become a matter of attempting the impossible.

H. BELLOC

* News of the recapture of Contalmaison has since been received.

The Jutland Despatches

By Arthur Pollen

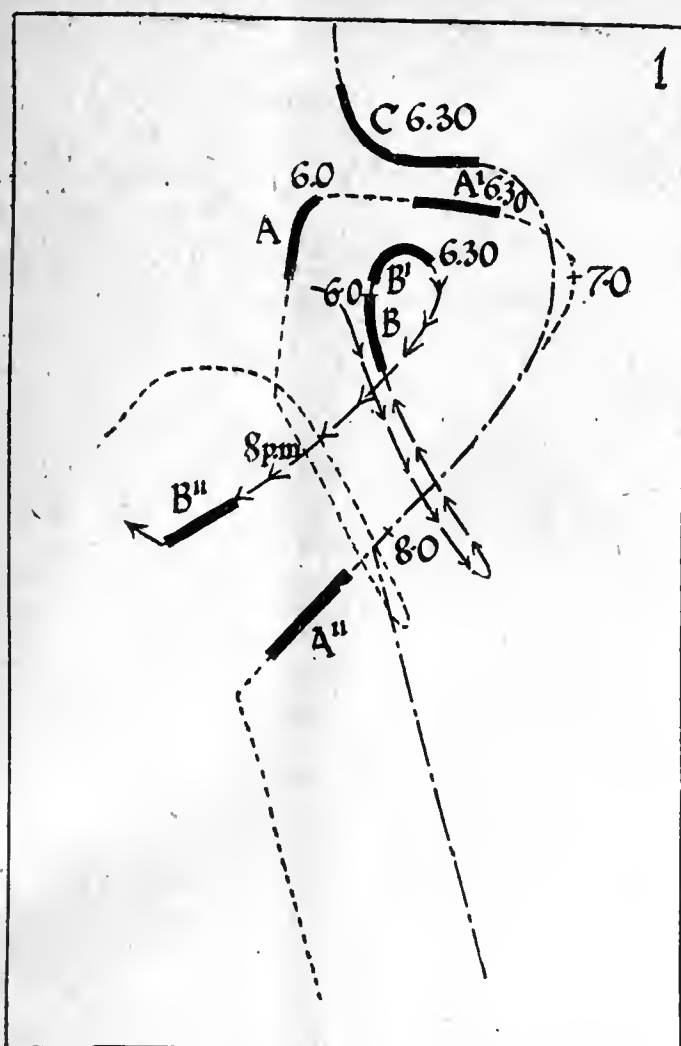
THE Jutland Despatches substantially confirm the account of the action which I was able to put before my readers in our issues of June 8th and 15th. That account told, in general outline, how Sir David Beatty's light cruisers and destroyers found von Hipper's scouts soon after two in the afternoon; how, when the Germans got into touch with the British cruisers they fell back promptly on the German High Seas Fleet; how the Battle Cruiser Fleet with the Fifth Battle Squadron then drew away to the northward, first enticing the Germans to follow by dangling before them a force that they might hope to overwhelm, and then—when, too late, the Germans discovered the Grand Fleet was upon them—prevented a premature retreat; how Hood came in at the last moment and helped to crush the head of the German line; how Arbuthnot, in his gallant effort to head off torpedo attacks, found himself too near the German line and was overwhelmed; how Beatty, having done his work, pulled off to the East and then to the South so as to leave the field clear for the Grand Fleet. This sequence of events and their general outline is shown by the despatches to have been correct, almost indeed to the exact times at which the general main movements are given. There is, of course, a vast deal of new detail added—details as to the weather conditions, as to the performances of the light craft, stories of individual heroism and brilliancy which are

priceless, and all the more valuable for being told in the simple and unlaboured prose of the Vice-Admiral.

These absorbing documents raise a host of interesting problems—but very few can be dealt with to-day. They also dispose of many false rumours and suppositions. The plan of disposition was Sir John Jellicoe's—was not imposed on him. The tactical division of the fleet did not need precedent. It arose out of the novel character of naval force, and was justified by a complete success. It is obvious that the fast division never ran the risk of being overwhelmed, just because it was faster than the enemy battleships, and more powerful than the enemy battle-cruisers. These are not new points. But they are proved finally.

The Grand Fleet

What is, however, for the most part new, is the glimpse we get of the share of the Grand Fleet in this great transaction. I was not able to make out precisely what this share was from the accounts available immediately after the battle, and, for all its length, the despatch does not make it very clear now. But certain points, which are quite new to me, do come out. In the first place, Sir David Beatty was steering N.N.E. and not North, when at six o'clock he turned due East. He kept this course for about five and twenty minutes, and when Hood and the



Sketch 1.—In the above sketch (A) represents Beatty, and (B) the Germans at 6 o'clock. (A') and (B') are Beatty and the German Fleet at 6.30. (C) the Grand Fleet at 6.30. (A'') and (B'') are Beatty and the German Fleet at 8.20. It will be observed that at 6.30, Beatty and the Grand Fleet were engaged simultaneously with (B')

three fresh battle-cruisers, having in obedience to signal taken station ahead of him, and closed down to within 8,000 yards of the enemy, he himself altered course from East to E.S.E. and kept on this course for twenty-five minutes longer.

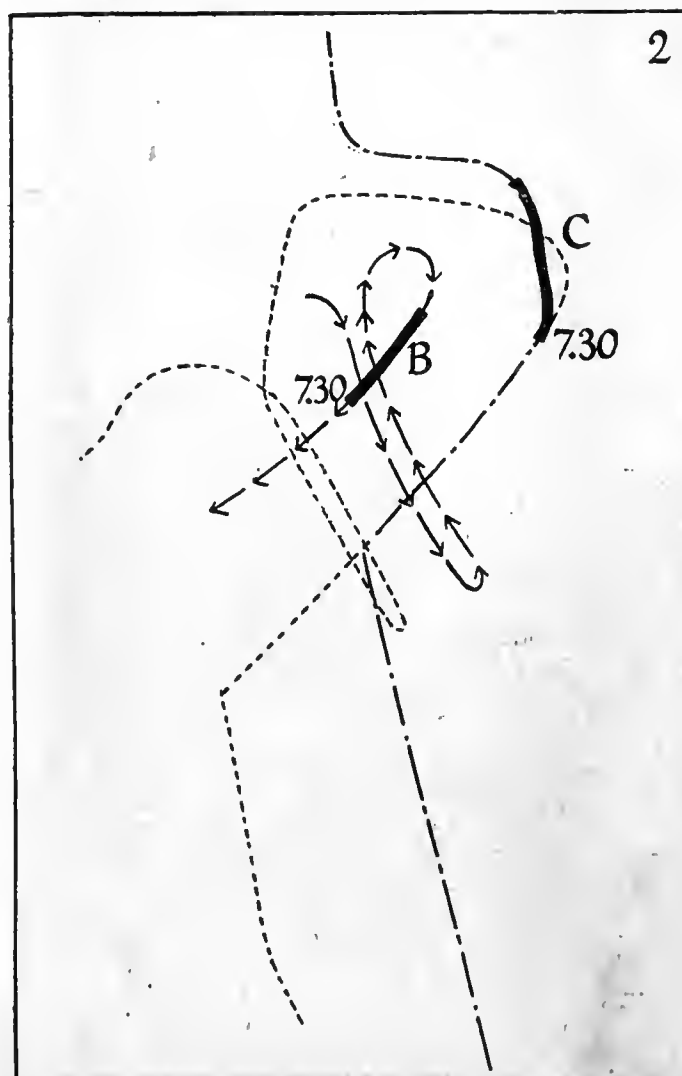
How close an affair was the intervention of the Grand Fleet may be judged from the fact that in the process of deployment, the rear division was actually in action with one part of the German Fleet while Hood and Beatty were in action with the enemy's van. In the sketches appearing overleaf I have adopted the diagrammatic plan issued by the Press Bureau as if it were a track chart of the fleets, and attempted to put the different squadrons into position at different times, so as to show their relationship to each other and to the enemy between 6.15 and 8.20. But to understand the course the action took, it is necessary to add a sketch to show the periods during which the enemy was invisible from the British forces. It is essential that we should get these periods of invisibility clearly in our minds if we are to understand why it was that the Fleet was disappointed on not achieving that annihilation of the enemy which it had every reason to expect.

The reader must not suppose, however, that these sketches in any way represent the actual courses steered by the forces engaged. For reasons that are obviously adequate, the details of the Grand Fleet's deployment and of its tactics during this highly important period, are not given to us, for they could not be published here without becoming available to the enemy. And the information they would give him is exactly the information that he most requires. If then we are tempted to complain that it is tantalising to be told so little, we must console ourselves with the reflection that it might be highly damaging if we were told more. And we are, after all, told the one fact that governs the situation. That fact is that between 6.15 and seven o'clock, when Beatty's turning movement had forced the Germans to the east, and so brought them under the guns of the Grand Fleet, when, with Hood's division now

leading, the battle-cruisers had closed to 8,000 yards and "crumpled up the head of the German line," there fell over the enemy's fleet a mist that did a great deal more than veil the targets from the British guns. For the mist might have been too thick for accurate gunnery, yet by no means so thick but that the forms of the enemy's ships could have been at least vaguely seen, their formation observed and recognised, and their movements consequently detected. Had such been the case, the ships of the Grand Fleet could quite easily have kept such close contact with the foe, that those brief periods in which there was good visibility, between half-past six and nine, would have sufficed for the destruction of the enemy's force. For it was a task that was well within the Grand Fleet's powers. The real service that the weather rendered to the enemy is that it made it impossible to keep the necessary contact.

In the earlier afternoon the atmospheric conditions had been variable, at one time favourable to us, at another time to the enemy. Just when the move that should have been decisive was made—that is Beatty's turn at six o'clock until contact was finally lost—the light favoured the British. We hear of no period in which the enemy was altogether invisible until "at 6.52," says Sir David Beatty, "the visibility was very indifferent, not more than four miles. The enemy ships were temporarily lost sight of." Beatty did not see them again until 7.14, when he found them at a range of 15,000 yards. He increased the speed to 22 knots with probably two motives, first to shorten the range; next to force the enemy back on to the Grand Fleet. The enemy, who suffered severely from this fire, sent out destroyers to make a smoke screen, and by 7.45 they had become once more invisible. At 8.20 the battle-cruisers picked up the enemy once more, and in twenty minutes, after some very effective gunnery—by *Lion*, *Princess Royal*, *New Zealand*, and *Indomitable*, they were lost once more in the mist, now steering on a due westerly course. But the Grand Fleet could not regain the lost touch.

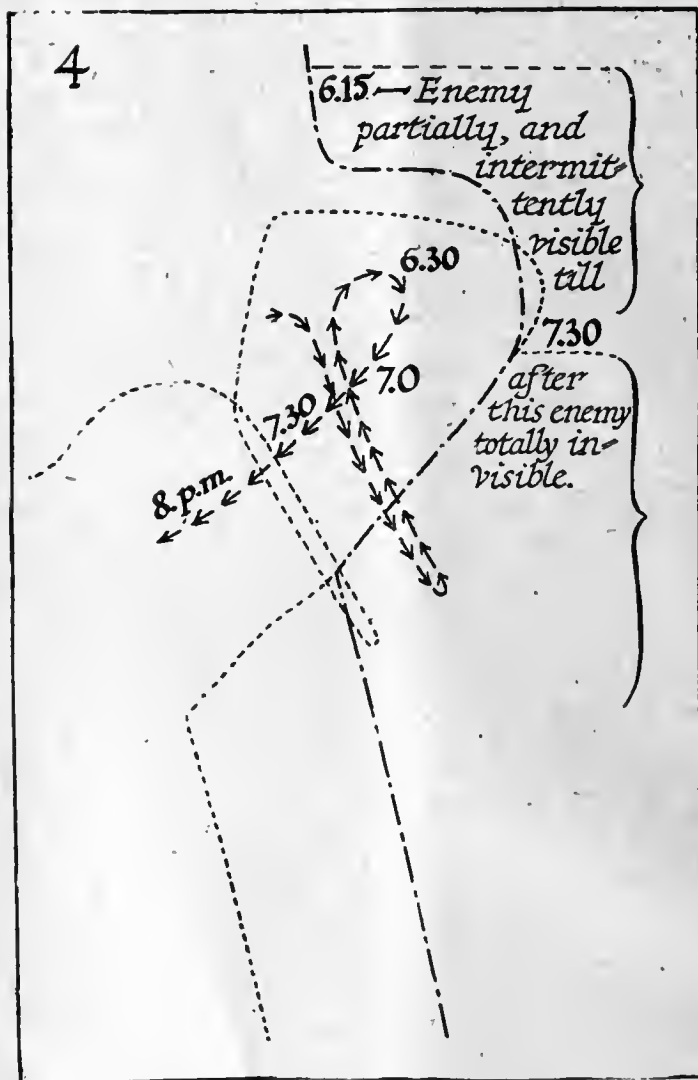
How local was the mist may be gathered from the following facts. The battle-cruisers, as we have seen,



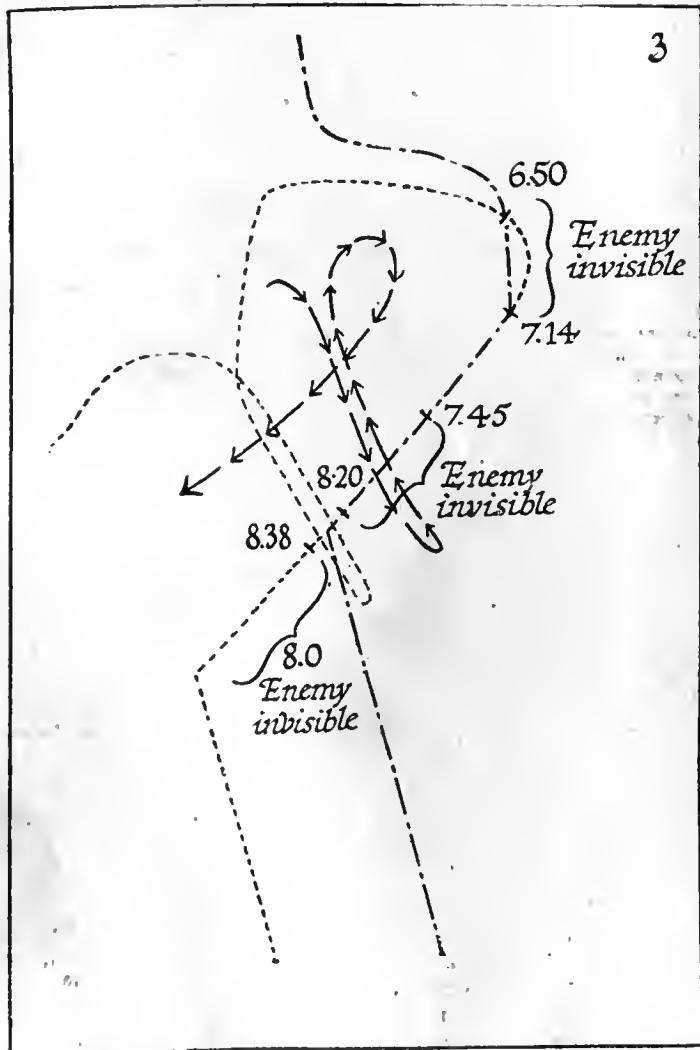
Sketch 2.—Shows the position of the Grand Fleet and the Germans at 7.30 when contact was lost

lost sight of the enemy at 6.50. But the First Battle Squadron, that is, the rear of the Grand Fleet, was in action during intervals up to 7.30, for it was at that moment that *Marlborough* fired fourteen salvos in succession at the German battleships, and she had closed the range at this point to 9,000 yards. The Fourth Battle Squadron—the centre—got into action at 6.30, but the Commander-in-Chief does not say when they ceased fire. The Second Battle Squadron—the van—was intermittently in action till 7.20. But it is not to be supposed that any portion of the Grand Fleet was *continuously* in action between 6.17 and 7.20, nor that all the ships in each squadron were able to engage at the same time. And unless a target is continually visible, the process of finding the range—which can only be done by the observation of the fall of salvoes—must be recommenced every time the target comes into sight. And as the process of finding the range is by no means a rapid one—as is shown by the special attention the Commander-in-Chief draws to the exceptional case of the flag ship—it follows that where the sight of the target is intermittent, the period of effective gunfire may be a quite small proportion of the total period of good visibility. The fall of the mist gave the enemy many advantages. It not only imposed a natural veil which hid his movements from the Commander-in-Chief, it not only obscured and hid the targets, it gave an added efficiency to the artificial screens which it is the policy of the retreating fleet to impose between itself and the enemy's guns. For in thick weather, smoke, instead of dissipating, clings to the surface of the sea, rises only slowly, and therefore constitutes a barrier to sight which remains an effective barrier while enemy ships can pass behind it.

In considering the share of the Grand Fleet, then, it is essential to bear in mind the condition of utter uncertainty in which the Commander-in-Chief not only had to fight his ships but to dispose of them. It was a factor that in all probability made it quite impossible to employ the fleet in any other formation than a single line, for to have worked by independent divisions would have been to risk British ships being taken by other British ships for enemies. And it is plain that, if the maintenance of a single line was imperative, the task of bringing the fleet once more into contact—once inability to detect



Sketch 4—This shows how from 6.15 to 7.30, the enemy was sometimes visible to some of Sir John Jellicoe's ships but never entirely visible to all his ships. After 7.30 the enemy was never seen again nor was contact regained.



Sketch 3.—This sketch shows the periods from 6.50 on when the enemy could not be seen from Sir David Beatty's Fleet

the enemy's retreating turn had led to its being broken—must have been a thing so extraordinarily difficult as to be impossible. In fact, the more this element in the battle is considered, the more baffling do the problems presented appear to be. When, therefore, the Board of Admiralty, after considering far more facts than are available to us, express their unqualified approval of Sir John Jellicoe's proceedings, we may rest assured that the official formula, which sounds strangely unenthusiastic to lay ears, has perhaps never been employed to express higher praise. For it is a tradition, on great occasions like this, that approval is only bestowed on those who have done the utmost possible with their force.

Speed and Naval Tactics

The despatches are not so long as they seem, because three-quarters of Sir David Beatty's despatch is included in Sir John Jellicoe's. The story of the doings of the Battle-Cruiser Fleet and the Fifth Battle Squadron are told in sufficient detail for it to be possible to appreciate, not only the high complexities introduced into modern sea fighting by the possibility of torpedo attacks on the opposing line, but also certain general principles of the tactics that superior speed makes possible. As to the combined work of the light craft with the capital ships in the first engagement between the battle cruisers and von Hipper, and then in the critical hour and a quarter between the junction of von Hipper with the High Seas Fleet and Beatty's turn at 6 o'clock, space does not permit of their being reviewed in any detail. To realise the extraordinary brilliancy of these performances both in these direct attacks on the main forces, and in driving at the enemy's screen at 2.20, between 5 and 6, when the Grand Fleet's scouts got into contact with the Germans ahead of Hood, and during what Mr. Carlyon Bellairs well names "the epics of night fighting," it is I think only necessary to read the despatches, carefully mark out those passages which deal with the fast light forces, and re-read those separately from the rest.

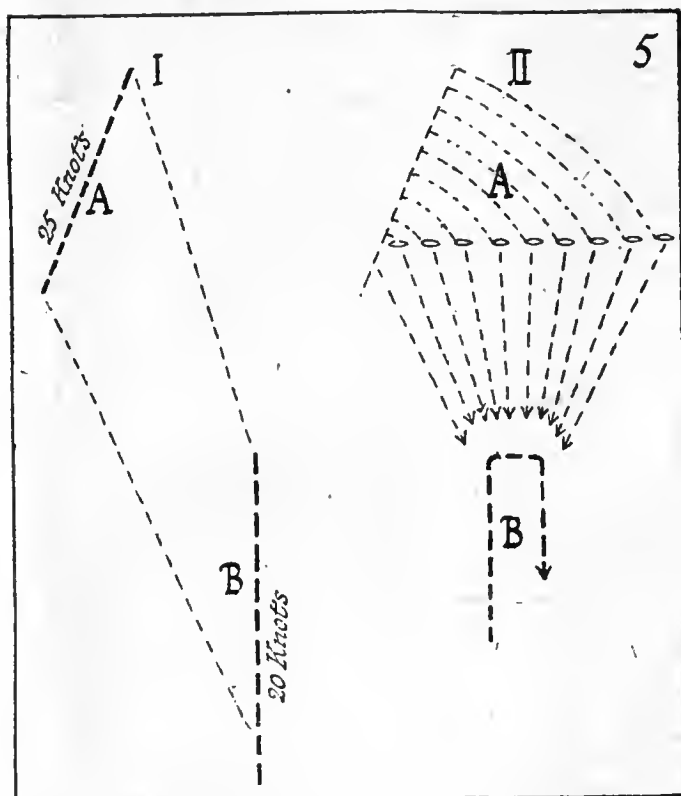
I see no reason for qualifying the judgment expressed in these columns within a week of the action, on the handling of the fast division between 2.20 and 6.30, when it left the German front clear for the Grand Fleet's attack. The report, however, supplies a straightforward and unanswerable reply to those who assumed that inordinate risks has been recklessly faced. Sir David Beatty shames his critics, and, no doubt quite unconsciously, throws a valuable light on his own personality. The day, he frankly confesses, was one of great anxiety and strain. He was throughout alive to the fact that his force could only fight at close quarters with great risk. "Caution," he says, "forbade me to close the range too much with my inferior force." Yet despite caution, despite the strain and anxiety, great risks had to be faced, and it is a measure of this remarkable man's fortitude when the risks that he faced were realised, when, that is to say, in the first half hour of action, he had lost one-third of the force immediately with him, it did not in the least alter the tactics he had, in view of all the risks, from the first determined to pursue.

Some Leading Questions

A large number of people are puzzled over the following questions. One expresses it in these words: "I see it stated that Sir David Beatty, when he turned north followed by the four Queen Elizabeths, drew the Germans on for an hour and a half towards the Grand Fleet. How does one fleet 'draw' another? Did the Germans know the Grand Fleet was approaching? If they did they must have steered northwards with the deliberate intention of forcing an engagement with it. If they did not, they must have gone north believing they were pursuing Beatty in the hopes of crippling his speed by gun fire or torpedo and then being able to overwhelm the damaged units. But if the Germans had Zeppelins as Sir David seems to suppose from his despatch, they must certainly have known of the Grand Fleet's approach. Yet their conduct when they met the Grand Fleet seems to show that they had no intention of fighting against such odds. Judged by this act the presence of the Grand Fleet was a surprise burst upon them sometime just before six o'clock. Another thing that puzzles me is this. Why at this moment, instead of turning East and maintaining this course for half an hour, did not Admiral von Scheer either turn altogether, or turn his line in succession from North to South and retreat at once to Heligoland? For by turning East he clearly ran the risk of being surrounded and crushed."

The probabilities of the case, as I see them, seem to be as follows. First, it is very unlikely that the Germans had any inkling that the Grand Fleet was coming to Sir David Beatty's assistance. They certainly had no idea of where the rendezvous would take place. I see no reason to doubt the statement in the German semi-official account of June 5th, that the weather conditions made the Zeppelins useless for scouting on May 31st. Their possible services from the first hours of daylight on the following day is another matter. The general plan then followed by the Germans at 4.45 seems to me on the whole to be in accordance with my correspondent's suggestion. It was a more or less voluntary movement carried out with the intention of picking up as many of Beatty's ships as possible. It is to be remembered that two of them had been sunk already, so that the prospects of further success may have seemed alluring. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that there was a very great difference between the conditions when Sir David Beatty was pursuing von Hipper to the South and those when Admiral von Scheer was following Sir David to the North. In the first case, the British objective was to cut off the German admiral from his base. The battle cruisers would be going their fastest possible speed, and the Queen Elizabeths consequently left so considerably in the rear as to afford little or no support during the entire movement. When, however, after the junction of the forces, Sir David headed north, the Queen Elizabeths formed the rear of his squadron, and as the whole squadron had a marked speed advantage over the German squadron, whose pace was regulated, not by the battle-cruisers but by battleships, there was no longer a tactical division of the English force. For its numbers it was, in offensive qualities, very much more powerful than any

corresponding number of the German force. The effect of this speed and gun superiority was that, once having started on a parallel course in pursuit of the British, the German Fleet was no longer entirely independent of the English admiral's movements. For we being five knots faster, and on the bow of the enemy, the latter could not alter course, except on a very gradual curve, without exposing first the head of his line, and then all the ships that turned in succession at that point, to being overwhelmed by the greatly superior gun power which speed would enable the British Admiral to concentrate while the turning movement was in progress. Had he attempted to turn all his ships together, so that the ship in the van became the rear ship, and the last the leader, he would have been both attempting an exceedingly difficult movement that might have thrown the whole of his line into confusion, and certainly would have created a condition of gunnery impotence for a considerable period, say, 10 minutes to a quarter of an hour, during which not so great an impotence would have been imposed upon the British by a turning movement that would have brought them at a sharp angle across the end of the line.



Sketch 5.—This sketch illustrates how a fast fleet (A) can control the movements of a slower fleet (B), even if (B) is a more numerous and more powerful force. For if (B) attempts to turn 16 points on a narrow arc, (A) will be able to attain a position at which he can concentrate all his broadsides on (B's) ships as they turn in succession, whereby (B's) ships will be exposed in groups of two or three against the whole of (A's) Force. (B) to turn with safety, must turn on a flat arc so as to keep as far as possible an equal number of broadsides bearing on (A), which is what Admiral von Scheer was compelled to do. This forced him well to the eastward and brought him opposite the Grand Fleet

To some extent then, from the beginning, Sir David Beatty's superior speed, by negating certain possibilities of the enemy, enabled him to retain the initiative and to impose his will upon the enemy. How he actually exercised this power is shown by what occurred at 6 o'clock. At this time undoubtedly the Germans did know of the proximity of the Grand Fleet, for at 5.45 Chester, who was ahead of Admiral Hood, engaged three of the enemy's light cruisers. Sir David, however, knew more than they. Although, as the Commander-in-Chief says, owing to an inevitable difference in estimating the rendezvous by reckoning, the exact point of junction was not known, yet within certain limits he could judge the area to which to steer so as just to clear the Grand Fleet's line. The real point no doubt is, that knowing this, as he must have done for fully half an hour, Sir David timed his turn so as to force the head of the enemy's line to the point where the Grand Fleet could overwhelm him. He was able to impose this movement upon the Germans precisely because, had they followed any other direction than that which they did, his speed would have

enabled him to extend the crumpling process, actually applied to the leading ships of the line, to all the ships in succession had the enemy attempted his retreat sooner than he did. It is the first exemplification, and a curiously luminous one, of the tactical advantage of a 25 to 30 percentage superiority in speed. But it is to be noted that when it came to the actual point of pushing this movement through, the 25-knot speed of the Queen Elizabeths did not suffice to enable them to keep station with the battle cruisers.

One cannot help speculating as to the might have beens. Sir David Beatty, on this occasion, had under his immediate command only six of the battle-cruisers. Hood's—the Third Squadron—was, for some reason or other, with the Grand Fleet. Again the Fifth Battle Squadron was short by the name ship of the class; and the Second Battle-cruiser Squadron was short of *Australia*. No fleet, of course, can keep at sea and be continuously carrying out gunnery and torpedo practices and the other innumerable exercises necessary for efficiency, without occasional alterations in the dispositions of the ships, and without involving an enormous wear and tear of machinery, fittings, etc., which make it almost inconceivable that, at any one moment each admiral should have under his command *all* the ships that nominally make up his total force. In the affair of the Dogger Bank, it will be remembered, Sir David Beatty had to go into action without *Queen Mary*, the best gunnery ship in his squadron. On the 31st May, he started on this great adventure with four battle-cruisers and one battleship short of the force that might have been under his command. He had, that is to say, ten ships instead of fifteen. What would have been the course of the action had he been fifty per cent. stronger than he was? Up to the junction with von Hipper, the course taken by the German would probably have been the same as it actually was. But it is unlikely that the fortunes of war would have led to the loss of two ships from the English side without a far greater loss on the German. What would Admiral von Scheer's choice have been, had he found himself at a quarter to five faced by thirteen ships instead of eight, and reinforced by perhaps three ships instead of possibly five? Would he with sixteen battleships and three of four battle-cruisers—some of them damaged—have been anxious to engage eight battle-cruisers and five Queen Elizabeths? And, on the other hand, would Sir David, at this point, have drawn northwards or felt justified in seeking close action with the German Fleet? Had von Scheer shown no sign of following to the north, it can, I think, be taken for granted that they would have been forced to fight their way back to Heligoland.

Navies Exist to Fight

There is a high desirability that the full stories of the doings of the light cruisers and destroyers should be given to us, if possible, in the seamen's own unexpurgated words. There seems to be no military reason against it, and one very important military reason in its favour. It is this. The original reception given to the news of the Battle of Jutland is a final proof that there still lingers in many minds—and not all of them lay minds—a theory that it is not the primary object of fighting ships to fight. The Jellicoe and Beatty despatches are, from first to last, a counterblast against this curious theory. Had it not been held, we should not, just because three battle-cruisers and three armoured cruisers had been lost, have had it hastily explained to us that we owed the "grievous" blow to the rash impetuosity of a too daring leader. It would have been taken for granted that as ships are built to fight, and it is impossible to fight without taking risks, losses would be inevitable. We should not have looked on the result in terms of losses being equivalent to defeat. I venture a month ago to say that the critics would be silenced and the fighting men vindicated when the truth was known. And the truth has been published and duly accepted by all far more quickly than was to be expected.

But this truth—the most vital of all naval doctrines—the most splendid possession of all the riches bequeathed to us by Hawke and Nelson, manifested as it is in all the main operations of our great victory, is still more strikingly taught by the light craft. Both admirals pay

ungrudging testimony to this effect. Napier, Goodenough and Sinclair "used their forces to the best possible effect," because invariably "they anticipated" the admiral's wishes. How did they do this? By closing with the enemy's scouts, often when odds as in the case of *Chester*, were three or four to one, and when in spite of odds, it was necessary to fight; or as in the case of Goodenough, when it was necessary to ascertain the movements of the German Fleet, he deliberately put his flagship within the zone of fire of all the leading enemy Dreadnoughts, so as to be sure of tactical information which though only momentarily true, might have been of vital import to his admiral. The day and night destroyers' stories tell all the same tale. And their teaching is of such enormous importance in giving a right turn to thought on naval affairs that I venture to urge the authorities to give us the fullest possible reports with the least possible delay.

The Submarine Liner

The arrival in an American port of a German submarine with a load of merchandise, has been saluted in the Press with such a display of headlines as is usually reserved for some great military event or at least a sensational murder. It is really a very trivial affair indeed. The boat itself, so far from being the alleged submersible liner, the predecessor of an under water fleet that was to replace Germany's lost argosies, turns out to be a submarine of the ordinary naval type minus its fighting equipment, and probably with engines of lower power. Not otherwise could the weights be sufficiently reduced to carry any useful amount of cargo. But even a few hundred tons of dyes are a valuable freight, though only one straw taken off the back-breaking load of our enemy's credit in America. The singular thing is not, of course, that the thing is done, but that it has not been done regularly. It is difficult to believe that Americans or Englishmen would not have broken blockade with raiders and got into regular communication with the outside world through submarines, from the very beginning, had people of our race been in the German position of the last two years. Gambetta escaping from beleaguered Paris in a balloon was obviously a far greater achievement. For his presence gave new life to the French armies in the South, and this undoubtedly affected the terms of the final surrender. Had Germany been able to send a capable general to East Africa or used the submarine in any other way to affect the fortunes of the war, the event might have had some importance. As it is, it is only worth notice because of the exaggerated notice it has already excited, and the excellent evidence it affords that the fight off Jutland has not improved Germany's sea position.

ARTHUR POLLEN

More Minor Horrors, by A. E. Shipley, Sc.D., (Smith, Elder and Co., 1s. 6d. net) deals in entertaining fashion with the habits of cockroaches, mosquitoes, rats, and one or two other pests which the war has brought into prominence. It contains a good deal of valuable information, and is distinctly a useful addition to the literature on insect life and ways. When the author passes from study of insects to that of rats and mice, he has few remedies to suggest for their extermination, but the book contains some useful hints for those troubled by mosquitoes, flies, and certain other pests that make life troublesome at times.

First-hand impressions of the effect of the first months of the war on Hungarian folk are provided by *Some Experiences in Hungary*, by Mina Macdonald. (Longmans, Green and Co. 5s. 6d. net) Miss Macdonald was a governess in a Hungarian family, and she records the suppression of bad news, the childlike faith in "Willy" of Potsdam, the pro-Russian attitude of the Slavs, and all the rest of the things she saw and heard in a way that is forcible by reason of its simple directness. Eighteen months have passed since the end of the time that this book describes, so that the book cannot be counted as a picture of to-day. It is, nevertheless, a very interesting study of the effects of war on a village in the White Carpathians, giving an insight to the conflicting racial sentiments animating the different peoples of this little known land.

The Kaiser as a Diplomatist

By Sir W. M. Ramsay

IT has been remarked that great men, who plume themselves on their diplomatic ability and on their power of managing other people, and of dealing with and hoodwinking nations and governments, have certain devices which they employ over and over again, satisfied that these devices are a sure way of gaining their ends. The Kaiser is, at least in his own estimation, a great man and a great diplomatist, and it must be acknowledged that with certain races and nations his diplomatic methods have proved effective up to a certain point. With peoples of a free spirit and patriotic self-respect, his methods are ineffective in the last degree, but with nations of a different order, the same methods seem to be much more useful.

One may classify nations in two orders, those with whom the Kaiser's diplomacy is effective, and those with whom it is ineffective. There is no middle class; either he revolts and outrages every national and self-respecting feeling in the people with whom he deals, or he succeeds in frightening them and benumbing their powers of judgment, and rendering them subservient to himself as his willing slaves.

A Favourite Device

There is one device of which he is especially fond. He knows himself to be one of the master strategists of military history, and the highest proof of his favour that he can give any nation is to furnish it with a strategic plan for any war in which it is engaged. His object for many years, in his relations with this country, was to delude the British nation into the belief that he was a sincere and cordial friend; and he himself, in a famous interview, referred to the fact that he had furnished a plan of campaign for the Boer War—after it had become evident, we should note, that the war must end in the defeat of the Boers—as the climax of a long series of actions which constituted perfect evidence of his sincere love for the English people. He admired the British fleet; he studied its history and its strategic methods; he sent his yachts to compete at Cowes; and in short, he aimed at the reputation in Britain of a good sportsman and a true gentleman.

In the Balkan troubles he employed the same device of giving strategic advice to the people engaged, for the purpose of establishing his influence with each so favoured; and in this way he succeeded in deluding and leading by the nose whole nations in the south-east of Europe, whereas in Britain he never succeeded in quite eradicating from the public mind a certain suspicion and doubt about his sincerity, though he did succeed in convincing many individuals of his good wishes and good intentions, if they were brought under the spell of his personal influence.

The facts regarding the action of the Kaiser in the Balkan troubles have not been sufficiently or quite correctly appreciated, and what I have to say is the record of what I knew at the time when it occurred, or recognised in its true bearing shortly after it had occurred. It was only after the Morocco business in 1911 that war with England was resolved upon as necessary in the immediate future, and the time actually fixed. For my own part, I had previously refused to believe the evidence of English friends, who knew Germany from long residence better than I did; and even the outspoken assertion of German friends (who said that they regretted it personally) that war was inevitable at no distant date, had failed to convince me that such an outrage would be permitted by the Divine Power. But man is only conceited and foolish when he thinks that he is able to interpret the divine purpose in the world. In the summer of 1912, however, the evidence of what I saw and heard, chiefly in Berlin, seemed conclusive, that war was coming immediately, and that it would break out in the year 1913. Every plan seemed to be then formed, and German acquaintances did not even pretend to conceal their certainty that the war must come now, and that victory was certain. Every German, from the Kaiser

to the humblest shop-boy, was fully convinced that the German army would march across France to the Atlantic Ocean, doing the parade-step the whole way, as the first act in the war with Britain.

Miscalculations

These plans were disturbed by the outbreak of the Balkan war, and by its unexpected issue. The Germans had never dreamed that Turkey would be defeated by the Balkan Alliance, and the discovery of this miscalculation was distinctly disconcerting. Moreover, the result raised up a strong power hostile to Germany, extending right across from the Danube and the Black Sea to the furthest western and southern coasts of Greece; and the army of this Alliance had to be reckoned as an enemy, which not merely discounted the German ally in Turkey, but even formed a distinct factor, not indeed of the highest importance, but still possessing some importance, arrayed on the side of Germany's enemies in the contemplated European war. This necessitated one of two things. One was to practise peaceful methods instead of world war; and as we know, though the present writer did not even guess it at the time, these peaceful methods would have been far more successful than the way of war, and would have placed Germany in a position to take toll of the whole commerce of the world, if they had been allowed free play for a certain period of years. Early in 1915 the present writer expressed the opinion to a far better authority, far more competent to judge about the trend of international commerce, that, if the Germans had continued peaceful methods for twenty years, Germany, in the world of commerce, would have been like one of the robber barons in the Middle Ages, who from a castle on the Rhine took toll of all trade that passed up and down the river. This authority, British by birth but American by citizenship, replied it would not have taken twenty, but only five years.

The other alternative open to Germany was to remake its plans, to increase its army, and if possible to break up the Balkan Alliance. The latter course was chosen—shall we say fortunately or unfortunately? Half a million was added to the army of Germany, and the Kaiser's diplomacy was brought into operation.

Austrian Intrigue

At that time, during the spring and summer of 1913, the world in general, including the present writer, imagined that it was mainly Austrian intrigue which was concerned in fomenting the disastrous quarrel within the Balkan Alliance, but subsequent events have shown clearly that the Kaiser was the guiding force even at that time. One of the Allies must be induced to quarrel with the others. Bulgaria naturally recommended itself, because its bitter hatred against both Serbia and Greece in the past was well known. The possession of Salonika was the apple of discord which was employed to stir up strife. Other districts were also involved, and other motives played a part, but the supreme consideration was the command of that great harbour. Both Bulgaria and Greece were bent on having it. Austria also was equally resolved on gaining possession of it, and to the united Austro-German power the possession of Salonika was almost as important as the dominating influence in Constantinople itself. A consideration of this fact should have shown both Greece and Bulgaria that there was no possible chance for either of them to gain possession of Salonika through a union with Austro-Germany; but both of them were so blinded by the eager desire for possession of the harbour, that they shut their eyes to the fact that the only possible chance for either of them to gain it lay in a peaceable arrangement within the Alliance.

The first step to break up the Alliance was the development of a rapprochement between Bulgaria and Turkey. Already, during the early spring of 1913, the idea was growing among the responsible authorities in Bulgaria

that an alliance with Turkey might be turned to their advantage. I heard at the time in Constantinople about various little incidents, which showed that the Bulgarian leaders during those months were taking steps to promote an understanding with Bulgaria; and an authority whom I have always regarded as almost the best informed source of information about Turkish affairs was fully convinced, at least as early as April 1913, and definitely stated to me in the beginning of May in that year, that we should see an alliance between Turkey and Bulgaria at no distant date. During those months the Bulgarian army was secretly concentrated in large force in a great camp not very far from Salonika. Everything was done to keep these military preparations secret. No stranger was allowed into the country: if he got in, he was not allowed to come out.

I heard of a German of rank, who had business in Dede-Agatch, and who went there with the highest recommendations, and what seemed apparently to be the strongest authorisation from Sofia. He was not allowed to land; and, when he appealed to the authorisation from Sofia, he was informed that, if he landed, he would not be allowed to leave. The same treatment was meted out to Germans as to all other Europeans. No risks were run. Absolute secrecy must be maintained. These facts were known to me in the middle of May 1913, but the sudden and treacherous attack made by the Bulgarians did not occur till many weeks later.

Bulgaria's Sudden Attack

All those preparations led up to a sudden attack by the Bulgarians on their allies, at what was understood to be a weak point on the northern flank of the Greek army and the southern flank of the Serbian. No one is in a position to prove that these events were caused by Austro-German intrigue; yet I know no one competent to judge who is not firmly convinced that this was the cause. The proceedings were of course secret, and can only be guessed. Germany and Austria were the gainers; everybody else lost; and the old principle in judging of guilt, attributed to the lawyer of the Roman Republic, "Who gains by it?" is as certain to be true in this case as it ever has been. Of course, I am not in a position to prove that the Kaiser actually suggested the Bulgarian plan of operations; the documents were not published to the world; but it is in accord with the general guidance assumed by Germany over the operations of its allies, that this plan was suggested from Berlin.

The blow was struck suddenly, without warning or declaration of war, at the weak point of the opposing line. And it failed disastrously. Here the Kaiser's diplomacy showed itself completely successful. A weak Bulgaria was what he needed; the strength of any one of the Balkan powers was an impediment in the way of Austro-German strategy, which did not want any one of these powers to be strong enough to make a bid for Salonika, or to be anything but a mere slave of the Austro-German government. The way to the Ægean harbour must be kept completely under the influence, if not actually in the possession of Austria, just as the way to Constantinople must be kept absolutely under the influence of Germany.

The Kaiser, therefore, encouraged Greece privately, and warned it of the impending Bulgarian stroke. A strategic plan was indicated to the King, and all preparations were made by the Greeks to meet the sudden blow. Thus it came about that everything on the Greek side was ready at the critical moment; and the Bulgarians, in place of attacking an unprepared army, peacefully encamped, found an army in the highest pitch of carefully prepared strength, ready to meet the attack at that particular point. The Kaiser's diplomacy was here entirely successful. He relieved Greece, he posed as the friend of Greece in that country, just as of Bulgaria at Sofia, and of Turkey at Constantinople.

The weakness of all those Powers is equally necessary for the success of German plans. Greece has ever since been pluming itself on the generalship which foresaw and prepared for the Bulgarian attack; but the Kaiser gets the gratitude and the services of those who knew and those who governed Greece. Bulgaria, having once put itself in slavery, remains the helpless slave of the Kaiser and the bound ally of Turkey. Turkey has

Verdun

By EMILE CAMMAERTS.

La neige saupoudre les collines,
La glace frange les ruisseaux,
Les bois découpent leurs ombres fines—
Vert des sapins, brun des bouleaux—
La Terre dort sous un ciel sourd.
La Meuse
Noire murmure une berceuse . . .
Et Verdun tient toujours.

Avril sourit sur les collines,
La crue gonfle les ruisseaux,
Les buissons chantent, les bois s'animent—
Noir des sapins, jaune des bouleaux—
La Terre fait un rêve d'amour,
La Meuse
Bleue roule ses eaux furieuses . . .
Et Verdun tient toujours.

Le soleil inonde les collines,
Les prés en fleurs et les ruisseaux,
Sous la feuillée, l'abeille butine—
Vert des sapins, vert des bouleaux—
La Terre se pâme au bras du Jour,
La Meuse
Claire démêle ses boucles langoureuses . . .
Et Verdun tient toujours.

Lutz est tombée, Koloméa,
Asiago et Posina—
La Terre mange ses conquérants—
La Boisselle tombe et Montauban,
Dompierre tombe et Becquincourt—
Tandis que, là-bas, la Meuse
Rouge berce ses eaux trompeuses . . .
Mais Verdun tient toujours!

Juillet 1916.

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suffered most of all; but the dominant party knows that it must obey Germany or be precipitated from power. When Austro-German forces attacked Serbia in 1915, Greece was ready at the proper moment to join, and thus a new Balkan alliance of Bulgaria, Turkey and Greece would have come into operation. The inevitable result would have been to force Rumania into the same boat, for there was no one to help her.

From this result the world was saved by the foresight and energy of France, which, hard pressed at home, sent troops to Salonika and induced Britain, slowly at first, to join in. But the Kaiser's diplomacy was within an ace of achieving a triumphant success.

An excellent account of recent events in Ireland is provided by *The Record of the Irish Rebellion*, a shilling volume published by *Irish Life*, 43, New Oxford Street, London. The events that led up to the rising are fully detailed, and the history of the rising itself, especially in Dublin, is given from the accounts of eye-witnesses and participants in the work of suppression. The officer commanding a machine gun section contributes a description of his work; the military operations as a whole, as far as Dublin is concerned, is for the first time given from various reliable sources, and these records are supplemented by "Impressions of the Street Fighting," by a civilian eye-witness who came into Dublin on the morning of the beginning of the revolt, and saw a considerable part of the fighting—and of the looting. An interesting feature is the inclusion of facsimiles of various documents issued by the rebel "government," in which the history of the revolt can be traced, with the hopes and fears of the leaders, and, to a certain extent, their reliance on German aid.

The record is valuable from the point of view of its pictorial contents as well as for its descriptive pages. Not only is there a fairly complete portrait gallery of the rebel leaders, but the scenes of destruction consequent on the Dublin outbreak are vividly shown, together with the nature of the improvised barricades in the city and the effects of shell-fire on the besieged buildings.

Fear

By Patrick MacGill

THE nocturnal rustling of the field surrounded me, the dead men lay everywhere and anyhow, some head-downwards in shell holes, others sitting upright as they were caught by a fatal bullet when dressing their wounds. Many were spread out at full length, their legs close together, their arms extended, crucifixes fashioned from decaying flesh wrapped in khaki. Nature, vast and terrible, stretched out on all sides; a red star shell in the misty heavens looked like a lurid wound dripping with blood. Loos was a mile away from the trench and I was going down there for water.

I walked slowly, my eyes fixed steadily on the field ahead, for I did not desire to trip over the dead, who lay everywhere. As I walked a shell whistled over my head and burst against the Twin Towers, and my gaze rested on the explosion. At that moment I tripped on something soft and went headlong across it. I got to my feet again and looked at the dead man. The corpse was a mere condensation of shadows with a blurred though definite outline. It was a remainder and a reminder; a remnant of clashing steel, of rushing figures, of loud-voiced imprecations—of war, a reminder of mad passion, of organised hatred, of victory and defeat. Engirt with the solitude and loneliness of the night it wasted away, though no waste could alter it now; it was a man who was not; henceforth it would be that and that alone.

For the thing there was not the quietude of death and the privacy of the tomb, it was outcast from its kind. Buffeted by the breeze, battered by the rains it rotted in the open. The air was full of it, the night stunk with its decay. Life revolted at that from which life was gone, the quick cast it away for it was not of them. The corpse was one with the mystery of the night, the darkness and the void. In Loos the ruined houses looked gloomy by day, by night they were ghastly. A house is a ruin when the family that dwelt within its walls is gone; but by midnight in the waste, how horrible looks the house of flesh from which the soul has departed. We are vaguely aware of what has happened when we look upon the tenantless home, but man is stricken dumb when he sees the tenantless body of one of his kind. I could only stare at the corpse until I felt that my eyes were as glassy as those on which I gazed. The stiffness of the dead was communicated to my being, the silence was infectious; I hardly dared to breathe. "This is the end of all the mad scurry and rush," I said. "What purpose does it serve? And why do I stand here looking at the thing?" There were thousands of dead around Loos; fifty thousand perhaps, scattered over a few square miles of country, unburied. Some men even might still be dying.

The bullets whistled past my ears. The Germans had a machine gun and several fixed rifles trained on the Vallé crossroads outside Loos, and all night long these messengers of death sped out to meet the soldiers coming up the road and chase the soldiers going down.

The sight of the dead man had shaken me; I felt nervous and could not restrain myself from looking back over my shoulders at intervals. I had a feeling that something was following me, a Presence, vague and terrible, a spectre of the midnight and the field of death.

I am superstitious after a fashion, and I fear the solitude of the night and the silent obscurity of the darkness. Once, at Vermelles, I passed through a deserted trench in the dusk. There the parapet and parados was fringed with graves, and decrepit dug-outs leant wearily on their props like hags on crutches. A number of the dug-outs had fallen in, probably on top of the sleeping occupants, and no one had time to dig the victims out. Such things often happen in the trenches, and in wet weather when the sodden dug-outs cave in, many men are buried alive.

The trench wound wayward as a river through the fields, its traverse steeped in shadow, its bays full of mystery. As I walked through the maze my mind was full of presentiments of evil. I was full of expectation, everything seemed to be leading up to happenings weird and uncanny.

things which would not be of this world. The trench was peopled with spectres; soldiers, fully armed, stood on the firing steps, their faces towards the enemy. I could see them as I entered a bay, but on coming closer the phantoms died away. The boys in khaki were tilted sandbags heaped on the banquette, the bayonets splinters of wood sharply defined against the sky. As if to heighten the illusion, torn ground sheets hanging from the parados, made sounds like travelling shells, as the breezes caught them and brushed them against the wall.

I went into a bay to see something dark grey and shapeless bulked in a heap on the fire step. Another heap of sandbags I thought. But no. In the darkness of the weird locality realities were exaggerated and the heap which I thought was a large one was in reality very small; the mere soldier, dead in the trench, looked enormous in my eyes. The man's bayonet was pressed between his elbow and side, his head bending forward almost touched the knees, and both the man's hands were clasped across it as if for protection. A splinter of shell which he stooped to avoid must have caught him. He now was the sole occupant of the deserted trench, this poor frozen effigy of fear. The trench was a grave unfilled. . . . I scrambled over the top and took my way across the open towards my company.

Once, at midnight, I came through the deserted village of Bully-Grenay, where every house was built exactly like its neighbour. War has played havoc with the pattern, however, most of the houses are shell-stricken, and some are levelled to the ground. The church stands on a little knoll near the coal-mine, and a shell has dug a big hole in the floor of the aisle. A statue of the Blessed Virgin sticks head downwards in the hole; how it got into this ludicrous position is a mystery.

The Germans were shelling the village as I came through. Shrapnel swept the streets and high explosives played havoc with the mine; I had no love for a place in such a plight. In front of me a limber was smashed to pieces, the driver was dead, the offside wheeler dead, the nearside wheeler dying and kicking its mate in the belly with vicious hooves. On either side of me were deserted houses with the doors open and shadows brooding in the interior. The cellars would afford secure shelter until the row was over, but I feared the darkness and the gloom more than I feared the shells in the open street. When the splinters swept perilously near to my head I made instinctively for an open door, but the shadows seemed to thrust me back with a powerful hand. To save my life I would not go into a house and seek refuge in the cellars.

I fear the solitude of the night, but I can never ascertain what it is I fear in it. I am not particularly interested in the supernatural and spiritualism, and table rapping is not at all to my taste. In a crowded room a spirit in my way of thinking loses its dignity and power to impress, and I am at times compelled to laugh at those who believe in manifestations of disembodied spirits.

Once, at Givenchy, a soldier in all seriousness spoke of a strange sight which he had seen. Givenchy church has only one wall standing, and a large black crucifix with its nailed Christ is fixed to this wall. From the trenches on a moonlight night it is possible to see the symbol of sorrow with its white figure which seems to keep eternal watch over the line of battle. The soldier of whom I speak was on guard; the night was very clear, and the enemy were shelling Givenchy church. A splinter of shell knocked part of the arm of the cross away. The soldier on watch vowed that he saw a luminous halo settle around the figure on the Cross. It detached itself from its nails, came down to the ground, and put the fallen wood back to its place. Then the Crucified resumed His exposed position again on the Cross. It was natural that the listeners should say that the sentry was drunk.

It is strange how the altar of Givenchy church and its symbol of Supreme Agony has escaped destruction. Many crosses in wayside shrines have been untouched though the locality in which they stand is swept with eternal artillery fire.

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Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay, who obtained a commission in the new Army was wounded at Loos. With his friend Sandy, the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot, he is convalescing in Hampshire, when a telegram, from Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, summons him to London. Sir Walter asks him to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. It is a secret that, in his opinion, may possibly lead to a big uprising throughout Asia and Africa. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. This paper was handed to the British headquarters in Mesopotamia by an officer—Sir Walter's son—wounded to death in obtaining it, who died without speaking. Hannay undertakes the mission, provided Sandy, who has a liking for work in dangerous places of the earth, joins him. Sandy consents. Sir Walter introduces him by letter to a wealthy American gentleman, John S. Blenkiron, a large fat man suffering from indigestion, with a weakness for Patience, strongly pro-Ally and delighting in adventure. On November 17th, the three dine together at a London flat, and agree to meet in a disreputable café in a back street of Constantinople two months later—on January 17th. Sandy decides to go to Constantinople disguised as a Turk; John S. Blenkiron is to drop into Germany as his own self by way of Scandinavia; Hannay, who has lived in South Africa as a mining engineer and can speak Dutch perfectly, is to enter Germany through Holland as a Boer from Western Cape Colony. So they part.*

CHAPTER III

Peter Pienaar

OUR various departures were unassuming, all but the American's. Sandy spent a busy fortnight in his subterranean fashion, now in the British Museum, now running about the country to see old exploring companions, now at the War Office, now at the Foreign Office, but mostly in my flat, sunk in an armchair and meditating. He left finally on December 1st as a King's messenger for Cairo. Once there I knew the King's Messenger would disappear and some queer Oriental ruffian take his place. It would have been impudence in me to inquire into his plans. He was the real professional, and I was only the dabbler.

Blenkiron was a different matter. Sir Walter told me to look out for squalls, and the twinkle in his eye gave me a notion of what was coming. The first thing the sportsman did was to write a letter to the papers signed with his name. There had been a debate in the House of Commons on Foreign policy, and the speech of some idiot there gave him his cue. He declared that he had been heart and soul with the British at the start, but that he was reluctantly compelled to change his views. He said our blockade of Germany had broken all the laws of God and humanity, and he reckoned that Britain was now the worst exponent of Prussianism going. That letter made a fine racket, and the paper that printed it had a row with the Censor.

But that was only the beginning of Mr. Blenkiron's campaign. He got mixed up with some mountebanks called the League of Democrats against Aggression, gentlemen who thought that Germany was all right if we would only keep from hurting her feelings. He addressed a meeting, under their auspices, which was broken up by the crowd, but not before John S. had got off his chest a lot of amazing stuff. I wasn't there, but a man who was told me that he never heard such a speech. He said that Germany was right in wanting the freedom of the seas, and that America would back her up, and that the British Navy was a bigger menace to the peace of the world than the Kaiser's army. He admitted that he had once thought differently, but he was an honest man and not afraid to face facts. The oration closed suddenly, when he got a brussel-sprout in the eye, at which my friend said he swore in a very unpacifist style.

After that he wrote other letters to the press saying that there was no more liberty of speech in England, and a lot of scallywags backed him up. Some Americans wanted to tar and feather him, and he got kicked out of the Savoy. There was an agitation to get him deported, and questions were asked in Parliament, and the Under-Secretary for Foreign

Affairs said his department had the matter in hand. I was beginning to think that Blenkiron was carrying his tomfoolery too far, so I went to see Sir Walter, but he told me to keep my mind easy. "Our friend's motto is 'Thorough,'" he said, "and he knows very well what he is about. We have officially requested him to leave, and he sails from Newcastle on Monday. He will be shadowed wherever he goes and we hope to provoke more outbreaks. He is a very capable fellow."

The last I saw of him was on the Saturday's afternoon when I met him in St. James's Street and offered to shake hands. He told me that my uniform was a pollution, and made a speech to a small crowd about it. They hissed him and he had to get into a taxi. As he departed there was just a suspicion of a wink in his left eye. On Monday I read that he had gone off and the papers observed that our shores were well quit of him.

I sailed on December 3rd from Liverpool in a boat bound for the Argentine that was due to put in at Lisbon. I had of course to get a Foreign Office passport to leave England, but after that my connection with the Government ceased. All the details of my journey were carefully thought out. Lisbon would be a good jumping-off place, for it was the rendezvous of scallywags from most parts of Africa. My kit was an old Gladstone bag, and my clothes were the relics of my South African wardrobe. I let my beard grow for some days before I sailed, and, since it grows fast, I went on board with the kind of hairy chin you will see on the young Boer. My name was now Brandt, Cornelis Brandt—at least so my passport said, and the Foreign Office does not lie.

There were just two passengers on that beastly boat and they never appeared till we were out of the Bay. I was pretty bad myself, but managed to move about all the time, for the frowst in my cabin would have sickened a hippo. The old tub took two days and a night to waddle from Ushant to Finisterre. Then the weather changed and we came out of snow-squalls into something very like summer. The hills of Portugal were all blue and yellow like the Kalahari, and before we made the Tagus I was beginning to forget I had ever left Rhodesia. There was a Dutchman among the sailors with whom I used to patter the *taal*, and but for "Good morning" and "Good evening" in broken English to the Captain, that was about all the talking I did on the cruise.

We dropped anchor off the quays of Lisbon on a shiny blue morning, pretty near warm enough to wear flannels. I had now got to be very wary. I did not leave the ship with the shore-going boat, but made a leisurely breakfast. Then I strolled on deck, and there, just casting anchor in the middle of the stream, was another ship with the blue and white funnel I knew so well. I calculated that a month before she had been swelling the mangrove swamps of Angola. Nothing better could answer my purpose. I proposed to board her, pretending I was looking for a friend, and come on shore from her, so that anyone in Lisbon who chose to be curious would think I had landed straight from Portuguese Africa.

I hailed one of the adjacent ruffians, and got into his row-boat, with my kit. We reached the vessel—they called her the *Henry the Navigator*—just as the first shore-boat was leaving. The crowd in it were all Portuguese, which suited my book.

But when I went up the ladder the first man I met was old Peter Pienaar.

There was a piece of sheer monumental luck. Peter had opened his eyes and his mouth and had got as far as "*Allemachtig*" when I shut him up.

"Brandt," I said, "Cornelis Brandt. That's my name now, and don't you forget it. Who is the captain here? Is it still old Sloggett?"

"Ja," said Peter, pulling himself together. "He was speaking about you yesterday."

This was better and better. I sent Peter below to get hold of Sloggett, and presently I had a few words with that gentleman in his cabin with the door shut.

"You've got to enter my name on the ship's books. I came aboard at Mossamedes. And my name's Cornelis Brandt."

At first Sloggett was for objecting. He said it was a felony. I told him that I dared say it was, but he had got to do it, for reasons which I couldn't give but which were highly creditable to all parties. In the end he agreed and I saw it

done. I had a pull on old Sloggett, for I had known him ever since he owned a dissolute tug-boat at Delagoa Bay.

Then Peter and I went ashore and swaggered into Lisbon as if we owned De Beers. We put up at the big hotel opposite the railway station, and looked and behaved like a pair of low-bred South Africans home for a spree. It was a fine bright day, so I hired a motor car and said I would drive it myself. We asked the name of some beauty-spot to visit and were told Cintra and shown the road to it. I wanted a quiet place to talk, for I had a good deal to say to Peter Pienaar.

I christened that car the Lusitanian Terror, and it was a marvel that we did not smash ourselves up. There was something immortally wrong with its steering-gear. Half a dozen times we slewed across the road, inviting destruction. But we got there in the end, and had luncheon in a hotel opposite the Moorish palace. There we left the car and wandered up the slopes of a hill, where, sitting among scrub very like the veld, I told Peter the situation of affairs.

But first a word must be said about Peter. He was the man that taught me all I ever knew of veld-craft, and a good deal about human nature besides. He was out of the Old Colony—Burgersdorp I think, but he had come to the Transvaal when the Lydenburg goldfields started. He was prospector, transport rider, and hunter in turns, but principally hunter. In those days he was none too good a citizen. He was in Swaziland with Bob Macnab, and you know what that means. Then he took to working off bogus gold propositions or Kimberley and Johannesburg magnates, and what he didn't know about salting a mine wasn't knowledge. After that he was in the Kalahari, where he and Scotty Smith were familiar names. An era of comparative respectability dawned for him with the Matabele War, when he did uncommon good scouting and transport work. Cecil Rhodes wanted to establish him on a stock farm down Salisbury way, but Peter was an independent devil and would call no man master. He took to big-game hunting which was what God intended him for, for he could track a tsessebe in thick bush, and was far the finest shot I have seen in my life. He took parties to the Pungwe flats, and Barotseland, and up to Tanganyika. Then he made a speciality of the Ngami region, where I once hunted with him, and he was with me when I went prospecting in Damaraland.

When the Boer War started, Peter, like many of the very great hunters, took the British side and did most of our intelligence work in the North Transvaal. Beyers would have hanged him if he could have caught him, and there was no love lost between Peter and his own people for many a day. When it was all over and things had calmed down a bit, he settled in Bulawayo and used to go with me when I went on trek. At the time when I left Africa two years before, I had lost sight of him for months, and heard that he was somewhere on the Congo poaching elephants. He had always a great idea of making things hum so loud in Angola that the Union Government would have to step in and annex it. After Rhodes Peter had the biggest notions south of the Line.

He was a man of about five foot ten, very thin and active, and as strong as a buffalo. He had pale blue eyes, a face as gentle as a girl's, and a soft sleepy voice. From his present appearance it looked as if he had been living hard lately. His clothing was of the cut you might expect to get at Lobito Bay, he was as lean as a rake, deeply browned with the sun, and there was a lot of grey in his beard. He was fifty-six years old, and used to be taken for forty. Now he looked his age.

I first asked him what he had been up to since the war began? He spat, in the Kaffir way he had, and said he had been having Hell's time.

"I got hung up on the Kafue," he said. "When I heard from old Letsitela that the white men were fighting I had a bright idea that I might get into German South West from the North. You see I knew that Botha couldn't long keep out of the war. Well, I got into German territory all right, and then a *skellum* of an officer came along and commandeered all my mules, and wanted to commandeer me with them for his fool army. He was a very ugly man with a yellow face." Peter filled a deep pipe from a koodoo-skin pouch.

"Were you commandeered?" I asked.

"No. I shot him—not so as to kill, but to wound badly. It was all right for he fired first on me. Got me too in the left shoulder. But that was the beginning of bad trouble. I trekked east pretty fast, and got over the border among the Ovamba. I have made many journeys but that was the worst. Four days I went without water, and six without food. Then by bad luck I fell in with 'Nkitha—you remember, the half-caste chief. He said I owed him money for cattle which I bought when I came there with Carowab. It was a lie, but he held to it, and would give me no transport. So I crossed the Kalahari on my feet. Ugh, it was as slow

as a vrouw coming from *nachtmaal*. It took weeks and weeks, and when I came to Lechwe's kraal, I heard that the fighting was over and that Botha had conquered the Germans. That, too, was a lie, but it deceived me, and I went north into Rhodesia, where I learned the truth. But by then I judged the war had gone too far for me to get any profit out of it, so I went into Angola to look for German refugees. By that time I was hating Germans worse than hell."

"What did you propose to do with them?" I asked.

"I had a notion they would make trouble with the Government in those parts. I don't specially love the Portuguese, but I'm for him against the Germans any day. Well, there was trouble, and I had a merry time for a month or two. But, by and bye, it petered out, and I thought I had better clear for Europe, for South Africa was settling down just as the big show was getting really interesting. So here I am, Cornelis, my old friend. If I shave my beard, will they let me join the Flying Corps?"

I looked at Peter sitting there smoking, as imperturbable as if he had been growing mealies in Natal all his life and had run home for a month's holiday with his people in Peckham.

"You're coming with me, my lad," I said. "We're going into Germany."

Peter showed no surprise: "Keep in mind that I don't like the Germans," was all he said. "I'm a quiet Christian man, but I've the devil of a temper."

Then I told him the story of our mission.

"You and I have got to be Maritz's men. We got into Angola, and now we're trekking for the Fatherland to get a bit of our own back from the infernal English. Neither of us knows a syllable of German—publicly. We'd better plan out the fighting we were in—Kakamas will do for one, and Schuit Drift. You were a Ngamiland hunter before the war. They won't have your *dossier* so you can tell them any lie you like. I'd better be an educated Afrikaner, one of Beyers's bright lads, and a pal of old Hertzog. We can let our imagination loose about that part, but we must stick to the same yarn about the fighting."

"Ja, Cornelis," said Peter. (He had called me Cornelis ever since I had told him my new name. He was a wonderful chap for catching on to any game.) "But after we get into Germany, what then? There can't be much difficulty about the beginning. But once we're among the beer-swillers I don't quite see our line. We're to find out about something that's going on in Turkey? When I was a boy the predikant used to preach about Turkey. I wish I was better educated and remembered whereabouts on the map it was."

"You leave that to me," I said. "I'll explain it all to you before we get there. We haven't got much of a trail, but we'll cast about and with luck will pick one up. I've seen you do it often enough when we hunted koodoo on the Kafue."

Peter nodded. "Do we sit still in a German town?" he asked anxiously. "I shouldn't like that, Cornelis."

"We move gently eastward to Constantinople," I said.

Peter grinned. "We should cover a lot of new country. You can reckon on me, friend Cornelis. I've always had a hankering to see Europe."

He rose to his feet and stretched his long arms.

"We'd better begin at once. God, I wonder what's happened to old Solly Maritz with his bottle face? Yon was a fine battle at the drift when I was sitting up to my neck in the Orange praying that Brits' lads would take my head for a stone."

Peter was as thorough a mountebank, when he got started, as Blenkiron himself. All the way back to Lisbon he yarned about Maritz and his adventures in German South West till I half believed they were true. He made a very good story of our doings, and by his constant harping on it I pretty soon got it into my memory. That was always Peter's way. He said if you were going to play a part you must think yourself into it, convince yourself that you were *it*, till you really were it and didn't act but behaved naturally. The two men who had started that morning from the hotel door had been bogus enough, but the two that returned were genuine desperadoes, itching to get a shot at England.

We spent that evening piling up evidence in our favour. Some kind of republic had been started in Portugal, and ordinarily the cafés would have been full of politicians, but the war had quieted all these local squabbles, and the talk was of nothing but what was doing in France and Russia. The place we went to was a big well-lighted show on a main street, and there were a lot of sharp-eyed fellows wandering about that I guessed were spies and police agents. I knew that Britain was the one country that doesn't bother about this kind of game, and that it would be safe enough to let ourselves go.

I talked Portuguese fairly well, and Peter spoke it like a Lourenço Marques bar-keeper with a lot of Shangaan words to fill up. He started on curaçoa, which I reckoned was a new

drink to him, and presently his tongue ran freely. Several neighbours pricked up their ears and soon we had a small crowd round our table.

We talked to each other of Maritz and our doings. It didn't seem to be a popular subject in that café. One big blue-black fellow said that Maritz was a dirty swine who would soon be hanged. Peter quickly caught his knife-wrist with one hand and his throat with the other, and demanded an apology. He got it. The Lisbon *boulevardiers* have not lost any lions.

After that there was a bit of a squash in our corner. Those near us were quiet and polite, but the outer fringe made remarks. When Peter said that if Portugal, which he admitted he loved, was going to stick to England she was backing the wrong horse, there was a murmur of disapproval. One decent-looking old fellow, who had the air of a ship's captain, flushed all over his honest face, and stood up looking straight at Peter. I saw that we had struck an Englishman, and mentioned it to Peter in Dutch.

Peter played his part perfectly. He suddenly shut up, and, with furtive looks around him began to jabber to me in a low voice. He was the very picture of the stage conspirator.

The old fellow stood staring at us. "I don't very well understand this damned lingo," he said. "But if so be you dirty Dutchmen are sayin' anything against England, I'll ask you to repeat it. And if so be as you repeats it I'll take either of you on and knock the face off him."

He was a chap after my own heart, but I had to keep the game up. I said in Dutch to Peter that we mustn't get brawling in a public house. "Remember the big thing," I said quickly. Peter nodded, and the old fellow, after staring at us for a bit, spat scornfully, and walked out.

"The time is coming when the Englander will sing small," I observed to the crowd. We stood drinks to one or two, and then swaggered into the street. At the door a hand touched my arm, and looking down, I saw a little scrap of a man in a fur coat.

"Will the gentlemen walk a step with me and drink a glass of beer?" he said in a very stiff Dutch.

"Who the devil are you?" I asked.

"*Gott strafe England*," was his answer, and, turning back the lapel of his coat, he showed some kind of ribbon in his buttonhole.

"Amen," said Peter. "Lead on, friend. We don't mind if we do."

He led us to a back street and then up two pair of stairs to a very snug little flat. The place was full of fine red lacquer and I guessed that art-dealing was his nominal business. Portugal, since the republic broke up the convents and sold up the big royalist grandees, was full of bargains in the lacquer and curio line.

He filled us two long tankards of very good Munich beer.

"*Prosit*," he said, raising his glass. "You are from South Africa. What make you in Europe?"

We both looked sullen and secretive.

"That's our own business," I answered. "You don't expect to buy our confidence with a glass of beer?"

"So?" he said. "Then I will put it differently. From your speech in the café I judge you do not love the English."

Peter said something about stamping on their grandmothers, a Kaffir phrase which sounded gruesome in Dutch.

The man laughed. "That is all I want to know. You are on the German side?"

"That remains to be seen," I said. "If they treat me fair I'll fight for them, or for anybody else that makes war on England. England has stolen my country and corrupted my people and made me an exile. We Afrikanders do not forget. We may be slow but we win in the end. We two are men worth a great price. Germany fights England in East Africa. We know the natives as no Englishmen can ever know them. They are too soft and easy and the Kaffirs laugh at them. But we can handle the blacks so that they will fight like devils for fear of us. What is the reward, little man, for our services? I will tell you. There will be no reward. We ask none. We fight for hate of England."

Peter grunted a deep approval.

"That is good talk," said our entertainer, and his close set eyes flashed. "There is room in Germany for such men as you. Where are you going now, I beg to know?"

"To Holland," I said. "Then maybe we will go to Germany. We are tired with travel and may rest a bit. This war will last long and our chance will come."

"But you may miss your market," he said significantly. "A ship sails to-morrow for Rotterdam. If you take my advice, you will go with her."

This was what I wanted, for if we stayed in Lisbon some real soldier of Maritz might drop in any day and blow the gaff.

"I recommend you to sail in the *Machado*," he repeated. "There is work for you in Germany—oh, yes, much work; but if you delay the chance may pass. I will arrange your

journey. It is my business to help the allies of my fatherland."

He wrote down our names and an epitome of our doings contributed by Peter, who required two mugs of beer to help him through. He was a Bavarian, it seemed, and we drank to the health of Prince Rupprecht, the same blighter I was trying to do in at Loos. That was an irony which Peter unfortunately could not appreciate. If he could he would have enjoyed it.

The little chap saw us back to our hotel, and was with us next morning after breakfast, bringing the steamer tickets. We got on board about two in the afternoon, but on my advice he did not see us off. I told him that, being British subjects, and rebels at that, we did not want to run any risks on board, assuming a British cruiser caught us up and searched us. But Peter took twenty pounds off him for travelling expenses, it being his rule never to miss an opportunity of spoiling the Egyptians.

As we were dropping down the Tagus we passed the old *Henry the Navigator*.

"I met Sloggett in the street this morning," said Peter, "and he told me a little German man had been off in a boat at daybreak looking up the passenger list. Yon was a right notion of yours, Cornelis. I am glad we are going among Germans. They are careful people whom it is a pleasure to meet."

(To be continued)

Union Jack Club Fund

We publish below the third list of subscribers to the Union Jack Extension Fund, up to Friday, July 7th:

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(To be continued.)

All contributions should be forwarded to:

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Empire House, Kingsway,

London, W.C.

Envelopes should be marked "U.J.C. Fund." and all the cheques should be crossed "Coultts Bank."



The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Empire House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

A New Blouse Coat



This new and pretty smock coat is a happy compromise between blouse and sports coat, and marks a fresh departure in practical attire.

These smock coats are made in a variety of materials. In thick Astron Cotton they are delightful, and cost a guinea. This washes beautifully and is in a big range of lovely colourings. Japanese Osaka crêpe is another fabric, and specially thick washing silk also looks well. They will, however, be made in anything to order, and built on the graceful lines indicated in the sketch never fail to please.

Waterproof Kit

Waterproof kit for women workers has received special attention by a firm of experts on waterproof garments. They make excellent waterproof coats and skirts from 55s. upwards, or skirts and jackets will be sold separately. The short full skirt is of apron shape buttoning down the front, the belted coat properly ventilated is sensibly long and wide skirted, and has big convenient pockets. Ever since the firm started this class of garment they have been inundated with enquiries from women all over the country, and are executing orders as hard as they can go.

It is well worth while sending for a special catalogue giving full descriptions, sketches and prices. Ladies' rubber boots, just the thing for wet weather and coming far up the leg, are listed, so are some capital oilskins.

The same people also keep some showerproof cloth suits. They cost two guineas and are admirable.

A British Manufacture

Since the war British industries have had a chance they never had before, and some of them have forged ahead and flourished. This is very true of some delightful woven underwear, an entirely British manufacture deserving all praise. It is called the Meridian Interlock Fabric, and has been taken up by one shop who do an immense woven underwear trade.

Few things they have sponsored have proved so successful. Not only is the underwear inexpensive, but it is very durable, elastic and soft, being indeed smooth as velvet to the wear.

Combinations, vests, spencers and knickers are all made, and during the sale now progressing cost less than ever. A sale catalogue giving all particulars will promptly be forwarded.

Of special interest, however, are some "chemi" vests. These vests are specially long and full, serving the dual purpose of vest and chemise. They serve for all climates and seasons, and during the sale cost but 3s. 3d. each. Delightfully soft, comfortable and strong, these chemi vests mark an epoch in underwear.

Of Immense Interest

shilling each, but such is the case nevertheless at a most enticing sale of Table Linen. These dinner napkins represent the breaking up of old stock. Some come from broken packets, or the corresponding table cloths have been sold, others may be slightly soiled, a few have minute wearer's damages, but one and all represent most genuine sale bargains, and these are reductions which will mean even more in the near future than now. Prices are bound to be, doubled if not trebled in the linen markets, if indeed shortage of flax does not lead to more serious consequences.

Cheaper dinner napkins of lesser quality are being sold at 4½d., 6½d., and 9½d. each, the reduction of price in every case being nothing short of remarkable.

A feature is also being made of perfect Old Bleach Linen Damask cloths for Gateleg and other tables. The name of Old Bleach is sufficient to guarantee their worth. Cloths originally priced at 15s. 11d. are now half a guinea, and the chance is one to be eagerly snapped up by all housewives.

Quaint coated frocks are being much used for restaurant wear now, and very pretty many of them are, in spite of being somewhat unusual to the English eye. The coats are really rather deep boleros with long sleeves. Most of them have an upstanding collar at the back, opening in front to show a low square cut dress beneath. To be at its best the coat should be of stamped or embossed velvet, the frock being of very full ninon or tulle.

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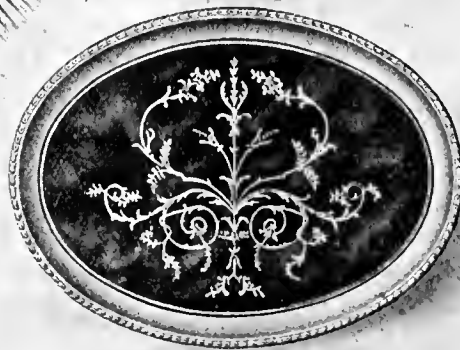


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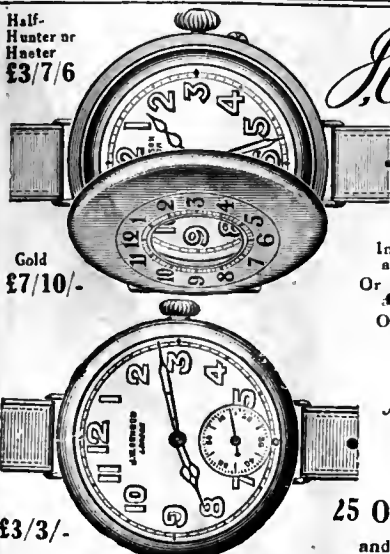
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LAND & WATER

Vol. LXVII No. 2828 [54TH YEAR]

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1916

[REGISTERED AS] PRICE SIXPENCE
[A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY



By Louis Raemaekers

Drawn exclusively for Land and Water.

Germany's Climb to World Power



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THE POLITICAL SIDE

IT is characteristic of the somewhat irrational moods produced by the strain of war that the general offensive of the Allies—now deliberately engaged—should have rendered real again what had seemed for so long mere academic debate; the discussion of the general settlement that should follow the war. The great offensive has before it we know not what fortunes, good or bad. We only know that the Allies are now well in the saddle, have a necessary advantage henceforward in numbers, in munitionment and in *moral*. There no longer exists the paradoxical situation which hampered them so grievously last year; equality growing into superiority in the West, but the grave difference in power of munitionment between the enemy and the Russians in the East.

The fundamental principle of a settlement is one upon which opinion is now so agreed and firm that it only needs statement. The few who might desire to qualify that statement through old connection, or through financial interest or through whatever other motives, can no longer stand against, or even deflect the pouring tide of national opinion. It must be rendered absolutely impossible for Prussia to bring about such a disaster again; and there is only one way of doing that, which is to destroy Prussia as a military state. If Prussia as a military state, the leader and organiser of Central Europe, remains in existence at the end of the war, able to raise armies and to ally herself and her dependents with other armies formed upon her own model, the common civilisation of Europe, already grievously wounded by the tremendous strain of the defence it has had to put up during the last two years, will rapidly decline; and all that each of the Allied nations values as its own soul will be wholly distorted and will in part perish.

We do not know how rapidly the military situation may develop. It is however possible, though not probable, that the enemy's exhaustion may lead to a decline far more rapid than most of us are expecting, and if victory finds us unprepared with at any rate the large lines of the Peace which the Allies should dictate, that unpreparedness would be a great moral asset for the enemy. It is not for any private section of opinion or for any one organ, or even for any one nation in the Alliance to say in detail that things should be thus or thus, but it is the task of all of us to consider what salient points there are in the settlement upon which we can all be agreed.

There is, in the first place, a root principle which is

not vague or general, but capable of fairly exact definition in concrete terms. We mean the principle of nationality. It certainly cannot be tolerated at the close of this war that Slav populations, Roumanian populations, or Italian populations shall remain subject to any one of the group which has been organised by Prussia as a menace to the rest of Europe. There has been in this matter a little too much cynicism, especially since the defection of Bulgaria. The enemy has been given no small opportunity to blaspheme. "You went out for the liberty of the smaller nations," he and his sympathisers say, "or at any rate you pretended to do so. What you now find is Greece coerced, Bulgaria in arms against you, the rest of the smaller peoples are neutral, and some of them (in opinion) actually hostile." The answer is simple enough. It is true that the accidents of the war have developed the anomalies just mentioned, but they remain anomalies. They will teach us in the settlement to restrain and to limit such of the smaller nations as have betrayed the trust reposed in them. But those accidents do not eliminate the principle of nationality.

Prussia, in a hundred ways and through a hundred pens and tongues, and that for generations, has definitely taken the ground that this ideal of nationality was, in her eyes, contemptible. She has ridiculed it everywhere and, where it was in her power, she has ignored it. In making her pay the price for such a blasphemy we must also erect against her the principle of nationality again with greater force than ever in Europe. But that is not all. There are not only the smaller nations, which stand in jeopardy, there are also certain things essential to the common life of Europe which accidents of geography have now left the monopoly of our enemies. The entry to the Baltic—that is to-day in practice the control of the Kiel canal—is one. The Dardanelles is another. The island refuges of the Adriatic are a third. No settlement will be tolerable which does not secure the free passage of the Black Sea trade and of the Baltic trade, and the freedom of the Adriatic.

Lastly, there is the question which we in the West had half forgotten, but which is really the key question of all—the situation of Poland. Here we are not dealing with a smaller nation whose freedom may be imperilled. We are dealing with a great nation which has been murdered. It was the original murder of Poland by Prussia which brought about in long sequence, more than any other one historical event, the awful disaster of the last two years. Poland must be raised from the dead. Since it will not be possible so to restore Poland that it shall form an equilibrium with the great military Powers, Poland must be restored with its weight leaning to the Russian and not to the German side. And Poland so restored gives guarantee after guarantee in every aspect, commercial, territorial, military for the stability of peace in a renewed Europe.

A large reunited Poland reduces North Germany (and Prussia in particular) to its true limits. It is a standing proof and symbol of their chastisement. An autonomous Slav population bounds and limits the German confederation and, if the point be not thought too sentimental, a freed Poland throws up a sort of bastion of ancient civilisation which it is vastly to the interest of the Allied Powers to erect and to maintain, for Poland has ever been, in spite of her geographical situation, a nation of ancient classical culture in civilisation and in spirit. The very buildings of her great cities—Thorn, for instance, or Cracow—where they date from the time of her freedom are buildings much more like our own, than the vulgar disfigurements that a modern Germanism has erected among them. So far as a territorial settlement is concerned, this re-creation of an untrammelled, autonomous Poland—Slav not German, in its dynastic attachment—will form, as it were the very test of our success in this war.

The Offensive in Picardy

By Hilaire Belloc

THE offensive upon the two banks of the Somme has continued during the course of the week in a fashion which the experience of now eighteen days has taught us to consider normal. Its main features are common knowledge. The River Somme divides into two unequal areas the field of operations; a smaller one to the south between the Roman road and the river; a larger one to the north between the Somme and the Ancre. The former was rapidly occupied up to the great bend of the Somme in front of Peronne by the French in the first days of the offensive. They have remained upon the advanced positions they there took several days ago while upon the north of the Somme the extreme left of the French, and beyond them the whole mass of the British forces, have occupied the same space of time in forcing their line more gradually forward. The causes of the slower advance north of the river have already been suggested in these columns.

Equally common knowledge from ample description in our Press is the nature of this slower advance to the north of the Somme, the alternate periods of intensive bombardment followed by the infantry work which, in wave after wave, continues to master one belt of territory after another.

The process had reached upon Monday the line of dots upon Map I. It ran just in front of Thiepval, included the whole of the ruins of Ovilliers; crossed the high road from Albert to Bapaume, between the ruins of Ovilliers and those of Pozieres (which the advance has not yet occupied). It then ran north of Bazentin Le Petit straight across to the wood called the Wood of Deville, which lies just east of and touches the captured ruins of Longueval. So far as can be gathered from the communiqués hitherto published the whole of this wood was in the hands of the British by Monday night. At this point, just beyond Deville Wood, the line turns a corner, just including the strongly fortified ruins of Watrelot Farm, leaving the ruins of Guillemont in the hands of the enemy and thence running almost due south to the Somme upon a line which is in French hands and includes the ruins of Hardecourt village.

South of the Somme, of course, the line extends right up to the marshy fields opposite Peronne. The village of Biaches, recaptured for a moment by the Germans, is now firmly in French hands as is the farm called La Maisonette, the ruins of which stand upon a bold projecting rounded knoll 150 feet above the Somme and directly overlook Peronne. The little wood between Biaches and the Maisonette would seem to have still had a few Germans in its extreme north-eastern end when the French communiqué of Monday was sent out.

So much for the geographical position upon Monday. But as we all know thoroughly by this time, geographical position is but one indication of success or failure, and the great offensive has many other features more important in themselves and of greater value as indications of the success it has hitherto maintained than the mere occupation of an advance over these Picardy fields.

The operation here, as throughout all Europe is—to repeat once more a formula which, though stale, is the foundation of the whole matter—an effort to make the enemy's lines "crumble." It may be that before the crumbling process becomes decisive there will be an actual break. It is to be hoped, and if it should take place it will be an immediate and perhaps decisive advantage.

But the plan is not primarily a plan for producing such a break.

It is primarily a plan for attacking the enemy with the utmost vigour not only in several places at once but in a gradually increasing number of places as the plan develops. And these attacks, whether their scene be Picardy or the Trentino or Volhynia or the Carpathians or the front before Riga or the sector covering Baranovichi junction, each of them compel an enemy concentration. Each of them in compelling such a concentration puts an

immediate strain upon the lateral communications to the right and the left. Each of them leaves the enemy in doubt as to where exactly he should throw (and in what quantities) his rapidly diminishing reserves of men, and to all this one must add the actual numerical loss inflicted by foes who are now his superiors in man-power and at least his equals in munitionment.

This vast action in Picardy upon which all our eyes in this country are directed is one of actually six points now blazing fiercely, for we must add to it the great furnace of Verdun; the now violent actions pressing the Austrians in the Trentino; the Russian thrust upon the Carpathian Border; the double action north and south in the salient of Lutsk; Evert with a blow just struck and another to come in front of Baranovichi. Everywhere it is the same story. Everywhere the enemy concentrates in what he believes will be sufficient strength, and everywhere the strength of the Allies, though it has not yet by any means reached its maximum, ultimately masters the ground.

In this particular case of the great Picard offensive we are arrived at a point in its advance which is of considerable topographical interest because that advance has all but reached a series of positions from which the country to the north lies under direct observation.

It is a matter of some importance to the comprehension of the battle and I must deal with it in detail.

Topography of the Franco-British Offensive

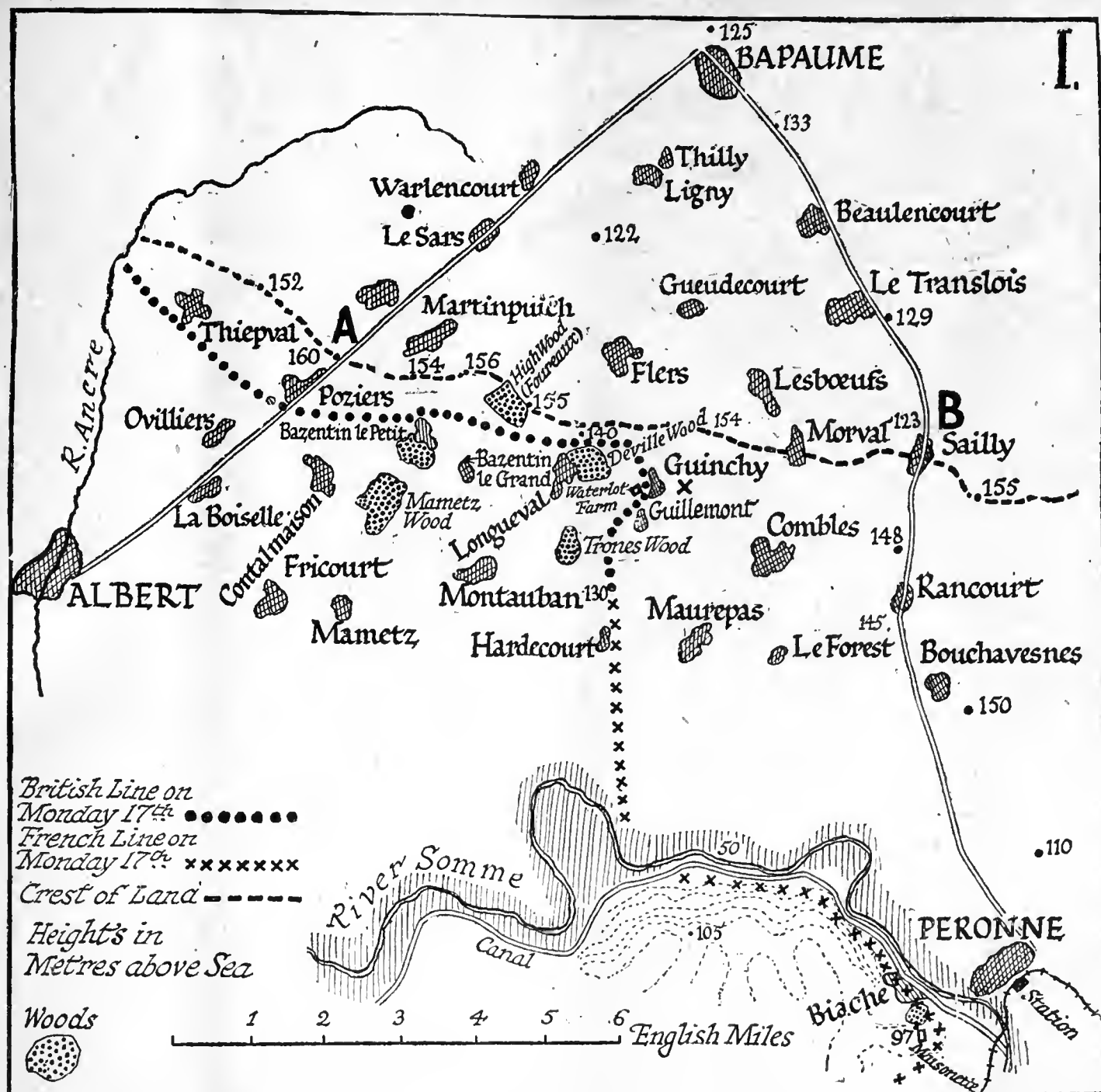
The valley floors of the Ancre and the Somme are roughly 150 feet above the sea.

The country between the two streams over which the British are advancing is to the eye confused and rolling. It seems at first quite an unordered jumble of rounded plateaux separated by valleys now shallow, now steep, like the seas that tumble when there has come a cross wind after a gale. But there is none the less a plan underlying this apparent chaos, for generally speaking, the whole land is rising from the Somme and the Ancre eastward and northward, and from the fields once cultivated by the men of Montauban, of Contalmaison and Hardecourt, one sees before one an horizon ridge whenever one is standing upon an open flat of the plateaux. This horizon ridge is not even, it has dents and valleys cutting it. It is none the less fairly defined to the eye as upon the map, and you may say that it runs very nearly due east and west from the neighbourhood of Pozieres upon the Albert-Bapaume road to the neighbourhood of Sailly upon the Peronne-Bapaume road, and its highest points are more than 300 feet above the rivers.

I have marked it upon Map I. by the letters A and B at either extremity.

When I say "ridge" I do not mean, of course, anything sharp and steep. It is only a succession of swells of land and the actual summits are so rounded and slight that they can with difficulty be discovered. But from below as one comes up from Albert and from the Somme the whole of these flattish lumps in series form a sky line. The highest point of all the countryside is, I think, at the point A just beyond Pozieres upon the Albert-Bapaume road. At any rate, walking along that road in the old days of peace one saw all the countryside to the north and east before one from that hill top. But the ridge, as you go on eastward, is only a few feet less high. The Wood of Fourceaux, for instance, which the English have christened "The High Wood," and which stands—or stood before it was shelled—in a long line against the sky from the ground below, is only 15 or 16 feet lower than the point upon the high road, and there is a field to the east of Guinchy village (which I have marked with an "X") which, though lower than these two points, is very conspicuous, and was formerly the site of a semaphore station when news was conveyed by signals from the Belgian frontier to Paris.

The reader will note, I think, with interest, that the British alignment upon the north is now all but touching this culminating series of flat heights which are, by the



way, the watershed between the Somme basin and that of the Scarpe. Indeed, a British body has already been upon the summit itself for, as the communiqués have told us, the most advanced portion of the British forces got into and held Foureaux Wood ("The High Wood,") but as that position formed too sharp a salient for the moment they were brought back to the main line last Sunday night.

The long drawn-out story of trench warfare has taught us not to exaggerate position and has quite corrected us of the error (to which my studies in these pages were at first particularly liable) of judging the results of a movement almost entirely by this factor of position.

To occupy, to master, higher land does not mean at all what it meant in former wars. For instance, there is no such thing as an exposed gun position to-day, and there will be hardly ever what may be called a dominating position. Nine-tenths of fire is indirect. But position still has a value of its own and that value is essentially the value of direct observation. With the Allied troops upon the line between A and B upon Map I, the country to the north up to the region of Bapaume and beyond, though retaining, of course, large areas concealed in depressions, is generally under view.

So much for the first point. The second point in connection with the present phase of the advance to which I would call attention is the echelon formation which seems to have underlain the general plan from the beginning.

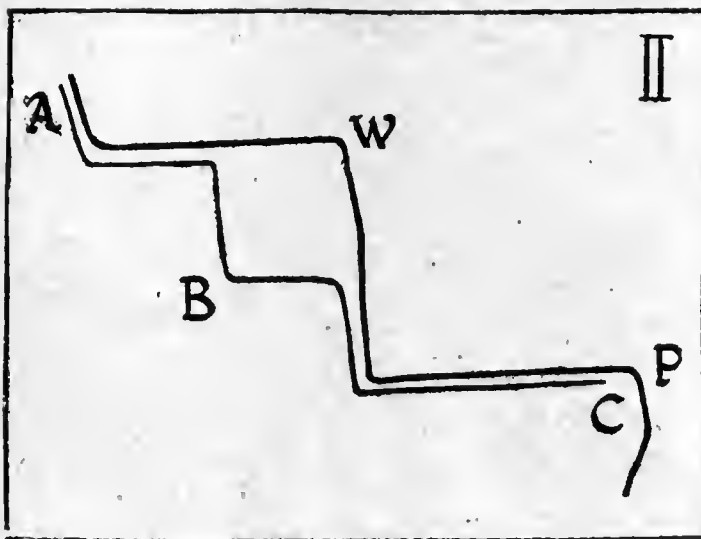
Look at the line as it at present stands and you have something which is diagrammatically the scheme of Sketch II., here appended with Peronne at P and Watrelot farm at W and deep rectangular indentations upon either side of W. If you will examine the lines in any stage of the advance from the 1st of July onwards, you will find it to

have presented a scheme of this sort at any given moment of its development. After the capture of Contalmaison, for instance, and before the recent capture of the Bazentins and of Longueval, it was very much like the second of the two lines upon Sketch II.; the one marked A—B—C. Now this shape in the line, though largely of course due to the accidents of the fighting is not wholly capricious. It would seem to be part of a general scheme whereby the deliberate creation of salients in the enemy's sorely pressed front gives the Allies fields upon which they can converge their fire from either flank so that the whole process becomes a sort of biting into the enemy's lines in consecutive clutches; each such clutch mastering a salient artificially created in the enemy's territory against his will.

Lastly, and more important than either of these two points, is the nature of the resistance which the offensive has to meet. I mean the scheme of the German lines.

Whenever one sees the tracings upon a large scale or the photographs of the enemy's trench work, whether it be here in the West or copies of similar documents drawn up upon the Eastern front, one is struck by the extreme elaboration of what may be called "the crust," that is, the first line and its contrast with the far more elementary second and third lines.

There is only so much energy to go round. All belligerents since trench warfare began, have, of course, devoted the greater part of their energy to their first line when they desired to take up a permanently defended position. But it would seem that the enemy has devoted a still higher proportion of his available power to the advanced as compared with the retired parallels. It was a feature which we noted in Champagne ten months ago,



and my readers may remember how I later pointed out in contrast with the fighting round Verdun, the enemy depended upon the resisting power of his first line. What does this mean in the case of such an offensive as the present? It means that the success of the operation is to be tested not only in the concentration it compels upon the enemy, the sucking up of his reserves and the losses inflicted upon the concentration once effected, (the triple numerical effect of an offensive), *but in the extent also to which one can prevent, by the rapidity or the violence of one's further blows as one advances, his formation of new lines.*

If you either advance with such rapidity or strike with such weight that your total offensive effect is rising more rapidly than your enemy's defensive power can recreate itself, then you are upon a curve which leads straight to victory, and that is what every offensive is trying to do. There have in the present case been unavoidable factors opposing our success; much the chief of these has been the weather. The enemy has had more time than he otherwise would have had to dig himself in and to create new lines in the place of those he has lost. Nevertheless, in spite of this adverse factor of the weather in the situation, the progress of the offensive has been singularly regular. The inability to check it; the lack of a serious reaction against the alternate bombardments and advances as yet has been by far its most marked feature. The enemy, it must be remembered, had nearly two years in which to create that "crust" which has been broken to pieces over an extent of 14 miles from the fields just outside Villers to the fields just south of Thiepval. We may be certain that all the energy he can now command is being furiously concentrated

upon the consolidation of his third line, along the ridge, and whatever new work he is beginning beyond. But he is doing that work under such a fire as he never knew before, and within limits of time exceedingly restricted.

I do not know whether anyone has been at the pains of contrasting what has happened here upon the Somme with what happened when the Germans delivered their first great blow against Verdun. At any rate, I have not seen the thing tabulated in any part of our Press, so it may be worth noting here.

No matter what test you take—the number of unwounded prisoners taken, the number of divisions against which the blow was delivered, the accuracy, the rate, and the weight of the artillery preparation, the expense in men necessary to the result, the artillery captured, or even the acreage of territory over which the advance has proceeded, *the offensive on the Somme has shown itself in every single point superior to the German effort upon the Verdun sector last February and early March.* The blow was struck against forces more numerous than the forces holding the line from Ornes to the Meuse. It struck against a wider front; captured more ground more quickly; took far more prisoners and far more guns. By any test you like to apply it was at once the greater and the better of the two operations. It is a curious proof of the way in which the war may be misunderstood that such a contrast has not generally occurred to the public mind.

It will be interesting to note the effect of the general offensive to which the enemy is now subjected upon his official casualty lists. The result will be a very good measure of his present confusion.

I do not mean that we shall learn very much by noting the numbers of casualties admitted, because such numbers are invariably false. The enemy admits less than the truth. But I mean that a certain object which he now has clearly in view each time he edits his lists will be more necessary of attainment than ever it was before, and if he is not able to attain that object fully, it will be a very striking proof indeed of the disarray into which his present embarrassments have thrown him. That object is the continued deception of a great and important body of opinion in this country.

Nowhere else throughout the Alliance are the German casualty lists taken seriously. The French possess positive proof of their incompleteness, and the Russians have also been able to apply tests proving the same upon their side.

But in England, especially during the last few months, the enemy has unfortunately attained in some measure the end he had in view, and he has got not only a considerable section of opinion, but an influential one to accept his figures as accurate.

The Russian Offensive

WHAT has happened upon the Russian front in the past week is this: Bothmer still stands advanced in the centre with his large Austro-German army. In the south, at X and Y on Map III., the Russians threaten the Carpathian roads into Hungary.

In the north the enemy has been compelled *from lack of effectives* to fall back upon the left hand side (at A on Map III.) of the great Lutsk salient exactly as he was compelled the week before to fall back from the right hand side (at B) and to abandon the line of the Styr for that of the Stokhod.

In other words the real importance of the news is not so much that the enemy has had to give ground as that he has had to give ground because he is anxious for the strength of his line and cannot at the moment sufficiently reinforce it.

It is an exceedingly important matter, for it is upon the general anxiety of the enemy proceeding from such a cause that the whole character of the campaign depends at this moment.

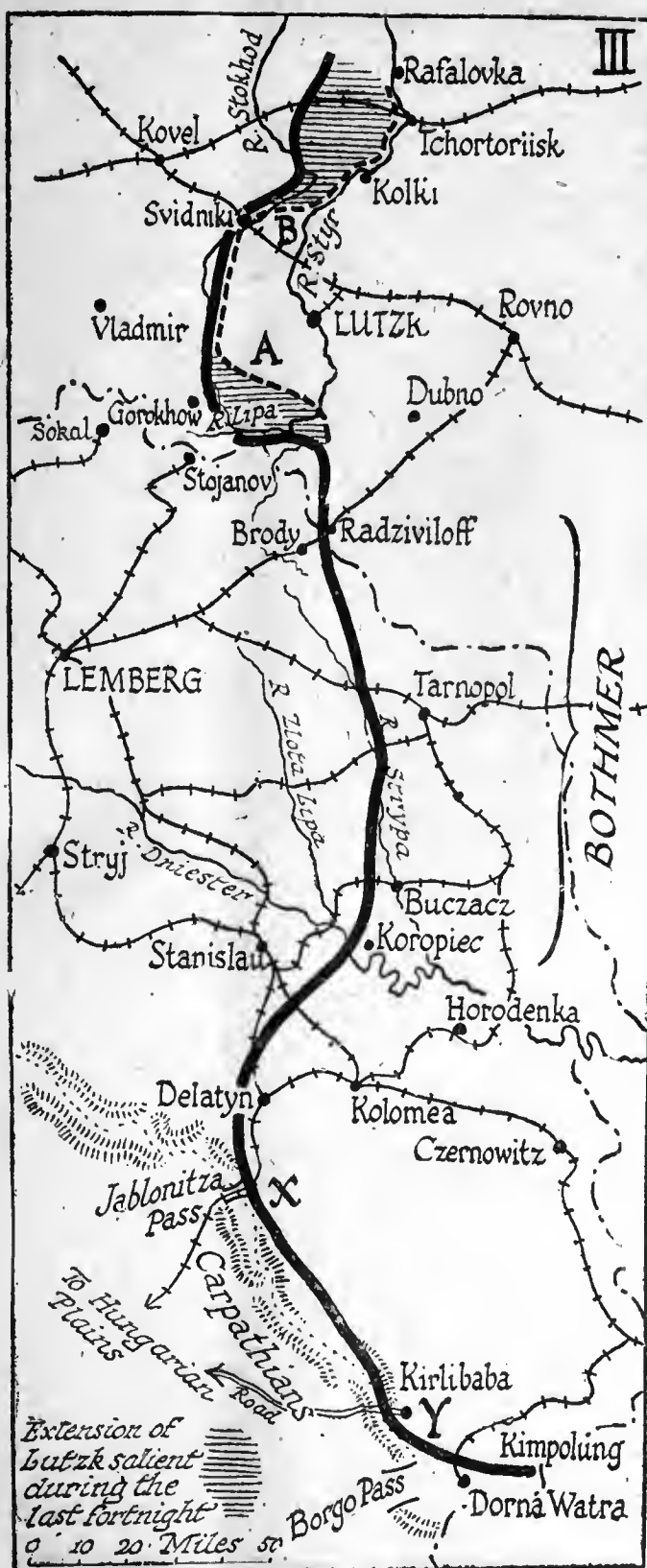
How can we be certain that it was anxiety for the strength of his line which made him thus retire upon the left hand side of the great Lutsk salient? The statement sounds paradoxical, because by so retiring he actually added to the mileage which he had to hold: for it is clear

that every enlargement of a salient increases in length the sector to be defended.

Nevertheless, we are certain that he retired from penury of men by noting the nature of the retirement. It was, in his own words, unmolested. In other words, after having suffered very heavily numerically from prolonged action, he withdrew the remainder of his forces at night unpressed by his foe and he fell back from a position more or less open to a position naturally defended which, *though somewhat longer in actual mileage could, for a breathing space, be held by less men.*

In order to understand this let the reader glance at the accompanying sketch, which contains, of course, only the bare elements of the situation, but which is sufficient to explain it.

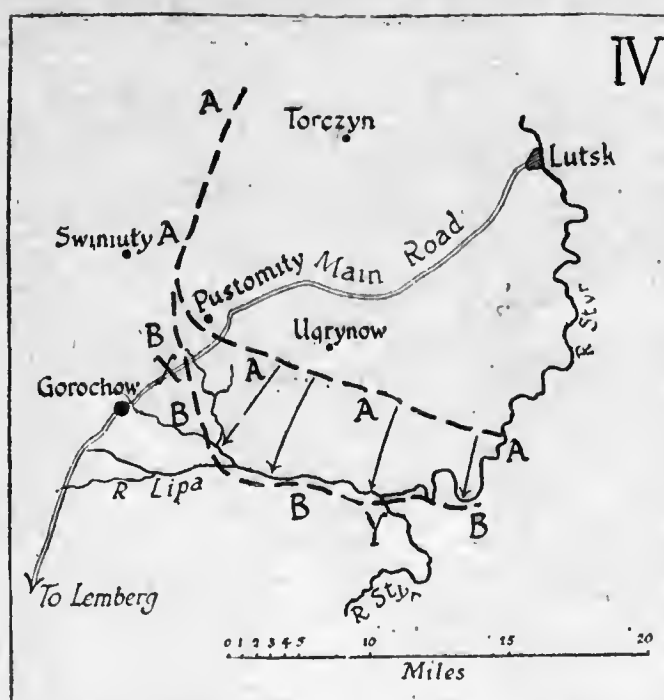
Here on the south-western or left hand corner of the great Lutsk salient, the line lay as does the line A.A.A. on the accompanying Map III., and for many days there had been an undecided and furious struggle going on from the Styr at one end to the bend near Swiniuty at the other over a distance of about sixteen miles. The left hand of the enemy's line, that is the part in front of and near Pustomity was largely reinforced by Germans. It is the furthest point south to which the Germans have been able to send reinforcements directly in aid of their ally since the great Russian offensive began. For the two German



divisions with Bothmer in the centre (if there are still two) were present before the Russian offensive began. Onward eastward or to the right of the great main road between Lutzk and Lemberg the troops were Austrian. The centre of the whole battle, the place from which it might well take its name, was Ugrynow, about seventeen miles south-west of Lutzk, and it was there, I fancy, that the command was stationed during the action.

Apparently in the night of Sunday last the determination was arrived at to fall back under the Russian pressure and after the losses sustained from this, which I may call the Ugrynow line, to a new line approximately that of B-B-B upon Map III. What was the advantage to the enemy of such a move and how does it spare him men?

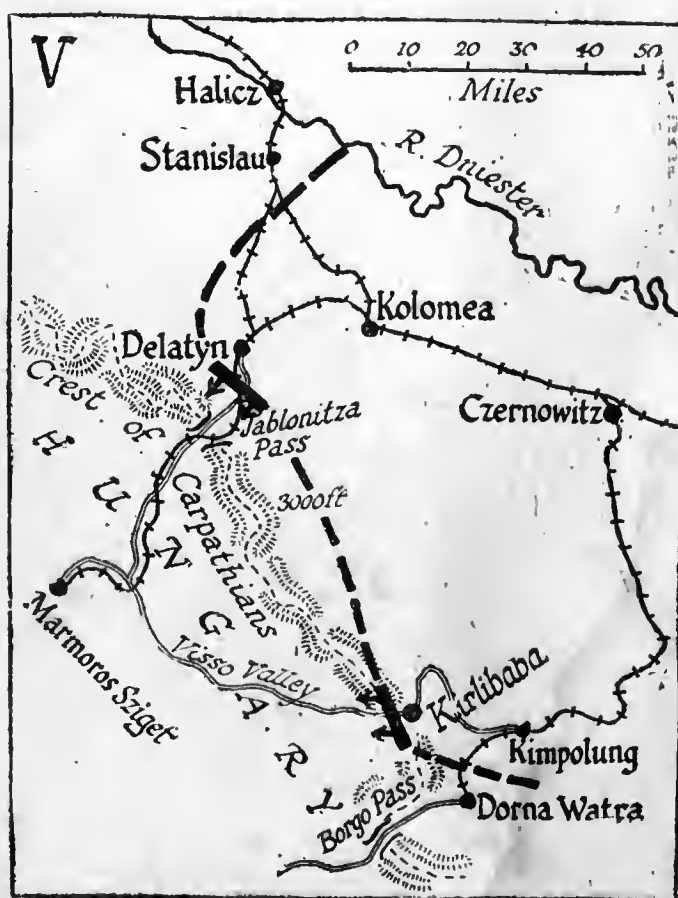
It puts a marshy valley floor, that of the Volhynian Lipa and its upper tributaries, between the defeated force and the Russians; that is why the retirement was undertaken. Further, I am inclined to believe, though there is yet no mention of it, that some retirement has taken place on to the right of these lines, so that the extension of actual mileage held by the retirement may not be so serious as would appear from the map. For it is obvious that the line B-B-B is longer on the map than the line A-A-A.



The River Lipa is a small tributary of the Styr, very sluggish and muddy and flanked upon both sides by bog, which extends almost along its entire course. The upper part of the stream with its branching sources is particularly sodden with great belts of marshy meadow upon either side. You may say, therefore, that from about the point X to about the point Y Linsingen's Austro-Germans and the purely German divisions reinforcing him upon his left, now stand everywhere behind a natural obstacle which gives them breathing time.

It gives them no more; for the obstacle of marsh and strain is nowhere more than a mile or two wide, and when the Russian heavy guns are moved up and their munitionment (which is a slower matter) advanced, the positions beyond the Lipa will be as vulnerable as those in the open ground by Ugrynow were this week. But meanwhile there is opportunity for repose and possibly for some reinforcement.

The positions to the south of the Lipa consist in low hills from 100 to 120 feet above the marshy banks of the river. An exactly similar formation runs parallel to the river upon the north. So we know pretty clearly what is to follow. The Russian battery positions will be established behind the northern hills; the new Austrian



trenches will be drawn, probably *en contrepente*, that is just behind the crest of the southern hills (they are hardly hills—more like waves of land), and the game will begin over again. Meanwhile, it would not be surprising if the Germans, who are in some strength just north of all this, were to try a counter-attack in the direction of Torczyn to relieve the pressure upon the south. We shall see.

Meanwhile the retirement upon the Lipa has cost the Austrians and the Germans, out of perhaps 60,000 to 70,000 men engaged, the loss of 13,000 prisoners and 30 guns, more than half of which were emplaced heavy pieces. In other words they lost very few field pieces in their rapid move, but they had no time to withdraw all their big stuff. The proportion of officers [captured to men remains extraordinarily high. Upon the Lower Lipa the proportion was over one officer to 30 men, and even in the action as a whole, counting the tremendous fighting without surrenders, which must have taken place by Pustomity and the main road, it was higher than one officer to 40 men. When we consider the fact that the number of officers killed in an action upon the front lines is normally higher in proportion than the number of men killed; that the Staffs are to the rear and protected in the general retirement; that the officers have if they are but slightly wounded, as a rule, a better chance of escaping capture than the men, the numbers of the officers which have been taken regularly throughout this Russian offensive is among its most remarkable features. The point has been noted throughout the military press of Europe and is here only repeated.

In Southern Galicia our Allies are still holding their hand, perhaps with the object of dispersing the enemy's plans of concentration, perhaps for other reasons of which

we are not told.

The capture of the Kolomea district with its important adjunct, the seizure of Delatyn, gave them the entry to the Jablonitza Pass with its road and railway. As I said last week, one could not tell whether the Russians would work for pushing up Southern Galicia and forcing Bothmer to fall back from his central position—that is for taking Stanislau—or whether they would attempt an invasion of Hungary across the Carpathians, or whether they would try both together. But I said that the first of these three doubtful courses was the most likely. Meanwhile a political threat to the Hungarian plains seems certainly to be in their mind, and they are pursuing it, as I suggested might be the case, not across the Borgo Pass, the valley from which westwards is divergent from the northern valleys, but in a convergent fashion upon Marmoros Sziget, the first point of importance upon the Hungarian side of the Carpathians, and the gateway to the great Hungarian Plain. Of an advance from Delatyn they say nothing, but of cavalry work along the southern road which leads from Kirlibaba to Marmoros Sziget (the first important point in Hungary) we are told that Russian cavalry have already crossed the crest of the mountains. There is a good road all the way from Kirlibaba down into Hungary by the valley of the Visso, but with no railway for munitions. The Carpathians are here low; the crest under 3,000 feet; the Passes lower still, and the rise gradual upon either side. But between the two roads, the Jablonitza with its railway as well as a high road, and the Kirlibaba road, there is rather a ragged lump of mountains which makes liason difficult between the two columns—if indeed it be the intention of the Russians to pursue this adventure upon any considerable scale.

A Study of the Italian Front—I.

I HAVE just returned from the Italian front where, by the courtesy of the authorities, I was given every facility for seeing the condition and disposition of the national forces and especially of judging the nature of that mountain warfare which we have so little understood in this country and the effect of which is yet of such moment to the whole campaign.

I propose to examine in this and further articles which are to follow in sequence, the problem presented to the Italians upon the front between the Swiss border and the Adriatic: its place in the great campaign as a whole: the way in which the Italians have met that problem: and the details of that very difficult task of theirs, the peculiar conditions of which have not hitherto, I think, been fully appreciated in this country.

The first thing to seize in the whole matter is here, as everywhere, the question of numbers. What proportion of the enemy does the Italian effort contain or occupy upon this southern front?

If we represent the field armies of the two Central Powers by the figure 28, then including all the divisions they have on the Polish, the Western, the Italian fronts, and also the small forces they still maintain in the Balkans, and such men as they have been able to lend to their Turkish

Ally, we may put the number of Austrians immobilised in the South by the Italian armies at a figure which has fluctuated between $2\frac{1}{2}$ and $3\frac{1}{3}$ rd.

That is the numerical statement of the case. But were we to stop at that we should very much under-estimate the effect of the Italian effort in the whole Alliance.

This containment of what is numerically but a 9th or so of the total enemy forces has under the special circumstances of the Alpine War, three very important characteristics which in *quality* render the effect greatly superior to the mere effect of quantity.

These three characteristics are as follows:

(1) The Austrian armies here occupied are pinned to a district communication with which is in many places a difficult matter and everywhere restricted.

(2) The political character of the Dual Monarchy renders the immobilisation of a considerable fraction of their forces upon this particular national frontier a far more embarrassing matter than would be the case were the Austro-Hungarian armies the homogeneous thing which Prussia has made of the German army.

The position of the Italian communications was also certain sooner or later to tempt the enemy to a particular offensive in this region, the failure of which would be of a special consequence. That offensive we know has been undertaken and has failed, and the consequences of that failure the whole war is already beginning to feel.

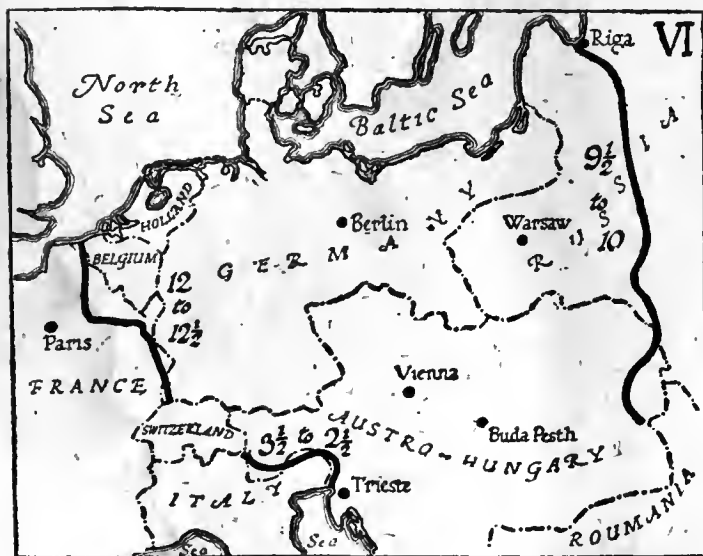
Let me expand these three points, for they are essential to a comprehension of the position.

(1) (a) As to the peculiar situation of the Austro-Italian front relative to the rest of the lines in the war.

If the Austro-Italian front were merely the continuation of some existing front—as for instance the Roumanian border hitherto neutral is merely the continuation of the Russian front in the East, then the presence of the Austrians upon it would be of far less value to us than is actually the case.

(b) If the ground upon which the Austrians are thus immobilised in the south were not what it is, Alpine ground, the effect would have been of less moment than it actually is.

But both under (a) and under (b) you have special conditions which greatly increase the value to us of the withdrawal of so many Austrian divisions to what was a year ago the new Italian front. The distance at



which this front stands from the other two main theatres of war involves at once an extension of communications which weighs heavily upon an already over-burdened State. Austria-Hungary—even if there were no Alps—would be compelled to watch, to feed and to supply, to evacuate wounded and sick from, and to recruit and send drafts to lines not only distant from her other spheres of activity, but in a direction which involves communications perpendicular to her original communications.

The original communications of Austria-Hungary, the lines upon which her staff had to work out the maintenance and replenishment of her armies, were the communications from East to West; the lines through Hungary from Austria proper and from Germany. The Italian front added to these a new set of communications running from north to south, and the presence of Italy in the war compelled Austria-Hungary to all the complex task of a double campaign. It is true that these new sets of communications did not directly cross the old East and West communications save far back in the enemy's territory, and that therefore the worst element of confusion which such a situation can create was absent. None the less the necessary provision of a new set of lines and of all the Staff work connected with their employment, the fitting in of their working with the working of the older lines at the points of junction, the necessity of borrowing rolling stock from one set of communications to lend it to the other, the impossibility—or what was almost the impossibility, of using both at full pressure at the same time, put before the Austro-Hungarian command new problems which have continued to weigh upon them and perhaps to increase in complexity since the appearance of Italy upon the side of the Allies rather more than a year ago.

To this point must be added the subsidiary one I have noted that this new front was in the main an Alpine front.

The first remark the reader will make upon this is that such a mountain front would seem rather to favour the enemy, for it is notorious that a line of that kind can be held with far fewer men than a line in open country. This is true, and indeed if the new front had been an open one it is to be doubted whether Austria-Hungary would have had the resources to have held it permanently at all. But it is none the less also true that the peculiar character of an Alpine front has taxed the enemy very heavily. Where he has not been taxed by it in numbers he has been taxed by it in the nature of the fighting. For this there are three fairly clear reasons.

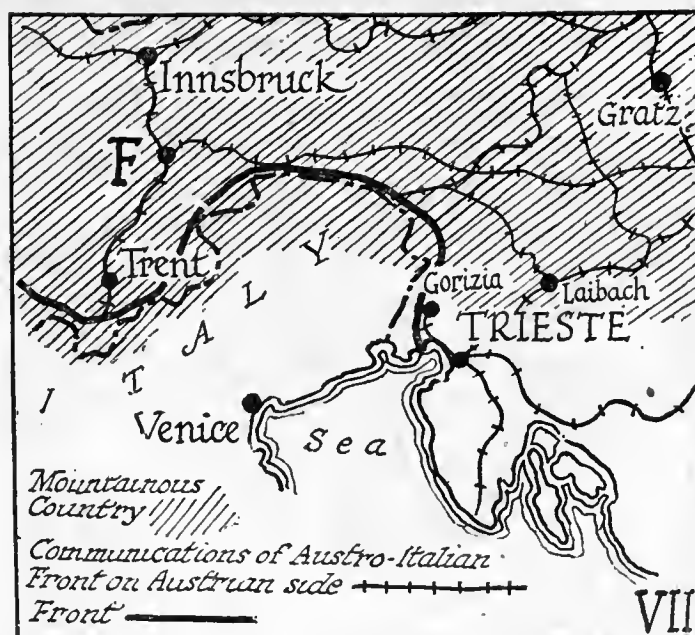
In the first place Alpine warfare was to develop—as we shall see in later articles—the most unexpected situations and to demand new and untried methods of warfare. Therefore the enemy had to pit his engineering skill and his resourcefulness against the Italians who, as will be seen in later articles of this series, have proved to be possessed of a veritable genius for the occupation and maintenance of such lines.

Next, the Alpine conditions of the greater part of the front have condemned the enemy to a restricted and difficult railway system. He is here much harder hit than are the Italians, for the great mass of the mountains lies behind the existing lines and towards the Austrian or Hungarian side of them. The Italians have either close to their front or actually touching it the abundant railway communication of the plains. The Austro-Hungarians are tied to one line on the west supplemented by the line coming in from the Puster, that at F on the accompanying Sketch VII. For the eastern part of the line, by Gorizia and Trieste, they have a better railway system, but even here they are handicapped by the mountain defiles, to the one line from Innsbruck; through which all their supply must pass.

I shall be told, perhaps, that such a handicap has not been hitherto apparent, that the Austrians have maintained themselves with as much facility as our Allies in spite of such apparent drawbacks, and that the pressure upon either side has been so similar as to result in a situation almost unchanged in the last eleven months of fighting.

The answer to such a criticism will, I think, be familiar to all those who have made a study of military history.

When two opponents are thus in equilibrium—as were the Allies on the one side and the French on the other for instance, during the summer of 1793—the peculiar



disadvantages under which one side may suffer are not apparent. They are potential—they are really there under the surface, but they are not seen above that surface. It is in the last stages of a campaign when the equilibrium is broken that the effect of such a handicap appears and then every one recognises it.

Wherever it becomes a question of trying to hold the Alpine front with just the bare minimum of men upon the enemy's side, when anxiety has begun to appear with regard to the possibility of reinforcing this and then that other threatened point, the power possessed by the Italians through their railways upon the plain of moving men rapidly back and forth, the corresponding difficulty in lateral communication imposed upon the enemy, will make itself felt. We have already had a touch of this in the very rapid and facile Italian concentration against the Austrian Trentino thrust of which I shall speak in a later article.

So much, then, for the way in which the situation and character of this particular front has added to the merely numerical value of the enemy forces it occupies and withdraws from other theatres of war.

We have next to consider the way in which this advantage is further increased for us by the political conditions of the Dual Monarchy.

(2) The political effect of the new front, greatly increasing its merely numerical effect, is twofold. In the first place Austria-Hungary, especially in these later stages of the war, cannot use its troops indifferently, any unit in any place, as can France or England or even the German Empire*.

In the second place the immobilisation of such and such a number of Austrian divisions has more effect at the present moment than the immobilisation of a similar number of German divisions.

As to the first of these points, it is racial. The Austro-Hungarian Empire consists roughly in its population of three groups. There are the German speaking Austrians (of whom the best troops are probably the Tyrolese) there are the Magyars, and there are the various populations speaking the Roumanian language and several forms of Slav languages. The German speaking population and Magyars proper combined are not quite half the whole. Every part of this whole has some complex problem of its own involving racial or religious animosities of its own. It is conceivable that a successful and rapid campaign might ignore such fundamental differences in the recruitment of the armies. It is certain that military discipline not only covers these fissures with its cement but also holds them together with that cement. But at the end of a long and increasingly unsuccessful war, especially now that the stage of exhaustion is beginning, these differences come to be of very real moment, and

* I say "even the German Empire," because the German Empire is not here absolutely free. There is a certain slight but perceptible friction between the various parts. If Prussia, for instance, had only used Bavarian troops for specially difficult enterprises, there would have been trouble. But France or England can use any unit at will in any theatre of war, for their services are absolutely homogeneous in the field, so far at least as the white troops are concerned.

we know as a matter of fact that the Dual Monarchy is at the present moment selecting its units. It certainly prefers, and is already perhaps in part compelled, to use against Italians principally Slav troops; to ask the Hungarians principally to defend their own frontiers now menaced by the Russian victories. We have certain knowledge of popular disturbances in the Tyrol against the movement of the troops from this quarter towards the east and, in general, we find Austria-Hungary hampered by her political composition.

It may be asked how this factor ultimately affects the strength of the Dual Monarchy or increases the value to us of the new front which the Italians constituted a year ago, seeing that however much the Higher Command of Austria-Hungary may have to consider national feeling, the total number of men available remains the same.

Hindered Concentration

The answer to this objection is that throughout a campaign, but especially when the stage of exhaustion is approaching, the power to concentrate unhindered at any threatened point is the most vital thing of all. But you cannot throw men at will upon this point or that if your forces are divided into fractions which exercise some pressure upon you as to which front they shall serve upon.

Supposing, for instance, that the British Higher Command hesitated to use north countrymen upon the Somme and hesitated to use Scotchmen or Colonials at Ypres, we can see at once how that command would be hampered and we can imagine how much more serious the matter would be if our command were possessed of a force already approaching exhaustion and depending for its life upon very rapid movement of troops back and forth from threatened point to threatened point. In a word, this political differentiation compels Austria-Hungary either to use too few men against Italy of her total available numbers or too many or, if in the right numbers, then with portions known to be disaffected either towards a war against Slavs or towards a war against Italians. It is fair to say that there is no Magyar fighting upon the Italian front but feels that his sacrifice is partly wasted; and it is fair to say that there is hardly any Slav fighting upon the Russian front for Austria that is not in part, in spite of religious differences or geographical estrangement, divided in his allegiance.

The other political point, the fact that the "holding up" of such and such a number of Austrian divisions is more serious to our enemy than the holding up of a corresponding number of German divisions, flows from the constitution of the Austrian armies.

Austria-Hungary put into the field originally a smaller proportion of her population, than did Germany.*

On the top of this came the tremendous losses of the first defeats, the occupation of great masses of territory from which every potential soldier was evacuated by the Russians and, at certain periods, wholesale surrenders. There are about a million Austro-Hungarian prisoners in Russia at this moment. Further, the losses from wounds and sickness and death in the terrible winter Carpathian campaign tended to exhaust the Dual Monarchy. Austria-Hungary not only extended the limit of age beyond any other of the belligerents, but summoned her Class '18 long before such a measure had been found necessary even by the Germans. I believe that the whole of the Austrian Class '18 has now been summoned for some months past. I know that a considerable portion of it was summoned in the spring. In Germany the only contingent of Class '18 as yet actually summoned is, I believe, the Saxon, though others are upon the point of being summoned. France, of course, has not touched this resource as yet, nor Italy, nor any other of the conscript belligerents. For Austria in this condition to have from 25 to 33 divisions held and pinned upon the Southern Alpine front has been a grave, is now already a perilous, and may even in the near future be a disastrous thing. She does not here adventure one-half her forces, but she adventures more than a third. We cannot look at the Austro-Hungarian and German armies as simply making one group. They are two un-

equal parts of a mechanically arranged and disparate thing, and if you weaken the weakest part of the combination you affect the value of the whole much more than the mere numerical calculation would show. If two ships are necessary to an operation and the one can make 18 knots and the other 25, then if you reduce the slower ship from 18 knots to 10, you weaken the combination very much more than you would weaken a single unit by a corresponding diminution of speed. It is but a particular example of a general truth always apparent when allies are in action. We saw it, for instance, in the matter of munitionment last year. The fact that the Allies as a whole were catching up in their munitionment and approaching the enemy whom they were soon to surpass, was crossed by the other fact that one portion of the Alliance, to wit, the Russians, was menaced by lack of munitionment and equipment out of all proportion to the Occidental Powers. We know how seriously this affected the situation as a whole. It is an example of the same principle as that which I am here insisting upon in the case of Austria-Hungary. The Italian effort by holding more than a third of all the available Austrian numbers in the field, does much more than diminish our opponents' efforts by the numerical withdrawal of a 9th to a 7th of the other fronts, for it lames one of two horses in the team.

(3) Lastly, I said that the peculiar conditions of the Italian front would almost certainly tempt the enemy to an offensive, the failure of which would reflect upon the whole campaign.

It is a point I need not labour because that offensive *has* taken place, and *has* failed, and I shall deal with the effects of this in detail in a later article. H. BELLOC

To Italy

I doubted thee—and yet I dared not doubt;
I hoped—and yet again I dared not hope;
While all the weary months dragged on without
Sign that thy soul was living, and would cope—
As erst, as often, as in days when yet
Thy oneness was no more than noble dream—
With ambushed foes and dangers darkly set
In meshes round, for honour's wreath supreme.
But that exalted vision—thyself, whole,
Risen as deliverer of the oppressed that seek
Freedom through offering of the very soul,
Hope's vision—chasing doubts away as weak,
Flashed triumph when thine hour of action came
And showed thee living still and still the same.

F. W. RAGG.

Sir Robert Baden Powell has just published a booklet entitled *To-day and To-morrow* in which he goes very thoroughly into the question of the training and character-forming methods of his Boy Scout movement. It is a most wise and sound pronouncement, and deserves a careful study by all who have anything to do with the upbringing of children. With boy scouts to begin with and national service to follow, Great Britain should be an impregnable nation in the future, to judge by the magnificent fighting qualities of Kitchener's men. The stuff is evidently here right enough; it only wants a little knocking into shape.

Dowager Lady Jersey, Lady Crewe, Sir James Dunlop Smith, and Sir Coleridge Grove appeal for assistance to enable the Victoria League to extend its admirable hospitality to men of the Oversea Forces temporarily in London. More than a year ago the League opened a club in Lower Regent Street for men of the Oversea Forces, and a few months later what may be described as a simple and inexpensive hotel was established in Mason's Yard, Duke Street, St. James's, containing 80 beds for the use of the soldiers from the Dominions and Dependencies. The demand for accommodation of this kind is steadily increasing, and the Chief Commissioner of Police has placed at the disposal of the League for the duration of the war the Police Section House in Charing Cross Road, with a portion of the necessary furniture. When the necessary alterations and arrangements have been made this house will give 150 more beds, every one of which is wanted. Funds are needed for the alterations, and donations may be sent to the hon. treasurer, Victoria League, 2, Millbank House, Westminster, S.W., marked "Soldiers' Club Extension Fund." Voluntary workers who are willing to work in the canteen should write to Lady Hope, at this address.

* This was a point upon which some of the earlier calculations of the enemy's forces and losses published in LAND & WATER were erroneous. I calculated the Austro-Hungarian contingents at close on 80 per cent. of the Germans upon the basis of population. They were as a fact for long at least 14 per cent. less than this.

A New Situation

By Arthur Pollen

THAT a new position has been created by the battle of Jutland is abundantly proved to us by many evidences. We hear repeatedly of Russian activities in the Baltic, and there is no sign of the threatened assistance of the German fleet to von Hindenberg's left wing at Riga. Whatever else it has done, the battle of Jutland has made it quite impossible for the German Admiralty to risk adventures against the Russian navy. Indeed, the situation in the sea that is almost closed by the territorial waters of Denmark and Sweden is one that is extraordinarily tantalising at the present moment. If the passage of the Sound could be made reasonably safe; if the island of Gothland were only Russian, instead of Swedish; if even Libau could be regained; if it were possible for Allied navies to co-operate under one command, as Allied land forces have co-operated in the Dardanelles, at Salonica, and, if not under one command, at least with perfect unity and for a common purpose as to-day on the Somme—what might not be made of the naval position in the Baltic? It can hardly be doubted that the troops on the last 120 miles north of Hindenberg's front must, to a great extent, be relying upon sea supplies. Now, if ever, would have been the time when active naval operations would have affected the campaign in Russia just as seriously as did our naval help at the beginning of the last century. Napoleon's position at Moscow was indeed something more than embarrassed by the operations of the British ships off the Prussian and Polish ports.

The possibilities of the situation to-day are no doubt far different. The everyday requirements of a naval force—in the way of ports, docks and repair shops, not to mention the immense demand which active operations create for stores—are such that even if they stood alone, if mines and submarines did not almost literally block the entrance, and if a suitable base at a suitable geographical position could be had for the asking, they would go far to making any joint naval campaign in the Baltic so difficult as to be almost impossible. But now that the German navy has suffered so heavily that we could afford to reduce our preponderance in the North Sea, at least to the extent of a reinforcement that would make, with the Russian fleet, a unit capable of exercising the command of the Baltic, there is something tantalising in its being apparently impossible for the Allies to use their sea strength to such decisive purpose. As it is, it seems as if we could give the Russians little assistance beyond that which may be afforded by our submarines.

Breaking the Blockade

As was fully to be expected after an engagement that for many months must leave the enemy quite powerless to fight at sea, the only naval developments have been along the lines of strengthening the Allied effort to cut Germany off from sea-borne supplies, and of a German effort to try to escape from our tightening hold. The enemy's last activity is not without a certain ingenuity, and has, from the news point of view, the merit of a surprise. That submarine craft can evade the vigilance of surface ships is a very obvious truth. It is indeed the justification of their existence. Nine-tenths of the incidents of the present war at sea have arisen solely from what our or the enemy submarines have made out of this faculty for evasion. It marks the one novelty in naval war. That a country can possess a command of the sea more absolute than history has ever recorded, and yet that this command can be made to appear almost nugatory by one form of naval unit, so far as the activities that such units allow, is or was a new thing altogether. But its interest is limited by the capacity of the insurgent unit. The real element of surprise in a German submarine calling itself a liner and making its way to America—if there were any justification for real surprise in the matter—should be found in the fact that, with every other

form of sea communication denied to her, Germany should have waited so long before using this.

But the explanation is obvious. It is that this particular form of sea communication is for practical purposes almost valueless. Once more the very restricted capacity of under water craft is demonstrated. To a country in Germany's position to-day, there may obviously be a certain small relief in being able to transmit tiny cargoes of high value to the United States, if only to relieve, in some modest manner, a financial position of some stringency. But finance is not our enemy's most disagreeable preoccupation at the present moment. That preoccupation is want—the unappeased and seemingly unappeasable appetites, not of the rich nor of the prosperous middle class, nor of the food-producing section of the population, but of some 20,000,000 or so persons who compose the families of artisans, labourers and small traders, all to-day the impatient and exasperated victims of short commons. All the submarines in the world, put together could not in one journey bring to this mass of hungry folk one square meal apiece.

This being the situation, it surely must need some courage to say, as German publicists have said, that the safe arrival of a few hundred tons of dye-stuffs in America is a demonstration that the British blockade is at an end! I think if I were a German, and anxious to believe that British sea power had ceased to exist, I should prefer to suppose that it had been terminated, as that honest fellow the Kaiser assured his subjects, by the devastating victory which Scheer and Von Hipper won on the 31st May. But really both boasts tell the same story—especially when we remember that the acts that provoked the boasts were undertaken with no other object. That a great concerted movement was in contemplation by the Allies, everyone in the German higher command must long since have known. Jutland was a desperate effort on the eve of the blow, to effect something to give the Germans the courage required for bearing it in its successive and cumulating stages. The sequence of events is noteworthy. On the 31st of May came the very courageous sortie of the German fleet. Within a few hours of its return there followed the proclamation of a decisive victory and the passing of a 600,000,000 sterling credit. Within a few hours of that, and before the truth could be realised, the Reichstag was prorogued. And when the truth came to those who could not be deceived, it came with other truths not less unwelcome, of Brussilloff's advance, of the shiver sent right down the enemy eastern line, of the loss by the Austrian ally of at least ten army corps. Then followed first—inevitably—the retreat from the Trentino and next—relentlessly—the advance upon the Somme. They must be clutching at straws in Berlin if, in the face of naval defeat, and of a strangely menacing position on land, the successful voyage of a single submarine can be saluted as proving that the sea chains of Germany are broken!

Ethics of Submarine Commerce

The American authorities have decided that this particular submarine is a merchantman. We have not details enough about her equipment to judge whether, on legal grounds, the decision is right. But I have seen it stated in some accounts that the boat was armed with 3-inch guns. If she was so armed, her peaceful character would seem to me to be hopelessly compromised. And this for the very obvious reason that there is no analogy whatever between the arming of a surface boat against submarines and the arming of submarines against surface boats. The historical justification for arming merchantmen is simple. It prevents the enemy sending what may be called contemptible forces on the job of commerce raiding. Unless the raider has superior speed, the merchantman has obvious means of escape; unless it carries an armament such as no merchantman could

equal without sacrificing its utility as a merchantman, the peaceful ship may not only beat off, but actually sink or capture the warship. The arming of merchantmen became altogether useless as soon as specialisation in design and building for war purposes made competition in fighting power between a ship built for war and a trading ship hastily armed impossible. But when submarines were used against merchantmen, the old condition was restored.

Rights and Duties

Mr. Wilson's *Lusitania* Notes admirably summarise the rights and duties of belligerents in regard to trade. Their rights are to search all private ships at sea, to capture them when the search, *prima facie*, justifies capture, and to bring them into port for trial. In exceptional cases and at the belligerent's risk, the prize may be destroyed at sea. But these rights are only conceded because certain duties are imposed. The chief of these is the protection of those whom the belligerent finds on board the private ship. The whole quarrel with the employment of the submarine as a commerce raider, is that it can only in quite exceptional circumstances be suited to exercise belligerent rights, and almost never be capable of discharging belligerent duties. Its disability, in the matter of the belligerent's rights, rests on the fact that as a surface ship it has the lowest factor of defence of anything in the sea. It has indeed no defensive power at all except the total destruction of any possible opponent. So fragile is it that a single shot by the lightest of guns, the mere touch of a ship's bows—either may send it promptly to the bottom. But it can only visit, search and capture as a surface ship. And as it cannot enforce capture except by sinking, and as its capacity will not enable it to carry the people on board into safety, any more than allow it to carry adequate numbers for putting prize crews on board its captures, it follows that its fragility and its small size make it altogether unsuitable for functions hitherto associated with the exercise of maritime rights and duties in war. These functions depend on the size, speed or power of the warship being overwhelming. Trade war became humane and bloodless, because resistance was hopeless, and—so far as safety to life was concerned—unnecessary.

The submarine's limitations are inherent; and experience has shown that if it is to effect anything detrimental to the enemy's trade, it can only do it by ignoring every precept that humanity has hitherto considered binding. When a sea captain is challenged by a submarine, he knows that if he surrenders, his ship will be sunk, his passengers and crew sent adrift in open boats. Open boats are, in any case, a poor protection for life; in many cases a barbarous infliction on women and children; in some cases a virtual sentence to either a violent or a lingering death. It is inevitable that where he can, the merchant captain will seek safety by an attack upon the submarine. He will arm himself before he starts, not only because his guns, if they are used successfully, will protect him, but because the bare fact that he is known to be carrying them will deter submarines from approaching in any except very favourable conditions. The captain of the armed merchant ship is clearly within all his maritime rights in being armed. If in spite of it, the under water boat commander goes for him, it can only be by a breach of every human limitation. He must make, that is to say, an unheralded under water attack. It is these quite simple and obvious circumstances that have led to the American protest against the submarine campaign.

Does it not follow from the same premises that we strain the meaning of words in saying that a submarine can be a legitimate trader? and are saying what is self contradictory, in holding that an armed submarine can be a peaceful ship? The submarine is not, never has been, and never will be a trading craft in time of peace. It could only pay as a smuggler, in peace, just as it can only cruise as a pirate in war. It may be a legitimate ruse of war to put on false funnels and sham sides, and pretend that what is really a warship is for the moment a trading ship. But this surely bears no sort of analogy to claiming the immunity of a trading ship for what is really a warship. No belligerent patrol, for instance, on encountering an enemy submarine could be blamed for

destroying it at sight. It could not be expected to warn the enemy's trading submarines that certain channels were netted or others mined. The submarine trader then could claim none of the privileges that belong to trading ships in war, except that of asylum in the ports of such neutrals as could be persuaded that it really was a peaceful craft.

But it can hardly be disputed that his title to an innocent presumption becomes exceedingly shaky if he carries guns. The reason is that guns cannot defend him against anything. Twelve-pounders, if he carries them, can do no harm to a warship, and, if they were his only weapons, would invest him with exceedingly little power to harm a tramp. They would of course give him a great advantage over an unarmed ship, but that is begging the question. It is his structural weakness that is fatal, and the only way of making sure that it is not tested by attack, is to sink the possible assailant before a blow can be delivered. Such guns as the submarine can carry then are not defensive at all.

But the submarine having the reputation that it has, and being associated in the minds of all sea-faring folk with the torpedo, make the fact of it being armed with guns exceedingly suspicious. For supposing a submarine, not otherwise armed, ranged alongside an unarmed cargo or passenger boat, fired a few shots and called upon it to surrender, is it not a thousand to one that the unarmed ship would surrender, believing that the submarine had it in its power to sink her out of hand by under water attack? Is this kind of bluff a "ruse de guerre" which neutrals should encourage by treating a warship when it masquerades as a cargo boat as if it were indeed the harmless lamb of commerce, instead of what it must seem to be, a wolf hardly even in sheep's clothing?

Historic Sea Rights

Our enemy's very mild effort to loosen the least of his fetters must then raise certain questions of international law, which are perhaps of more legal than of practical importance. But the Allies' efforts to rivet the fetters further, I must frankly admit, seem to me to raise questions, of which the importance transcends even their legal complexity. It is a very disarming argument that the Foreign Office has issued in defence of the final abandonment of the Declaration of London. We took it up, it says, because, anxious to regulate our conduct by the principle of the law of nations, we hoped this precious document would prove "a suitable digest of principles and a compendium of working rules"! After two years the result is, we confess with sorrow, "not wholly satisfactory." "As a matter of fact," says the memorandum, "these rules, while not in all respects improving the safeguards afforded to neutrals, did not provide belligerents with the most effective means of exercising their admitted rights." They certainly did not. The comedy of this is, that the whole of this digest of principles and compendium of rules was framed with the sole object of limiting and curtailing these admitted rights. The humble folk who have been dinning this into the ears of our rulers during the last eleven years, may be pardoned if they are unable to share the honest surprise of the Foreign Office when two years of war have demonstrated what two hours of patient study of the matter would have made convincing before war began. The whole thing has, of course, been a blunder of the most colossal and the most costly kind. A blunder particularly costly in view of "the concentration by the Germanic Powers of the whole body of their resources on military needs," for it is this fact, without any "manifold developments of naval and military science or the inventions of new engines of war," that has produced conditions altogether different from those prevailing in previous naval wars. It is this concentration of resources that made corresponding concentration of effort to restrict resources of such paramount moment. Many students of naval war, and men whose orthodoxy in the major doctrines is beyond suspicion, have held that the importance of blockade may be exaggerated, and pointed out that never yet in naval history have such blockades been of themselves decisive. This is no doubt perfectly true, but then never before in naval history have nations mobilised the whole of their male population between 19 and 45

to fight and at least half of the rest of the able-bodied subjects, male and female, on subsidiary activities directly subserving the ends of the fighting force. It is this new condition which has given an entirely new value to the process of siege.

The shortcomings of Allied policy in this enormous matter have been so often demonstrated that it would not now be worth while dwelling on the subject except for this; that it is not at all clear whether even now the importance of the issue is realised by the Allied governments. For note how the memorandum proceeds. No sooner had the innocent Allies adopted the Declaration of London, than those cunning devils, "the Germanic Powers put forth all their ingenuity to reopen a channel for supplies." Certainly an astonishing and wholly unexpected development. What with one thing and another the Declaration was unequal to the strain and the Allied Governments started tinkering with its rules to meet the conditions—and with admittedly lamentable results. So now we have all come to the conclusion that we must confine ourselves "simply to applying the historic and admitted rules of the law of nations"! We have got back, in other words, to the point from which we should have started. But are we starting from it even now? The Order in Council of March 11th, 1915, still stands a stumbling block to international lawyers, and a scandal to those who wish to see "our admitted and historic rights" exercised to the full. It was the avowed purpose of the Order in Council "to prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving Germany." Fortunately, the historic and admitted rules of naval war provide a most effective method of achieving this object. Its efficiency is twofold. It justifies the Power that enforces it in the seizure of everything which seeks to enter or leave the enemy's ports, and, if neutrals are rash enough to take a hand in the forbidden game, their ships pay the same penalty as the goods they carry.

These means can be legally employed by the Power that proclaims the blockade and has the necessary sea strength for enforcing it. Our practical and very legal-minded cousins, the Americans, developed one very important extension of the law of blockade as it was left

to us by Lord Stowell—and I observe that the Order in Council that announces the abandonment of the Declaration of London says, amongst other things, that "the principle of continuous voyage or of ultimate destination shall be applicable both in cases of contraband and of blockade." We seem now to be proceeding against German trade and trade intended for Germany partly under the accepted rules that govern contraband, partly under the Order. But the validity of this Order has never been admitted by American jurists and, in view of the fact that part at least of our sea action may be held to be illegal, the Foreign Office note of July 7th includes a concession that seems most extraordinary. For after solemnly declaring that the Allied warships and the prize courts will conform to the admitted principles of the law of nations, and will observe the international conventions with regard to the laws of war and abstain from any threatening of the lives of non-combatants or interference with neutral property, we undertake that, should we by the action of our fleets "cause damage to the interest of any merchant *acting in good faith*, [we] will always be ready to consider his claims and grant him such redress as may be due."

Surely once it is admitted that the doctrine of continuous voyage or ultimate destination—so far as it is already made to apply under our present procedure—can be applied under the proclamation for blockade, why should such a proclamation be delayed any further? The argument that it is inconsistent with our previous conduct is knocked on the head by this belated admission that our adoption of the Declaration was as great a political mistake as it was obviously illegal and *ultra vires*. If we are so keen on our historic rights, let us announce and act on the announcement that all enemy property found at sea is lawful prize; let us proclaim a blockade of Germany and enforce the penalty that not only all goods, but all ships that attempt to break that blockade are forfeit. If we do nothing else we shall have our exercise of sea command on an intelligible basis, and what is not less important, international lawyers will know where they stand.

ARTHUR POLLEN

British and Metric Systems

By Sir Henry Cunynghame, K.C.B.

THE following description of the British and metric system of weights and measures, is not, of course, intended as more than a presentation of their leading features for the assistance of those who desire to form an opinion upon their relative utility. In the adoption of a system, scientific accuracy and popular convenience are, of course, the two most important features. Hence then it is necessary to consider how the various standards are to be fixed, what is the best system of division and arrangement of the units, and how the units of one sort of measure, such as say the yard, are to be conveniently connected with the units of another, such as the pound or the gallon. The antiquarian aspect of the question is intricate and interesting, but far too complicated to be dealt with here.

Our unit of length is the yard. 220 yards make a furlong or (furrow-long) 8 of which make up a mile. These measures were derived from the old agricultural system of measurement. A square furlong is 10 acres, of which therefore 64 make up a square mile.

If our measures of volume, for use for liquids or for granular solids, had been scientifically constructed, they would, of course, have been based on our measures of length. A cubical box measuring a standard yard every way would have been our standard of volume. Instead of this the gallon has been adopted and we have 2 gallons to a peck, 4 pecks to a bushel, 3 bushels to a sack, and 8 bushels to a quarter. Again, the gallon is divided into 4 quarts, or 8 pints, or 160 ounces. The ounce is again divided into 8 fluid drachms, each drachm contains 60 minims.

A "sack" is therefore a volumetric measure, and the weight varies with the contents. A sack of corn weighs 180 lb., a sack of potatoes weighs 160 lb. By statute a

sack of coal weighs 2 cwts., and hence in the coal trade a sack is a measure of weight and not of volume.

The clumsy connection between the linear and superficial measure and the want of connection between the linear and volumetric measure is a great drawback. For how convenient it would have been if a gallon measure could have been made out of a cubical box measuring, say, 6 in. every way instead of about 6½ in., as at present. How easy would be the construction of bins or carts to contain corn or other agricultural produce which is sold by measure if some simple relation existed between linear dimensions and volume. How easy it would have been to see how many gallons a water cistern held, if only you needed to multiply together the length and breadth and height in inches and then divide by some simple number instead of by 277.2 as at present.

It is, however, not till we come to measures of mass and weight that the real confusion begins. For British Acts of Parliament have failed to recognise the distinction between mass and weight which was first explained by Galileo and forms the basis of the modern theory of mechanics. The mass of a body is the quantity of matter in it and it is impossible to alter the mass of a quantity of matter by burning or melting or any chemical process. Given a pound mass of matter and you may melt it, or turn it into gas, or add other bodies to it, or heat it how you will, and you still have a pound of it, no more, no less. But the *weight* of that mass-pound, that is to say the pull given to it by the gravitational action of the earth varies at every place of the earth's surface. Now, by the law of nature this earth-pull is always proportional to the mass of the body pulled. Hence we can always *estimate* the mass of a body by weighing it, that is, if we weigh it, *in the same place* (other refinements as to tem-

perature and air density being also needed which I omit to specify). The question then is, if I buy a pound of tea am I buying a mass-pound of tea, or a weight-pound of tea? In France, where the matter is put on a sound scientific basis, it is the mass of tea that is measured out to me. In Great Britain, our Acts of Parliament have been so drawn that it is doubtful which of the two is being purchased, and whether the weight or mass is the true standard. Our standards of so-called weight are, in truth, standards of mass.

Our system of estimating weight is not only unscientific, but clumsy. Thus we have 16 oz. = 1 lb.; 14 lb. = 1 stone; 8 stone = 1 cwt; 20 cwt. = 1 ton. This is called the avoirdupois system. For weights less than an ounce we have no proper divisions. All that we can do is to have recourse to the apothecaries whose grain weight weighs 437½ grains to the avoirdupois oz.

Apothecaries sell their drugs by avoirdupois. And they use the avoirdupois fluid measure of which the oz. weighs 437½ grains, but for making up prescriptions they use for solids the old apothecaries' weights with an oz. of 480 grains (the grain being the same as the grain avoirdupois). They divide the apothecaries' oz. into drachms which, however, have a different weight from the weight of the fluid drachm.

The method of linking the systems of measures of length on to those of area, volume, and weight is clumsy in the extreme. As has been seen, 640 acres make up a square mile. Whence it follows that an acre is 69.52 yards.

There is no connection between the measures of length and volume unless one can call the fact that a gallon measures 277.2 cubic inches a connection.

The connection between volumes and weights depends on the fact that a gallon of water weighs 10 lb., whence, as has been said, an avoirdupois oz., whether solid or an oz. volume of water, weighs 437½ grains and an avoirdupois fluid minim of water weighs .91 grains.

Now let us compare the British system with the decimal metric system, the use of which is now permissible.

Here the unit is the metre = 3 ft. 3½ in., nearly. 10 metres = 1 deka-metre and then upwards by Greek prefixes we go to the kilometre, and downwards by Latin prefixes to the centimetre and the millimetre. The unit of area is the square metre. 100 square metres is called an are, 10,000 square metres constitute a "hectare," about 2½ acres, the usual measure of landed property. The units of volume are simply the cubes of the linear measures. So that the litre, or 1,000 cubic centimetres (about a quart), is the ordinary measure and goes upward by Greek prefixes and downwards by Latin prefixes in a similar way to the metre.

The unit of quantity is the mass of a cubic centimetre of pure water, called the gramme, and goes upwards to the dekagramme and kilogram and downwards to the deci and centigram in an exactly analogous fashion.

If you want to make a cubical box containing a litre you make it measure 10 centimetres each way, and the water necessary to fill it will just weigh a kilogram. Here you have units of length, volume and mass connected in an easy and natural measure.

Let us now take a few examples showing how convenient this system is as compared with our own. You are told to encourage early potatoes by sprinkling on them ½ oz. per square yard, of nitrate of soda. You have an acre of potatoes and you want to know how much stuff to buy. An acre contains 4,840 square yards.

You, therefore, want 2,420 oz., that is to say $\frac{2,420}{16}$ lb. = 151 lb. = 1 cwt., 1 quarter, and 11 lb. A French book tells you to put what is nearly the same thing, 18 grammes to the square metre, which at once is seen to be 180,000 grammes, or 180 kilograms to the French hectare of 2½ acres.

You have to make a mildew wash for fruit trees of 1 part by weight of liver of sulphur in 1,000 parts of water. Your spraying machine will contain 15 gallons. The calculation then proceeds. 15 gallons weighs 150 lb. = 150 × 16 oz. = 2,400, which, divided by 1,000 gives you 2.4 oz. as the quantity of liver of sulphur to put in. In France you do it thus. My can contains, say, 60 litres. This weighs 60 kilograms. Of this one-thousandth part is 60 grammes, which is the quantity required. No wonder English gardeners trust to rule

of thumb. A few experiences of the use of a bit of chalk on a greenhouse door will soon make you wish that our British weights and measures were in the limbo to which scientific men in our own country have long consigned them. Suppose you measure up your property and find that it is 8 acres 3 roods and 6 perches, and the rate collector proposes to rate it as of yearly value for agricultural purposes of £1 15s. an acre. Here is the calculation: $8 + \frac{3}{40} + \frac{6}{160} \times 35s. = £1 15s. 7½d.$, and anyone

who will do the calculation will be surprised to find what an amount of multiplication and division it involves. But in France. If you had, say, 5 hectares, 400 decares and 200 ares of land, it would be written 5.4002 hectares, which at (say) 43.75 francs per hectare, would be computed by one multiplication.

Instances like the above might be indefinitely multiplied. The whole British system of weights and measures has been already cleared out for ever from scientific institutions in Great Britain.

Difficulties of Changing

Why should it not be finally abolished? A consideration of this matter will show us where the difficulties lie. In the first place, it seems clear that the easiest part of the change would be to adopt the metric system of weights. The conversion of existing weights would not be difficult though it might cost much for new weights. The conversion of fluid and volume-measures would be easy when once the new weight system had been adopted, but here the loss would be greater. Metal pots could be converted or recast, but glass divided measures would become useless.

So far it seems mostly a question of money. When, however, it came to measures of length greater difficulties present themselves, and the change would have been more easy to carry out 100 years ago than now. For example, the systems of screws and screw threads present the greatest trouble. There are four widely used systems of screws in this country. The Whitworth, the British Association, which is a sort of translation of the Swiss threads, and the systems in use for pipes for steam, water and gas and other similar purposes.

This screw system is based on the inch, and to alter it satisfactorily would mean that every screwmaking lathe or other tool, would have to be refitted with a new leading screw, or else with a pair of change-wheels for converting inch motion into centimetre motion.

It would be impossible for years to obviate the necessity of making and keeping nuts and screws of the old patterns for repairing machinery. A beginning might, however, be made with screws for the future.

The rearrangement of the ordnance maps would not be difficult by a simple alteration of scale, but the remarking of the measurements of acreage would be imperative. The decimal money systems I need not describe or illustrate, as foreign travel has familiarised the public with its features and advantages. Of course a clean sweep would have to be made of a number of trade measures. The jeweller's troy weights and precious stone weights would have to go. Also the truss and load of hay and straw, firkins, ankers, pottles, kildarkins, runlets, hogsheads, puncheons and butts would disappear. The fathom, chain and cable would vanish, as also the rod of brickwork, the "square" of timber, the "standard" of deals, "empress" and "duchess" slates would be no more, and "hanks" of cotton and string would have to change their sizes. Even the guinea would be obsolete. We should seem to lose our history, our literature and our aristocracy all together. But the benefit would be great.

The truth is, that the change has already taken place in scientific and medical work, and that most of our engineers are perfectly acquainted with the metric system, and if trade is to be reorganised after the war a bold step of a legislative character would be borne with equanimity. But voluntary effort would never do it alone. If it is to be done, then, like the Daylight Saving Bill, it must be established by law. It is a step that must be taken sooner or later, and it would be probably wise to make preparations for its introduction at once so it could be put into force directly the war ends and the revival of trade begins.

To-day and To-morrow in Ireland

By T. W. Rolleston

THOSE of us who have lived in this realm and watched events for the past quarter of a century, have witnessed in that period the birth and growth of an entirely new Ireland. It was born twenty-five years ago—to-day, like the new shoots of the pine, it is pushing off the dying forms in which the mind of the nation expressed itself in the times of Butt and Parnell. To-morrow it will confront us as an accomplished fact, and to understand it, and deal with it wisely, is one of the most urgent problems of Empire which will clamour for consideration after the war.

The new Ireland was born of the bankruptcy of Irish politics. Parnellism died with Parnell, and left the country politically helpless, with its leaders, for one reason or another, hopelessly discredited. From that day to this, the politicians have achieved nothing whatever for Ireland. The principal legislative landmarks of the time are the Local Government Act (1898) which they certainly did nothing to promote; the establishment of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction (1899) with its voluntary wing, the co-operative movement organised by Sir Horace Plunkett, both of which they fought against with embittered energy; the Wyndham Land Purchase Act (1903) which was initiated by the landlord and Conservative class in Ireland, and which the Irish Parliamentary Party compelled Mr. Birrell to repeal when half its work was done; and the foundation of the National University (1908), which was mainly due to the pressure of the Roman Catholic Church.

In 1911 the politicians had their great opportunity. They took advantage of the balance of parties to compel the introduction of a Home Rule Bill, the planning of which was entirely in English hands, and which they forced into law, in such a manner as to ensure the fiercest resistance on the part of Ulster backed to the last extremity by the whole body of English Unionists. They thus ensured that Home Rule, when it came, if it ever did, would apply only to a mutilated Ireland—an Ireland with its finest Province cut out from the scope of the Irish Legislature. Finally, their action at the outbreak of the war, right and wise as it intrinsically was, stood in so glaring a contrast with their sayings and doings for the past thirty years that to Ireland it seemed only the crowning instance of a shameless political opportunism. But their deepest offence, in Irish eyes, lay in their consent to the mutilation of Ireland. If this is carried out, I do not see how it can ever be forgiven them. It is with powers of a wholly different character that the Government will have to deal—if it means to keep its eye on realities in Ireland.

What kind of powers will these be? At present they represent a process rather than a fact—certainly not, to any great extent, a political fact. At the beginning of the period of which we speak—the period of political bankruptcy—all the spiritual and economic forces which are now transforming the country sprang into organised life. Besides a multitude of minor or individual efforts in art and industry, we find that the Gaelic League originated at this time. So did the "Feis Ceoil," a remarkable national association for the spread of musical culture. So did the Irish theatre under the leadership of Mr. Yeats. So did Sir Horace Plunkett's great economic movement for the organisation of Irish rural life and industry, which has now a thousand societies and a yearly turnover of 3½ millions. A little earlier the Gaelic Athletic Association had revived the organisation of open-air pastimes for Celtic Ireland.

In all this there was certainly no lack of life and stir, and now for the first time we saw workers in another than the political field attracting the attention of the Irish people, and questions other than religious or political being debated with passionate conviction. These various movements were not formally co-ordinated, and were, indeed, sometimes seriously at odds with each other; but it is easy to see that one leading principle underlay them all. That principle might well be embodied

in the words, "Sinn Féin"—a phrase which afterwards came to be the slogan of a certain political section of the new Ireland. Sinn Féin meant simply self-reliance. It was opposed to Parliamentary politics in so far as it disdained the attitude either of suppliant or of bully in regard to the Legislature at Westminster. It called on Ireland to tackle her own problems for herself, without waiting for a problematical Home Rule Act, which, after all, even if it ever became law, would leave nearly all the serious work of reform to be done by means which were quite capable of being applied at once if Ireland could be inspired to make use of them.

The movement had another remarkable feature. Politics had been pursued in Ireland, necessarily perhaps, in a spirit which tended to deepen and widen the gulf between the different religions, different classes and different races on Irish soil. But in literature, music, art and economics, it was all the other way. In the Committees of the Agricultural Societies, in the choirs which came to compete at the annual musical festival, in the audiences, the players, and the authors of the Abbey Theatre, and for a time even in the branches of the Gaelic League, men and women were drawn together from the most diverse elements in Ireland. In organised work for common interests, and in the common devotion to new ideals in art and thought, the Irish people were now beginning to feel their way, more or less unconsciously, towards a national unity which would ultimately have made itself apparent in every sphere of Irish life.

Another Side of the Picture

But we have now to turn to another and a less encouraging side of the picture. The Irish revival of which I am speaking was naturally marked in all its developments by a new interest in and reverence for the Celtic past of the country. Irish culture, it was felt, must grow from its own roots, and these lay far back in Celtic Ireland, with its striking imaginative literature, its beautiful decorative art, and its records of valour and romance.

The Gaelic League, originally a non-political body, became the special organ of the attempt to reunite modern Ireland with the Ireland which was politically and socially submerged by the Cromwellian Settlement. In pursuance of this object, however, it committed itself to a belated and hopeless endeavour to revive the Irish language as the general medium of literature and social intercourse. More than twenty years of zealous propaganda have proved to demonstration the futility of this attempt, which in many of its cruder manifestations irritated and alienated sensible people and acted as a danger-signal to the great industrial communities. At this time of day it is impossible to conceive Belfast, or any other city, doing its business in Gaelic. But those who did not accept this programme were denounced as servile worshippers of England and English ways, and the speaking, reading and writing of Gaelic were declared to be the only road to a genuine Irish nationality.

The enthusiasts for an "Irish Ireland," by which was really meant a Gaelic Ireland, filled their minds wholly with a past which was dead beyond recall, and had no vision of the new Ireland which had to be formed, if at all, from existing elements and based on existing facts, including the indissoluble political and military union of Ireland with the rest of the British Empire. The Gaelic Athletic Association carefully adapted its games so as to cut off those who played them from all association with people who played football or hockey with heretofore accepted rules. Cricket was altogether banned as "English," although the result was to leave Celtic Ireland without a suitable summer game. Names of streets and sign posts were written up in Gaelic in places where not one person in twenty knows how to read them; and only the other day a young gentleman from Oxford was very properly arrested, to the indignation of "Irish Ireland," because he refused to answer a policeman's questions

except in a tongue which no Irishman would dream of using in any part of the country if he had anything of the least importance to say to his fellow-countrymen.

These fooleries and violences were carefully fostered by what was at first a small party of political irreconcilables, whose ideal was the complete severance of Ireland from the British Crown. By putting the Irish language idea in the forefront of their movement they gradually got control of the Gaelic League, and as the failure of the language propaganda to make a serious impression on the country became more manifest, instead of facing the real facts they turned the resentment of the enthusiasts against the union with Great Britain. Only abolish that, and an "Irish Ireland" would automatically leap into being! One of the ablest of the leaders of this section of the League was Patrick Pearse, Commandant of the Irish Volunteers and president of the Irish Republic *in petto*. He held for a considerable time the post of editor of the official organ of the League, keeping it constantly on the borderline of sedition, and sometimes well over it. The Gaelic League must, by a recent resolution relating to Dr. Kuno Meyer, be considered to have taken its stand formally as a political institution. But for many years, in spite of the efforts of the more moderate and far-seeing of its governing body, it had been practically made use of as an agency for the propagation of those ideas, which, under the influence of the war-fever, exploded so violently in Easter week.

Fostering Nationality

The action of the British Government in putting down the rising and doing stern justice on its organisers and leaders has been held up in various quarters as a flagrant contradiction of the claim of that Government to stand for the rights of small nationalities. As a matter of fact, short of cutting Ireland altogether loose from the Empire (which would be contrary to the expressed will of the whole representation of the country), the Imperial Parliament has for the past thirty or forty years acted amply in the spirit of its professions.

While Germany, the "gallant Ally," invoked by the rebel proclamation, was spending huge sums and enacting the most drastic legislation in rooting out Polish peasants and persecuting the Polish language, the British Government was firmly establishing the Irish peasant as the owner of the soil, giving freedom of local government, and even granting large subsidies for the teaching of Gaelic in the national schools, because there seemed to be a general national demand for Government aid in that direction. No Government could possibly have recognised more fully and fostered more generously—with very small thanks for it—the claims of a small nationality included in a great Empire to live its own life and cherish its own traditions in all that pertains to its intellectual, civic and economic development.

Some Irishmen, as Roger Casement's speech from the dock shows, seem to glory in representing themselves as slaves. They are nothing of the kind; their chains are self-imposed or imaginary—the recollection of past generations of real servitude. They have only to rub their eyes in order to rid themselves of this nightmare of the past, and awaken to the consciousness of their freedom. Or do they prefer the irresponsibility of slavery?

It is true that Home Rule in the sense of a local legislature for Ireland has so far been withheld; but, after all, is that not mainly because over a quarter of the Irish people are ready to die rather than submit to it? Might not the Southern Irish candidly examine themselves as to the reason for this state of things, rather than cast all the blame on the British Government, which, for many years back, would probably have been only too willing to hand over Irish internal affairs, if Imperial interests were fully secured, and if there were a united Ireland ready to receive the gift.

Intensely Disloyal

At the present moment Irish opinion is intensely disloyal. That is the inevitable result of the military executions.* Further outbreaks, taking possibly the

form of organised crime, may be looked for; but in the end this wave of sentiment, now running so high throughout Celtic Ireland, will subside.

Things will be seen in truer proportions; the rebel leaders will probably never cease to be honoured as martyrs, but Irishmen will know in their hearts that living for Ireland would have been a better form of patriotism than dying for Germany.

The Future

The future of Ireland will doubtless be with the Sinn Féin movement—taking that phrase in the wide sense already indicated—but only if it rises to its great opportunity. It will have some renunciations to make. It will have to abandon once for all what may be called the nonsensical side of the Gaelic propaganda—there is, of course, another very valuable side worthy of the widest support. It will have to abandon all that side of its political ideal which rests on mere cant, or theatricality, or hereditary hatred. It will have to develop more sincerity, more fair-mindedness, a keener sense of realities, a wider culture, than the political forces which it aims at supplanting. And it will have to consider this most urgent question: What is its policy for Ulster?

Sinn Féin Ireland hates, and quite rightly, the partition of the country. Well, then, what does it propose to do about it? Are British troops to be called in to overwhelm the Ulster resistance? "Sinn Féin" is surely the very last term which one would apply to such a programme as that! Is Ulster, then, to be won over? And if so, how? The rising of Easter week was a very bad beginning. Will the new Ireland realise that while almost anything may be gained on the basis of Imperial unity, not a step towards a real Irish nationality can be made on the basis of separation?

In this direction it may be hoped that patriotism will seek to guide the progress of the country when the tragic events of the present hour have ceased to obliterate, as they now do, everything else on the political horizon of Ireland.

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* Yet the rebels, who led off their insurrection by the brutal murder of a poor vanman, are currently believed to have shot by court martial at least one of their supporters, who refused to join in their crazy project for an unaided insurrection.

Letters to a Lonely Civilian

By the Author of "Aunt Sarah and the War"

MY DEAR YOU,—Yes, I agree that the men who fell at Fricourt or died in hospital at Abbeville leave behind them the very women who are worthy of them. "I help to frame thee." What Volumnia said, other mothers now say; and wives and sisters, in their measure, may say it too. The makers of heroes are surely themselves potential and practised heroines. I speak of what I know; having been with one such these last days of long Rolls of Honour. Such women, I comfort myself, cannot finally falter in their "great task of happiness."

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And you must bear to hear that there are girl-graduates out for honours in the actual school of physical suffering. You know Lady Sybil Grey's case. But hundreds like it go unreported. Many perils await the hitherto guarded girl in her new onrush into activities; and her lack of apprenticeship to life's roughnesses her bravery will not replace. Danger may lurk in the mere unaccustomed boarding of a motor-bus in motion, in the jerk of a sudden start before the clambering passenger has attained the security of an outside seat. That is why the Duchess of Leeds is now nursing a daughter who had herself been nursing others at Guy's. She fell, she fractured her skull, and had just wit enough left to say "Guy's Hospital." So she was taken back to the scene of her own benevolence and was there trepanned, with what results time will show. Such is one of the home casualties that win for our women a share in the actual bodily wounds inflicted by the war.

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Even a very little bit of good news in these days gets an importance greater than its own. It is the fir-tree that the war has specially befriended. I never did love, or even like, that tree. All the same, it has done a good turn to the man who most deserved it—Lord Lovat. For now the most remote fir-tree has found a market. Before the war these trees could grow and cluster and look Christmas-tree-like out of season, and be secure of their personal safety. A forest army, they seemed to stand in battle-array; but it was not worth the woodman's while to go out, hatchet or saw in hand, against them. Felling and wagoning and freighting cost all the gold that they would finally fetch. But the war, which has scrapped so many things, made a market for the firs. They have their profitable price; and a Scottish peer, who is so popular that even his good luck makes him no enemies, has had a couple of hundred Germans told off to him as woodmen to hack, and hew, and saw asunder, until the number of feet of timber sold reaches seven figures, and frees from worse encumbrances a hitherto heavily mortgaged estate.

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Lady Butler, who decided some time ago that she would paint no more large oil pictures, has been persuaded to depart from this pre-war resolution. She is to paint for the county of Dorset the cavalry charge of the Dorset Yeomanry against the Senussi. Hers was a very firm purpose; but the persuasions for a breach of it were many and imperative. There was the lure of the Desert she has always loved; and the sound of the horses' feet, almost to be heard in her "Scotland for Ever!" And there was the irresistible invitation of British soldiers to paint once more British soldiers in a deathless deed of daring. Lady Butler knows the scene, the horse, the men; and, having yielded the time, she has "the time and the place and the loved one all together." The vision of the golden light and the golden sand remain with her. She learned it by heart when her husband had an Egyptian command. At Aldershot in earlier days, cavalry charges were made for her special benefit. She stood alone confronting the horses in full gallop; and thundering past her they shook the ground on which she stood; she, intrepid, taking notes of their action while the paper in her hand fluttered and winged itself in the wind of their flight. All these experiences and memories will pass into the canvas which, when

completed next spring, is to hang in the Shire Hall at Dorchester. That is the sort of local home an artist most wishes for his work. He, or she, is not always so happily placed. Years ago King Edward gave an engraving of Lady Butler's "Quatre Bras" to the Kaiser as a birthday present. What a difference has this war made. Lady Butler could not paint that subject now; and gladly would she wrest that reproduction from the walls of the Castle at Potsdam.

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A friend of mine has just come from Bethlehem. It is a Bethlehem in what is indeed sometimes called "The Land of Promise," but very far away, in space and spirit, from its namesake in Palestine. That it should be in Pennsylvania, so called after Quaker Penn, is another of the little geographical ironies that crop up the oftener the older the world grows. For, of course, the new Bethlehem is the site of the gun and munition works owned by the Steel Corporation—"the Krupps" of America." Day and night it labours to provide England with her most effective weapons. The works are three miles in length. They contain three million panes of glass, and you can begin to get at what that means if you remember that you will take a fortnight merely to count a million. The ironies do not end with the naming of this place of no peace. The head is a man of German origin, the multi-millionaire Mr. Charles M. Schwab. Many of his men are of the same descent; and they discuss morals and munitions with a multitude of Irish fellow-workers. Not that there is much time for talk at the new Bethlehem, where the Bonus system for the quickest, the most inventive, and otherwise the best workers is in full play—if play, again, is not a too ironical word. Not many years ago two Chinese Princes visited the States and Mr. Schwab motored them over a few tens of thousands of miles. They went home, and in due time a message came to Bethlehem (the word sticks in the pen), summoning Mr. Schwab to the Presence Chamber of the Emperor of China. He went; and one of the curiosities of the new Bethlehem is the order he brought back with him, signed on the dotted line in Chinese, for nearly two million pounds worth of steel products. That order counted as even a mammoth one in its day. Needless to say, it is a mere bagatelle beside those that bombard Bethlehem for our purposes to-day.

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I watched, the other day, the arrival of the Wounded at Charing Cross, and I could not help feeling that if we take our pleasures sadly, we take our sorrows gaily—we English. Here again I found Happy Men! Men in all stages of physical loss all laughing! But I will give you the scene in the words of our most famous battle-painter, also a looker-on, with an eye to a final detail I myself had missed: "The sitting-up ones were laughing and shaking hands with the crowd. Those on stretchers could hardly be seen in the twilight of the ambulances, but they waved their arms and tried to catch the flowers the women threw in. One poor fellow, who could only move his foot, shook it in acknowledgment of the cheers."

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Some wounds almost deserve a private history. I have even heard them called amusing. There is the son of Mr. James Fitzalan Hope, M.P., through both of whose cheeks a bullet passed without injuring his jaw or loosening a tooth. Perhaps you will ask: "Was he yawning?" for you have lately read how another young guardsman said his predominant feeling in his first action was—boredom. But, of course, the young Coldstreamer was calling his men onward. I know of at least three claimants to the eminence of being the tallest man in the British army. One of these I lately met. Everyone had said to him, before he went out, that his getting-on-for seven feet gave the enemy a great advantage; and a sentient target was how he himself felt. Well, he came back from the fight wounded—in the foot.

W.

Raemaekers' Cartoons

An Edition de Luxe

HYPOCRISY, according to the German mind, is the besetting sin of Britons inasmuch as they strive to clothe materialism in the ill-fitting garments of faith and endeavour to conceal the grosser traits of human nature under a spiritual mantle which frequently performs its task ill. But to sustain this charge of hypocrisy they would have to prove that nakedness is comelier and more decent than raiment. Carlyle, with his strong German bias, pointed out many years ago that all clothes are hypocrisy—"lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords!". He did not urge his readers because of his truth to adopt the absolute sincerity of the order of the bath. But the German of to-day glories in the unclothed exhibition of primitive passions, as if man began and ended in the beast, and a super orang-outang was the noblest manifestation of human might. Nietzsche, when he wrote about the fatherland which he called "the land of culture" cried: "Verily ye could wear no better masks, ye present-day men, than your own faces! Who could recognise you!" And few indeed would have recognised the present-day men of the land of culture under the masks of their own features, were it not for the great Dutch cartoonist, Raemaekers. Raemaekers knew them for he had lived among them and alongside of them and had their blood in his veins. He understood the height, depth and breadth of the abominations of which they were capable and in this volume* he has painted them as they are for all time.

"To have fidelity and for the sake of fidelity to risk honour and blood, even in evil and perilous courses"—this Nietzsche declared to be the voice of Germany's Will to Power. We now know this to be true and may well conceive it to be a devil's voice. It has sunk the Continent into a sea of blood, and it has lured Germany well nigh to destruction, for never again, before this proved accusation, can she deny she is other than she is. The world knows her; the mask of her own face no longer deceives. Not yet is it possible to mete out the punishment that such incidents as "The Hostages" (Plate 8); or "The Shield of Rosselaere" (Plate 10) demand, but it will come. Months have already passed since with prophetic touch Raemaekers made the terrible painting (Plate 99) entitled "To the End." Here War and Hunger each hold the Kaiser by the hand and lead him onward; underneath is written: "War and Hunger 'Now you must accompany us to the end.' The Kaiser: 'Yes to my end!'" Hourly it draws nearer.

This magnificent volume contains one hundred coloured cartoons which have been selected by Raemaekers himself. It is produced by the Fine Arts Society, and too high praise cannot be bestowed on the way in which the work has been done, both colour and line being given with striking fidelity. Particularly is this noticeable in Plate 1, "The Adoration of the Magi," which is esteemed by many critics as the most beautiful as well as the most satirical of all Raemaekers' cartoons. The edition is limited to a thousand copies; the photograph of the artist, included in it, bears his autograph. The originals are already scattered far and wide, wherefore this stately tome, which is characterised throughout by a grave dignity befitting the terrible subjects with which it deals, has an historical value; it will pass into libraries as the record of the moral atmosphere which Germany created of her own accord in this war, and posterity will realise that "frightfulness" was no rhetorical phrase but awful actuality, horrible fact.

Mr. Perry Robinson, who contributes an appreciation to this volume, says with exact truth: "It is doubtful if any artist, any painter or poet, prose writer or cartoonist has ever exercised so great an influence on so large a number of his contemporaries as Raemaekers exercises to-day." This is more particularly true of these islands. Until we in this country looked on these cartoons we did not believe, we could not believe, that such horrors were

possible at this stage of the world's progress. Our eyes were opened and since the cartoons were first shown in London, a new attitude towards the war has been apparent in every class of life throughout these islands. For this revelation of Germany's methods of warfare Raemaekers has placed the civilised world under a load of gratitude. As Mr. Robinson has well phrased it: "His terrible arraignment is not the arraignment of an individual, belligerent or otherwise. . . . It is the voice of eternal Right denouncing the eternal wrong; of Truth accusing falsehood; of Humanity, torn and bleeding, protesting against inhumanity and barbarism and brute violence. It is by virtue of this that Raemaekers' drawings find their instantaneous response in the heart and conscience of every one who sees them. It is this that will make them live indefinitely."

The Spirit of the War

We may not like the subjects, deeming them too horrible for expression; we may criticise the art itself, but never can we escape from the truth that in order to understand the war, the very spirit of the war, and to comprehend all for which the Allies are fighting—liberty of life and action, freedom from brutal dominance, the right of each nation and individual to its own separate existence—one must study these cartoons. In the last Plate we are shown: "The Assured Future"—France, in the guise of a woman, strangling in her strong hands, the German eagle. This was originally published in the Amsterdam *Telegraaf* just a year ago, on France's Day, 1915. It was a bold prediction then; it was absolute truth on France's Day, 1916. France at Verdun and on the Somme, clutches the German eagle strongly by the throat and slowly chokes the life out of it, and Britain, Russia and the other Allies help in the great work.

To each of these cartoons Mr. E. Garnett has added a brief descriptive note, which as a rule is compiled from the literature of the war. One omission we regret; that the date on which each was originally drawn or published is not given. It would often add point. For instance, Plate 95—"The Sacrifice," the Madonna holding in her arms the Sacred Babe, while round her press the mothers of Christendom, with their infant sons in their arms, whom they, too, have been called on to surrender "for the sake of mankind" gains a new poignancy if one realises that this cartoon was originally drawn to appear in the Christmastide issue of this journal. It touched the thought of the hour in a manner no words could do; it solaced many Christian mothers who on that sad Christmas Day were mourning the loss of sons. Raemaekers has been decried as a journalist, yet it may be said it is as a journalist he often attains the greatest height of his success, in that he uses his gifts to memorialise the thought of the day, or, as in this case, to soothe the grief of the hour. This high service to humanity is surely compatible with the noblest art.

The appreciation of Mr. Perry Robinson concludes with a brief biography of the artist. Louis Raemaekers was born on April 6th, 1869 at Roermond in Holland; his father Josephus Raemaekers was an editor and publisher, and mainly responsible for the restoration of the beautiful old church of that place; his mother, née Michels, was a German by birth. Raemaekers studied art in Amsterdam and Brussels. He married on July 10th, 1902 Johanna Petronella van Mansvelt, and they have three children, two girls and a boy. His home is in Haarlem, but he has for some little time past been settled in a home in England.

Mr. Robinson tells the story how at Waals, in Limburg he and Raemaekers were told as a casual bit of gossip by the Dutch sentry on Holland's side of the barbed wire that marked the frontier (the sentry being ignorant of their personalities) that the German on the other side of the wire had told him only that morning if he could induce the Amsterdam cartoonist, Raemaekers, to step across the frontier it would be worth 12,000 marks to him. This story has been frequently repeated; its authentic occurrence is here vouched for.

* The Great War: a Hundred Cartoons by Louis Raemaekers. London: Fine Arts Society. £10 10s.

Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay, who obtained a commission in the new Army was wounded at Loos. With his friend Sandy, the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot, he is convalescing in Hampshire, when a telegram, from Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, summons him to London. Sir Walter asks him to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. It is a secret that, in his opinion, may possibly lead to a big uprising throughout Asia and Africa. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. This paper was handed to the British headquarters in Mesopotamia by an officer—Sir Walter's son—wounded to death in obtaining it, who died without speaking. Hannay undertakes the mission, provided Sandy, who has a liking for work in dangerous places of the earth, joins him. Sandy consents. Sir Walter introduces him by letter to a wealthy American gentleman, John S. Blenkiron, a large fat man suffering from indigestion, with a weakness for Patience, strongly pro-Ally and delighting in adventure. On November 17th, the three dine together at a London flat, and agree to meet in a disreputable café in a back street of Constantinople two months later—on January 17th. Sandy decides to go to Constantinople disguised as a Turk; John S. Blenkiron is to drop into Germany as his own self by way of Scandinavia; Hannay, who has lived in South Africa as a mining engineer and can speak Dutch perfectly, is to enter Germany through Holland as a Boer from Western Cape Colony. So they part. Sandy leaves for Cairo. Blenkiron having made himself notorious in London by his assumed pro-German views, departs from Newcastle. Hannay sails for Lisbon where he finds a steamer just arrived from Angola; boarding it he meets his old Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, "the best scout I ever knew." To him he unfolds his plans and Peter agrees to be his companion. They attract notice to themselves in a Lisbon café by loud talk against England. Presently a little German introduces himself and offers to arrange their passage to Rotterdam. They accept, and sail.*

CHAPTER IV

Adventures of two Dutchmen on the Loose

THE Germans, as Peter said, are a careful people. A man met us on the quay at Rotterdam. I was a bit afraid that something might have turned up in Lisbon to discredit us, and that our little friend might have warned his pals by telegram. But apparently all was serene.

Peter and I had made our plans pretty carefully on the voyage. We had talked nothing but Dutch, and had kept up between ourselves the rôle of Maritz's men, which Peter said was the only way to play a part well. Upon my soul, before we got to Holland I was not very clear in my own mind what my past had been. Indeed, the danger was that the other side of my mind which should be busy with the great problem would get atrophied, and that I should soon be mentally on a par with the ordinary backveld desperado. We had agreed that it would be best to get into Germany at once, and when the agent on the quay told us of a train at mid-day we decided to take it.

I had another fit of cold feet before we got over the frontier. At the station there was a King's messenger, whom I had seen in France, and a war correspondent who had been trotting round our part of the front before Loos. I heard a woman speaking pretty clean-cut English, which amid the hoarse Dutch jabber sounded like a lark among crows. There were copies of the English papers for sale, and English cheap editions. I felt pretty bad about the whole business, and wondered if I should ever see these homely sights again.

But the mood passed when the train started. It was a clear blowing day and as we crawled through the flat pastures of Holland my time was taken up answering Peter's questions. He had never been in Europe before, and formed a high opinion of the farming. He said he reckoned that such land would carry four sheep a morgen. We were thick in talk when we reached the frontier station and jolted over a canal bridge into Germany.

I had expected a big barricade with barbed wire and entrenchments. But there was nothing to see on the German side but half a dozen sentries in the field-grey I had hunted at Loos. An under-officer with the black and gold buttons of the Landsturm hoicked us out of the train, and we were all shepherded in a big bare waiting-room where a large stove burned. They took us two at a time into an inner room for examination. I had explained to Peter all about this formality, but I was glad we went in together, for they made us strip to the skin and I had to curse him pretty seriously to make him keep quiet. The men who did the job were fairly civil, but they were mighty thorough. They took down a list of all we had in our pockets and bags, and all the details from the passports the Rotterdam agents had given us.

We were dressing when a man in a lieutenant's uniform came in with a paper in his hand. He was a fresh-faced lad of about twenty with short-sighted spectacled eyes.

"Herr Brandt?" he called out.

I nodded.

"And this is Herr Pienaar?" he asked in Dutch.

He saluted. "Gentlemen, I apologise. I am late because of the slowness of the Herr Commandant's motor car. Had I been in time you would not have been required to go through this ceremony. We have been advised of your coming, and I am instructed to attend you on your journey. The train for Berlin leaves in half an hour. Pray do me the honour to join me in a book."

With a feeling of distinction we stalked out of the ordinary ruck of passengers and followed the Lieutenant to the station restaurant. He plunged at once into conversation, talking the Dutch of Holland, which Peter, who had forgotten his schooldays, found a bit hard to follow. He was unfit for active service, because of his eyes and a weak heart, but he was a desperate fire-eater in that stuffy restaurant. By his way of it Germany could gobble up the French and the Russians whenever she cared, but she was aiming at getting all the Middle East in her hands first, so that she could come out conqueror with the practical control of half the world. "Your friends the English," he said grinning, "will come last. When we have starved them and destroyed their commerce with our under-sea boats we will show them what our navy can do. For a year they have been wasting their time in brag and politics, and we have been building great ships—O, so many! My cousin at Kiel—" and he looked over his shoulder.

But we never heard about that cousin at Kiel. A short sunburnt man came in and our friend sprang up and saluted, clicking his heels like a pair of tongs.

"These are the South African Dutch, Herr Captain," he said.

The new comer looked us over with bright intelligent eyes, and started questioning Peter in the *taal*. It was well that we had taken some pains with our story, for this man had been years in German South West, and knew every mile of the borders. Zorn was his name, and both Peter and I thought we remembered hearing him spoken of.

I am thankful to say that we both showed up pretty well. Peter told his story to perfection, not pitching it too high, and asking me now and then for a name or to verify some detail. Captain Zorn looked satisfied.

"You seem the right sort of fellows," he said. "But remember"—and he bent his brows on us—"we do not understand slimness in this land. If you are honest you will be rewarded, but if you dare to play a double game you will be shot like dogs. Your race has produced over many traitors for my taste."

"I ask no reward," I said gruffly; "we are not Germans or Germany's slaves. But so long as she fights against England we will fight for her."

"Bold words," he said, "but you must bow your stiff necks to discipline first. Discipline has been the weak point of you Boers and you have suffered for it. You are no more a nation. In Germany we put discipline first and last, and therefore we will conquer the world. Off with you now. Your train starts in three minutes. We will see what Stumm will make of you."

That fellow gave me the best "feel" of any German I had yet met. He was a white man and I could have worked with him. I liked his stiff chin and steady blue eyes.

My chief recollection of our journey to Berlin was its

commonplaceness. The spectacled Lieutenant fell asleep, and for the most part we had the carriage to ourselves. Now and again a soldier on leave would drop in, most of them tired men with heavy eyes. No wonder, poor devils, for they were coming back from the Yser or the Ypres salient. I would have liked to talk to them, but officially, of course, I knew no German and the conversation I overheard did not signify much. It was mostly about regimental details, though one chap, who was in better spirits than the rest, observed that this was the last Christmas of misery, and that next year he would be holidaying at home with full pockets. The others assented, but without much conviction.

The winter day was short, and most of the journey was made in the dark. I could see from the window the lights of little villages, and now and then the blaze of ironworks and forges. We stopped at a town for dinner, where the platform was crowded with drafts waiting to go westwards. We saw no signs of any scarcity of food, such as the English newspapers wrote about. We had an excellent dinner at the station restaurant, which, with a bottle of white wine, cost just about three shillings apiece. The bread, to be sure, was poor, but I can put up with the absence of bread if I get a juicy fillet of beef and as good vegetables as you will see in the Savoy.

I was a little afraid of our giving ourselves away in our sleep, but I need have had no fear, for our escort slumbered like a hog with his mouth wide open. As we roared through the darkness I kept pinching myself to make me feel that I was in the enemy's land on a wild mission. The rain came on, and we passed through dripping towns, with the lights shining from the wet streets. As we went eastwards the lighting seemed to grow more generous. After the murk of London it was queer to slip through garish stations with a hundred arc lights glowing, and to see long lines of lamps running to the horizon. Peter dropped off early, but I kept awake till midnight, trying to focus thoughts that persistently strayed. Then I too dozed, and did not awake till about five in the morning when we ran into a great busy terminus as bright as midday. It was the easiest and most suspicious journey I ever made.

The Lieutenant stretched himself and smoothed his rumpled uniform. We carried our scanty luggage to a drosky, for there seemed to be no porters. Our escort gave the address of some hotel and we rumbled out into brightly-lit empty streets.

"A mighty dorp," said Peter. "Of a truth the Germans are a great people."

The Lieutenant nodded good-humouredly.

"The greatest people on earth," he said, "as their enemies will soon bear witness."

I would have given a lot for a bath, but I felt that it would be outside my part, and Peter was not of the washing persuasion. But we had a very good breakfast of coffee and eggs, and then the Lieutenant started on the telephone. He began by being dictatorial, then he seemed to be switched on to higher authorities, for he grew more polite, and at the end he fairly crawled. He made some arrangements, for he informed us that in the afternoon we would see some fellow whose title he could not translate into Dutch. I judged he was a great swell, for his voice became reverential at the mention of him.

He took us for a walk that morning, after Peter and I had attended to our toilets. We were an odd pair of scallywags to look at, but as South African as a wait-a-bit bush. Both of us had ready-made tweed suits, grey flannel shirts with flannel collars and felt hats with broader brims than they like in Europe. I had strong nailed brown boots, Peter a pair of those mustard-coloured abominations which the Portuguese affect and which made him hobble like a Chinese lady. He had a scarlet satin tie which you could hear a mile off. My beard had grown to quite a respectable length, and I trimmed it like General Smuts. Peter's was the kind of loose flapping thing the *taakhaar* loves, which has scarcely ever been shaved, and is combed once in a blue moon. I must say we made a pretty solid pair. Any South African would have set us down as a Boer from the back-veld who had bought a suit of clothes in the nearest store and his cousin from some one-horse dorp who had been to school and thought himself the devil of a fellow. We fairly reeked of the sub-continent, as the papers call it.

It was a fine morning after the rain, and we wandered about in the streets for a couple of hours. They were busy enough, and the shops looked rich and bright with their Christmas goods, and one big store where I went to buy a pocket-knife was packed with customers. One didn't see very many young men, and most of the women wore mourning. Uniforms were everywhere, but their wearers generally looked like dug-outs or office fellows. We had a look at the squat building which housed the General Staff and took off our hats to it. Then we stared at the Marinamt, and I wondered what plots were hatching there behind old Tirpitz's whiskers.

The capital gave one an impression of ugly cleanness and a sort of dreary effectiveness. And yet I found it depressing, more depressing than London. I don't know how to put it, but the whole concern seemed to have no soul in it, to be like a big factory instead of a city. You won't make a factory look like a house, though you decorate its front, and plant rosebushes all round it. The place depressed and yet cheered me. It somehow made the German people seem smaller.

At three o'clock the lieutenant took us to a plain white building in a side street with sentries at the door. A young Staff officer met us and made us wait for five minutes in an ante-room. Then we were ushered into a big room with a polished floor on which Peter nearly sat down. There was a log fire burning, and seated at a table was a little man in spectacles with his hair brushed back from his brow like a popular violinist. He was the boss, for the Lieutenant saluted him and announced our names. Then he disappeared and the man at the table motioned us to sit down in two chairs before him.

"Herr Brandt and Herr Pienaar?" he asked, looking over his glasses.

But it was the other man that caught my eye. He stood with his back to the fire leaning his elbow on the mantle-piece. He was a perfect mountain of a fellow, six and a-half feet if he was an inch, with shoulders on him like a shorthorn bull. He was in uniform, and the black and white ribbon of the Iron Cross showed at a buttonhole. His tunic was all wrinkled and strained as if it could scarcely contain his huge chest, and mighty hands were clasped over his stomach. That man must have had the strength of a gorilla. He had a great lazy smiling face, with a square cleft chin which stuck out beyond the rest. His brow retreated and the stubbly back of his head ran forward to meet it, while his neck below bulged out over his collar. His head was exactly the shape of a pear with the sharp end topmost.

He stared at me with his small bright eyes and I stared back. I had struck something I had been looking for for a long time, and till that moment I wasn't sure it existed. Here was the German of caricature, the real German, the fellow we were up against. He was as hideous as a hippopotamus, but effective. Every bristle on his odd head was effective.

The man at the table was speaking. I took him to be a civilian official of sorts, pretty high up from his surroundings, perhaps an Under-Secretary. His Dutch was slow and careful but good—too good for Peter. He had a paper before him and was asking us questions from it. They did not amount to much, being pretty well a repetition of those Zorn had asked us at the frontier. I answered fluently, for I had all our lies by heart.

Then the man on the hearth-rug broke in. "I'll talk to them, Excellency," he said in German. "You are too academic for these outland swine."

He began in the *taal*, with the thick guttural accent that you get in German South West. "You have heard of me," he said, "I am the Colonel von Stumm who fought the Hereros."

Peter pricked up his ears. "*Ja*, Baas. You cut off the chief Baviaan's head and sent it in pickle about the country. I have seen it."

The big man laughed. "You see I am not forgotten," he said to his friend; and then to us: "So I treat my enemies, and so will Germany treat hers. You, too, if you fail me by a fraction of an inch." And he laughed aloud again.

There was something horrible in that boisterousness. Peter was watching him from below his eyelids, as I have seen him watch a lion about to charge.

He flung himself on a chair, put his elbows on the table, and thrust his face forward.

"You have come from a damned muddled show. If I had Maritz in my power I would have him flogged at a waggon's end. Fools and pig-dogs, they had the game in their hands and they flung it away. We could have raised a fire that would have burnt the English into the sea, and for lack of fuel they let it die down. Then they try to fan it when the ashes are cold." He rolled a paper pellet and flicked it into the air. "That is what I think of your idiot general," he said, "and of all you Dutch. As slow as a fat vrouw and as greedy as an aasvogel."

We looked very glum and sullen.

"A pair of dumb dogs," he cried. "A thousand Brandenburgers would have won in a fortnight. Seitz hadn't much to boast of, mostly clerks and farmers and half castes and no soldier worth the name to lead them, but it took Botha and Smuts and a dozen generals to hunt him down. But Maritz!" His scorn came like a gust of wind.

"Maritz did all the fighting there was," said Peter sulkily. "At any rate he wasn't afraid of the sight of khaki like your lot."

"May be he wasn't," said the giant in a cooing voice; "maybe he had his reasons for that. You Dutchmen have

always a featherbed to fall on. You can always turn traitor. Maritz now calls himself Robinson and has a pension from his friend Botha."

"That," said Peter, "is a very damned lie."

"I asked for information," said Stumm with a sudden politeness. "But that is all past and done with. Maritz matters no more than your old Cronjes and Krugers. The show is over, and you are looking for safety. For a new master perhaps? But man, what can you bring? What can you offer? You and your Dutch are lying in the dust with the yoke on your necks. The Pretoria lawyers have talked you round. You see that map," and he pointed to a big one on the wall. "South Africa is coloured green. Not red for the English, or yellow for the Germans. Some day it will be yellow, but for a little it will be green—the colour of neutrals, of nothings, of boys and young ladies and chicken-hearts."

I kept wondering what he was playing at.

Then he fixed his eyes on Peter. "What do you come here for? The game's up in your own country. What can you offer us Germans? If we gave you ten million marks and sent you back you could do nothing. Stir up a village row, perhaps, and shoot a policeman. South Africa is counted out in this war. Botha is a clever man and has beaten you calves'-heads of rebels. Can you deny it?"

Peter couldn't. He was terribly honest in some things and these were for certain his opinions.

"No," he said, "that is true, *bas*."

"Then, what in God's name can you do?" shouted Stumm.

Peter mumbled some foolishness about nobbling Angola for Germany and starting a revolution among the natives. Stumm flung up his arms and cursed, and the Under-Secretary laughed.

It was high time for me to chip in. I was beginning to see the kind of fellow this Stumm was, and as he talked I thought of my mission, which had got overlaid by my Boer past. It looked as if he might be useful.

"Let me speak," I said. "My friend is a great hunter, but he fights better than he talks. He is no politician. You speak truth. South Africa is a closed door for the present, and the key to it is elsewhere. Here in Europe, and in the East, and in other parts of Africa. We have come to help you to find the key."

Stumm was listening. "Go on, my little Boer. It will be a new thing to hear a *taakhaar* on world-politics."

"You are fighting," I said, "in East Africa, and soon you may fight in Egypt. All the east coast north of the Zambesi will be your battle ground. The English run about the world with little expeditions. I do not know where the places are though I read of them in the papers. But I know my Africa. You want to beat them here in Europe and on the seas. Therefore, like wise Generals, you try to divide them and have them scattered throughout the globe while you stick at home. That is your plan?"

"A second Falkenhayn," said Stumm laughing.

"Well, England will not let East Africa go. She fears for Egypt and she fears too for India. If you press her there she will send armies and more armies till she is so weak in Europe that a child can crush her. That is England's way. She cares more for her Empire than for what may happen to her Allies. So I say press and still press there, destroy the railway to the Lakes, burn her capital, hem up every Englishman in Mombasa island. At this moment it is worth for you a thousand Damaralands."

The man was really interested and the Under-Secretary too pricked up his ears.

"We can keep our territory," said the former, "but as for pressing, how the devil are we to press? The accursed English hold the sea. We cannot ship men or guns there. South are the Portuguese and west the Belgians. You cannot move a mass without a lever."

"The lever is there, ready for you," I said.

"Then for God's sake show it me," he cried.

I looked to the door to see that it was shut, as if what I had to say was very secret.

"You need men, and the men are waiting. They are black, but they are the stuff of warriors. All round your borders you have the remains of great fighting tribes, the Angoni, the Masai, the Manyumwezi, and above all the Somalis of the north, and the dwellers on the upper Nile. The British recruit their black regiments there, and so do you. But to get recruits is not enough. You must set whole nations moving, as the Zulus under Tshaka flowed over South Africa."

"It cannot be done," said the Under-Secretary.

"It can be done," I said quietly. "We two are here to do it."

This kind of talk was jolly difficult for me, chiefly because of Stumm's asides in German to the official. I had above all

things to get the credit of knowing no German, and, if you understand a language well, it is not very easy when you are interrupted not to show that you know it, either by a direct answer, or by referring to the interruption in what you say next. I had to be always on my guard, and yet it was up to me to be very persuasive and convince these fellows that I would be useful. Somehow or other I had to get into their confidence.

"I have been for years up and down in Africa—Uganda and the Congo and the upper Nile. I know the ways of the Kaffir as no Englishman does. We Afrikaners see into the black man's heart, and though he may hate us he does our will. You Germans are like the English; you are too big folk to understand plain men. 'Civilise,' you cry. 'Educate,' say the English. The black man obeys and puts away his gods, but he worships them all the time in his soul. We must get his gods on our side and then he will move mountains. We must do as John Laputa did with Sheba's necklace."

"That's all in the air," said Stumm, but he did not laugh.

"It is sober common sense," I said. "But you must begin at the right end. First find the race that fears its priests. It is waiting for you—the Mussulmans of Somaliland and the Abyssinian border and the Blue and White Nile. They would be like dried grasses to catch fire if you used the flint and steel of their religion. Look what the English suffered from a crazy Mullah who ruled only a dozen villages. Once get the flames going and they will lick up the Pagans to the west and south. That is the way of Africa. How many thousands, think you, were in the Mahdi's army who never heard of the Prophet till they saw the black flags of the Emirs going into battle?"

Stumm was smiling. He turned his face to the official and spoke with his hand over his mouth, but I caught his words. They were "This is the man for Hilda." The other pursed his lips and looked a little scared.

Stumm rang a bell and the lieutenant came in and clicked his heels. He nodded towards Peter. "Take this man away with you. We have done with him. The other fellow will follow presently."

Peter went out with a puzzled face and Stumm turned to me.

"You are a dreamer, Brandt," he said. "But I do not reject you on that account. Dreams sometimes come true, when an army follows the visionary. But who is going to kindle the flame?"

"You," I said.

"What the devil do you mean?" he asked.

"That is your part. You are the cleverest people in the world. You have already half the Mussulman lands in your power. It is for you to show us how to kindle a holy war, for clearly you have the secret of it. Never fear but we will carry out your orders."

"We have no secret," he said shortly, and glanced at the official, who stared out of the window.

I dropped my jaw and looked the picture of disappointment.

"I do not believe you," I said slowly. "You play a game with me. I have not come six thousand miles to be made a fool of."

"Discipline, my God," Stumm cried. "This is none of your ragged commandos." In two strides he was above me and had lifted me out of my seat. His great hands clutched my shoulder, and his thumbs gouged my armpits. I felt as if I were in the grip of a big ape. Then very slowly he shook me so that my teeth seemed loosened and my head swam. He let me go and I dropped limply back in the chair.

"Now go! *Futsack!* And remember that I am your master. I, Ulric von Stumm, who owns you as a Kaffir owns his mongrel. Germany may have some use for you, my friend, when you fear me as you never feared your God."

As I walked dizzily away the big man was smiling in his horrible way, and that little official was blinking and smiling too. I had struck a damned queer country, so queer that I had had no time to remember that for the first time in my life I had been bullied without hitting back. When I realised it I nearly choked with anger. But I thanked heaven I had shown no temper, for I remembered my mission. Luck seemed to have brought me into useful company.

(To be continued.)

Battery Flashes, by "Wagger," (John Murray, 2s. 6d. net) is an account of the training of an artilleryman and his work with his battery on active service up to and beyond the "push" of September, 1915. The writer, as his pseudonym indicates, is a signaller, and by the time the end of the book is reached he is well on the way to a commission, which one judges he well deserves. There is a good deal of humour in his account of training and service, and he is not afraid to relate a story that tells against himself. Though set in the form of letters, often a drawback, the story is never dull.



The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Empire House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

An Agricultural Skirt



Perfectly suited to its purpose is this gardening or farming skirt with its couple of big useful pockets and sensible shortness

gency, however, is readily avoided with a skirt of this description, and the comfort and wellbeing gained is immense in consequence. Its lightness is another valuable feature.

Children's Beach Frocks

At one of the cleverest children's departments in town every conceivable kind of holiday garb suitable for country or seaside is now on view. Quite delightful are some beach tunics made from the pieces left over from ladies' sports coats and frequently of wonderfully artistic colourings.

Then there are some clever little frocks of striped drill with corresponding knickers beneath. These are meant for children from six to fourteen years old and cost from 3s. 11d., consecutive sizes rising threepence in price. Oilskin waders, keeping a child absolutely dry, and fitted with big protective bibs cost from three shillings upwards, and waterproof fishermen's oilskin hats to match are two shillings. Boldly striped lawn jumpers, slipping on over the head and lacing down the front are accompanied by plain or striped skirts and look most attractive.

Beach bonnets for grown ups and children are ridiculously cheap, and comfortable sand sandals with string soles can be bought here.

A Clever Idea

A chain to fit any wrist-watch and fasten it most conveniently round the wrist is being acclaimed wherever it makes its way. It is simplicity itself, just a length of ordinary curb or expanding chain with a hook at either end. These fit in a moment on to the watch, and in an instant it is fixed on

the wrist without any of the paraphernalia of the customary wrist strap.

The chain in silver is kept in three sizes and prices. Men like it as much as women, and any number of these chains are being steadily sold through the course of each day that passes, soldiers being prominent customers. It is certain this will to a great extent replace the leather strap which soon wears out and even sooner gets shabby.

The same idea is also carried out in gold.

Straight from Japan

Nothing prettier has been seen for a long time than some washable Japanese crepe knicker suits for children costing only 2s. 11½d. In many pretty colourings, they are outlined with an edge of white and are the essence of comfort and charm for the nursery folk. Hailing from Japan also are some fascinating embroidered kimono jumpers for a half crown. Wearing one of these a child looks original and is in most becoming attire.

A Substitute for Matches

Substitutes for household necessities are not often wholly satisfactory things, but a wonderful gas lighter is a triumphant exception to the rule. This absolutely does what it sets out to do, namely dispenses entirely with all need for matches. It lights a single gas jet as easily as a gas ring, cooker or gas stove. Gas is used in so many houses for lighting or cooking, and so many matches are daily used to light it that this is no small matter, especially now when matches, owing to the tax, verge on a luxury.

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Nothing cleverer or more complete has been seen for ages than a delightful satchel waterproof. At first sight it seems the usual kind of garment, belted round the waist and fitted with a cap-hood, which can be drawn securely over the head in rainy weather. Further examination, however, or an explanation, shows that the design goes much farther than this.

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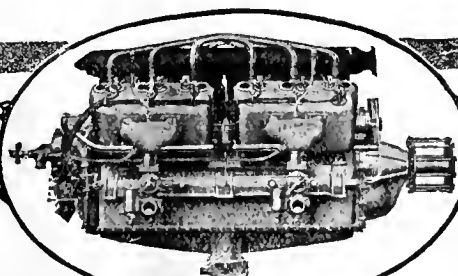
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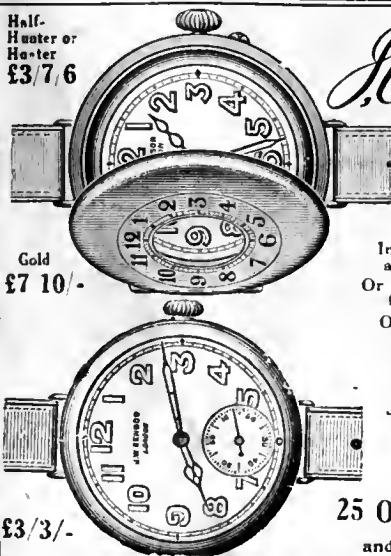
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LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1916

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By Louis Raemaekers.

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THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1916

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IRELAND AND THE WAR

THE whole of judgment consists in proportion. The fool and the cunning man are both distinguished from the wise man, not by their inferior knowledge of certain facts, but by the respective weight they give to each of those facts. But the task of judging wisely in public affairs is always heavier by far than the corresponding task in private affairs, because the scale of the problems involved is so much greater. A man may have a good eye for the acreage of a field, or a good judgment upon the proportions of a room, but the same man will find it very difficult not to exaggerate the importance of the nearer objects in a great landscape, or to realise over what vast distances the remote plains of his view may range.

Our public life even now after two years of War necessarily feels the effects of controversies which arose long before the enormous circumstance of to-day. It necessarily feels the imprint, far too recent to have faded, of debates which, if they could only be seen in their relation to the gigantic struggle in Europe, would suddenly fall to insignificance. It necessarily suffers from an exaggeration of particular cases and particular personalities, the position and value of which were only slightly exaggerated when they formed, as they did but some few years ago, the sole matter of public debate, but which now really bear no comparison with the magnitude of the national danger and of the necessity for national triumph. Historians have always marvelled at the way in which what are obviously minor details have been allowed in the past to thwart or, at any rate, to disarrange the conduct of a great nation in some crisis of its fate.

You have the example, for instance, of Prussia standing aloof from the Great Alliance in the year of Austerlitz, and inevitably suffering in the next year, 1806, the chastisement of Jena. You have the example twelve years before of the British contingent withdrawn from the Austrian command for the adventure of Dunkirk, with the inevitable result of the French victories that followed. You have the Dutch Commissioners in the very turning of the tide against Louis XIV.'s power perpetually haggling for details even of procedure, when the one thing essential to the safety of their country was close union with the British policy, and when their salvation

was only to be effected by the genius of Marlborough.

Now there is some danger that to-day we also in this country should suffer from such a misapprehension of values, and that the magnitude of the war and the necessity—for it is no less—of united and if possible undisturbed government during its progress will be forgotten or undervalued on account of what has been for long an acute, but is after all, only a domestic, problem. Such a misapprehension of values upon the part of the public is unlikely—though the revival of the Irish controversy might lead to such a thing. But on the part of individual politicians it is only too probable. And it would be well, we think, if before entering on any adventures, those even who are most opposed to a present settlement of Irish affairs should consider the alternative. It is true that the war has now entered a phase in which political disturbances or reconstruction at home will no longer be necessarily disastrous. But such a disturbance would be necessarily weakening. The moment is the most ill-chosen of all for exhibiting to our enemies any disarray in our forces; for suggesting a change of policy, though domestic in its origin, which our enemy might hope to see reacting upon the general conduct of the war, and for bewildering our Allies with a spectacle which—small blame to them!—they cannot understand.

To judge the truth of these remarks it is surely sufficient to consider how opinion would judge the matter if there had taken place in the past an actual invasion of these islands, and if any portion of our soil were under the occupation of the enemy. That is the position in which the French have found themselves for now two years. It is the position in which the Italians recently found themselves. It is the position in which our Russian Allies have found themselves. In their eyes any considerable domestic change—any changes of government *not directly connected with the conduct of the war* would be as disturbing as it would be inexplicable.

But there is no need to take so violent an instance. It is almost enough to point out that public opinion, as it stands, would never comprehend such a confusion at such a moment. The war has by this time penetrated so deeply into the consciousness of the whole nation in its most tragic as in its most glorious aspect; it has so nearly concerned every class, and we had almost said every member of every class, that any comparison between it and the political controversies of a few years past has in it something of the grotesque. Men who should allow those controversies to reappear in the narrow arena of political life would be altogether miscalculating the general mind of their fellow citizens. Nothing could tend to discredit more the already uncertain moral foundations of Parliamentary Government. Nothing would show a greater contrast between the mind of the Parliamentarians at Westminster and the mind of the average Englishman outside.

We do not write this under the conception that the error will be committed. We do not believe that the new Irish controversy will be allowed at such a moment as this to affect the constitution, still less to affect the policy of the Government. The whole energy of the nation as a whole and of all those which direct it can in the nature of things be turned to only one object, and that object is victory upon the Continent: The supply of munitionment; the severity of the Blockade; the hearty support of the Alliance; the meeting of the enemy propaganda in neutral fields; the attraction of forces hitherto neutral—these are the matters with which the nation is alone concerned and with which it will not tolerate the admixture of things altogether less in moment. Whatever deflects us, however slightly, from the common goal is a weakness; and the nation is sufficiently alive to this truth to forbid such weakness at such a time.

The British Offensive

By Hilaire Belloc

I PROPOSE this week to discuss in somewhat more detail than has hitherto been admitted upon this matter, the ground over which the great offensive is now progressing so far as the British section of it is concerned.

It is only by understanding that ground in its contours that we can appreciate the nature of the battle.

One must begin by taking what is the base level for all this district, the valley floors of the Ancre and the Somme, and by referring all heights to that original level.

Next we must fix upon three points of territory convenient to a comprehension of the whole ground, which points are the three towns of Peronne, Albert, and Bapaume. The valley floors of the Lower Ancre and of the whole of the Somme in this region, are below the 70 metre contour, that is they are less than 230 feet above the sea. They are flat, marshy, and broad, and the actual water level in the Thalweg of the Somme averages in this region no more than about 165 feet above the sea. The valley floors including the rise out of the marshes up to the 70 metre level I have marked on the accompanying sketch Map I. with horizontal lines in such a fashion as to show them separately from the mass of the rising ground above. Bapaume, Peronne and Albert form the three points of what is very nearly an equilateral triangle. It is rather less than 13 miles from Albert to Peronne; almost exactly 12 from Peronne to Bapaume and about 11 from Bapaume to Albert.

The British offensive having started with the 1st of the month from the line marked A—B had reached by Monday the 24th of July to about the line A—C—D, the points south of D covering Hardecourt and so down to the Somme covering Hem and on southward beyond the Somme being in the hands of the French. We see, therefore, that the British line in its advanced position from the neighbourhood of Thiepval to just below Guillemont stretches across country as the crow flies a matter of 7 miles, and in its sinuosities from 8 to 9.

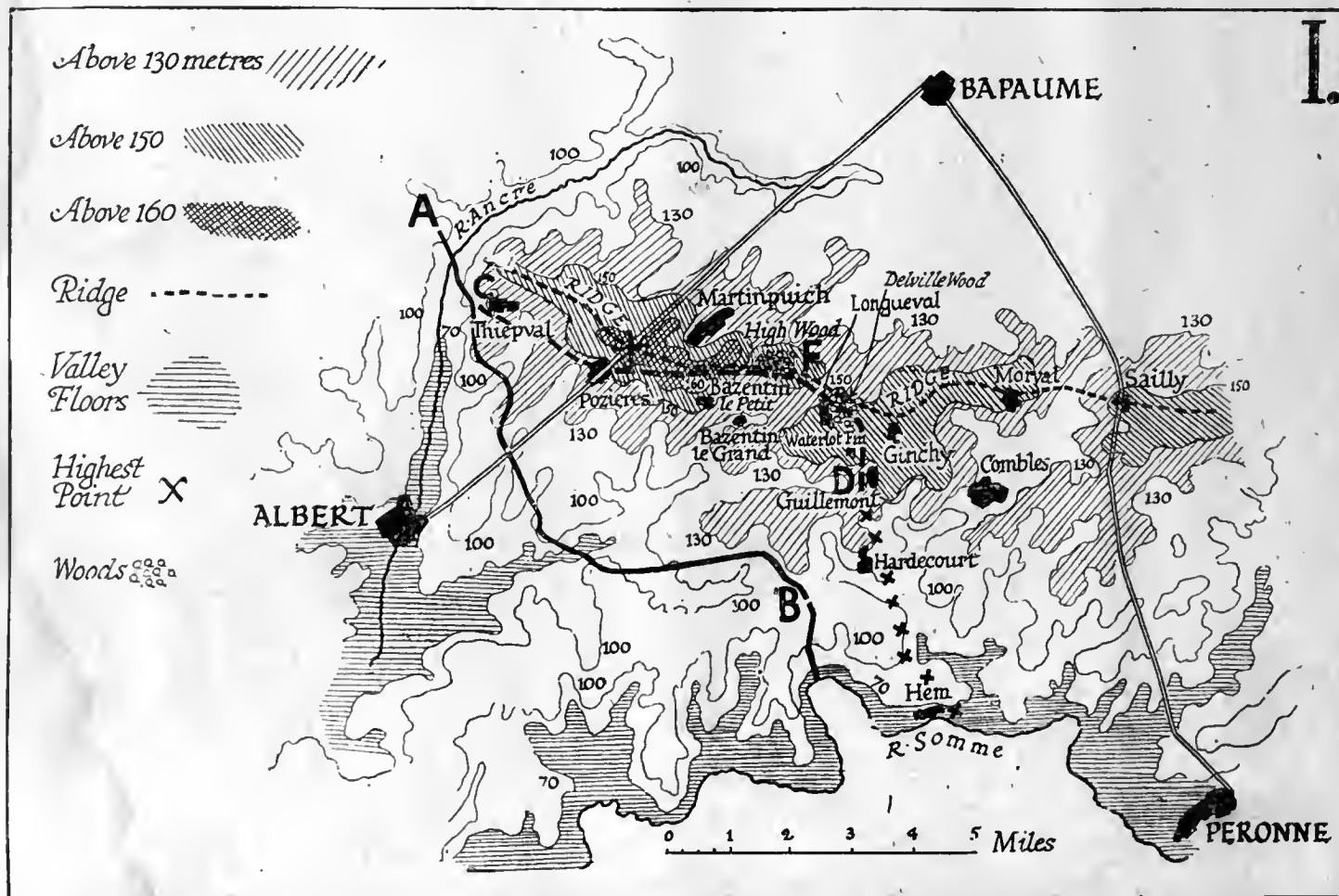
We further see from Map I. that it has continually

advanced up hill during the course of the last three weeks. It started astraddle of (in some places just above, in other places well below) the hundred metre line. It has come to occupy in every place (save a very short dip south-east of Thiepval) ground above the 130 metre line. Everything above the 130 metre line is marked with shading upon Map I. and it will be seen from the same map that the British advance has thus hitherto covered rising ground, confused in outline but roughly averaging from two to four miles in breadth and gaining in that distance from 100 to 150 feet.

What is the importance of the present position? Why have the Germans massed such very great forces to prevent any further advance, and why is the present line so critical?

It is because the line now approaches that ridge, that succession of highest points in the whole country side, of which I spoke last week and which I would like to describe to-day in somewhat fuller fashion.

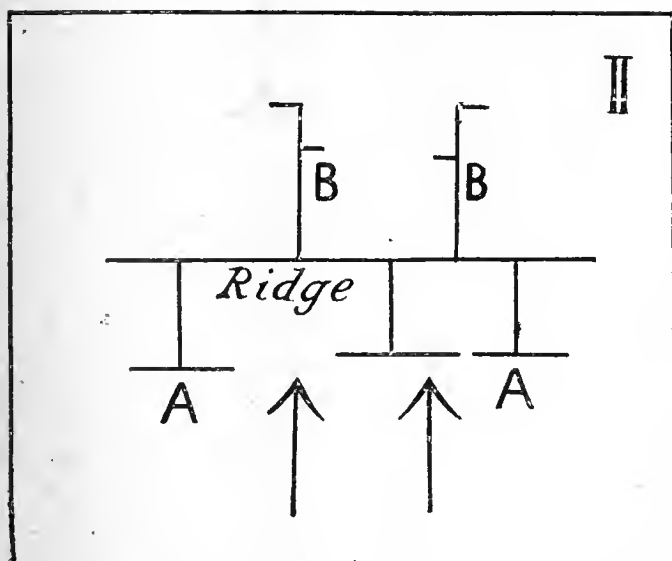
Within the 130 metre contour, which is that of the almost continuous high land north of the Somme (bearing the villages of Thiepval, Martinpuich, Pozières, the two Bazentins, Guinchy, Guillemont, Morval, Saily, etc.), lies a series of isolated patches, four in number and higher still, marking the level about 65 feet above the 150 metre contour. This, though not continuous, gives you the horizon line or ridge separating what may be called the Albert and Peronne heart of the ground from the further part which may be called the Bapaume portion of the ground. I have marked it on Map I. by a darker shading. There is also within this 150 metre contour a patch of land (marked with the darkest shading of all) 33 feet or 10 metres higher again, which hides Martinpuich on the north from Little Bazentin and Pozières upon the south, and I believe the highest point of this to be the point marked X upon Map I. just outside Pozières upon the Bapaume road. But the ridge as a whole is the important thing, and not one particular rather higher point of it. And if the ridge as a whole,



through the point marked X then through what the English call "The High Wood" or Wood of Fourceaux, then just over the far corner of Delville Wood, then just north of Guinchy, and so on, be held—or if any considerable part of it be held—the advantage of observation falls to the Allies.

Not only does the advantage of observation so fall to the Allies but there is a certain configuration in the ground as a whole towards the north of the ridge down to Bapaume which must be noted for what it is worth.

The ground to the south over which the English have so far been progressing offers continual examples of transverse contours where a defensive position may be taken up against an offensive progressing northward. To the north of the ridge this character of the ground largely disappears. I have not carried on the contours beyond the northern slope for fear of confusing so simple a sketch map, but we shall see when or if the offensive gains ground beyond the ridge (and I will then explain the matter in detail and with contours) the ground falling away towards Bapaume in what is roughly a series of shallow valleys lacking long transverse positions for defence and enfiladed by observation and fire from the south. One might illustrate the contrast between the northern and the southern side by some such diagram as the accompanying Diagram II, where the Southern



formation is in a series of broad "T" shapes as A—A—A as you go northwards, with long transverse positions to check an advance in the direction of the arrows, while north of the ridge as at B and B there are shorter and less tenable transverse positions.

I must repeat what I said last week that it is an error to exaggerate position in the present war and especially on the ground of the present offensive. We have had ample opportunity to judge of the great modification introduced by the modern defensive into the older ideas of the value of position. But observation counts more than ever it did and position itself for the establishment of a defensive line still has its value.

It is true, therefore, to say that the fight is at this moment essentially a fight to get possession of the ridge line by the British and, on the part of the enemy, essentially a fight to prevent the British establishing themselves there. Not coincidentally with this ridge, but dependent upon it, runs the third line of German trenches also.

We can see clearly from the sketch how nearly the Allied object is here achieved. At Thiepval in the gully at D the offensive has still a bad slope in front of it, but in the village of Pozières, which had been half carried by sheer hand to hand fighting before Monday evening, the highest point is at hand less than half a mile away and little more than a quarter. The old mill (succeeded I believe by a factory, and now anyhow a mass of rubbish) standing on the left-hand side of the road, from which one saw the whole landscape northwards, is only just outside the last northern houses of Pozières village—two or three hundred yards beyond them—at the point marked X upon Map I. As you go east the next two miles of the line of highest points were still in German hands upon Monday evening, but the British line was here

extremely close to the summit and at E in the High Wood or Fourceaux Wood positions were held—if I am not mistaken—which alone of those hitherto maintained actually capped the swell of ground and permitted a view over towards Bapaume.

Enemy Concentration on the Somme Front

Fairly exact knowledge is obtainable with regard to the enemy concentration. He met the first shock (which he had long been expecting) with some nine divisions (more than double the force that met the shock at Verdun).

They gave way, as we know, with a loss in prisoners alone of about a fifth of their total combatants. This original nine has been increased in the course of the month to more than 26.

I believe it will appear, when we know all the facts, that the equivalent of as many as 30 German divisions have been brought up first and last against the new offensive between the 1st and the 25th of July.

These formations, hurried in their concentration and sometimes composed of singularly mixed units, came from no strategic reserve.

They were summoned from Valenciennes, from Cambrai, and from many other points just behind the line where whole divisions had been kept as a local reserve. Thus the 123rd division has appeared against the Somme offensive. It came from Bruges; the 53rd and the 117th from Lille and its neighbourhood; the 54th from Ghent; the two divisions of the 22nd corps from Valenciennes, and at least one division of the Guard from the east of Cambrai. Further, what are called "The Third Battalions" were drawn upon hurriedly and to the extreme limit of strain from all along the Champagne front to as far away as the Argonne.

The meaning of such a move may be discovered from the following explanation:

The Germans, like all other belligerents in this trench warfare, have been compelled to establish a system of rotation.

Take three connected battalions. The first will be actually in the trenches while the second line is behind in the immediate neighbourhood suffering less strain, though within the zone of danger. It is a support. The third battalion lies right behind in complete repose. Now these three act as parts of a system of rotation, each in its turn being in the front line, just behind the front line, and right behind it in full repose. After such time as is judged the most which the men in the trenches can bear without deterioration, battalion 3 goes up and relieves battalion 1, battalion 1 falls back to the comparative repose battalion 2 had hitherto enjoyed, and battalion 2 falls back to the positions of complete repose behind the lines hitherto filled by battalion 3.

At the next shift, after 3 has suffered in the trenches the full time allowed it falls back to where 1 was; 1 falls back to complete repose at the rear, and 2 takes its place in the trenches, and so on in rotation. According as the Command sees fit in conditions of a special strain or from any other causes, the order is reversed, and I believe that the reverse order is the more common, wherever there has been very heavy work, men passing from the worst strain to complete repose immediately, especially throughout the northern part of the Western front. But that detail is unimportant. The point is that everywhere there is rotation.

The Germans on the Western front, being now much harder hit in numbers than their opponents, are compelled to leave their men upon the average longer in the front trenches. This drawback is to some extent compensated for by their very deep digging, but this in its turn makes them lose much larger numbers of prisoners when a heavy blow is struck than would otherwise be the case; or, when what the French call the "cleaning up" of captured trenches is thoroughly accomplished (and it is dangerous to neglect it) a much larger number in dead.

The result of an insufficiency in numbers is in any case to make the presence of the third battalions in reserve more essential than ever.

Now the Germans, in rushing their concentration up against the new offensive, borrow these "third battalions" as I have said from all the way down the front

right away to the Argonne, and that is as good a proof as you could get of exhaustion. They have concentrated on the Somme at the expense of heavier strain and fatigue to the rest of their line. They have taken from money in use as well as from reserves laid by. We must be perfectly clear upon the matter. Exhaustion does not here mean ultimate exhaustion of man power. It means exhaustion of immediately available supplement. Class 1918 has not yet come into play, and the convalescents, as they are called upon, and become fit, can be drafted to the front. These two categories alone ultimately provide far more than half a million men and nearer three-quarters. There is further to be reckoned the recruits sent back as being as yet immature when class '17 was called out and even when class '16 was called out. These balances are continually being drawn upon. But of a true strategic reserve, that is of divisions fully trained and equipped and held right back from either front to be thrown in wherever the Higher Command may need it, there is none left, so far as available evidence can guide us. We may imagine it to exist. Imagination is untrammelled. We may imagine to exist for that matter, if we like, the famous untouched army of two million fresh Germans of full military age and fitness. But folly of that kind is really borrowing ridicule against oneself. If we only consider the evidence to hand everything points to the absence at the present moment of a true strategic German reserve. They are using, under Hindenburg, in the eleven divisions they lent the Austrians, against Verdun, to hold the quiet parts of the Western front, and against the great offensive on the Somme, every available complete unit they have got at the moment. And when I say "using," I include, of course, all immediate local reserves.

Austrian Attempt at Re-Grouping

While I am upon that point it may be of interest to my readers to know that the Austrian movements (where everyone is agreed there is no strategic reserve, available) have been in part identified during the last ten days or fortnight. The number of divisions withdrawn from the Italian front is almost certainly eight or at least not more than eight. The "bottled up" Trentino front, therefore, still absorbs ten. Of these eight four have been identified upon the Russian front. The position of the other four is still a mystery, or was, as late as Saturday last. One theory about them, and a plausible one is, that they were in process of transfer from the Trentino to the Eastern front when they were recalled by the vigour of the present Italian counter-offensive between the Adige and the Brenta. Another is that for political reasons, the Austro-Hungarian Governments, after first deciding to send these four divisions to the East, thought better of it on account of local feeling. At any rate, we know that there were riots or at least popular demonstrations against the sending of Tyrolese troops to Galicia a full three weeks ago, as I pointed out last week.

Of the 11 divisions which Germany has sent in aid of Austria, by the way, eight have been identified in the Lutsk salient, two are between Kolomea and Stanislau, and one has been added to the Austro-German forces in front of Baranovitchi.

The Eastern Front

The movement upon the Eastern front in the course of the week has not, up to the time of writing, been considerable. The Russians are still deliberately keeping the enemy in doubt as to whether they intend to put their main effort in the south towards a march up Galicia or towards a crossing of the Carpathians. They were not, if we are to trust official news alone, over the ridge of the Carpathians in any place as late as Monday last. The suggestion made in these columns last week that the Austrian retirement behind the Lipa would be especially pronounced upon its right has turned out to be well founded. Upon Thursday last the Austrians were withdrawing from Verben, and had fallen back upon, and were apparently even falling back beyond, Berestetchno.

It will be remembered that I commented upon the

length of the new line they would have to take up and upon the temptation they would be under to fall back upon their right in order to shorten that line. They have done so.

French Class of 1916

The French class 1916 is now appearing at last in the field in considerable numbers and its appearance has been officially announced by the French authorities. It was present ten days ago at the capture of Hem and Curlu upon the north bank of the Somme. It is always of the greatest importance to note, not only the moment when these new classes are summoned in each conscript country, but particularly the moment when they first appear in considerable numbers in the field, for it is the most accurate test of exhaustion which we possess. The German Class '16, it will be remembered, first appeared in considerable numbers in the actual fighting upon March 9th last. There is here, then, evidence of a difference of more than four months and nearly five between the same stage of relative depletion in the French and the German services.

In connection with this all-important point, the rate of German exhaustion, we should note that the enemy is more than ever anxious to conceal it at this crisis. Hence the nonsense about the Brandenburgers at Longueval being the fragment of the 24th that reached Douaumont five months ago. Hence also the official orders to the German press to insist particularly on supposed reserves of men and to allude continually to the "enemy's fable of our exhaustion."

With the increasing magnitude of the new British offensive we are getting placed before the British authorities just that sort of evidence which the French authorities have long possessed upon the incompleteness of the German casualty lists. It is to be hoped that the matter will have a particular attention, because the Germans managed to deceive a considerable and important part of British opinion upon this point. There is an excellent example of what I mean in the official despatch of last Thursday.

In this despatch we have documents quoted showing on the enemy's own testimony, that one regiment (the 6th Bavarian Reserve), out of 3,500 men suffered 3,000 casualties. We are further told that a single battalion of the 190th regiment out of 1,100 men suffered 980 casualties. We have already had the example of the 3rd reserve division of the Guards, which, though we have not as yet, I believe, exact numbers to deal with, quite certainly lost more than half its effectives.

Here are concrete tests to which we can turn in judging the casualty lists of the enemy. The enemy will, of course, in this particular case, know that we have the documents, and knowing the importance to himself of maintaining the deception which has worked so well, be at particular pains to get these units properly recorded in his official lists. But we can apply a system of checks as the French have, if we choose, which will be conclusive. As the offensive progresses, and as we capture more documentary evidence of his real losses, we can withdraw from publication and keep secret (as the French have), numerous test pieces and compare them, say, six weeks hence, with the published lists. It is earnestly to be hoped that this method will be pursued. If it is, one of two things will appear, and each will be equally conclusive of the thesis constantly maintained in these columns, that the German official casualty lists were incomplete.

For either the enemy will show quite disproportionately heavy losses in connection with this particular offensive (which will prove him to have been minimising his losses in other equally expensive actions of the past, such as the prolonged fighting in front of Verdun), or he will continue his old incomplete returns, in which case we can prove him, by the simple process of inspecting the lists, to be keeping back the truth. I think the authorities would do well to publish before the end of the summer the conclusions to which such an examination will lead them. It will, of course, compel those who have been deceived by the enemy to admit their error, but the loss of face involved by this should not count against the advantage to opinion as a whole. It is of no advantage that opinion

should believe the enemy to be more exhausted than he is, but it is of great advantage that opinion should at least not believe him to be less exhausted, and there has

now been for some months—or was until the present great British offensive began—a complete misconception on the matter in very influential quarters in this country.

A Study of the Italian Front—II.

We have seen that the Italian front in this war had, from the point of view of the whole great campaign, one essential task attached to it. That task was the holding of as many Austrian divisions as possible upon the front between the Adriatic and the Swiss frontier. But this task has not only to be stated to be understood. It was one of extraordinary difficulty and one in which the corresponding success which the Italians have achieved has been the more remarkable from its almost impossible geographical conditions.

When the old artificial frontier was drawn between the Austrian dominions and the new Italian State, it was drawn neither according to the true boundaries of nationality nor according to the geographical or strategic conditions which would have secured either party and given a basis for a durable peace. Everywhere this boundary included towns and villages wholly Italian in character. It also included many which if not wholly Italian were preponderantly Italian, and everywhere that frontier secured the strategic initiative to Austria.

It was clearly drawn with the object of permitting Austrian armies, which were supposed to be certainly superior, and an Austrian Power which it was taken for granted would be immensely stronger than the new Italy, to attack at will.

In the first place this frontier ran west of the Lower Isonzo (a purely Italian river covering the great Port of Trieste, which is essentially an Italian town), striking the mountains somewhat west of Gorizia, a town in the main Italian.

It was claimed that Austria must have her outlet upon the Adriatic, and that the Port of Trieste alone gave her a full opportunity of this kind, and it was even claimed that the mixture of nationalities at this point (the Slav speaking populations come down close to the seaports and fragments of them are to be discovered even west of the Isonzo) gave all that district naturally to the Hapsburgs whose rôle it is to combine and adjudicate between the confused peoples of such mixed districts.

Anyone actually seeing and testing the countryside for himself will not attach any very great weight to this argument. One has always heard, for instance, that Cormons was a town partly Italian, but with a Slav

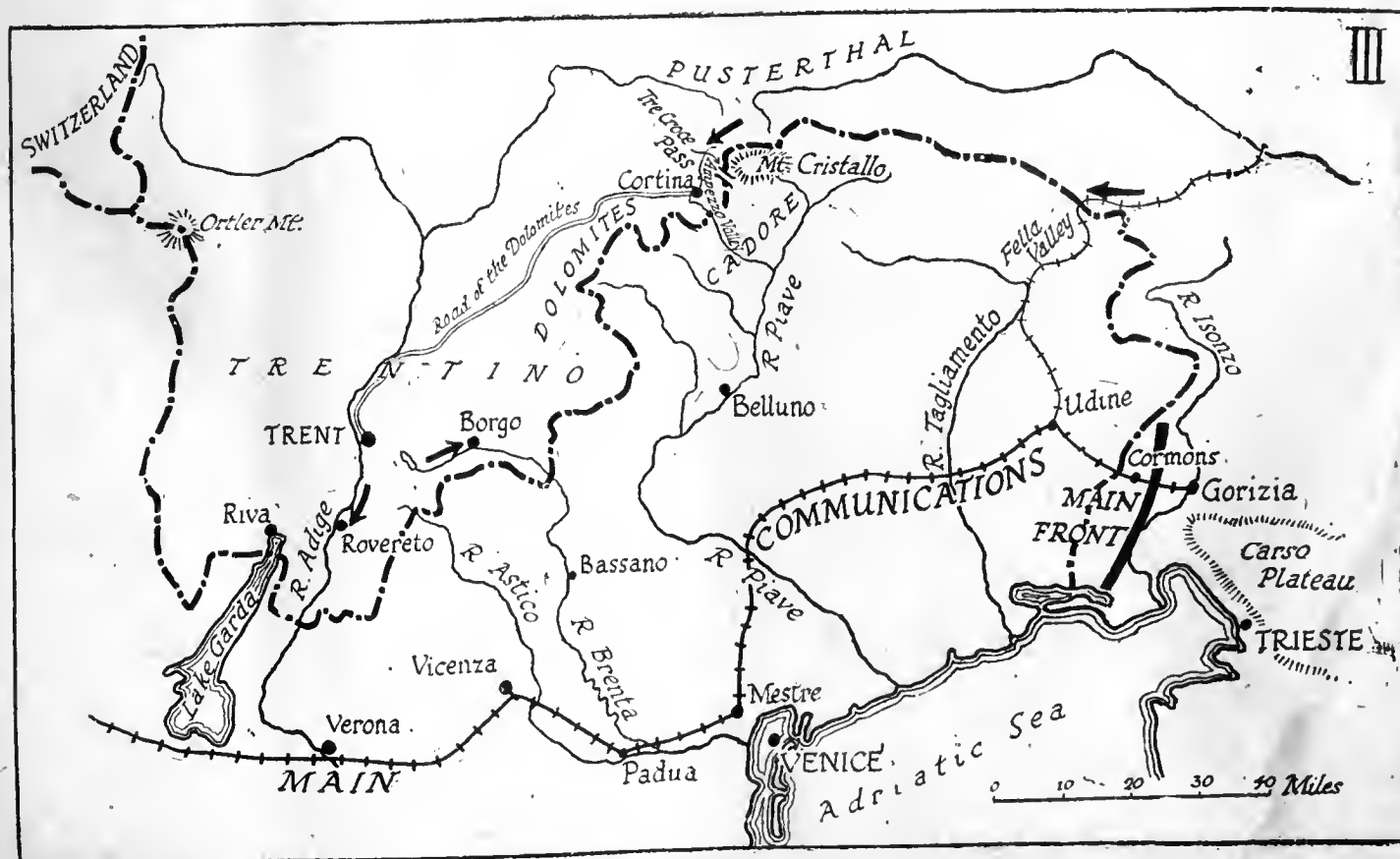
admixture. It is nothing of the kind. It is an entirely Italian town. There are villages outside it with Slav names; Podgora is only the Slav translation of Piedmont or "The Foot of the Hills." The same is true of Gorizia, though there is here a larger foreign admixture. The town is essentially an Italian town.

But more important than the debate upon the exact proportion of non Italian blood, speech or custom upon this short frontier between the Alps and the Adriatic was the retention by the Austrians of the defensive line of the Carso.

The Carso Plateau covers Trieste, and for the purposes of modern war a defensive established upon its low Western crest is as strong a line as you could find. The limestone formation pitted with a number of natural craters is one in which it is difficult in the extreme to establish trenches and correspondingly advantageous to the Power which can in time of peace draw up artificial defences thereon at leisure. The low western slope of the Carso down on to the Isonzo River is an open bare glaciis with little or no dead ground, and almost as well adapted for defence as though it had been specially designed for the same by human engineering. It was upon this line of the Carso that the Austrians retired in the first days of the war. They hold it still, and were they not preoccupied elsewhere they could apparently hold it indefinitely by the massing there of numbers always equal to anything the Italian offensive could bring against them.

Leaving this region and going westward you find, of course, a series of valleys coming down from the crest or watershed of the Alpine system and discharging torrents towards the Venetian Plain. Every one of these valleys, which was provided with a pass at its head where guns could cross, every one of these gates into the Italian territory, was given to the Austrians by the artificial frontier traced a couple of centuries ago.

There is first of all a group of valleys called the Carnia which combine to feed the main torrent of the Tagliamento. It is up the easternmost of these that the international railway goes. The frontier corresponds here in the main to the natural boundary, the crest of the mountains. But the essential point, the only easy pass by



the Fella Valley which the railway uses was left in Austrian hands. Further west in the Dolomite district of the Cadore was the group of valleys and torrents which combine to feed the Piave. Here the opportunity of debouching from the mountains by the Ampezzo road was kept entirely Austrian. The easy pass between the Cortina valley and the Pusterthal was Austrian upon both sides; Cortina itself was kept Austrian, and the lateral communication between the two upper valleys of the Cadore over the Treccioce was an Austrian road. Further west again in the great salient of the Trentino the anomaly was still more glaring, simply because that was the best approach of all. The purely Italian town of Trent, all the upper valley of the Brenta with the purely Italian town of Borgo; all the upper valley of the Adige, even the top of Lake Garda with Riva and Rovereto, were kept under Austrian dominion to permit of a descent upon the Italian Plain.

It was imagined undoubtedly when this frontier was drawn up that the first phase of any war between Italy and Austria, or even between Italy and some ally against Austria, would take the form of an immediate and rapid occupation by Austrian troops of the towns which lie at the mouths of these valleys, or upon the plain immediately in front of them and form the gates of Italy.

Luckily for the Alliance the course of the war did not permit such a catastrophe. By the time Italy entered in the arena the mass of the Austrian forces were heavily engaged elsewhere and it was possible for the Italians, if they organised with sufficient skill and acted with sufficient rapidity, to block each of those dangerous avenues of approach which Austria had reserved.

The Italian moment was well chosen. The organisation was perfect, the rapidity remarkable; and in the very first weeks of the Italian campaign not only had the mass of the Italian forces been brought on to the Isonzo, but every one of these valleys lying up in flank and threatening the communications of this main force upon the Isonzo was held and securely barred by the Italian troops and their guns. The Valley of the Adige was secured a few miles south of Rovereto, the Valley of the Brenta a few miles west of Borgo; the great lateral communication, the road of the Dolomites, which was to have put an Austrian column in the Cadore in touch with the Austrian columns in the Trentino, was cut by the Italian occupation of Cortina, an operation which at the same time cut the other communication across the Treccioce, between the two main Dolomite valleys of the Cadore. And this occupation of the Dolomite region further prevented any Austrian incursion into the basin of the Tagliamento eastward.

But successful as these initial operations were they did not form the hardest part of the task.

The essential thing was to secure firmly the position so held, and for that in an Alpine country there were two great branches of effort necessary, superiority in either of which would determine the issue in the long run for the party that would secure it. These two branches of effort were the establishment of high gun positions at once secure and dominating the enemy's positions, and the establishment of still higher observation posts from which fire could be permanently directed.

Now in a country of high and precipitous mountains such as is all this Alpine land, both these branches of effort meant at once novel, quick discoveries and inventions peculiar to the circumstances of the war, and an intense display of energy, for it was a race between the one side and the other.

In that race the Italians won. The many stories we have heard and the many pictures we have seen describing the difficulty and even the picture of this Alpine fighting, have been thought by some beside the mark, because they had not appreciated what ultimate rôle such mountaineering played in the general story of the European War as a whole. And yet that ultimate rôle is easy enough to understand when we appreciate that the whole thing was a manœuvring for gun position and for observation.

But what a manœuvring! I will give a concrete example which will, I think, bring it home to my readers more than a general description could to.

There stands in the Dolomites a great group of precipitous rock rising to a height of over 9,000 feet above the sea and perhaps 6,000 feet above the surrounding valleys, one summit of which is called the Cristallo.

It is the only point within the Italian lines from which direct and permanent observation can be had of the railway line running through the Pusterthal, the strategic importance of which has been repeatedly explained in these pages. In the mass of this mountain, up to heights of over 8,000 feet, in crannies of the rock, up steep couloirs and chimneys of snow, the batteries have been placed and hidden quite secure from the fire of the enemy, commanding by the advantage of the observation posts the enemy's line with their direct fire. One such observation post I visited.

A company of men divided into two half companies held, the one half, the base of the precipitous rock upon a sward of high valley, the other the summit itself, perhaps 3,000 feet higher; and the communication from one to the other was a double wire swung through the air above the chasm, up and down which travelled shallow cradles of steel carrying men and food, munitions and instruments. Such a device alone made possible the establishment of these posts in such incredible places, and the perilous journey along the wire rope swung from precipice to precipice and over intervening gulfs was the only condition of their continued survival. The post itself clung to the extreme summit of the mountain as a bird's nest clings to the cranny of rock in which it is built; whilst huts devised to the exact and difficult contours of the last crags and hidden as best they might be from direct observation and fire from the enemy below, stood here, perched in places the reaching of which during the old days of peace was thought a triumph of skill by the mountaineers. And all this ingenuity, effort and strain stood, it must be remembered, under the conditions of war. The snow in the neighbourhood of this eyrie was pitted with the shell that had been aimed so often and had failed to reach this spot, and the men thus perilously clinging to an extreme peak of bare rock up in the skies were clinging there subject to all the peril of war added to the common perils of the feat they had accomplished.

Marvellous as it was, I saw here but one example of I know not how many of the same kind with which the Italians have made secure the whole mountain wall from the Brenta to the Isonzo and from Lake Garda to the Orther and the Swiss frontier. Every little gap in that wall is held. You find small posts of men that must have their food and water daily brought to them thus, slung by the wire; you find them crouched upon the little dip where a collar of deep snow between bare rocks marks some almost impossible passage of the hills that must yet be held. You see a gun of 6 inches or even of 8 inches emplaced where had you been climbing for your pleasure, you would hardly have dared to pitch the smallest tent. You hear the story of how the piece was hoisted here by machinery first established upon the rock; of the blasting for emplacement; of the accidents after which it was finally emplaced; of the ingenious thought which has allowed for the chance of recoil or of displacement; you have perhaps a month's journeying from point to point of this sort over a matter of 250 miles.

When the story of the great campaign comes to be told and its separate chapters separately dealt with, none will stand out, unless we except the few decisive actions, as will the story of this capturing and closing of the Alpine Wall. Hitherto the general opinion of Europe has remained almost ignorant of the thing or, where not ignorant, not grasping at all the scale of it and the immensity of its detail. By it the lateral communications of the main Isonzo front (communications which alone of all those of the Allies ran right in front of a hostile army and were correspondingly imperilled), were secured.

But there was one region in which no efforts such as those I have described could make quite certain the flank of these communications; there was one broad gap where mountains of an easier character ran lower, and a plateau more open might permit, even after the Italian effort to bar all access had been completed, an enemy attempt to cut the line by which the main army on the Isonzo lived. That gap lay between the Adige and the Brenta and it was by this gap that, after months of effort, the great offensive of last May was delivered.

I propose in my next article to describe how and why it failed, and to touch again upon the inevitable consequences of that failure.

H. BELLOC

The Nation's Thanks

By Arthur Pollen

LAST week a brief debate in the House of Lords arose out of the Duke of Rutland's suggestion that the thanks of Parliament should be given to the Admirals, Captains and men of the British fleet for their services in the battle of the 31st May. Lord Crewe replied for the Government, and spoke very nicely indeed about the seamen who had brought about the victory, but he explained that in this war the Government had not revived the practice of thanking successful commanders on land and sea for each victory as it was achieved, and that no exception was to be made in the present case. There would be time for this, he explained, when the war was over. No doubt things will then be seen in their truer proportions, so that if politicians are not yet sure of their judgment as to the strategical value of this or that military or naval action, they do (by waiting) save themselves from the risk of premature and baseless rejoicings. But in this particular instance further hesitation to recognise the event of May 31st for what it is, and to act on such a recognition, seems an altogether mistaken policy.

My readers may remember that before giving what proved to be the first connected account of the action, in the issue of LAND AND WATER of June 8th, I commented on the fact that, up to the time of writing, while the King had spoken noble words about the achievements of the fleet, the nation had not yet been invited to share in the royal homage. A service commemorative of the day was indeed to be held at St. Paul's Cathedral, but why should the honours due to the living wait until this tribute was paid?

Reports—and the Truth

All hesitation seemed then, and still seems, deplorable, as will be obvious from a brief survey of the events. An unlucky chance led to the battle of Jutland being communicated to us in a form that made its true character quite unrecognisable by a large section of the nation. What was, in fact a victory, was presented to the public as a defeat. On Friday morning, therefore, when the news of a great German success was being announced in every news-sheet in the Fatherland and the neutral world, the unfortunate spectacle was witnessed of the bulk of the British press being found in agreement with the vauntings of the German Higher Command. When the Kaiser's boasts were criticised, our own endorsements could therefore be quoted to confirm them. For some time there was, unhappily, no authoritative contradiction. There was no official assertion of victory until the despatches were published, and then great pains were taken to give the victory an indecisive character. These things German writers have been quick to emphasise.

The situation is one which so far the British Government has done nothing whatever to mitigate. The original error of judgment having occurred, there was perhaps a certain dignity in leaving the position to take care of itself until the publication of the despatches. Publication would afford the British Admiralty their natural opportunity for expressing a considered judgment on the operations which these despatches at least partially described. It could have been pleaded that to pronounce a verdict and distribute rewards before there was material for forming a conclusive professional opinion, was to run the risk of taking action which further consideration might prove to be premature. When, accordingly, the despatches were published, those who felt strongly upon this particular aspect of the matter were more concerned to read the Board's judgment of the event than the fuller details which the *Gazette* put before us. That judgment, as we all remember, left nothing to be desired in the completeness of its approval of the proceedings of all concerned, from the Commander-in-Chief to the humblest boy combatant. The last obstacle seemed to be removed, the time had clearly

come when the Government might safely invite Parliament to take suitable action. When nothing was done, we hoped that the delay would only endure until the second despatch, so eagerly expected, was made public. This is the document—not even yet published—which is to contain the names of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men whom the two Commanders-in-Chief recommend to the Admiralty for promotion and reward. But if Lord Crewe's words are final this occasion, like the last, will be passed over.

Press Opinion and the Fleet

Politically, the thing is to be regretted, because the situation, as it appears to the outer world of Allies, neutrals and belligerent enemies, differs much from that which we only see. Lord Crewe thinks that the fleet may well be satisfied with the eulogies it has received from the press. It is a pretty compliment to those who from the first saw the events of the 31st May in their true perspective, and did not hesitate to write the word "victory" with no more information at their disposal than the Admiralty communiqué of June 2nd. But it cannot be doubted that the fleet does not share this flattering view of the naval side of British journalism. The attitude of most sailors toward naval writers is much the same as that of the children in Du Maurier's picture of the mother singing and the children listening in horrified dismay: "Dear, darling mamma, do stop!" It is quite certain that outside of Great Britain the technical judgment of our press in these matters is not of the slightest moment. What newspapers say, then, is valueless to the Fleet, and fruitless abroad.

Nor does the Admiralty's letter to the Commander-in-Chief meet the case. Note for instance, that Lord Crewe never even mentioned the Board's approval as being in any way a substitute for Parliamentary thanks. It is not what a department says—when it is on its defence—but what a Government does that will be accepted by the world as expressing the final judgment of Great Britain on this, incalculably the greatest, event in the sea war. The German press has no difficulty in developing the present position to the enemy's advantage. That the Admiralty should back up its Admirals is almost too obvious a departmental necessity to need either exposition or comment. Its true opinion, so these ingenious commentators assert, was shown by the department's inability to put any favourable interpretation at all upon the bare recital of the events which it laid before the world on the morrow of the fight. Its change of conduct, so the story goes, has been imposed upon it by the unfortunate consequences of its first and candid reticence. Its hand had been forced by the eulogies of the King, by the second thoughts of the great London journals, by fear of political criticism of its brutal frankness. These are arguments that must leave neutrals—and even Allies—in a questioning frame of mind.

For it must not be forgotten that, lengthy as are the despatches, they do not afford any final proof of victory. They necessarily leave many vital phases of the action unexplained. It is precisely of these phases that the German Government has issued full and picturesque, though entirely imaginary, accounts. Nor can all the excisions from the despatch be commended as very obviously wise. It is no secret, for instance, that *Indefatigable* and *Queen Mary* blew up and sank in the course of Vice-Admiral Beatty's engagement with von Hipper, that *Invincible* was lost almost immediately after her junction with the Vice-Admiral between 6.30 and 7, and that three ships of Sir Robert Arbuthnot's squadron were destroyed in a gallant attempt, pushed too far in the fog, to head off a light cruiser attack on the Grand Fleet. But these incidents are either ignored altogether in the despatches, or alluded to so briefly as to make the time or the manner, and the cause of their

occurrence almost undiscoverable. Here, too, excellent material has been afforded to enemy critics. Nothing, of course, will silence these gentry, but it seems quite unnecessary that they should have the whole field in this matter to themselves.

How, it may be asked, would any action of Parliament counter, in the opinion of Allies and Neutrals, these belittling criticisms? The answer is surely obvious. It is precisely because it is the action of Parliament and not the action of a department, because it is the action of the nation as a whole, and not of ministers and officials only. To the people of democratic countries like the United States of North America, the South American States, the Scandinavian countries and Spain there is an authority behind the action of the organ of the popular judgment and the popular will, which attaches neither to a single minister nor indeed to a Cabinet. In spite of recent events our naval judgment, if it is a national judgment, will be trusted. The denial to the nation, therefore, of the opportunity of thanking the navy for its victory is a political error, precisely because it leaves the national verdict on this great event unspoken.

It is a more urgent matter that the omission is patently unjust. It is not necessary to restate the argument for national action on the ground of some reparation being due to the seamen for the unfortunate misunderstandings of June 2nd and 3rd. But it is quite necessary to insist upon the point that reparation is due, and should be of a large, generous and quite unmistakable character—on a scale, that is, both with their achievement and our lamented misrepresentation of it. Lord Crewe's reply to the Duke of Rutland suggests that there may be some kind of objection to paying this due on the ground that terrific fighting on land has been going forward for the last two years, that most brilliant things have been done by commanding officers and prodigies of skill and valour shewn by our devoted and heroic armies, and that while Parliament has expressed no recognition of these other services, it might seem out of proportion to make a first exception in favour of a naval victory, which however creditable to all concerned, was yet not of that crushing, and therefore necessarily final character that the high hopes of our seamen had led them to expect. If this is the Government's attitude it seems to me to argue a certain inability to distinguish between the character of war by land and war by sea.

Sea war does not lend itself to the long struggles and insistent combats that mark the land warfare of to-day. All the agents that should make for speed in the modern battlefield—railways, self-propelled vehicles, motor traction and the like—have been neutralised so far as adding to the pace of the war is concerned, by the unthought of numbers that these very means of communication make it possible to employ. For progress in engineering has not only aided transport, it has made the production of more and heavier guns possible, has multiplied the capacity to produce munitions almost infinitely, and made its supply in the field in great quantities quite feasible. It is the numbers of men and of guns and the quantity of ammunition with which weapons can be supplied that make for the immobility of forces and consequently for the incessance of almost stationary attack and defence. On land, then, it looks as if the paradox were true that, so far as modern war is immobile, it has been made so by the very factors that have made the most rapid and most extensive forms of movement possible.

But at sea the development of steam propulsion has brought about—within the limits of the guns' ability to compete with the new conditions—an exactly contrary effect. So great is the radius of action, so swift the movement of units of modern sea power, that an absolute and a universal command of the sea could be asserted by the stronger naval power almost on the day that war broke out. Had the submarine not been invented to import a disturbing factor into the situation, our sea communications for transport and supply would, for practical purposes, have been carried on throughout the war exactly as if no war had been going on. For only 56 merchantmen and no transports have fallen to the enemy's surface ships in the course of two years of war. And as altogether there must be 10,000 vessels engaged in trade, in transporting troops and in supply, the prizes that have

fallen to the enemy's fleet proper show an annual loss of about a quarter of one per cent.

Just as the developments of modern science made possible the employment and munitionment of guns of hitherto unheard of range and power on land, so, for sea war, they have produced weapons whose power of offence stands in an entirely new relation to the power of defence of the ships that carry them.

And in addition to the gun, there are now used in fleet actions other weapons, namely torpedoes, whose destructive value in some instances exceed even that of naval artillery. It happens therefore that no capital ship of the present time could survive five minutes hitting by its own guns if they were fired at anything like their maximum rate of discharge—if modern ships could add to their command of speed and manœuvring power of which the old navy knew nothing, and to their fabulous gun power, the ability to use it with effective action, then the contrast between sea and land would have been complete—because in the latter science would have led to an unheard of slowness in getting results, whereas in the former no battle could have lasted ten minutes after fighting ranges were reached.

But notwithstanding the limitations of modern gunnery being such that immediate results in proportion to gun power are not obtained, the truth still holds good that the operations of sea power are of a swiftness unknown in any other field of war. And where sea forces meet, an immediately decisive result is always possible. Even where the result is not final, great and terrible damage is done to material. And in sea force, material is a vital affair; for its chief unit is not, as in the army the armed soldier—it is the armed ship. No nation has ever possessed an indefinite quantity of these. Hence when fleets meet, even if the whole of the weaker force is not destroyed and overwhelmed, it is apt to reckon its escape as an end to be achieved for its own sake, and having escaped, is more than ever disinclined to take the risk again.

This is the consideration that the Government should have had before it in considering this question of the Parliamentary thanks to the Fleet. A country in a desperate pass *may*, of course, make desperate resolutions. The German Fleet, that was not strong enough to fight out the action on May 31st, *may* be forced by superior command to come out and fight again. But it is clear that there is no military object to be served by a fresh sortie. It is equally clear that if it could not obtain any advantage over the British Fleet in its first essay, that it certainly cannot obtain any in a second. For the action leaves the disparity in strength more and not less marked. If a further sortie is to be expected then, it is one that is hardly in reason to suppose can end more favourably to the Germans, less favourably for us than did the first encounter. If this is manifestly so, and if, as seems to be the case, we are now satisfied—to borrow the King's phrase—that "The Fleet did all that was possible," and proved the command of the sea, why should we hesitate to mark the occasion for what it is? For in ensuring sea command, the Fleet established the major premise of the Allies' case for final victory. There could only be one ground left then for further delay. Does the Government fear that the result of May 31st can be reversed? The thing is unthinkable.

From every point of view then the case for national action seems to be overwhelmingly strong. It is a thing that would go far to convince all wavering neutral opinion and, so far as it became known, to shake the enemy's confidence. It would put fresh heart into the Allies.

It would be extraordinarily welcome to the nation at home. And this, perhaps, is the real argument. For the nation undoubtedly considers that it was led into an injustice to the Navy by its divided and uncertain attitude when the first news reached it, and it is more than anxious that the slight the Navy has suffered at our hands should be washed out.

Affairs of Small Craft

It is evident that since the Battle of Jutland, the German Admiralty has aimed at supplying some evidence that that event was a German victory. Never since the war began has the activity of the German destroyers off the Dutch and Belgian coasts been greater, and in the

case of the Great Eastern steamer, it will be remembered, this activity was rewarded by a considerable success. Last week, however, they came out once too often. At midnight on the 22nd, three were sighted near the Noord Hinder light vessel, but managed to escape in the darkness. Another six were seemingly caught early in the morning off the Schouwven Bank. This time they came under the fire, according to the German account, of some of our cruisers of the *Aurora* class. The Germans claim that their destroyers reached their base uninjured. But it is significant that a message from Cadzand on the Dutch coast says that only five of these six returned, and that two of these had a heavy list. It is quite likely that the sixth was sunk. A proof of the German effort to put the most flattering meaning on these sorties is that the official communiqué contains the assertion that these destroyers had raided to the mouth of the Thames without sighting hostile naval forces. One supposes that this sort of thing is good enough for the German public. But it should be obvious that a midnight dash by torpedo craft undertaken with the full knowledge that only light

can save the force from destruction is essentially as much a confession of naval weakness as the battle-cruiser bombardment of Lowestoft, Scarborough and Whitby.

Submarines

The enemy's naval activity has not been limited to these destroyer raids. The Submarine Campaign is still undoubtedly formidable. In the last few weeks a systematic effort has been made to harry British fishing craft, and we are now in the middle of one of those submarine rallies in the Mediterranean which have been periodic during the last three months. I propose next week to go in some detail into this matter.

There are many instances of ships being attacked and sunk without warning, and of members of the crew being killed by gunfire. It is, therefore, clear that the undertaking given by Germany to the United States on June 4th in the matter of visit and search and provision for the safety of human lives is not being carried out—certainly not in the Mediterranean. ARTHUR POLLEN.

Friedrich von Bernhardi

By Colonel Feyler

GENERAL FRIEDRICH VON BERNHARDI is known in Germany as the "new Clausewitz." This name he owes to his important work in two volumes; *Modern Warfare* and *Germany and the Next War*; the latter has been translated into French and English and enjoyed a very large circulation. It seems undeniable that Bernhardi's works have contributed towards Germany's declaration of war on Europe, no less than upon Germany's conduct of the actual hostilities. Nevertheless, we doubt whether these works deserve all the accusations and opprobrium that have been heaped upon them. The future alone will decide the amount of responsibility that devolves upon their author and upon the class of thought of which he was a product or perhaps a victim; for Bernhardi aspires to the status not only of a strategist but also of an historian and a philosopher. He interprets the actions and obligations of the German army in the light of Germany's historical development no less than from the philosophical standpoint of her qualities as a *State*. In this manner the prejudice of the historian and the utilitarianism of the philosopher have to some extent depreciated the pure strategist in popular opinion.

Bernhardi the strategist deserves a better fortune, for an examination in the technical chapters of his first volume reveals in him a clear and decisive knowledge of the details of strategy and tactics and of the organisation and preparation of armies for war. A knowledge of strategy consists in a knowledge of the hard and fast principles of military art, passed down to the leaders of the present day by the great captains of past ages. A knowledge of organisation and preparation consists in a knowledge of the application of these constant principles governed by the varying conditions of science and social and economic life. This second knowledge is proprietary to the individual writer and differentiates him from his forebears, who had to apply the same strategic principles when scientific, social, and economic conditions were quite different.

In regarding the political spirit, which must always accompany strategy, Bernhardi is less impartial. He no longer marshals his scientific facts in order to deduce their logical consequences, but allows his national prejudice to influence his views of other nations; and here his error begins.

In his discussion of the hypothetical case of a war by Germany against the Triple Entente, Bernhardi the strategist recognises the numerical superiority of the latter; but he does not lose sight of the fact that *numbers* are not the sole determining factor; speed of manœuvre, that is to say *mobility*, is another factor and military history tends to show that this second factor, is generally the more effective of the two. He, therefore, proposes to organise the German army in such a way to secure the benefits of this factor, so that, though the task may be hard, all the probabilities point to success. But at

this point the politician intervenes. Having admitted the superior mobility of the German army, he tends to exaggerate its importance as against the superiority of numbers which the strategist has recognised as being the strength of Germany's enemies.

He agrees that France can put forward as many first-line troops as Germany, but notes that her low birth-rate and the thoroughness of her recruiting methods put her at a disadvantage as regards the replacement of losses in the field. English help, too, would not be able to compensate for this disadvantage, for the British army, small as it is, is more or less a reserve force for the colonial troops, and should these troops need their reserves, even this small help would fall to the ground. In any case, months would pass before Great Britain could become a military factor of importance.

Lastly, Russia, he concedes, possesses considerable numbers, but these would be partly held back on the far Eastern and Caucasian frontiers and partly in the interior of Europe, to anticipate any danger of revolution. Further, the Russian *moral* would not support a prolonged offensive, and would give out before a result could be obtained, as was seen in the Russo-Japanese war, where peace had to be signed just when the situation was becoming favourable to Russia.

If we combine the views of Bernhardi the strategist and Bernhardi the politician, we obtain the war-plan of the government which declared war on Europe in 1914, in which the superior German mobility was to vanquish superior French numbers before Great Britain could arrive to supplement their reinforcement; meanwhile, the Russian offensive would waste itself against the well-defended eastern frontier and then the victorious German army from the West would turn against them and the Russian people, broken in *moral*, would no longer support the army. Thus Germany would have accomplished her historic mission to the world, and would be free to effect her mission of civilisation.

To determine Germany's historic mission, von Bernhardi goes back to the old Teutons, from whose time descends the intellectual superiority of the German people, and their "noble certitude," to such an extent that their importance is considerable, *if not absolute*, in the development of humanity. *Considerable*—perhaps; but *absolute*! At this point Bernhardi pilots us into pure and simple pan-Germanism. The prejudice and one-sidedness of the historian are revealed at a single glance, for he would have us believe that, from the earliest times the people of Europe were but a pretence and only the Teutons a reality—a reality which to-day transcends the rest of the world as the absolute transcends the relative.

"No other people thinks so *historically* nor has less *intuition* than we; no people can so harmoniously combine in natural and spontaneous development full moral liberty with a practical discipline. Germany has thus

ever flown the flag of liberalism, yet remaining a solid bulwark against inorganic revolutionary outbursts." In support of this he quotes on the one hand the Reformation, which broke the spiritual yoke of the Church, and the *Criticism of Pure Reason*, which put a brake on arbitrary philosophical speculation; on the other the revolutionary tendencies of the peasants in the sixteenth century and the attempts at political revolution in the middle of the nineteenth. "These facts have, however, never compromised a normal and salutary progress combining discipline with the need of freedom of thought."

If we accept Bernhardt's reasoning, every people should have the right to proclaim itself the elect nation and, therefore, to dominate all others, for there is no people whose history is not a continual attempt to conciliate the two principles of liberty and authority. But to presume that Germany alone has found the solution and to conclude therefore that the German yoke should be imposed by force upon all other peoples, shows to what a degree of blindness chauvinism can push a man otherwise intelligent. We can see for ourselves whether the principle of authority has led Germany and the invaded countries, but it is hard to see what remains of the principle of liberty, and still less of "pure reason." Perhaps these must be sought in the manifestos of the ninety-three universities! To continue with Bernhardt's arguments: "It has been given to no other people to combine in themselves, as the Germans, the qualities which are divided amongst all the other peoples of humanity. Other nations have sometimes a greater activity in certain domains, but never the depth and capacity for generalisation, particular to the Germans, which capacity seems precisely to predestine them to act as spiritual leaders. . . . The Germans appear to be called to solve the difficulties that separate the nations, and to lead them on to the road of a natural progress in conformity with the laws of evolution."

Here the General intervenes to order the march towards this higher civilisation. He marshals intellects and religions as if they were on the parade ground. German science, by strengthening and broadening the mind of labour, is to continue to give Germany the right of intellectual primogeniture. By scientific means Germany is to solve humanity's deepest problems and to lead to a purified conception of life. Somehow or other, though it is too early to describe the exact means, Germany will reconcile Protestantism and Catholicism into common action, after putting down, with the latter, jesuitism and ultramontanism, and, with the former, orthodoxy's pretension of infallibility. All this progress it is in the power of the German State to achieve, and she could not,

therefore without self-depreciation, give up her claim to intellectual domination.

And the method? Simply by conquest, in the west over the Latins, in the east over the Slavs, outside Europe over the British. The German army is to make the world happy in spite of itself, by giving it to Germany, who will thus accomplish the great duties given by Providence to her as the greatest civilised people history has ever known. The Germans must draw the sword, therefore, as a duty to general happiness and to their own superiority; the right to make war imposes on them *ipso facto* the obligation so to do. Bernhardt, the philosopher, will explain not only their necessity of war, but its justice, from whatever point of view it be regarded.

War is the greatest creator of life known to history; it makes appeal to all that is noblest in human nature, especially when it gives expression to the will of a whole people. The individual loses himself in his membership of the whole and realises how little is his life compared with the salvation of the body to which he belongs. "Happy are the dead in a just war" wrote Charles Peguy. Bernhardt goes less far; for him, war, in itself alone, is just. War is just even from the Christian standpoint. To love one's neighbours as oneself is without reference to the relations between States, for such love would then probably involve a lack of love towards one's own compatriots. Christian morality is personal and social, but it cannot become political. Christ said, "I came not to bring peace on earth, but a sword."

From the materialist point of view, we arrive at the same conclusion. A State decides to make war if it believes it possible at the sacrifice of a certain number of human lives and a certain amount of human happiness to ameliorate the vital conditions of the many. The loss is, after all, limited, and (since materialism necessarily leads to egotism) there is, therefore, no reason why the majority of citizens should not sacrifice the minority in their interest. "To resume, all efforts towards the abolition of war are not only senseless, they are frankly immoral, and must be stigmatised as unworthy of humanity."

This is Bernhardt, of *Germany and the next War*, strategist, historian and philosopher. He is worth much study, for we must seek to discover to what immeasurable pride the German people has fallen a victim, if it can produce and absorb a literature so far removed from the "purified conception" of the civilisation which it preaches.

An Essay in Flight

By Joseph Thorp

A KINDLY fate has set my dwelling-place in a lonely spot hedged about with beauty at the foot of the gentle sloping downs and not a league from the sea. Its loneliness perhaps it was which commended it as a site for a flying-school, and once the authorities had made up their mind matters moved forward with a secrecy and despatch which go to prove that not everything in this queer island is done with the dilatory incompetence which it has become the fashion to assume. At any rate, here is business in full swing, and it is certainly not many weeks since into these sheltered parts came two discreet folk keeping their own counsel but moving about (as I thought) with rather a proprietary air. Yes, certainly a well-chosen place with not another cottage in sight.

So it falls out that above at my bath, and below at my breakfast I have the fun of looking out on this difficult and inspiring job of pilot-making. And, so far, happily, there has been no accident. I have learnt some things which certainly I never saw at Shoreham, Brooklands, or Hendon. Perhaps as a patriot I am implicitly pledged to silence. Yet neither the authorities here nor any of the young flying men that I have met have given me any hint of the need for particular discretion, though I have imagined that there was a certain fluttering among the sentries when I have approached the hangars too closely, especially in the late evening. The school

begins work early, before I am awake. It is a fine sight as I saw it two mornings since with six of these fine young fellows drawn up in perfect alignment ready to set out for a trial flight. They looked so trim and lithe in their smart blue uniforms with that jolly patch of tawny gold on the collar and the spotless white aprons, a crack corps evidently if uniforms count for anything.

There was an immense amount of tuning-up, everything gone over with elaborate care twice or thrice. It looked like nervousness. And there was a curious bit of routine I had never seen elsewhere. A star pilot (evidently) steered swiftly towards the waiting line; alighted, handed over something I could not quite see (petrol, a map or dummy despatches?); swung out again and banking steeply, climbed up and away with scarce a moment's halt; was back again to the second, and so on in orderly rotation and without a hitch to each of the line in turn. And then was off and up like a bird.

Mist I so soon confess that it was a bird—that artist and dandy among birds, the swallow. The discreet pair that had fixed upon my porch for their nest and nursery, and my garden for their aerodrome, had coaxed their team of six on to a wire which strained together two limbs of a crippled box tree. It was The Day of the ceremony of initiation into the mysteries of flight.

Breakfast rations were served out first, which accounted for the star turn as described, and the meal proved so

satisfactory that it seemed to induce in the recipients a determination not to leave the goods they knew, and fly to evils that they knew not of. The display of a superb virtuosity of flight by the parent-instructors—has any bird such style and finish in flight as the swallow?—was evidently meant as an invitation to begin. But it had not its designed effect. The six sat tight upon their perch of vantage, a glossy, symmetrical, but reluctant and immobile squadron with their heads well back and their chests well forward—signifying in their case not pride but contentment. Flying may be excellent they said in effect, but give us flies every time. And yet when the meal was evidently over and boredom began to work, and curiosity, those two gifts of the gods which discourage inaction even in the well-fed, the six grew restless. They sat up to their full lengths; there was much preening of feathers and cocking of dear alert heads. What about this game of father's and mother's? It looks dangerous, but then it certainly looks rather jolly. And suddenly one of the six is off into the great unknown and flutters, surprised and safe, on to a friendly gate post, and then a second on to the open casement-window and a third, and three more in a bunch. They are made free of the fellowship of the air—and are set

to practise getting their own dinner.

And this was but two mornings since. Now eight instead of two swift arrow-heads flash, dive, poise, swerve and strike. The porch is filled with their busy chatterings. They venture into the dining-room and flutter round and out only half afraid. Our goings and comings disturb them not. Even Pavlova, the grey Persian—born at the time when the great dancer first captured London and called Puff for short, and the smoke-coloured beauty of her—Puff who could have reached the box tree perch at a bound, always passed disdainfully by giving an admirable imitation of a cat who was not in the faintest degree interested. Consummate little actress! As a fact she is a keen hunter and accustomed to lay at her mistress's feet shrews and mice and the younger sort of rabbits and rats. One fatal day she proudly brought tribute of a robin. Miscalculated compliment indeed, for Helena is the foster-mother of all the birds of the air. And the dead beak of the Robin, by some trick incomprehensible to the slayer, inflicted sundry pricks upon her sensitive nose to teach her that birds are sacred in these precincts. And they are. Otherwise, I certainly think there would have been regrettable casualties in the flying school.

On the Edge of the Desert

By Gerard Shaw

[A new aspect of the vast battlefield is given in this vivid article. It is a private letter written from the outskirts of the Arabian desert, a few miles from Aden.]

I AM on guard at the water tanks again for two hours, I get it about once a week or so. Most amusing! Six or seven wild-looking, long-haired Pathan fellows came to water camels. I had a chat with them; all crowded round, much laughter and efforts to explain. I like them very much, and always can manage to please and interest them, though my Hindustani is limited.

I do love all the things I see here, only you know that I don't always get uninterrupted time when I want it. More camels have just come. I am sitting on the edge of the tank. One has his nose on each side of me, now they have shaken their loose lips, and splashed me all over! Their heads are only about six inches away on each side of my elbows; they seem huge so close. I never yet have met one that bites when one doesn't try to make it sit down against its will.

Now some Arabian camels and Arabs have come. Their camels are rather smaller with smoother coats, and have not the same pendulous lips. I don't know which are the most quaint. I like them both.

The other day I rode about seven miles on an Indian camel, it was really almost a month ago, I think. Anyway it was very comfortable. They take huge strides, and swing along on great, soft, padded feet through the sand. The saddles have two rests, and soft cushions to sit on, and a wooden back like a chair back, which one leans on; there is a rope round its neck to guide it, and a string through its nostril to pull if it becomes unruly! Now about thirty more have come to drink. I think I had better move. They always shake the water from their lips when they have finished, in showers. Horses and mules have come now, lots. It really is busy, most interesting too.

An Arab has just gone up on to the top of the big cistern to pray. I can see him against the sky, kneeling, bowing, touching the ground with his forehead, facing Mecca, north almost from here. The sun is getting low, about 4.30. Prayer time it must be. Some music is playing in the distance, weird and wailing, nasal voices and thudding tom-toms. The date palms stand out clear and green, green against the bluest sky. And a dazzling snowy white mosque. Everyone is peering over my shoulder to see how I write; they all write from right to left, so I expect it seems odd to them.

This morning we went out with our guns about six miles into the desert, or less, I don't quite know. We started out at 6.15. It was very still, the sun just rising. In the desert there are hummocks of hard sand every-

where, with little fleshy leaved luxuriant bushes, dark green, on them. Everywhere else is deep, soft, fine sand—so fine and soft that all the footprints of the desert animals and insects were clearly shown. One could see what they had done in the night. There were the sinuous, undulating lines of snake tracks, and the lizards, just the same except that they have a row of tiny foot-marks on each side; centipedes, a double row of exceedingly small close scratches. Then there are even beetle's tracks that one could see. Birds', of course, lots. In one place I saw a mouse's track meet a serpent's; where they met the sand was scuffled, nothing more. A hidden tragedy of the night.

We went through the court of a great mud-walled building which I think must have belonged to a chief before the war; it had mysterious little closed courts, and shuttered windows high up in the walls where the harem had been. Now staff officers and people live there.

When the battery fires there is great excitement. As a rule, almost always in fact, we can't see the enemy, as guns should fire from behind a rise of ground to screen them from the enemies' batteries. Still, it is interesting and exciting, very. I feel just as if I were hunting, and the hounds break into full cry; you know the sort of thrill! Then the camels come running up. We rush upon them, and take off their backs the different parts of the gun, feverishly put it together. I usually have to take the heavy end of the carriage (258 lbs.!) and get it off and on to the camel again; also run out with one of the aiming posts, and help to dig cover for the gun, if required (the sun is fiercely hot, too.) That is not all my work, ammunition boxes to bring, two men to each, 150 lbs weight. Heavens!! Yet I like it, and thrive on it, feel far better than ever before since I have been in the Army. I like the heat, and the work.

Well, then, we stand ready, till we get the aiming points and things. They begin—bang, bang. The shell rumbles and sizzles, a vivid flash shows at the muzzle, even in the sunlight; in a few seconds one sees against the distant sky a silent white little puff of smoke that gradually dissolves. That's all. Of course sometimes there is a cloud which puffs out rather in our direction—a present from Constantinople. It bursts with a bang, and looks pretty and harmless, but all the same, I hope it won't come nearer to us, ever. The Turks here are bad gunners, almost always. Often they don't even fire back.

I have just cleaned and oiled my rifle, now it is tied up in its case again, so that the sand shan't get into it.

I am living altogether under my date palm now, sleeping out too, nice and cool, though of course often we are out on column, and I have to sleep on the open sand under the stars. There is a hut, grass, but it is too crowded and hot. I am very well indeed, so far.

Letters to a Lonely Civilian

By the Author of "Aunt Sarah and the War"

"JUST what *would* happen!" So said men who met in Harley Street on the morning which brought the news of Sir Victor Horsley's death from heat-stroke in Mesopotamia. His thoroughness was his snare. He was ready to challenge sun, moon, and stars, to any plausible encounter. He had fought with beasts so often (strong language was only one of his many strengths), and had come out—Victor, Sir Victor, finally Colonel Sir Victor. The prim Early Victorian house and studio in Church Street, Kensington, was the last place from which you would have expected him to appear. His father, the R.A., looked the parson rather than the painter; and the title—I think created by Burnand—"Clothes-Horsley," enshrined the paternal horror of the undraped body, the very body that was to be the object of his son's almost religious study, and the scene of his amazing surgical feats.

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But if the boy, Victor, seemed to be out of the picture in his early home, he was quite in character on the second occasion on which I saw him. An antivivisection meeting in Westminster had reached its most somnolent stage when a clatter of feet and a chatter of voices at the far end of the hall caused every head to turn. A platoon of medical students had arrived, captained by young Horsley. Safely entrenched, they opened fire on the exposed speakers and, of course, they hit. They spoke daggers, though they used none. At a concerted moment Victor Horsley climbed the platform and made what I suppose was his maiden speech. There were no blushes in it. Each chronicled success of his after years—forty of them—I interpreted by the decisive self-confidence of that early apparition. There were surprises for the subsequent onlooker no doubt. For neither did the early home, nor the raided meeting, foreshadow the future protagonist of the woman-suffrage movement. The Radical posters that plastered his house at election times were the wonder of Cavendish Square, and, in a way, of his early friends. Behind the curtain he watched the consternation on the faces of neighbours, a broad smile upon his own. He was most gay when most in earnest, a sane but rare conjunction. His crusade against alcohol was an urgently pressed one, so urgently pressed that he refused to operate upon men who had not abstained for a given number of hours before coming to the table. The cool hand which could extract, with infinite precision, the neuralgia nerve from a distracted head had in the end a new and strange experience of implements—of knives under an Eastern sun too hot to handle.

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To the many congratulations that go to the new Head-masters of Eton and Harrow, I will add one other. They are spared the great grief which has befallen their predecessors—that of counting among the killed in action so many young heroes partly of their own creating. The master stands in the place of parent—the poor platitude of the position. But often he brings to that nominal post a parent's (and more than many a parent's) watchfulness of eager affection. Name after name of his boys comes to him on the Roll of Honour. He remembers how he fostered the lives now cut down in their flower. But in all the condolences he finds himself left out. It may be that the retiring Heads of to-day might be more truly called the retiring Hearts.

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Mr. Sargent, who for some years past found nothing in the world so interesting as sunshine, has been seeking, and finding, it in the Rockies. He had never been so far West before, and he had to discover for himself how little poetry there is even in moonlight, let alone sunlight, in that dry middle of a world. He has now returned to the American East, and has been receiving degrees at Yale University. Even in the States, where judges wear no wigs, degrees make a little show with scarves and gowns and caps; and it is reported to me that these

sights seemed to afflict rather than to exhilarate the great painter who never was any sort of a symbolist.

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Great deeds of generosity, rather than great deals, have been afoot in Bond Street. Mr. Duveen's subscription to the Kitchener Memorial nearly tops the list; and Mr. Asher Wertheimer has made doubly sure of the immortality conferred on him by Sargent—on him and his family and his dog—by presenting the Sargent portraits to the nation after his death. Mr. Wertheimer we all know. Who has not had his side nudged by an alert companion as the great man passed on the pavement between his home near the Marble Arch and his palatial doorway in the street of picture adventures? Mr. Wertheimer is a man to mark, the most noticeable and characteristic of princely dealers; and in painting him the artist made the most, perhaps more than the most, of his opportunity. And at the same time, as if to redress the racial balance, Sargent's Lord Ribblesdale has also been ceded to the nation. There, too, but in another sense, Sargent made the most of his model, adding some inches to his stature, and explaining to the observer at a glance the picturesque peer's pet name of "The Ancestor." Of course, Mr. Wertheimer wanted some consolation for his great renunciation, though it is a postdated one. So he went to Christie's and paid a fabulous price for a piece of porcelain.

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It was the Americans who invented the service of public silence; silence by command; silence which cannot be broken, as it can in a Quaker's meeting by the impulse of anyone present to pray or preach. Such a silence as that imposed in New York, at the great assembly to honour the memory of Lord Kitchener, has an almost military precision. It came between two prayers. There was not so much as the sound of a sigh. Fifteen years ago, when for the third time a President of the United States was murdered, there was just such another impressive American cessation of sound. For a given time, no car or carriage moved; every train on the vast continent stood, not idly, but at attention; and every adult tongue was stilled. How lonely then must have sounded the irrepressible, irresponsible cry of a child!

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There are more Maoris in England to-day, I suppose, than ever before. The Maori Princess, who sings in the halls, has had her predecessors, and will have her successors—a dynasty that never fails. But the Maori soldier is a novelty, and particularly the Maori non-commissioned officer, under whom the white soldier now willingly, even proudly, serves. "He is an aristocrat and a university man in his own country," an Anzac explained to me, pointing to his Maori sergeant. Then the Maori himself explained that the Maoris knew that England did not think much of Maoris, and that every man of them in Gallipoli meant to show England what a Maori really was. That was why and how they charged as they did at Hill 97; and with a cry which, the New Zealander said, he hoped he should never hear on the lips of any foe of his. He knew it struck terror into the Turk. With all this feeling for honour, this passion for praise in his success, the Maori has often one insensitive-ness which his white comrade can envy him. Nearly a year ago I was given a letter from a Chaplain in Gallipoli, in which he reported: "I was then called on to help dress the wounds of a Maori boy. He was shockingly torn by a shell. There was a gaping rent in his shoulder; we could see the bones working in it; yet he was laughing and jerking his shoulder and arm as if for our amusement. He treated it all as a great joke." Pains, no less than pleasures, may be cultivated sensations. Poets school us in the refinements of the one and the other; and perhaps among the many balance-sheets that readjust war-time, will be that in which civilisation and suffering figure among humanity's assets and encumbrances. W.

English Farming

As Viewed by an American Farmer

"ENGLAND, at a pinch, could be made to feed herself within five years, but I sincerely hope that the necessity will never arise."

Thus spoke an English civil engineer—with considerable experience in reclamation and irrigation work in India and Australia—who visited me at my California ranch six years ago. Not unnaturally, I asked him why it was not the most devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation that his country should become independent in the matter of its food supply.

"England's backwardness in agricultural production is her 'heel of Achilles' I said; 'what could be more desirable than that the menace from this quarter should, if it were really possible, be removed through internal development?'"

"Because, in the first place," was the reply, "our 'heel of Achilles' is so well armoured by the British Navy that the danger of a blow to it is so remote as almost to be negligible, and, in the second place, because a 'self-feeding' England would not, could not, be the same England that we and our fathers before us have loved because it is—what it is."

A Park, Not a Market Garden

"I mean just this," he continued. "England, largely because it imports much of its food, is a 'park'; every densely populated country which feeds itself—Japan, China and Java are good examples—is a 'market garden.' There is enough, and more than enough good land in England, if it were farmed according to Japanese or Javanese practices, to give our forty-five million people all the non-tropical products that they now consume, but to do this we would have to turn the country into allotments. Of course we've never had a referendum on the question, and I don't recall much discussion of it in the Press or in Parliament; but I think you will find that just about 99 per cent. of the Englishmen you meet—and you will find Overseas Britons as keen on it as those at home—will make almost any sacrifice to keep England a 'park' and prevent its conversion into a 'market garden.'"

I have come to know the English countryside and the English people better than I did at that time, and as a consequence do understand not only a point of view which at first seemed inexplicable to me, but also I take very much the same view myself. It would indeed be a pity to convert England from a park to a truck-garden merely for the sake of raising at home the food which there is every reason to believe can always be brought from somewhere else. I should certainly favour sticking to the park idea to the end, and I am not, therefore, entering upon even this random and superficial discussion of English agriculture and agricultural practices with any suggestion that other than the status quo in this respect might be worth considering.

The world at large—and we Americans in particular—have long been over-prone to mistake the Englishman's conservatism—his love of the old, his dislike of change—for inflexibility—an unreadiness or even inability to change. The war has upset this notion completely, and England's military, industrial and even social adaptability have proved such as it is very possible not even America could have equalled. Few indeed are the things that have not been remade or actually created at the call of exiguous circumstance. Systematisation, standardisation, organisation have been the order on every hand, and always with the purpose of saving men, of increasing efficiency. Two years ago if one advanced a plan to save labour in England one was invariably greeted with something like this, "Why throw more men out of employment when a fifth of our labour is already out of work?" To-day the efficiency expert—the man who can contrive to make one man do the work of two, or five, or fifty—is the most sought-after individual in Great Britain. He has already left his mark on British manufacturing industries to an extent that will tell almost as strongly in obliterating the effects of the war as it will in winning it.

The only great branch of British industry which has remained unaffected by the organisation that has quickened the pulse of all the other branches is agriculture. There are two reasons for this, the first being that the farmer, the world over, is a conservative of conservatives, and therefore always the last in any country to catch step in the march of progress. The second reason is that the extra demand for foodstuffs created by the war has been more easily satisfied from abroad than that for munitions. England *had* to make the bulk of her munitions in any case because it was a sheer impossibility to buy from abroad; but with food it has only been a matter of ships and money to secure all that was needed at any time. For this reason a "speeding-up" of agricultural activity was passed over in favour of increased and better applied effort in the shops and yards. This was as it should have been if one branch of industry had to be neglected for another; yet the fact remains that a better response on the part of agriculture to the needs of the occasion would have been of great help both in improving the exchange and in easing off the pressure on shipping. Fortunately, agriculture's turn is only temporarily postponed, for there is every reason to believe that the new spirit of progressiveness which has transformed British workshops in less than two years will shortly make itself felt to the end that the land, and the man on the land, will have the benefit and advantage of the scientific organisation which has accomplished so much in other directions.

The average acre of English land is much better farmed than the average acre of American, and the average production per acre is probably from 40 to 75 per cent. higher in this country than the United States. The acreage production of each acre in Japan and China is two or three times as high as in England. Where America—and the same applies to Canada and Australia—scores, in spite of the fact that her acreage production is lower than that of the other countries mentioned, is through the comparatively small amount of manual effort that such production represents. Even if the average American acre produced only half as much as the average English one, the fact that for any given number of American acres only one man is employed to every five or six in England makes the production of the former far more economical.

Before the War

Before the war the plenitude of labour would have militated against any plan to save men on the land in just the same way that it did with similar plans for the factories. "Why throw more men out of work?" the farmers would have said. But with the surplus wiped out, and with an increasing complaint on the score of shortage being heard every month, this objection no longer has force. This shortage is a good deal more apparent than real, for even with the considerable number of agricultural labourers that have been called up, there are still—even disregarding the very substantial number of women now at work on farms—two or three times as many men per hundred acres employed on the land in England as in the United States or Canada. In other words, if the most effective of the man-saving practices of these countries had been applied to British agriculture in the same way that systematisation has been applied to British factories, far from there being a shortage of men at the present moment, still more could be spared without seriously threatening production.

I have sojourned in or travelled leisurely through fully two-thirds of the farming counties of England from time to time during the last year, and in every one of them I observed repeated instances of the wasteful use of men at a time when every daily paper was reporting the strenuous efforts the farmers were making in the tribunals for the exemption of various of their "indispensables." I have, by the way, been considerably surprised at the extent to which the ploughman appears to be rated as an "indispensable," the assumption

evidently being that a man is only fit for the work after a long period of training.

English farmers may be somewhat incredulous, therefore, when I say that, in times of labour shortage in California, I have not infrequently taken green Mexicans and set them to ploughing out unbroken half-cleared sidehills at the end of three or four days practice with an experienced man. All Mexicans, it is true, have a knack with horses, but the work I have alluded to is at least a hundred per cent. more difficult than ordinary ploughing on a level. Moreover, I have seen a girl whose only experience with horses had been in the saddle or tooling a four-in-hand at a horse-show, turn over eight acres in her first day on a three-disc riding plough. In both of these instances the ploughing was "ragged" and "skips" not infrequent, but the crops of oats raised on the land was probably not a fraction of one per cent. less than if the work had been done by skilled hands.

Waste of Man-power

To return to the waste of "man-power" on the English farm. I saw many instances of able-bodied men and boys leading horses which the man trudging behind the implement they were drawing could just as well have driven. I recall in particular seeing, one morning in Warwickshire, each of the two horses hitched to a roller being led by a boy of seventeen or eighteen, either of whom on a farm in Canada or the States, would have been driving his "four" or "six". It was in Lancashire, between Liverpool and Manchester, that I saw three men in one field, each driving a single horse hitched to a single section of harrow. A few minutes work would have hitched the horses together in one team, connected the three sections of harrow, and one man, looking after the lot, would have released the other two.

In a country where it had always been necessary to conserve manual effort, that field would have been worked down by a man or a boy driving six or eight horses, with a string of as many sections of harrow. In California, where we have to break up the clods quickly to conserve the moisture below, we often hitch the harrows behind the ploughs. Extra horses are added to the plough team to do the extra work, but one driver manages the whole "outfit."

There is, of course, no chance for using to advantage on the comparatively small farms of England the great tractor and horse outfits of the Canadian and American West, in which one sees the three operations of ploughing, drilling and harrowing carried out at the same operation. I am, however, convinced that one of the simplest and most efficacious ways of "saving men" on the land in this country will be by "adding horses." Four and six horse-teams, handled (with whatever implement they are attached to) by one man, can do more and better work than the same number of animals handled by two or three men.

It may be urged that teams of this size cannot be handled readily in many of the narrow and irregularly-shaped areas between the hedgerows. In this connection I would say that, in working out the tops of *mesas* (tablelands) and canyon bottoms on the mountainous portion of my California ranch, I have repeatedly had to cultivate odd-shaped pieces, often of not more than three or four acres in size, and that neither on these, nor on hillsides steeper than any I have seen farmed in England, have I found it good economy to use fewer than four horses in any team.

Certain small-holders may point out that they have not enough land to warrant their keeping six or eight horses. These may find a useful hint in certain simple co-operative arrangements I found in operation between some of my Mexican tenants, men who were farming from thirty to fifty acres of land apiece, usually with three or four horses. Supposing A and B had three horses each, and B wanted to spend a fortnight chopping wood, but without holding up his farmwork. He turns his four horses over to A, who hitches them up with his own four to make an eight, adds two more gangs to his adjustable two-gang plough (a "gang" is Western American for ploughshare) and gets on twice as fast with his own work as he was before. Finishing his own work, he starts in on that of B, keeping it up until the latter is ready to resume himself. Each charges the

other a dollar a day per horse for the time his stock is used on the other's land; and two dollars a day for his own time. The plough usually does not figure, as each borrows implements from the other all through the year as need arises. The consequence of this primitive system of co-operation is that the stock is kept working all the time that it is needed, and the time of one man is saved through practically all of the working year, no small item in a country where the lowest wage paid a farm hand is eight shillings a day.

The English system of handling hay loose and keeping it in ricks is cumbersome and expensive in labour, but I presume the moist climate does not permit it to be dried out sufficiently to be baled without risk of "sweating" and moulding. I might mention, however, that careful figures which I kept over a number of years showed that there was a saving of from 15 to 20 per cent. in having my barley, alfalfa and oat hay baled when fed on the ranch, and of from 20 to 30 per cent. when hauled away. On English farms, however, especially the small ones, I doubt if the saving in handling would be sufficient to warrant the expense of baling.

The education of the prospective English farmer and the instruction of the present one will be important questions of the very near future, and I am inclined to believe that the new British spirit of progressiveness, the new enthusiasm for organisation, will demand that this be done upon the same broad lines that have been followed in systematising the war industries of the country. When this time comes, it is going to be worth England's while to make a careful study of the American agricultural college, with its facilities not only for giving practical and scientific training to the young man who wants to be a farmer, but for giving constant help and guidance as well to the man actually on the land.

Another American institution, the "County Farm Adviser," who is to the man on the land about what his doctor and lawyer combined are to the man on the street, may also be worth transplanting.

Union Jack Club Fund

The following is the fifth list of subscribers to the U.J.C. Extension Fund. It is up to Friday, July 21st:—

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	1531	13	0
Mrs. Lewin	100	0	0
"M.G.W.G."	50	0	0
Sir William Corry, Bart.	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Shaw	25	0	0
Mrs. Ernest Debenham	10	0	0
F. Scarf, Esq.	10	0	0
E. W. Garrett, Esq.	5	5	0
"A Friend"	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Everard Hesketh	5	0	0
B. A. Charlesworth, Esq.	5	0	0
"H.M.S."	5	0	0
"Anonymous, Dundee"	5	0	0
E. Harry Davies, Esq.	3	3	0
Miss Houldsworth	3	3	0
Miss Florence Houldsworth	3	3	0
Major W. R. Dawson, R.A.M.C.	3	0	0
C. G. Seligman, Esq.	2	2	0
W. S. Davy, Esq.	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Hargreaves	2	2	0
Miss Dunnell	1	10	0
Col. G. F. Francis	1	1	0
"E.M.G."	1	1	0
Lt.-Col. J. Watkins Yardley	1	1	0
Lieut. Spenser Ovington	1	0	0
Miss Cokagne	1	0	0
"R.S.G."	10	0	0
Czambell	5	0	0

(To be continued)

All contributions should be forwarded to:
The Editor, "LAND & WATER,"

Empire House, Kingsway,

London, W.C.

Envelopes should be marked "U.J.C. Fund." and
all the cheques should be crossed "Coutts' Bank."

The Value of a Club

A Suggested Kitchener Corridor for the Union Jack Club

THE suggestion has been made that in the forthcoming extension of the Union Jack Club, at least one corridor (*i.e.*, ten bedrooms costing each £100), should be named the Kitchener Corridor, it having been specially constructed in his memory. The suggestion is an excellent one; it is singularly fitting that the name of this great soldier should be conjoined for all time with the biggest Club of the Services, the Club of five million members, every one of whom is a fighting-man. We have mentioned this suggestion should any subscriber desire to help more particularly in this one section of the Extension. The idea may, of course, commend itself to one or more persons who are willing to undertake the whole expense, or at least the greater part of the expense, of a particular corridor to associate for all time the fame of Lord Kitchener with the Union Jack Club.

A Service Club has something of the nature and character of a regiment or a battleship. It partakes in the achievements of its members; it absorbs unto itself all that is finest and best in their careers; what it receives it gives forth again with cumulative influence. While the members constantly change, the Club is fixed. Traditions are born and multiply, customs are created, its fair fame becomes the special pride of all its members, and whatever glory it may gain through any one individual, directly or indirectly, it bestows on all whose names are on its roll of membership. The Union Jack Club is at the very beginning of its career, so these rather obvious qualities are not at the moment as manifest as they might be. But already experience has proved that the members talk of their Club with the same affection and pride that they speak of the naval and military unit to which they may happen to belong. Small wonder then is it that those who have realised this and who have the best interests of the Navy and Army at heart, are so anxious to see the Club placed on such a solid and broad foundation that nothing in the future can interfere with its well being.

Not Oblivious of Gratitude

Money for this Extension, which is essential if this object is to be attained, continues to come in steadily. The demands on private purses, often attenuated by the condition of the times, are exceedingly numerous, but one sees with pleasure that the nation is not oblivious of the practical gratitude which is due to its sailors and soldiers. These words will, we know, be read in numberless homes beyond the seas whence have come so many gallant men to Europe's battlefields. We could ask these readers to envisage the inevitable isolation of such men when perhaps for the first time they find themselves "alone in London" with a few days' holiday and no home to turn to. Here it is that the Union Jack Club flings open its doors, and invites these Overseas men to come and make a home beneath its roof, a home that is not only comfortable, but which appeals to their self-respect, in that once members, the place is their own; they pay scot and lot, and make good friends with good men from all parts of the Empire.

This independence is in some ways even more highly rated overseas than here, and it is the outcome of those sound principles which underlie the very existence of the Union Jack Club. It is run for its members on business lines; their convenience and needs are studied, their means considered. The Club pays for itself and has done so since it was opened. For these reasons we believe that this appeal to help forward this Extension will meet with peculiar sympathy overseas, and receive very generous support. Whatever mistakes civilians have made aforesaid in callous treatment of the Empire's sailormen and soldiermen, an earnest endeavour is forward towards reparation. The Union Jack Club is proof of it, and the attainment of its present aim will go far towards making adequate provision for all time for the defenders of our homes and ideals, at least in so far as

the mother city of the Empire is concerned. In the future we may see Union Jack Clubs springing up in other cities, but the first thing is to place the parent institution on a financially sound basis so that it may be looked on as the model for all others.

Healthy Growth of Freedom

It was John Stuart Mill who wrote: "Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it; but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides according to the tendency and inward forces which make it a living thing." This truth is emphasised nowadays in half-a-hundred different ways; for "the machine built after a model" is the German State-plan for governing men, while Britain deals with them as "living trees." So often has this verity been repeated recently that it has come to be something of a platitude. But it is well to remember that the very largesse of freedom given to citizens of this Empire renders it the more incumbent that the means for exercising and developing this freedom in a right and healthy manner should be available for all.

If anyone must needs go to the devil, he must, but let him not be able to say he was forced there because he was denied the privilege of enjoyment in a rational manner, which was granted almost as a matter of course to his brethren in more fortunate circumstances. A Club has been regarded for many years as a social necessity for "men about town," in the narrow terms of the phrase; we now know it to be equally an essential for men about town, in the widest sense possible. The value of the Club lies not merely in restraining an individual from foolish ways, but in fostering that development of character which comes from social intercourse with one's fellows in similar walks of life. This cannot be too strongly insisted on. Only those whose days for long periods of time have for one cause or another been passed in solitude, know to the full the loss which arises from such enforced isolation.

The readers of LAND & WATER have shown themselves generous towards the Union Jack Club, and we hope to see a still larger measure of support. We may perhaps be permitted again to mention that the money is only required for constructional purposes. Once the Extension is finished and handed over to the Club, no further help will be needed. Surely this is the hour and the occasion when all should do their best to make this Club, this London home for the Empire's sailors and soldiers, efficient and capable of discharging its full duties both now and hereafter. On this point of hereafter it is well to be explicit. The Union Jack Club, as it stands to-day, will not be large enough for the Navy and Army when peace returns, not even when these Services shall shrink to their size before the war. How soon this can happen is exceedingly questionable. But the value of the Club having made itself so manifest during the last two years, its membership will be largely increased.

So we venture to press this appeal for further contributions, which may be addressed to the Editor, LAND & WATER, Empire House, Kingsway, London, cheques being made payable to the Union Jack Club and crossed "Coutts and Co." The enlarged Club ought to be finished before the war ends, and it should be a privilege to any man or woman to be permitted to help in this work, seeing that it will stand for all time as a small tribute of national and Imperial gratitude to British sailors and soldiers for their splendid self-sacrifice, and also will be a recognition of the cheerful manner in which they have gone to the fight and returned from it, often wounded and broken. So let us enlarge without delay this Club-house where these gallant men, these cheerful spirits, foregather, and see to it that never again shall men be turned from its doors because there is no room for them. It is up to us to provide the bigger roof-tree, the larger floor space. Shall we fail in this mild job when they succeeded in vast enterprises of supreme peril?

By a Mountain Bog

By William T. Palmer

FROM the edge of a familiar bog, O brother in the Indies, one writes these lines. A task familiar in our boyish days has just been mine; my boots are draining of the blackpeat-mud, and my stockings drying on the sun-warmed rocks—those rocks you remember from which we scouted whether the tumbledown fishing hut had visitors before we went down to launch the weedy, leaky, old boat from its dock among the boulders. That was a lark, wasn't it, as was also the precarious crossing to the willow-braked islet in the bog, over that causeway of half-sunken stones. Last year you placed a stone here and there and crossed in safety, but your causeway has gone below and my experiment included a knee-deep disaster.

Though you donned the khaki again and sailed far into the Orient, one feels that your spirit somehow is near my corner in the hills this afternoon, and as the spirit may return mute to you, let me write the record of the day and scene.

Away down the deep valley the oats are yellowing to harvest, a field of pale gold here and there in the rich green plush of aftermath. Staider, sager is the green of the woodlands of oak, the coppices of ash and sycamore, the river-fringes of alder and elm and wych-elm, but black green are the plantations of spruce and larch and fir on the opposite hills with here and there the lightning white of birchen stems. Out there the ridges pass westward through green to blue, and to the east the great strath yawns for the purple cloud-shadows, for the mantle of bronze and crimson where the heather grows deep on the undrained moss. And still further beyond is the golden-brown of the estuary sands, the silver trickles winding down, and the deep-blue of shadowed ocean beyond the bar. Flashes here and there a tarn among the woods or on the high shelves of moor, jerks here and there the ruffle beyond some quiet reach beloved of the kingfisher, or the pool where at even-tide we have watched the otter family at play. Yonder, above the old mill, is the lodge where the giant trout dwell, and one sees the steely glimpse of the salmon pool below the bridge. But all these greater things will be thine in spirit, O brother of the garrison beyond the Sea.

Gold and Silver Lilies

See what smaller things are here; the crimsoned folds of the moor, the swaying, glancing beds of bracken, the tangled weeds of the tarn, the great banks of water grass, the gold and silver lilies, the purple loosestrife, the water lobelias, the periscarias on their curious stems. Here is a drift of white petals on the still water, there a dusting of blue where the forget-me-nots grow, and there the tall rushes are fringed with blue and yellow iris-flags. And busily, about their business, wild ducks and moor hens, with now and then a solitary coot, appear and disappear, now diving, now forcing a way through the cover of grass or rush. Do you remember, brother, the wild duck's nest on that islet of the willow-brake? It was there again this spring, and quite a covey of young and old were roused away this afternoon. It was a rare feat to capture the whole family asleep in the rushes. Not that, after all, even one remained with us as spoil!

The bog is much the same—the stalks of bog asphodel, some of them showing golden stars of foliage, others mere dry stems from which both flower and seed vessel have departed; then a fleck here and there of cotton grass, of green leaves where the chocolate-and-cream bog-bean has served its day. The bilberry tufts stand knee-deep in ooze, the heather disputes with the dwarf willow for every "nigger head" in the morass. The tiny moths are numerous as dust-flecks, and the gnats, for the afternoon is calm, are on picnic bent. On the same errand is the big dragon fly, and his lesser brethren, but for them the gnat is food, while less merciful the gnat feeds on me. Twice, when writing these sentences, the fiends have settled on my hands and begun boring operations. Can

it be that the scent of the dead carcasses attracted that tiny beetle with the bronze wings to pause on my writing pad?

There are great green caterpillars on the heather, and enormous black slugs on the grass—for the rain is but a recent memory. There is the sound of the wild bees among the heather, the buzz of the splendid blue-bottles here and there—see, there he is, sunning on the lichened rock, too near by far to the long lines strung out by a great grey and brown spider. Just before my plunge into the peat-mud, one watched a great spider stalk and kill one of these big, unsuspecting fellows, and saw another with a flying thread of gossamer neatly capture a small but active fly a foot from its haunt.

Sphagnum Dressings

There are lizards by the shore of the pool, and frogs among the mud, but what are these in their yellow and green and white to the gorgeous reptiles of the East? And how does our viper which yesterday one saw on the rocky hillside compare with the snakes about you? Just as well as our British hedgehog compares in beauty and agility with that snake-destroyer, the mongoose.

You will be glad to hear that our bog has been turned to use this summer. Some one learned in the ancient lore of Erse and Gael pointed out that dressings from sphagnum moss were used centuries ago in the treatment of cuts and abrasions, and that in the remoter Highlands the remedy was still in successful use. The great demand of the casualty hospitals for cotton wool had caused a shortage. Well, here to hand, in our own mountain bogs, was a substitute, even an improvement. So a party of Girl Guides came up here, gathered the moss by the bag full, cleansed it of all foreign matter, and away to the hospitals it was sent. There should be no shortage of sphagnum dressings now, for there are scores of acres of the moss among our fells, and it is still more common in Scotland.

The other use you will also welcome, though here again it is but a reversion by necessity to the good old ways. Coal is expensive and its delivery at our wayside stations so uncertain that the farmers are again exercising their ancient right to cut peat enough for winter fuel. The peat layers are certainly not deep—some thirty inches at most including the heather roots—and the quality is inferior to that of the low country mosses. Still it will burn. Joe has cut four trenches near fifty yards long and down to the glacial drift and his "peats" are out in wind-rows between the beds of heather. Next month he will sled them down to the old farm and rejoice, so far as it is in his complaining nature, that his fire-elden has been won at so little cost and trouble.

This afternoon even the grouse seem asleep. The only danger the young coveys will know is from the fox below and the strong-winged peregrine above. The raven has not come here often since the game was preserved—one may thank successions of keepers for that!—and you remember raiding the nest of the last pair of carrion crows. They preferred a tall tree at the edge of our bog—over there by the spring one can still see traces of its stump, for it was felled years back—and you swarmed up the bole, reached the branches, the nest, the eggs. Where did you stow them? And what happened on your return when you slithered down the last ten feet of the tree?

One is glad that years have softened the memory somewhat or even the distance of the Indies would not save from your wrath anyone who reminded you of that day of evil taste.

Sir Charles Wakefield, the Lord Mayor, visits Southend-on-Sea on Saturday. He will pay an inspection of the Queen Mary's Naval Hospital and will attend a luncheon which the Mayor of Southend, Alderman Francis, is giving in his honour at the Queen's Hotel, Westcliff.

Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay, who obtained a commission in the new army and was wounded at Loos, is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. It is a secret that, in his opinion, may possibly lead to a big uprising throughout Asia and Africa. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. This torn document was handed to the British headquarters in Mesopotamia by an officer—Sir Walter's son—wounded to death in obtaining it. Hannay undertakes the mission, his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American gentleman, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who also joins them. On November 17th the three dine together at a London flat, and agree to meet in a café in a back street of Constantinople two months later—on January 17th. Sandy decides to go to Constantinople, disguised as a Turk, by way of Cairo. John S. Blenkiron drops into Germany as his own self by way of Scandinavia. Hannay, who has lived in South Africa as a mining engineer, and can speak Dutch perfectly, enters Germany through Holland as a Boer from Western Cape Colony. Hannay sails for Lisbon where he finds a steamer just arrived from Angola; boarding it he meets his old Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, to whom he unfolds his plans. Peter agrees to be his companion. They attract notice to themselves in a Lisbon café by loud talk against England. Presently a little German introduces himself and arranges their passage to Rotterdam. They go straight on to Germany and at the frontier are met by a German junior officer who conducts them to Berlin. Here they have an interview with two Government high officials; one, Colonel von Stumm, had been in German South West Africa, fighting the Hereros. The Colonel is a huge man "as hideous as a hippopotamus." He closely cross-examines Pienaar and Hannay. Hannay's plan for causing a rising in Africa interests him. Having given Hannay a brutal exhibition of his physical strength, he dismisses him with the words: "Remember, I am your master."*

CHAPTER V

Further Adventures of two Dutchmen

NEXT morning there was a touch of frost and a nip in the air which stirred my blood and put me in buoyant spirits. I forgot my precarious position and the long road I had still to travel. I came down to breakfast in great form to find Peter's even temper badly ruffled. He had remembered Stumm in the night and disliked the memory; this he muttered to me as we rubbed shoulders at the dining-room door. Peter and I got no opportunity for private talk. The Lieutenant was with us all the time, and at night we were locked in our rooms. Peter discovered this through trying to get out to find matches, for he had the bad habit of smoking in bed.

Our guide started on the telephone and announced that we were to be taken to see a prisoners' camp. In the afternoon I was to go somewhere with Stumm, but the morning was for sightseeing. "You will see," he told us, "how merciful is a great people. You will also see some of the hated English in our power. That will delight you. They are the forerunners of all their nation."

We drove in a taxi through the suburbs and then over a stretch of flat market-garden-like country to a low rise of wooded hills. After an hour's ride we entered the gate of what looked like a big reformatory or hospital. I believe it had been a home for destitute children. There were sentries at the gate and massive concentric circles of barbed wire through which we passed under an arch which was let down like a portcullis at nightfall. The Lieutenant showed his permit and we ran the car into a brick-paved yard and marched through a lot more sentries to the office of the Commandant.

He was away from home, and we were welcomed by his deputy, a pale young man with a head nearly bald. There were introductions in German which our guide translated into

Dutch, and a lot of elegant speeches about how Germany was foremost in humanity as well as martial valour. Then they stood us sandwiches and beer, and we formed a procession for a tour of inspection. There were two doctors, both mild-looking men in spectacles, and a couple of warders, under-officers of the good old burly bullying sort I knew well. That is the cement which has kept the German army together. Her men were nothing to boast of on the average; no more were the officers, even in crack corps like the Guards and the Brandenburgers; but they seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of hard competent N.C.O.'s.

We marched round the wash-houses, the recreation-ground, the kitchens, the hospital—with nobody in it save one chap with the "flu." It didn't seem to be badly done. This place was entirely for officers, and I expect it was a show place where American visitors were taken. If half the stories one heard were true there were some pretty ghastly prisons away in South and East Germany.

I didn't half like the business. To be a prisoner has always seemed to me about the worst thing that could happen to a man. The sight of German prisoners used to give me a bad feeling inside, whereas I looked at dead Boches with nothing but satisfaction. Besides there was the off-chance that I might be recognised. So I kept very much in the shadow whenever in the corridors we passed anybody.

The few we met passed us incuriously. They saluted the Deputy-Commandant, but scarcely wasted a glance on us. No doubt they thought we were inquisitive Germans come to gloat over them. They looked fairly fit, a little puffy about the eyes like men who get too little exercise. They seemed thin, too. I expect the food, for all the Commandant's talk, was nothing to boast of. In one room people were writing letters. It was a big place with only a tiny stove to warm it, and the windows were shut so that the atmosphere was a cold frowst. In another room a fellow was lecturing on something to a dozen hearers and drawing figures on a black-board. Some were in ordinary khaki, others in any old thing they could pick up, and most wore great-coats. Your blood gets thin when you have nothing to do but hope against hope and think of your pals and the old days.

I was moving along, listening with half an ear to the Lieutenant's prattle and the loud explanations of the Deputy Commandant, when I pitchforked into what might have been the end of my business. We were going through a sort of convalescent room, where people were sitting who had been in hospital. It was a big place, a little warmer than the rest of the building, but still abominably fuggy. There were about half a dozen men in the room, reading and playing games. They looked at us with lack-lustre eyes for a moment and then returned to their occupations. Being convalescents I suppose they were not expected to get up and salute.

All but one, who was playing patience at a little table by which we passed. I was feeling very bad about the thing, for I hated to see these good fellows locked away in this infernal German hole when they might have been giving the Boche his deserts at the front. The Commandant went first with Peter, who had developed a great interest in prisons. Then came our Lieutenant with one of the doctors; then a couple of warders; and then the second doctor and myself. I was absent-minded at the moment and was last in the queue.

The patience-player suddenly looked up and I saw his face. I'm hanged if it wasn't Dolly Riddell, who was our brigade machine-gun officer at Loos. I had heard that the Germans had got him when they blew up a mine at the Quarries.

I had to act pretty quick, for his mouth was agape and I saw he was going to speak. The doctor was a yard ahead of me.

I stumbled and spilt his cards on the floor. Then I kneeled to pick them up and gripped his knee. His head bent to help me and I spoke low in his ear. "I'm Hannay all right. For God's sake don't wink an eye. I'm here on a secret job."

The doctor had turned to see what was the matter. I got a few more words in. "Cheer up, old man, we're winning hands down."

Then I began to talk in excited Dutch and finished the collection of the cards. Dolly was playing his part well, smiling as if he were amused by the antics of a monkey. The others were coming back, the Deputy-Commandant with

an angry light in his dull eye. "Speaking to the prisoners is forbidden," he shouted.

I looked blankly at him till the Lieutenant translated.

"What kind of a fellow is he?" said Dolly in English to the doctor. "He spoils my game and then jabbers High-Dutch at me."

Officially I knew English and that speech of Dolly's gave me my cue. I pretended to be very angry with the very damned Englishman, and went out the room close by the Deputy-Commandant grumbling like a sick jackal. After that I had to act a bit. The last place we visited was the close-confinement part where prisoners were kept as a punishment for some breach of the rules. They looked cheerless enough, but I pretended to gloat over the sight, and said so to the Lieutenant who passed it on to the others. I have rarely in my life felt such a cad.

On the way home the lieutenant discoursed a lot about prisoners and detention-camps, for at one time he had been on duty at Ruhleben. Peter, who had been in quod more than once in his life, was deeply interested and kept on questioning him. Among other things he told us was that they often put bogus prisoners among the rest who acted as spies. If any plot to escape was hatched these fellows got into it and encouraged it. They never interfered till the attempt was actually made, and then they had them on toast. There was nothing the Boche liked so much as an excuse for sending a poor devil to "solitary."

That afternoon Peter and I separated. He was left behind with the Lieutenant and I was sent off to the station with my bag in the company of a Landsturm sergeant. Peter was very cross and I didn't care for the look of things; but I brightened up when I heard I was going somewhere with Stumm. If he wanted to see me again he must think me of some use, and if he was going to use me he was bound to let me into his game. I liked Stumm about as much as a dog likes a scorpion, but I hankered for his society.

At the station platform, where the ornament of the Landsturm saved me all trouble about tickets, I could not see my companion. I stood waiting, while a great crowd, mostly of soldiers, swayed past me and filled all the front carriages. An officer spoke to me gruffly and told me to stand aside behind a wooden rail. I obeyed and suddenly found Stumm's eyes looking down at me.

"You know German?" he asked sharply.

"A dozen words," I said carelessly. "I've been to Windbuk and learned enough to ask for my dinner. Peter—my friend—speaks it a bit."

"So," said Stumm. "Well, get into the carriage. Not that one! There, thickhead!"

I did as I was bid, he followed, and the door was locked behind us. The precaution was needless, for the sight of Stumm's profile at the platform end would have kept out the most brazen. I wondered if I had woke up his suspicions. I must be on my guard to show no signs of intelligence if he suddenly tried me in German, and that would be easy for I knew it as well as I knew Dutch.

We moved into the country, but the windows were blurred with frost, and I saw nothing of the landscape. Stumm was busy with papers and let me alone. I read on a notice that one was forbidden to smoke, so to show my ignorance of German I pulled out my pipe. Stumm raised his head, saw what I was doing, and gruffly bade me put it away, as if he were an old lady that disliked the smell of tobacco.

In half an hour I got very bored, for I had nothing to read and my pipe was *verboten*. People passed now and then in the corridors, but no one offered to enter. No doubt they saw the big figure in uniform and thought he was the deuce of a Staff swell who wanted solitude. I thought of stretching my legs in the corridor and was just getting up to do it, when somebody slid the door open and a big figure blocked the light.

He was wearing a heavy ulster and a green felt hat. He saluted Stumm who looked up angrily, and smiled pleasantly on us both.

"Say, gentlemen," he said, "have you room in here for a little one? I guess I'm about smoked out of my car by your brave soldiers. I've gotten a delicate stomach."

Stumm had risen with a brow of wrath, and looked as if he were going to pitch the intruder off the train. Then he seemed to halt and collect himself, and the other's face broke into a friendly grin.

"Why, it's Colonel Stumm," he cried. (He pronounced it like the first syllable in "stomach.") "Very pleased to meet you again, Colonel. I had the honour of making your acquaintance at our Embassy. I reckon Ambassador Gerard didn't cotton to our conversation that night." And the new comer plumped himself down in the corner opposite me.

I had been pretty certain I would run across Blenkiron somewhere in Germany, but I didn't think it would be so soon. There he sat staring at me with his full unseeing

eyes, rolling out platitudes to Stumm who was nearly bursting in his effort to keep civil. I looked moody and suspicious, which I took to be the right line.

"Things are getting a bit dead at Salonika," said Mr. Blenkiron by way of a conversational opening.

Stumm pointed to a notice which warned officers to refrain from discussing military operations with mixed company in a railway carriage.

"Sorry," said Blenkiron. "I can't read that tombstone language of yours. But I reckon that that notice to trespassers, whatever it signifies, don't apply to you and me. I take it that this gentleman is in your party."

I sat and scowled, fixing the American with suspicious eyes.

"He is a Dutchman," said Stumm, "South African Dutch, and he is not happy, for he doesn't like to hear English spoken."

"We'll shake on that," said Blenkiron cordially. "But who said I spoke English? It's good American. Cheer up, friend, for it isn't the call that makes the big wapiṭi, as they say out west in my country. I hate John Bull worse than a poison rattle. The Colonel can tell you that."

I daresay he could, but at that moment we slowed down at a station and Stumm got up to go out. "Good-day to you, Herr Blenkiron," he cried over his shoulder. "If you consider your comfort, don't talk English to strange travellers. They don't distinguish between the different brands."

I followed him in a hurry, but was recalled by Blenkiron's voice.

"Say, friend," he cried, "you've left your grip," and he handed me my bag from the luggage rack. But he showed no sign of recognition, and the last I saw of him was sitting sunk in a corner with his head on his chest as if he were going to sleep. He was a man who kept up his parts well.

There was a motor-car waiting, one of the grey military kind, and we started at a terrific pace over bad forest roads. Stumm had put away his papers in a portfolio, and flung me a few sentences on the journey.

"I haven't made up my mind about you, Brandt," he announced. "You may be a fool or a knave or a good man. If you are a knave we will shoot you."

"And if I am a fool," I asked.

"Send you to the Yser or the Dvina. You will be respectable cannon-fodder."

"You cannot do that unless I consent," I said.

"Can't we?" he said, smiling wickedly. "Remember you are a citizen of nowhere. Technically you are a rebel, and the British, if you go to them, will hang you, supposing they have any sense. You are in our power, my friend, to do precisely what we like with you."

He was silent for a second, and then he said meditatively.

"But I don't think you are a fool. You may be a scoundrel. Some kinds of scoundrels are useful enough. Other kinds are strung up with a rope. Of that we shall know more soon."

"And if I am a good man?"

"You will be given a chance to serve Germany, the proudest privilege a mortal can have." The strange man said this with a ringing sincerity in his voice that impressed me.

The car swung out from the trees into a park lined with saplings and in the twilight I saw before me a biggish house like an overgrown Swiss chalet. There was a kind of archway with a sham porteallis and a terrace with battlements, which looked as if they were made of stucco. We drew up at a Gothic front door where a thin middle-aged man in a shooting jacket was waiting.

As we moved into the lighted hall I got a good look at our host. He was very lean and brown, with the stoop in the shoulder that a man gets from being constantly on horseback. He had untidy grizzled hair and a ragged beard, and a pair of pleasant short-sighted brown eyes.

"Welcome, my Colonel," he said. "Is this the friend you spoke of?"

"This is the Dutchman," said Stumm. "His name is Brandt; Brandt, you see before you Herr Gaudian."

I knew the name, of course; there weren't many in my profession that didn't. He was one of the biggest railway engineers in the world, the man who had built the Bagdad and Syrian railways, and the new lines in German East Africa. I suppose he was about the greatest living authority on tropical construction. He knew the East and he knew Africa; clearly I had been brought down for him to put me through my paces.

A blond maidservant took me to my room, which had a bare polished floor, a stove, and windows that, unlike most of the German kind I had sampled, seemed made to open. When I had washed I descended to the hall, which was hung round with trophies of travel like Dervish jibbahs and Masai shields and one or two good buffalo heads. Presently a bell was rung. Stumm appeared with his host, and we went into supper.

I was jolly hungry and would have made a good meal if I hadn't constantly had to keep jogging my wits. The other two talked in German, and when a question was put to me Stumm translated. The first thing I had to do was to pretend I didn't know German and look listlessly round the room while they were talking. The second was to miss not a word, for there lay my chance. The third was to be ready to answer questions at any moment, and to show in the answering that I had not followed the previous conversation. Likewise I must not prove myself a fool in these answers, for I had to convince them that I was useful. It took some doing, and I felt like a witness in the box under a stiff cross-examination, or a man trying to play three games of chess at once.

I heard Stumm telling Gaudian the gist of my plan. The engineer shook his head.

"Too late," he said. "It should have been done at the beginning. We neglected Africa. You know the reason why."

Stumm laughed. "The von Einem! Perhaps, but her charm works well enough."

Gaudian glanced towards me while I was busy with an orange salad. "I have much to tell you of that. But it can wait. Your friend is right in one thing. Uganda is a vital spot for the English and a blow there will make their whole fabric shiver. But how can we strike? They have still the coast, and our supplies grow daily smaller."

"We can send no reinforcements, but have we used all the local resources? That is what I cannot satisfy myself about. Zimmerman says we have, but Tressler thinks differently, and now we have this fellow coming out of the void with a story which confirms my doubt. He seems to know his job. You try him."

Thereupon Gaudian set about questioning me, and his questions were very thorough. I knew just enough and no more to get through, but I think I came out with credit. You see I have a capacious memory, and in my time I had met scores of hunters and pioneers and listened to their yarns, so I could pretend to knowledge of a place even when I hadn't been there. Besides, I had once been on the point of undertaking a job up Tanganyika way, and I had got up that country-side pretty accurately.

"You say that with our help you can make trouble for the British on the three borders?" Gaudian asked at length.

"I can spread the fire if someone else will kindle it," I said.

"But there are thousands of tribes with no affinities."

"They are all African. You can bear me out. All African people are alike in one thing—they can go mad, and the madness of one infects the others. The English know this well enough."

"Where would you start the fire?" he asked.

"Where the fuel is driest. Up in the North among the Mussulman peoples. But there you must help me. I know nothing about Islam and I gather that you do."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because of what you have done already," I answered.

Stumm had translated all this time, and had given the sense of my words very fairly. But with my last answer he took liberties. What he said was: "Because the Dutchman thinks that we have some big card in dealing with the Moslem world." Then, lowering his voice, and raising his eyebrows he said some word like "Unmantle."

The other looked with a quick glance of apprehension at me. "We had better continue our talk in private, Herr Colonel," he said. "If Herr Brandt will forgive us, we will leave him for a little to entertain himself." He pushed the cigar-box towards me and the two got up and left the room.

I pulled my chair up to the stove, and would have liked to drop off to sleep. The tension of the talk at supper had made me very tired. I was accepted by these men for exactly what I professed to be. Stumm might suspect me of being a rascal, but it was a Dutch rascal. But all the same I was skating on thin ice. I could not sink myself utterly in the part, for if I did I would get no good out of being here. I had to keep my wits going all the time, and join the appearance and manners of a backveld Boer with the mind of a British intelligence-officer. Any moment the two parts might clash and I would be faced with the most alert and deadly suspicion.

There would be no mercy from Stumm. That large man was beginning to fascinate me, even though I hated him. Gaudian was clearly a good fellow, a white man and a gentleman. I could have worked with him, for he belonged to my own totem. But the other was an incarnation of all that makes Germany detested, and yet he wasn't altogether the ordinary German, and I couldn't help admiring him. I noticed he neither smoked nor drank. His grossness was apparently not in the way of fleshly appetites. Cruelty, from all I had heard of him in German South West, was his hobby; but there were other things in him, some of them good, and he had that kind of crazy patriotism which becomes

a religion. I wondered why he had not some high command in the field, for he had had the name of a good soldier. But probably he was a big man in his own line, whatever it was, for the Under-Secretary fellow had talked small in his presence, and so great a man as Gaudian clearly respected him. There must be no lack of brains inside that funny pyramidal head.

As I sat before the stove I was casting back to think if I had got the slightest clue to my real job. There seemed to be nothing so far. Stumm had talked of a von Einem woman who was interested in his department, perhaps the same woman as the Hilda he had mentioned the day before to the Under-Secretary. There was not much in that. She was probably some Minister's or Ambassador's wife who had a finger in high politics. If I could have caught the word Stumm had whispered to Gaudian which made him start and look askance at me! But I had only heard a gurgling of something like "Unmantle," which wasn't any German word that I knew.

The heat put me into a half doze and I began dreamily to wonder what other people were doing. Where had Blenkiron been posting to in that train, and what was he up to at this moment? He had been hobnobbing with Ambassadors and swells—I wondered if he had found out anything. What was Peter doing? I fervently hoped he was behaving himself, for I doubted if Peter had really tumbled to the delicacy of our job. Where was Sandy, too? As like as not bucketing in the hold of some Greek coaster in the Ægean. Then I thought of my battalion somewhere on the line between Hulluck and La Bassée, hammering at the Boche, while I was five hundred miles or so inside the Boche frontier.

It was a comic reflection, so comic that it woke me up. After trying in vain to find a way of stoking that stove, for it was a cold night, I got up and walked about the room. There were portraits of two decent old fellows, probably Gaudian's parents. There were enlarged photographs, too, of engineering works, and a good picture of Bismarck. And close to the stove there was a case of maps mounted on rollers.

I pulled one out at random. It was a geological map of Germany, and with some trouble I found out where I was. I was an enormous distance from my goal, and, moreover, I was clean off the road to the East. To go there I must first go to Bavaria and then into Austria. I noticed the Danube flowing eastwards and remembered that that was one way to Constantinople.

Then I tried another map. This one covered a big area, all Europe from the Rhine and as far east as Persia. I guessed that it was meant to show the Bagdad railway and the through routes from Germany to Mesopotamia. There were markings on it, and as I looked closer I saw that there were dates scribbled in blue pencil, as if to denote the stages of a journey. The dates began in Europe, and continued right on into Asia Minor and then south to Syria.

For a moment my heart jumped, for I thought I had fallen by accident on the clue I wanted. But I never got that map examined. I heard footsteps in the corridor, and very gently I let the map roll up and turned away. When the door opened I was bending over the stove to get a light for my pipe.

It was Gaudian to bid me join him and Stumm in his study.

On our way there he put a kindly hand on my shoulder. I think he thought I was bullied by Stumm and wanted to tell me that he was my friend, and he had no other language than a pat on the back.

The soldier was in his old position with his elbows on the mantel-piece and his formidable great jaw stuck out.

"Listen to me," he said. "Herr Gaudian and I are inclined to make use of you. You may be a charlatan, in which case you will be in the devil of a mess and have yourself to thank for it. If you are a rogue you will have little scope for roguery. We will see to that. If you are a fool, you will yourself suffer for it. But if you are a good man you will have a fair chance, and if you succeed we will not forget it. To-morrow I go home and you will come with me and get your orders."

I made shift to stand at attention and salute.

Gaudian spoke in a pleasant voice as if he wanted to atone for Stumm's imperiousness. "We are men who love our fatherland, Herr Brandt," he said. "You are not of that Fatherland, but at least you hate its enemies. Therefore we are allies, and trust each other like allies. Our victory is ordained by God, and we are none of us more than His instruments."

Stumm translated in a sentence and his voice was quite solemn. He held up his right hand and so did Gaudian, like a man taking an oath or a parson blessing his congregation.

Then I realised something of the might of Germany. She produced good and bad, cads and gentlemen, but she could put a bit of the fanatic into them all.

(To be continued.)



The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land and Water," Empire House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

Lingerie to Measure



Dainty lingerie made to measure is just the thing for which numbers of women are looking, having failed to find it in the general run of shops

Underclothes made to measure are quite common in France, but rare in this country, and their discovery at reasonable prices is a delight. A clever lingerie who has gained an enviable reputation for her inexpensive hand-made lingerie is willing to make all underclothes to special measure for no additional charge. She will send a very simple self-measurement form which can be easily filled up, and undergarments calculated to help a figure and the fit of a dress in every way will be the result.

Nightdresses and petticoats are often a wrong length when bought, and it will be a relief to buy them of the correct length right away. Petticoat, bodices, chemises and knickers all gain by being

of perfect size, and the value to the woman who is either too small or too large for ordinary stock size garments is immense.

A charming little illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent on request, containing all that is latest and best in the lingerie way. Included is an evening camisole with flesh pink ninon over the shoulders, so that it can be worn under the thinnest evening frock and be invisible, and the cami-skirts which have proved such a delightful successor to the slip are shown.

Back Rests for Beach and Lawn

Very opportune at this time of year are the convenient little back rests for beach or lawn. They are specially useful at the seaside, since sitting on the sand with no rest at the back is apt to be tiring and something of the kind is soon needed. These beach rests are lighter and more portable than a chair and no trouble to take about. They are of striped linen or green Willesden canvas and cost from 3s. 3d.

A feature is the long strip of canvas upon which the user can sit with clothes well protected from damp, dust or anything likely to matter.

Bathing Dress Bags

Most bathers have experienced the annoyance of taking a wet bathing-dress away from the sea-shore and waterproof bags for them are being greeted with joy. These bags are in many forms and guises, some being waterproof spotted satin, others in coloured sateen, durable and waterproofed.

The satin bags are made on much the same principle as a knitting bag with small hoop handles, are very convenient and charming and cost 8s. 11d.

Mothers of families, however, with a number of small bathing dresses to convey to and from the sea, will be delighted with a practical waterproof bag of sateen for 1s. 9½d. These are made like a linen bag with a draw-up string and will prove the greatest convenience and boon.

What are Tunickers?

Tunickers is an absolutely phonetic name, for these clever garments combine a tunic and knickers. For women doing ambulance, remount, garden and farm work, nothing is more sensibly practical and the designer deserves full credit.

A special circular has been issued giving pictures and particulars and will be despatched immediately on request. A feature of the tunic is that it can be used instead of a coat. In wet weather it can easily be detached and worn round the shoulders giving ample protection. Delightfully big service

pockets are an attraction and the knickers lace neatly at the knee where gaiter or puttee meets them. Women's hard-wearing shirts made on Boy Scout shirt models are also sold.

Without Fastenings

Something of a sensation has been caused by the introduction of charmingly pretty frocks entirely without fastenings. How these manage to be up-to-date, smart and yet so accommodating would be a mystery were it not a triumph.

Day, evening, house, rest, and maternity gowns are all here, each being designed upon very attractive and distinctive lines. Fashioned as they are they can be slipped into in a moment, and are a great benefit to all wishing to make a quick change after a strenuous day. The commencing price is three and a-half guineas and for this a charming gown in soft satin mousseline with picturesquely fringed sash can actually be bought.

Harvest Boots

Each day that passes sees more and more women taking a hand in the cultivation of the land, and the coming months with their need for harvest workers will witness a great augmentation of the ranks. Delightful boots are being made for "ladies of the land" by a famous bootmaker who has studied the subject from A to Z. They are practical, durable, waterproof, well cut, well made and absolutely comfortable, so that a woman wearing them can spend hours on her feet with ease.

Though these boots are capital for harvesters they are equally good for many other forms of war work and for gardening. Women who have to walk much applaud them, and this is not surprising for they are made upon the lines of the maker's renowned Field Boots, which many men have cause to bless. Being very high they prevent any need for leggings, and long though they are, through a clever arrangement of hooks can be laced up like lightning. They are made in beautifully soft brown leather or can have a waterproof brown canvas leg part.

These boots are made in two qualities, one much less expensive than the other but a splendid boot all the same. The rubber studded soles specially associated with the maker give a perfect grip in wet or dry soil, but the boots can be had with or without these studs according to individual taste.



Every quality making for success is found in these waterproof boots reaching far up the leg and ideal for women working on the land

An American girl watching the riders in the Row the other morning was wearing rather a pretty plaited toque of green bass straw. It was very small and close fitting, and the distinguishing feature was an eye curtain of fluted green tulle. These eye curtains are just what they claim to be for they cover no other feature, and cannot be called veils.

A WONDERFUL INDUSTRY.

The Queen gave her warm appreciation of a promising Home Industry when she inspected Lady Kinloch's display of painted furniture. The future before it promises to be a bright one. Lady Kinloch has had the happy notion of utilising the talents of clever present-day artists in a revival of Eighteenth Century style of decorated furniture. The result is all that can be desired, bureaux, tables, chairs, mirrors, screens, and bedroom suites lending themselves delightfully to this treatment. This industry will greatly benefit artists suffering from the adverse circumstances of the war and Lady Kinloch has arranged that examples of the work can be seen at Messrs. Tredegar's show-rooms at 7 Brook Street, Hanover Square.

THE BULLET-PROOF JACKET

Will resist a .455 Government Revolver Bullet.



(patented)
THE OFFICER'S UNIFORM, like practically every other article of equipment, is passing through a process of evolution, necessitated by modern warfare. The steel helmet has already proved most useful against shrapnel fragments, and the officer's Jacket patented by Messrs. Wilkinson, Pall Mall, is undoubtedly of even greater efficiency. It will certainly prevent wounds caused by shell fire, which, if not actually fatal, may cause absence from duty for many weeks. The WILKINSON PATENT BULLET-PROOF JACKET is lined with highly-tempered steel, which cannot splinter and resists a .455 Revolver Bullet at 20 yards, and in appearance is just the same as a close-fitting well-made jacket. Fitted by an expert, the slight additional weight is so distributed that it is not apparent to the wearer.

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Officers speak highly of the special provision for mounted wear in the attached apron buttoning on one side. This absolutely shuts out any rain, and when not in use fastens conveniently (out of sight) on the inside of coat, which then serves just as well for ordinary wear afoot.

One of the recommended materials. No. 31, in colour an approved military fawn, is a tough though finely-woven fabric, light in weight, yet positively reliable for hard wear and tear.

When ordering an "Equitor" or "Service" Coat (the "Service" Coat is made without the attached apron) or directing that one be sent on approval, height and chest measure, and reference, should be given.



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Teapot, 2 pints	11	11	0
Coffee Pot	12	12	0
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Cream Jug	3	10	0
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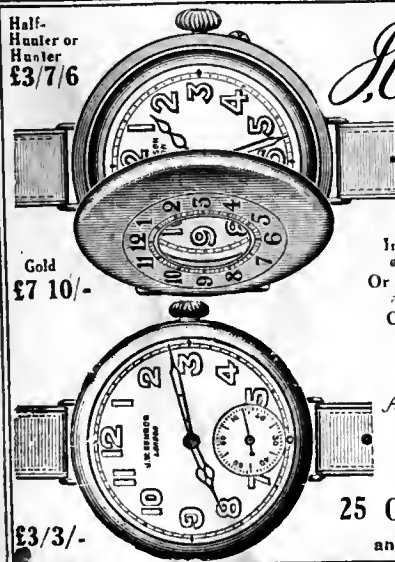
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LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1916

[REGISTERED AS] PRICE SIXPENCE
[A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY



By Louis Raemaekers.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 3rd, 1916.

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THE CRIMES OF GERMANY.

THE details of the cold-blooded murder of Captain Fryatt are too notorious to require recapitulation. He has suffered, as so many others have suffered, at the hands of barbarians; it is part of the price civilisation has to pay for permitting a treacherous and bestial people to attain to strength in her midst. Short of cannibalism, there is not an offence against humanity which the Teutons have not committed in the last two years. This crime stands out from the rest in that, like the murder of Edith Cavell, it has been surrounded by a mockery of justice. We think of the scene in the judgment hall of Caiaphas, for let us make no mistake, Germany wages war on Christianity; she destroys mercilessly the man or woman who dares to protect the lives of the weak and defenceless. Such was the act for which Captain Fryatt was condemned to death. But all history tells us, and in our inmost heart we know it to be eternally true, that this cruelty so far from attaining its object, only quickens and multiplies that nobility of character which it seeks to destroy.

The Prime Minister stated in the House of Commons on Tuesday that Great Britain is resolved that such crimes shall not, if it can be helped, go unpunished. When the time arrives we are determined to bring to justice the criminals, whoever they may be or whatever their station. Meantime, the question is under the consideration of the Government what immediate action shall be taken to check if possible their recurrence. That the need for resolute action is most urgent was made clear by Mr. Asquith, who remarked that this murder, following closely on the lawless cruelties to the civil population of Lille and other occupied districts of France, points to a renewal on the part of the German High Command of their former policy of terrorism. This implies that there are now no methods too foul or disgraceful to which our enemies will not stoop in order to obtain that decision which they are impotent to gain on the field of battle.

It is an axiom of German warfare that the only check on the actions of an army on service is the fear of reprisals. Therefore there must be reprisals of an effective kind, but in saying this we would make it quite plain that we are not going to turn Huns; we will not sink to barbarity; we refuse to defile our nature with the slaughter or torture of German men, women and children who happen to be in our power. But subject to these restrictions it is our duty—a duty which we owe not only to our fellow-

countrymen in captivity, but to every citizen of an Allied nation who is in the power of the enemy—to take instantly such strong measures that Germany can no longer deceive herself that in the revulsion of feeling which will follow on the declaration of peace, we shall forget or lose sight of these martyrs and victims of the Teuton fury.

An attempt must be made to comprehend clearly German mentality. It does credit to an Englishman's sense of humanity to refuse to believe that the whole German nation is responsible for these barbarities; unfortunately, there is abounding evidence that with a few, a very few, exceptions this is the reverse of true. The German mind at this stage is of one texture; it has for a full generation been worked on by Princes and Professors alike, to regard itself as above and beyond the ordinary laws of society in so far as other peoples are concerned, until now the national mind is of a single pattern, and that pattern an entirely material one. Germany to win the world has sold her soul. One sees the truth of it in almost every word and action. The things that belong to the spirit do not interest her, and have not for years. She only seeks bodily pleasures, earthly delights, and in her selfish desire for them is willing to inflict physical pain and torture, being convinced that with others as with herself it is the body alone that counts. For the last ten years it has been the curious boast of educated Germans that they had converted Berlin into the wickedest city in the world after nightfall—they did not put it exactly in this way but that is what it amounted to. And they gloried in it. The atrocities, treacheries, indignities great and small, which have marked every stage of the campaigns with the full knowledge and consent of the Kaiser and the General Staff, and with the complete approval of the people, are the logical outcome of the German system of training and education.

The difficulty, therefore, which confronts the Allied Governments is to devise a scheme that shall break down this mental state, or at least hold it in some check for the rest of the war. It is with this object that Sir Edward Carson proposes that an Act should at once be passed placing the German people at the end of the war outside the comity of nations until these crimes have been expiated. Such a measure is calculated to have the required effect, though it is open to question whether Germany would really believe that we should adhere to it. They attribute not to our humanity, but to our stupidity the kindness shown to the Germans in our midst. Whether we ought not to harden our hearts and to expel from this country every German now at large at the very next breach of the rules and usages of war is an open question. They would be scattered throughout the Germanic states, and the reason for their deportation to their own country would be made plain. To allow Germans to settle in our midst in the future as in the past is entirely out of the question, and the sooner that fact is announced publicly the better.

An ominous feature of these international crimes is that not only have they called forth no protest, with one or two honourable exceptions, from the Germanic peoples, but that no protest has been raised against them by the considerable German communities living in neutral countries. One would have expected that the latter would have taken steps to have stopped them, merely for the sake of the fair fame of the fatherland, knowing how such wanton cruelties have besmirched it in the eyes of the whole world. Especially would one have looked for this from the very large Jewish section of these German communities. But not a voice has been raised. We can only conclude that the German mind, wherever it exists condones these crimes, regarding them as means to an end which justifies any abomination.

The Crisis on the Eastern Front

By Hilaire Belloc

WE are approaching or have reached upon the Southern half of the Eastern front a critical moment which may prove decisive of the whole campaign.

By this I do not mean, of course, that we have reached a moment in time after which decisive events will immediately appear. This puerile fashion of judging military events by the immediate future is responsible for half the misconceptions which the public is apt to entertain.

The essential points to note in military as in many other affairs—but especially in military affairs—are the events or the circumstances which change and determine the general course of things. It is the moment of *causation* that is of interest; not the moment in which the ultimate effect appears.

The greatest instance of all in this campaign was of course the Battle of the Marne. It stamped with a general character it has never lost the whole further course of the war. The ultimate result of that great action has been delayed far beyond the expectation of anyone in Europe at the time it was fought. But that does not affect its magnitude and supreme interest to the student of military affairs.

Just as it was clear (to take a point of detail) that the entry of the Russians into Kolomea was a turning point; that the possession of that junction made certain—no matter in what delay—a host of secondary effects (chief of which was the cutting of the main railway into Hungary, which took place, I believe, a week later) so on the most general of all issues—to wit—the final phase of the great war—the present week, or at any rate the immediate future upon the Eastern front may prove the critical moment of causation, the ultimate result of which will not be apparent until the breakdown of the enemy's defensive.

What peculiar character have the events of this week to justify so strong a statement?

They have the following character:

There has been decided a test of the most important and fundamental kind, one for which both the Russian and the German Higher Command were in anxiety; one which both the Russian and the German Higher Command were prepared to regard as almost final.

General Brussilov, with a success quite unexpected by the enemy, had broken the southern part of the enemy's Eastern front in two places during the early days of June. He had broken it in front of Czernowitz, and he had broken it in front of Olyka. He had begun to create two bulges, the large one in the North called after Lutsk, which was more or less in its centre; the smaller one in the south which corresponded with the occupation of the Bukovina.

This success had been obtained against a certain minimum number of Austro-German troops averaging no more than two men to the yard run. A blow so unexpectedly powerful and successful left unparried would simply have decided the war then and there. A big breach would have opened in the perimeter of the besieged fortress; the enemy's lines would no longer have been intact and the end would have come. It was obvious that no such disaster could be contemplated. The enemy immediately pushed in, for the holding *and more than the holding* of the lines on which he had retired, every available man and gun.

The resources were not enormous, for the Austrian Empire possessed no true strategic reserve;* the German Empire only a few divisions which have since all been brought into play.

* I must repeat that the term "strategic reserve" signifies here a number of complete divisions, fully equipped and trained, kept far from any scene of action, and ready to be thrown here or there at the will of the Higher Command to support or decide the end of a struggle. Of reserve of man power in the shape of Class 1918 and the remainder of 16 and '17 and the convalescents there is still, of course, an available supply.

When we say that every available man and gun was rushed up we mean 15 to 19 divisions: 4 (possibly increasing to eight) from the Trentino; eleven added by the Germans to this part of the line, and taken at some peril from the North, the West, and an unknown proportion from what was left in the interior.

More important than this concentration of men was the concentration of heavy artillery. There the enemy had a very great though no longer an overwhelming superiority, not only in the number of his guns but in their calibre and, most important of all, in their munitionment.

Now with such rapidly added forces (and the counter-concentration was very well done, smooth, quick, and apparently sufficient) the German Higher Command (for they had taken over the whole affair) proposed to stop the Russian pressure for good and all and not only to put an end to the Russian advance, but to return the pressure so as to threaten later an advance of their own.

At first it looked as though the enemy would succeed. The Russians were everywhere severely pressed. They were not only held upon the line of the Styry; they were in places forced to the further bank of that river. The great Lutsk salient which they had formed was thrust back also upon its western and its southern faces. From the neighbourhood of Gorochow it lost ground nearly half way to Lutsk itself. The enemy centre in front of Tarnopol held; and even to the south the Germans sent two whole divisions which could not save Kolomea, but still form part of the armies which on Monday last were just covering Stanislaw.

Much more than this, of course, was intended. While the Russian Higher Command was counteracting, by renewed, but as yet unsuccessful pressure, to the right and the left of the Lutsk salient—attempting, as it were, to press back the very great and increasing pressure of the enemy—the German Higher Command proposed when they should have had time to bring up a great head of shell, to use their superiority in heavy artillery and to strike a great blow at the centre of the salient from due west of Lutsk eastwards and all along the line which forms the southern half of the salient up to the Upper reaches of the river Styry. In their concentration here their forces formed a full third of the whole enemy army, *and it was the sector containing the largest proportion of German units and heavy guns.*

It is at this point that the critical importance of this week's news appears. Just before the German blow was delivered Brussilov put into action, after a rapid regrouping, that superiority in men *and in the quality of infantry*—the actual fighting power of the individual soldier—which was his asset against the Austro-German mechanical superiority.

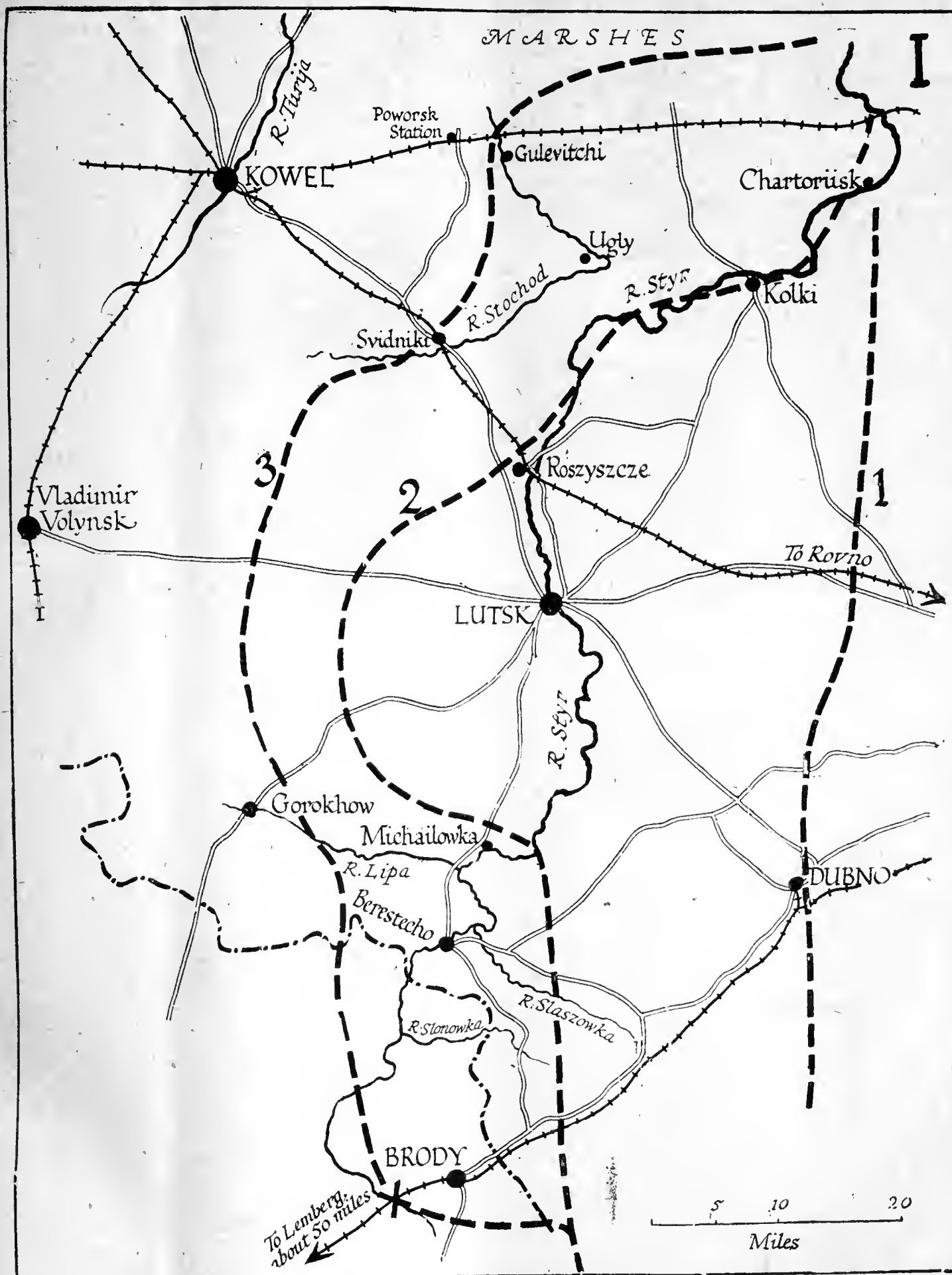
It was, I repeat, a clean test between two methods of war, and upon the issue of that test the future of the war in the East would probably turn.

In the result the test was wholly in favour of the Russians and against the Germans and their Austrian Allies. The elaborately planned enemy offensive was not only forestalled, but destroyed. The Russians did almost simultaneously three things upon a large scale, all of which three things combined very greatly to extend the Lutsk salient, and what is much more important than any such territorial gain, modified for the future the whole plan of the war in this quarter.

First, they forced the line of the River Stokhod on which the Germans had put a full defensive organisation.

Secondly, they broke through and pushed back in disorder the forces due west of Lutsk upon the road to Vladimir Volhynsk.

Thirdly, they completely broke down in the south the Austro-German resistance in three rapidly succeeding actions: Michailowka; Berestecho; and the last one in front of Brody which led to the occupation of that town. They captured in all these operations combined 40,000 valid prisoners; over 100 guns—and among



these a considerable proportion of heavy guns; most significant of all they laid hands upon vast stores of that head of shell which the Germans had been accumulating for their prepared offensive. And they witnessed or heard the destruction of very much more munitionment than the amount they captured.

Upon the above Map I we can trace in detail the nature of this success so far as it can be represented graphically.

Line 1 was the original defensive line upon the holding of which the enemy depended for all his plans this summer in the West as much as in the East: The defensive line but for the supposed strength of which he would not have perpetrated the blunder of Verdun, or its twin blunder of the Trentino.

Line 2 is the line to which the salient, after it had been

formed by the first Russian success was pressed back in the Austro-German counter-attack.

Line 3 is approximately the line reached by the new successes. There is, of course, nothing definite about this line, which is still in movement, for the enemy is still, especially to the south, in retirement.

Such is the largest and most general aspect of what has happened. There has been a revolution. Two theories and two methods have met: the one, the enemy's, has failed for the first time upon its Eastern front; the other, that of our Ally, has succeeded. I repeat, it was a test, and the test has gone for us and against him.

Now for other important considerations in connection with this matter, second only in importance to the main thesis. The first of these, I think, is the failure on the

defensive of the side that pins itself too much to the heavy gun. It is, after all, only a matter of common sense, one would think, for a great superiority in the calibre and munitionment of what used to be called one's siege artillery is almost self-evidently designed for offensive success. It has its effect, of course, and a very great effect, even, on the defensive. It breaks up one's enemy's reinforcing columns; its long range threatens his concentrations immediately behind his line, and all the rest of it. But of two armies, one of which has sacrificed the main value of infantry to the mechanical support of the heavy piece, while the other, weaker in large guns and their munitionment, has still emphasised the action of infantry and of field artillery, its support, the latter will have the advantage in an offensive.

It is a very important lesson to be drawn from the recent events in Volhynia, because it covers the whole field of war. The enemy thesis as it were has always been that what was until recently even in the West his superiority in heavy gun power would be his salvation. It has failed him in this critical test.

Another very important point is that the enemy has failed here, at the one point where he might really hope to succeed, to turn what is now everywhere defensive action upon his part into offensive. The whole thing is like a man trying to rise from the ground in a wrestling match, almost doing so and failing to do so on the first occasion when he really had a chance.

There are factors in the future of which we know nothing. We do not know, for instance, at what rate the continued munitionment of our Ally will proceed, but if we estimate the future upon the lines of the past we have a right to say that this critical week has probably determined the course of the war upon the eastern front.

I would, before concluding this week's survey of what has happened between the Roumanian border and the marshes, ask my readers to consider the position of Bothmer in the centre.

This commander stands, as we all know, either upon or very close to the original lines. His forces, originally 10 Divisions in all (9 Austrian and 1 German)* therefore, form a salient thrust forward beyond the Russian successes in the district of Lutsk and the corresponding Russian successes in the south. That salient has not hitherto been very pronounced, but it was clear that if the Russian advance to the north and to the south of Bothmer continued, he would ultimately be compelled to fall back.

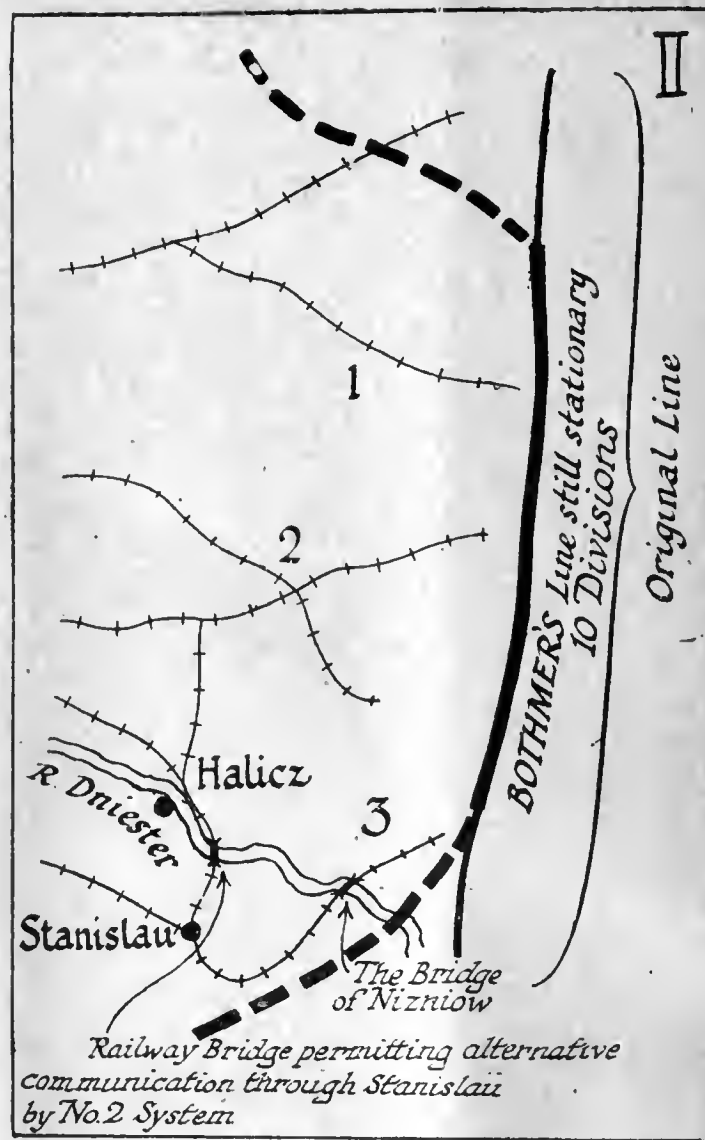
It has been continually pointed out in these pages that Bothmer possessed for such a retirement, when he should consider it necessary, very much better and more rapid means than were open to his opponents in their advance. He had behind him three systems of railway, all converging ultimately upon Lemberg.

I have, upon the accompanying Sketch II, numbered these 1, 2, and 3. Not only has he these three main lines, but he has connecting lines which join them up and relieve the pressure. Further, he has a very good road system, for it has been among the merits of the Austrian rule in Galicia that it has provided that province with communications as good as any in Europe: excellent metalled roads serving almost every country town. The modern use of petrol has so largely supplemented the railway that this is an important point.

One may digress, by the way, to point out that it is a point which now helps the Russians also in their advance to the north and the south; for in the last few days they have crossed the border and can now use the Galician road system, but, unfortunately, there is no corresponding road system of their own on the Russian side of the frontier by which to bring up with equal facility supplies from their bases.

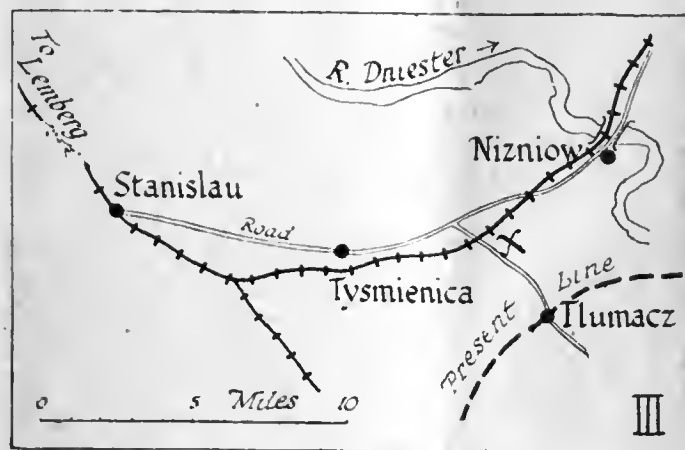
To return to the position of Bothmer:

The scheme of the thing is that presented in the above Sketch II. Bothmer did not stand exactly upon the old lines (though in some places on his left he is still holding the original trenches constructed a year ago), but he is everywhere in the neighbourhood of the original line; the Russian advances to the north and to the south of him have now been pushed as far as the dotted lines upon the sketch. Observe that as a consequence his triple



system of railway, though still intact, is imperilled. Line 1 is threatened; line 3 is under distant Russian fire at X and apropos of the peril of line 3, the following detail is worthy of observation—it hangs like so much else upon the decisive causal moment formed by the Russian occupation of Kolomea.

Once the Russians had occupied Kolomea, they were free to move up the main high road to Stanislaw. They did so, and reached Tlumacz.



Note the road and railway bridges at Nizniow.

It is a very important detail, for it means that Bothmer's chance of retirement by his right will have gone, when or if the Russians reach that bridge. Nevertheless, we must not exaggerate the difficulties of Bothmer's position. He can still retire when he chooses, and I might here repeat what I have already said in these columns, that the position would only become critical when or if the Russians seize the bridge of Halicz.

I do not say that when that bridge is seized the central armies cannot get away at all. The modern defensive is an immensely strong thing; a comparatively small rear-guard can cover (as in the Trentino) a vast

* The 12th, 32nd, 15th, 39th, 19th, 55th, 38th, and 36th Austrian, also I believe the 56th; the 48th German reserve division of the 24th Corps. A cavalry division (the 2nd) was also present.

retirement, and we have had many examples in this great war of what even a single line of railway can do in aid of a rapid retirement, but it does seem to me that with Halicz gone and with the enemy pressing down the line from Brody, Bothmer could not stand. Of course, he has been subjected to no considerable pressure, for it must be the object of the Russians to keep him there as long as ever he cares to stay, since every day makes their chance, if not of enveloping him, at least of pounding him during a rapid retirement, greater.

To this general summary of the great Russian success during the last week, it may be useful to add a few other considerations. We should note, I think, the remarkable contrast between the last Russian and German communiqués. The Russian communiqués suffer from too much terseness; we have difficulty in following them, but the German communiqués are frankly false, and clumsily false at that. Their description of the fighting which ended in the breaking of their centre on the Upper Stokhod would leave anyone, who had not the advantage of hearing the other side, under an impression the exact reverse of the truth. They say, for instance, that they retired in order to shorten their line. The retirement from the elbow of the Stokhod at Ugly, or, to be more accurate, the heavy defeat they suffered there, did indeed shorten their line locally, but the line as a whole has been made very much longer.

This is a point which we in the West ought always to bear in mind. A German retirement in the West, if it is effected without too much loss, is to their advantage, because it gives them a shorter line to hold with their diminishing numbers. Luckily for us, political considerations make them dread such a shortening, but in mere strategy, apart from such political considerations, a German retirement in the west strengthens the enemy. It is not so in the East. The Russian advance everywhere increases the mileage which the enemy has to hold and the great Russian superiority in numbers has here pronounced advantage. The reader has only to look at Map I to see how in the Lutsk salient, for instance, each of the successive lines 1, 2, 3 is longer than the last. There must inevitably come a point where such a process will lead to a break.

Another thing which we should not forget in connection with the Russian successes, is their magnitude in mere numerical statement. They are greater than the corresponding enemy losses of last summer. The average of valid prisoners taken and the number of guns taken is greater. On the 30th day of the Russian operations they can be strictly compared to the corresponding operations of the Austro-Germans in the third week of June 1915.

Now where were the Austro-Germans in the middle of June 1915? They had just passed the line of the San. They had been held up there for more than a fortnight. The total number of their valid prisoners was only a little more than half the number the Russians have taken since the 4th of June. The captures in guns were also, I believe, inferior, at least up to the occupation of Przemyśl. There had, it is true, been a greater occupation of territory. But save in this respect the Russian advance in this year everywhere shows a superiority over the Austro-Germans here.

We have here exactly the same phenomenon as we have in the comparison between Verdun and the Somme. When a German success is toward it is advertised in the loudest manner, neutral nations are deafened with the cries of victory, and opinion in this country at least is not a little affected. In the reverse case there is a curious diminution. I will bargain that not not one man in a hundred in this country appreciates that the Somme is in every respect a more successful operation than Verdun, far more dangerous in character to the enemy than Verdun was to the French, and in every one of its details a proof of greater offensive power. I am afraid it is further true that not one man in a hundred appreciates that what the Russians have hitherto done in the first fifty days of their action surpasses what the Austro-Germans did in the first fifty days of theirs last year.

But there is a last point which is much more important than any of these and that is the obvious truth that losses in men are quite a different thing in 1916 from what they were in 1915; quite a different thing when it is the enemy who is suffering, from what they are when it is

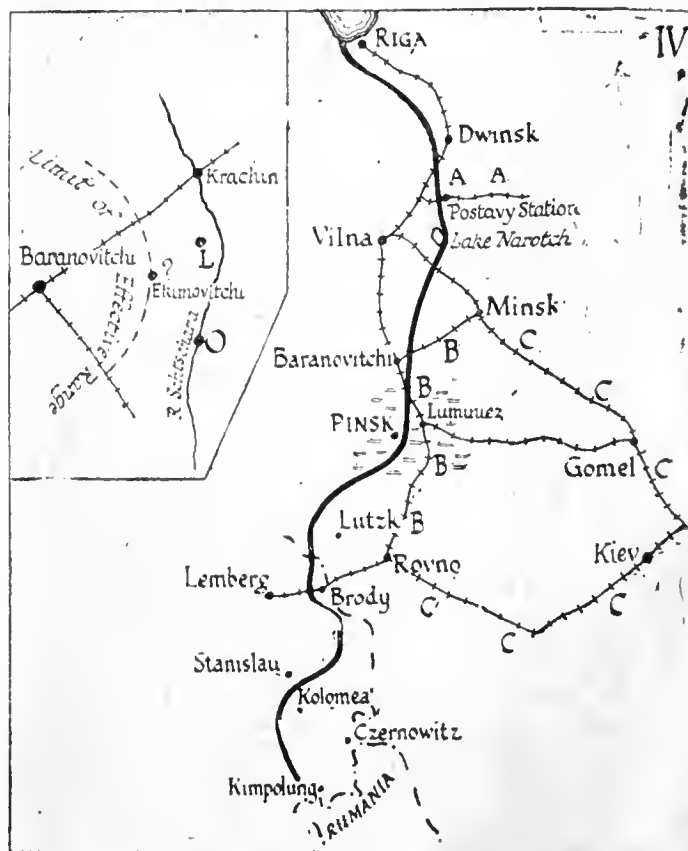
the Russians who are suffering. The great asset of Russia was her reserves of men; the one great anxiety of the enemy has been his exhaustion in men. The 400,000 prisoners already taken since the Russian offensive began; the other casualties—which cannot possibly be less than an extra 50 per cent., making 600,000 in all; (the total may be anything more up to three-quarters of a million, or 800,000, but it cannot be less than 600,000), are taken from a reservoir which is running dry. The quarter of a million which were the Russian losses in prisoners in the same space of time thirteen months ago were taken from an almost inexhaustible supply. It is the capital feature of the eastern campaign.

Baranovitchi

Before leaving the Russian front we should consider a point which has not hitherto been dealt with, and that is the actions which have taken place in front of Baranovitchi Junction and just north of the Marshes.

The central group of the Russian armies is under General Evert, whose command extends from south of the Marshes where it is in touch with Brussilov's command, right up to the branch railway marked A-A on the map, from the Dwina line, which runs just north of and parallel to 55° north latitude. The Russian lines in this neighbourhood are covered by Lake Narotch, and cut the above mentioned railway line in the neighbourhood of Postavy Station.

General Evert's action in support of what was going on in the south under Brussilov had two objects. One was to "fix" as many German and Austrian troops as possible north of the Marshes—that is, to prevent further reinforcement* being sent south of them against Brussilov; and the other was to get hold of the very important junction of Baranovitchi. If the Russians could get hold of that junction they would not only seriously interrupt the German and Austrian lateral communication from north to south, but they would also complete their own lateral communications by possessing a complete railway line behind their lines everywhere through Bar-



anovitchi and Minsk, and so through the Marshes by Luminetz to Rovno at B-B-B. As it is their only complete lateral line is far to the rear at C-C-C.

The action against Baranovitchi opened almost simultaneously with the great offensive upon the Somme. It achieved its end in fixing great masses of the enemy and preventing further reinforcement of theirs from going

* In the course of June Hindenburg just scraped together the equivalent of four divisions from his local reserves and sent them in aid of the southern Austro-German armies attacked by Brussilov.

southward to the Lutsk salient against Brussilov, but it failed to lay hands on the important railway junction of Baranovitchi.

It was upon Sunday, the 2nd of July, that the first great Russian infantry attack following upon the bombardment, was delivered. By the next day, the 3rd, the Russians had carried the 1st and 2nd line of the Austro-German trenches, had taken eight guns, not quite 3,000 prisoners, and were established in the village of Ekimovitchi. The success was considerable, but it was not final at all. It put the junction just under possible distant gun fire, but not usefully so.

All that week, then, on until the Thursday, the struggle continued, slightly extending to right and left as it did so. But with the Thursday (the 6th) the counter-concentration of the enemy was fully effected and his counter-attacks began.

In the night between the Thursday and the Friday (6th to 7th of July) the Russians retired to about the level of the village of Odchovtchina at O on Map IV. During the succeeding four days up to Monday the 10th, the Austro-Germans' counter attacks were still pressed with very heavy losses but without further result. They were particularly severe in the neighbourhood of Liuranitchi, (at L) and the last of their efforts in the night delivered between the 13th and 14th of July, was in the same neighbourhood. It had no effect upon the Russian line, but, on the other hand, the total result of these actions, and especially of the strong counter-offensives which had filled a whole week, was to prevent General Evert from seizing the Baranovitchi Junction, his main objective. He has even got it under fire (I think) at long range and he stands apparently on the line of the River Schschara.

At the same time the Russian right wing was attempting to occupy a point of subsidiary and yet of considerable importance in front of Smorgoni.

This point was a hill from which complete observation was had by the enemy of all our Ally's positions. This observatory formed a sharp salient in the enemy's lines and was on that account vulnerable to the Russian efforts.

The first bombardment, which was very intense, was delivered simultaneously with the Baranovitchi attack upon the 2nd of July, in the morning. At a quarter to ten three Russian mines, prepared upon an unusual scale, were exploded under the hill; the infantry was launched immediately afterwards and the hill taken, its Saxon garrison being totally destroyed with the exception of the remainder of two companies. For the three following days violent German counter-attacks succeeded each other against the hill, but what fate they have exactly had it is impossible to say, because the accounts published in the German Press have been almost as confused and contradictory in narrative as they have been theatrical in language. At any rate, somewhere about the Wednesday or the Thursday following that Sunday (July 2nd) on which the hill was captured, it was shared by the Russians and the Germans, who were holding as best they could one against the other the craters of the mines.

As an observation post the position is lost to the enemy, but it has not, I think, been wholly organised and retained by our Allies.

The three weeks that have passed since that date have shown no further development in this region except a small local affair in which certain German trenches near the village of Martochi, north of Smorgoni, fell into Russian hands upon the 21st of the month.

The Somme Offensive

The characteristic of this week's news with regard to the great offensive on the Somme, is the power of the Allies to advance continuously. It is only a continuation of what the whole month has taught us. A superior power of concentration, both in men and in guns, and probably superior value in the personnel, is doing its work. The best way in which we can judge the nature of that work is by comparing it with the parallel story of Verdun. Take calendar month for calendar month; look at the German situation at the end of the first month in front of Verdun, compare it with the Allied situation at the end of the first month on the Somme, and you have your contrast graphically presented. There is, of course, much more than this, for there is the immense and sustained loss which the superiority in fire upon the Allied side is imposing upon the enemy at the moment when such numerical loss is for him disastrous. But the mere graphic representation of the contrast is sufficiently striking.

The Germans before Verdun, like the Allies upon the Somme, made in the first few days a vigorous advance over a belt of territory varying from one to four miles. I have already pointed out that they made it upon a shorter front and against lesser forces. But while there is in the first days a great similarity between the two operations, the Somme can be proved the superior of the two. It is not in this first week, it is in the following three weeks that the contrast begins to show; all those three weeks the Germans on the West of the river were stopped dead. Some of their units, at least one division of the 18th corps and both divisions of the 3rd., to our knowledge had actually disappeared. They held the outer houses of Vaux; they stood within a few yards of where they had originally stood on Douaumont; they had not gained an inch upon Pepper Hill. Upon the left bank they had occupied the triangle of land represented by the lower course of the Forges Brook and were half in possession of the Crows Wood. Those three weeks had been marked by slight fluctuations backwards and forwards of the line, the greater part of which remained intact.

The story of the Somme has been utterly different. You have had the French pass through successive periods from four to six days long, in which they were losing hardly any men and were accumulating for the succeeding step. Each time that step has been taken it has

been immediately and entirely successful. Hardécourt was taken in something like half an hour. The news this week is of the same character. A short, intensive bombardment and the carrying at once in a few hours and with surprisingly low casualties of all the trenches in the valley and beyond the light railway up to the edge of Maurepas. The British front, against which the enemy effort has been more violent, has been the scene of very tenacious and continual conflict, most of it close fighting, all of it without exception ultimately turning in our favour. That advance has cleared the whole of the Delville Wood and now occupies, I believe, a small belt of the open country beyond upon the Flers road. In the centre it is in occupation of half the Fourceaux Wood and there, I understand, some elements already overlook the slope beyond.

Upon the left all Pozières has been carried, and though I have not seen any confirmation of the occupation as yet of the highest point, where the windmill used to stand, the British forces cannot, at the present moment, be removed from it by more than three hundred yards or so.

The great point of interest in all that action now is the fate of the German 3rd line. The 3rd line has been described in communiqués to be in what the French call *contre pente*, upon a principle which has been several times described in this paper. The French applied it, for instance, upon the Cote du Poivre and elsewhere round Verdun, and it would seem to be an almost universal method taught by the experiences of the war. Upon this principle a trench system is designed not upon a summit or just beyond a summit, as would have been the case in the old days, but upon the further and falling side of the hill. It has the disadvantage that observation must be taken from posts advanced beyond the line, but it has the advantage that fire upon such a system of trenches must be indirect, and that fire which is not at a high angle cannot reach the trenches, because it passes over the summit of the hill and the curve of the trajectory is not sharp enough to bring the shell to earth until a point beyond the trench line. When the French trenches were first established upon the Cote du Poivre, the greater part of the German shell passed over them. The instance of the Cote du Poivre at Verdun is not an exact parallel, because the hill is much steeper and the trenches correspondingly better secured than is the case on the very

slight slopes of the field in Picardy. But it is clear that the trace of the German 3rd line has been made with this same principle in view.*

We are told in the British despatches that it now runs through Martinpuich straight to Flers. It consisted when the offensive began in no more than one continuous trench line. The enemy has had a month in which to consolidate it. It would seem that the next phase of

* The strong second line from Pozières eastward, now wholly in the hands of the British, must have been much older. It everywhere follows a ridge where it can.

the offensive would consist in the attack upon this system. It lies everywhere not quite a mile from and in front of the positions now occupied, or perhaps a little less in front of the centre at the High Wood.

Space forbids my continuing this week the study on the Italian front, on which I have already published the first two articles, which I must leave to a later issue, as I must also, to my regret, the description of the very interesting piece of work the Italians have just accomplished on the Dolomite Road west of Cortina.

H. BELLOC

The Fate of Captain Fryatt

By Arthur Pollen

THE trial of Captain Fryatt, lately in command of the Great Eastern Railway Company's passenger steamer *Brussels*, his condemnation and immediate execution, combine to give this atrocious event a character which distinguishes it from all Germany's previous outrages against the laws and conventions that should govern land and sea war. For it bears the mark which gives a special immortality to historic tragedies. Christian theology, in the classification of sin, singles out one as heinous beyond compare. It is the sin against the Holy Ghost, the truculent and deliberate offence against justice and knowledge. Its supreme example is the act of injustice perpetrated under the sacred forms of justice. Only one human life has been sacrificed, but it has been taken in circumstances of infamy that make this hateful murder a thing that cries to Heaven for vengeance and to man for justice.

There are other offences which from their scale and the persistence of their commission, have excited, and must continue to excite, a greater horror. There is none in which the official representatives of the German nation have more deliberately outraged the judgment of the Christian world.

The execution of Nurse Cavell was a horrid cruelty, but she may have been *technically* guilty of a military offence. But the Fryatt case stands alone. It is not that Captain Fryatt was tried for an offence of which his judges knew that he was not guilty. He was indicted for an act which, by the law of his judges—and to their knowledge—did not constitute a capital offence at all. Nor is it that the merchant captain's right to defend his vessel against the warship, is acknowledged by the law of every nation whose claim to being civilised is based on their acceptance of a code of right and wrong common to all civilised nations. This particular right is admitted by German Prize Law, and is insisted upon by German authorised commentators on that Law. The text of German Prize Law is known to every Admiralty and Chancellery in Europe, and it differs materially from ours. We should not regard passengers who defended a ship as *franc-tireurs*. But on the main point there is agreement. The last form of it—as the *Daily Mail* reminded us when the murder was announced—was issued a bare six weeks before the war broke out. There is not the least ambiguity in its phrasing. Paragraph 11 of the Appendix runs as follows:

"If an armed enemy merchant vessel offers armed resistance to the right of visit, search and capture, this is to be broken down by all means possible. The enemy Government is responsible for any damage thereby caused to the ship, cargo and passengers. *The crew are to be treated as prisoners of war. The passengers are to be liberated unless it is proved that they have taken part in the resistance.* In the latter case they are to be proceeded against in accordance with the extraordinary martial-law procedure."

Nothing, it would be observed, could be more explicit. There is no point to be made in a distinction between a gunned ship using guns, and a ship with no guns using her ram. For, during thirty years or more, the navies of the world recognised the ram, not only as a weapon or an arm, but as indeed the *principal* weapon of attack. The Editor of the *Amsterdam Telegraaf* in a letter to

Tuesday's *Times*, sends some useful quotations from a Manual of Warfare at Sea, written by Dr. Wehberg of Düsseldorf, apparently an assessor of the Admiralty Court and a recognised authority on international law. The book was actually published after the war had been in progress for more than six months. Mr. Van der Velde's quotations are illuminating. Dr. Wehberg distinguishes between the rights of neutral and those of the enemy merchant men. The first may not, the second may resist search and capture by force. A merchantman in resisting does not incur the penalties of the *franc-tireur* as does the unarmed civilian who fights on land. "Active resistance," he continues, "has no influence on the fate of the crew of an enemy merchantman." Both the text of the Prize Law and the comment of an authoritative interpreter make it thus abundantly clear that in this prostitution of law, the German Higher Command were deliberately and consciously sinning against light.

The Formality of Trial

Why was the murder of Captain Fryatt carried out in this particular way? It would have been easy to cut his throat in prison or to have trumped up some false charge, unsupported by evidence, but carrying with it the penalty of death if its truth were assumed. Had a mere revenge on Fryatt been the motive, he could have been sacrificed without the awful challenge that is involved in the tragedy before us. There must then have been ulterior objects—and those of immense importance to Germany to-day. One possible object was from the first obvious. A German naval officer is now reported to have given expression to it in an interview with a representative of the *Chicago Daily News*. The fate of Fryatt is, according to him, a warning to other merchant captains of the punishment that awaits them if and when Germany resumes a ruthless submarine campaign. Ever since the reaction from the announcement of a German victory in the North Sea on May 31st—from the realisation, that is, that victory is judged by its fruits—when the alleged destruction of British sea power was found to bring no relief from the sea blockade, the Conservatives, the National Liberals, and indeed, all German parties and most of their spokesmen in the press, except the Socialists, have clamoured for a resumption of the Tirpitz regime. There is no sign that the German Government intends to force America to intervene. It is not that the text of the German undertaking to America has been kept. It manifestly has not been kept. But on the other hand the breaches of it have not been of that spectacular kind that would be calculated to arouse America into action.

They could not be recommenced on a grand scale without war. The German Higher Command is well informed, and knows that the Americans, who have soon to choose between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes for President, cannot possibly endorse at this stage any open failure by the executive to make good the threats which after formal consultation with the representatives of the nation, were delivered to Germany in the middle of April last. Washington is now acting under an extraordinarily lively form of criticism. Mr. Hughes, speaking on Monday last in New York, is at pains to show that he at least stands unflinchingly for American rights and American honour. Brave words have not saved American

lives. What is their worth if foreign governments know that they are not to be taken seriously? It is the strength and resolution behind the words that count. American diplomacy has failed because American credit is impaired, and there is a manifest lack of disposition to back words with action. "A firm American policy," he says, "would have been strongly supported by our people." Nor can there be the least doubt that nothing could more certainly ensure President Wilson's reelection than that Germany should provoke America's active intervention in the war. It may be necessary to incur even this final disaster, but for the moment there is no other evidence to make it seem imminent. Thus the necessity of terrorising British captains seems an insufficient explanation. Is there not another, and that more obvious? When, towards the end of May, the Allied attack, east, west and south, was to its knowledge about to begin, the German Government fully realised that that attack, when it came, would be the beginning of the end. Germany would be put upon the defensive, and in very few weeks, at most a couple of months, the German people would at last understand that the whole structure of brags and boasts, which had led them into war and carried them through the first two years, was but a tissue of lies and mystifications, and that Nemesis was on its inevitable way. The immediate necessity was to provide the sinews of war before disillusion came. The German Fleet was risked in the Battle of Jutland so that the £600,000,000 credit might be rushed through the Reichstag on the crest of a verbal victory. Eight weeks have passed since then, and they have been weeks in which the Central Powers have had their man-power reduced by at least a million effectives. The full truth has no doubt been kept from the German people, but the general character of the situation cannot be concealed.

Internal Privations

It is breaking on a people already largely demoralised by privations. There is no reason for supposing that the Swiss Socialist papers are misrepresenting the facts when they say that for three months now, Leipzig has been in a state of siege. It is significant that the frontier is reported closed. The Higher Command, then, whatever its preoccupations about the gathering and increasing strength of its enemies, is still more profoundly preoccupied by the possibility of a total collapse of its own people. It has long since lost all illusions of ultimate victory. It realises the certainty of defeat and it knows from the expression of the unalterable resolution of the Allies that the defeat—unless a miracle occurs—will be pushed until the military power of Prussia is utterly destroyed. The "military power of Prussia" means the whole structure of autocracy—not the Emperor alone, not the Royal Family alone—but the whole pyramid of Junkers, nobles and the military caste. But below this is the German people, and if their resolution is equal to fighting to the last ditch, then the autocracy has this chance of survival, that the Allies satiated with the apparent destruction of Germany's power for further evil, may make peace before their final object is achieved—that is before the Imperial House and all it stands for is brought to ruin.

Saving the Crown

The fight is then no longer to save Germany, but to save the Imperial Crown and the hierarchy that it personifies. Its continuance depends on the German people. For two years their fighting spirit has been maintained by the promise of victory. It is a spell that has clearly lost its potency, and a substitute must be found. The murder of Fryatt and the slave driving of Lille, but particularly the former, are now the sole base of Germany's hopes. For, by these things, the final exasperation of the Allied peoples has been achieved. Have they been done simply to provoke the protests with which, in fact, they have been met? It is these protests that will afford the German Government the excuse for the change of front that has become inevitable. Until May, the Germans put up with their misfortunes and struggled on bravely because victory and with it the larger and safer Germany would be assured. Now they will be told they must fight on bravely, because, if

they surrender, they will be exterminated, whereas if they fight, they may at least get such terms as will save the lives of their men, the honour of their women and the integrity of their beloved Fatherland. It is, in fact, the last and desperate effort to unite Germany behind the military caste. There will be no safety in rebellion—none in throwing over the authors of Germany's ruin and the instigators of Christendom's revenge. Unless the Allies can be wearied, a common ruin must await all.

The Allied Governments have a great opportunity. It is to be hoped that they will allow the men of war to seize it. Mr. Asquith spoke sternly and well on Monday. His words are in sharp contrast with the feeble protests sent through Mr. Page, while Fryatt's fate was certain, but not accomplished. Would the language of resolution have saved him? Probably not—but that is no reason why it should not have been used. Henceforth, let us act together with our Allies and make it plain to the world that we intend to hold the authors of these crimes personally responsible for their commission. It would give a fresh significance to the destruction of the military power of Prussia, if it includes the public trial of the War Lord.

ARTHUR POLLEN

Medals of Jutland Battle

ADMIRAL PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG has had this medal struck to commemorate the Battle of Jutland. The obverse shows the Union Jack and the White Ensign, the staffs crossed in front of a trident and tied to it by a riband, from which depends a small shield inscribed: "31st May, 1916." The legend around is: "To the glorious memory of those who fell that day." On the reverse are



the following particulars: "May 31st, 1916, the German Fleet attacked off the coast of Jutland and driven back into port with heavy loss. Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief; Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, Commanding Battle Cruiser Fleet." Copies of the medal, in two sizes, are to be obtained from Messrs. Spink and Sons, 17 and 18, Piccadilly, who are acting as agents for Prince Louis. The entire profits are intended to go to naval orphanages, which should benefit considerably, for this idea of Prince Louis is an admirable one. These medals will be highly valued in all households which have any connection with this great naval victory.

The latest addition to Messrs. Heinemann's series of personal narratives of the war, *Contemptible*, by "Casualty," (3s. 6d. net) is a record of fighting from Mons to the Aisne, given by a subaltern who has the art of infusing reality into a plain story. It is as concise as an official report, but out of it one may gather the weary bewilderment of the retreat, the muddled impressions that men actually in the firing line got of the battle of the Marne, and always and above all the splendid devotion to duty of the "old contemptibles."

One of the most poignant and realistic studies of the development of a man that has appeared in recent years is *The Sailor*, by J. C. Snaith. (Snaith, Elder and Co., 6s.). Henry Harper, untaught and battered slum boy, earned his title in a grim six years of life before the mast, after which he determined never to go to sea again; fate made of him a professional footballer at the age of nineteen, at which point the development of his character really began—all that went before was no more than preparation for understanding of the deeper things of life. The grip of the story is undeniable: once the book is taken up, it is hard to lay it down, and from first page to last *The Sailor* holds us unwearied. It is a remarkable story of growth in the art of self-expression, with the impress of reality on all its varied episodes.

Treasury Notes

Their Present Advantage and Permanent Value

By Arthur Kitson

THAT saving quality of the British race known as *adaptability*—which has become our proverbial characteristic—may be regarded both as a national blessing and a national curse. Its influence has made us the hope as well as the despair of our Allies. Whilst it has made us the greatest colonising people in history, it has also made us the most unprepared and ill-equipped nation for meeting emergencies. Conscious of the fact that we are capable of quickly improving plans and methods enabling us to meet new conditions, we instinctively postpone even the discussion of dangers, until the dreaded events are actually happening.

This habit of procrastination has made us a byword among the nations for sloth and improvidence. And one can almost sympathise with the Germans in their cry of "hypocrisy" on their finding this apparently unmilitary, decadent, pacific, indolent race suddenly converting itself into a military power of the highest order, as capable of heroic deeds and as full of martial ardour as themselves! Had the Germans understood the psychology of the British people as they understand themselves, they could not have fallen into such a fatal error as to suppose us incapable of what we are now achieving. A future writer might be justified in characterising us as a race of "Houdinis." As all the world probably knows, Houdini is the man who allows himself to be bound with ropes and tied in a sack or nailed in a box and thrown into the sea, and within the space of a few minutes he is seen calmly swimming to shore as though nothing unusual had happened. The British nation apparently loves to show its skill in surmounting obstacles and getting safely out of tight corners.

By all the rules of warfare and common sense our Expeditionary Force should have been annihilated in the first two or three weeks of the war. To-day—two years after the beginning of hostilities—we are attacking the enemy in superior numbers and with superior weapons. Two years ago our army was numerically inferior to that of Serbia or Greece, whilst our munition works compared to those of Germany were absolutely insignificant. At the end of those two years we find ourselves as well equipped as Germany was after forty years preparation!

Our Currency System.

Take again our currency and banking systems. When war broke out we found ourselves bound hand-and-foot by a ridiculous restrictive parliamentary Act which forbade the Bank of England to issue legal tender notes without an equivalent of gold reserves. The gold had vanished—much of it to Germany—through the lack of foresight on the part of our Government, and the operation of the Bank Charter Act. And it was impossible to secure supplies from abroad in time to save the country from an impending catastrophe. The credit system built up under this suicidal measure collapsed—as every intelligent writer predicted it would—as soon as a great crisis was in sight. The nation was brought face to face with a panic of unprecedented magnitude. In any other country panic must have ensued.

A meeting of the bankers was called at the Bank of England and a three days' holiday proclaimed during which a safe and simple remedy was devised by one of our greatest bankers, and within twenty-four hours the whole situation was changed. What threatened to be a terrible financial storm became a dead calm. Treasury notes were issued in denominations of one pound and ten shillings to the extent of the country's needs. Sovereigns and ten shilling pieces were gradually called in and the people hitherto accustomed only to gold and silver coins—nay—even taught by foolish financial writers to regard paper money as dangerous and unreliable—immediately adapted itself to the new circumstances.

The credit of the British Nation—unsurpassed in quality in the commercial history of nations—has

taken the place of gold since August, 1914, and circulates without let or hindrance from one end of the country to the other. Confidence was immediately restored, and as far as financial accommodation is concerned, no one would imagine we were in the midst of the greatest war in history. So much for our adaptability!

Time to Learn a Lesson.

But it is surely time to learn a lesson. Adaptability is a good quality, but like a good memory it may some day fail us, and then will come the deluge. Having successfully avoided the financial storm to which wars give rise, it is time to consider what is to happen after peace is declared. The issue of Treasury notes was distinctly a war measure. There are at present something like £120,000,000 of these notes in circulation and the Treasury holds £28,000,000 in gold as a sort of basis for them. Already there are indications that efforts will be made in certain circles to get rid of them when the war is over.

The public will be told that having served their purpose during the war, as soon as the crisis is over they will be no longer needed. *This movement which, if successful, would deprive our industrial and trading classes of this most efficient and absolutely safe medium of exchange, and would make money much dearer, should be resisted by everyone who wishes to save the country from the horrors of trade depression and unemployment.* Under the plausible excuse of desiring to reduce prices, certain money-trading concerns are already pointing to the Treasury notes as the main cause of the high prices prevailing. Their real motive is to reduce the supply of legal tender in order to raise the purchasing power of gold. It should be remembered that a general fall in prices means a shortage of money, and a consequent falling off in the effective demand for commodities. And this means a slackening of production, reduction of wages, unemployment, sometimes ending in industrial stagnation.

There are infinitely greater economic evils than high prices. In fact a high level of prices is the usual accompaniment of industrial prosperity—except in cases where the supplies of commodities are either cut off as the result of war (as is the case in Germany and Austria) or the consequence of famine, from natural causes. But where—as in America—trade and industries are flourishing as they have never flourished before, prices are abnormally high. *Money is the mechanism of exchange. To reduce suddenly its volume below that necessary for carrying on business is to create every kind of economic disaster, bankruptcy, starvation and ruin!* It will be found that every attempt in the past to do what some of our financiers are already suggesting we should do after the war, has been attended invariably by commercial, industrial and social distress in the acutest form. What our Cobdenites have christened the "hungry forties," was a period of severe monetary restriction, and the social miseries endured by millions of our people were due more to the unfortunate financial policy inaugurated by our legislators (whose knowledge of monetary science was absolutely mediæval) than to the Corn Laws.

Again, when, through the instigation of certain international financiers, the United States Government was induced to destroy millions of greenbacks which had carried them safely through their Civil War, America paid the inevitable penalty of an industrial crisis with all its accompanying social horrors.

With the return of our armies, the problem of productive employment will become a very serious one and all our financial resources and facilities will be taxed to the utmost. Are we to throw away the most important national credit instrument we possess at the bidding of certain money-traders whose object is to enhance the value of their own commodities—gold and credit? It is surely of infinitely greater importance to ensure

employment and consequent food, shelter and comfort to all—even at high prices—than to risk industrial stagnation! Let me say at once, that our most progressive bankers are opposed to this wanton destruction. The movement is confined to a very small, although a very influential clique. But the leaders of our great Joint Stock Banks, the majority of those who are conversant with the commercial needs of the nation, desire to preserve these notes. What they wish to see, however, is an absolutely solid gold backing to the entire Treasury issue. They realise that £100,000,000 or £120,000,000 of ten shillings and one pound notes are essential for the country's needs but they are anxious that the Government should create a Treasury reserve equal in amount to the face value of the notes issued.

Now, experience has demonstrated beyond any question, that for the purpose of our Home trade, Treasury notes, whether backed by gold or not, are readily accepted, and they facilitate trade quite as well as sovereigns and half sovereigns, and with far less cost to the nation. But our commercial dealings with foreign countries are necessarily based upon gold—the international commodity for settling trade balances. And at present we are entirely dependent for our gold supplies upon a private trading Company, viz., the Bank of England, whose interests are not always in harmony with those of the trading community. The Great War has shown the importance of maintaining a War Chest.

By securing a Treasury gold reserve of £100,000,000 or more, as a basis for the notes, the Government would be able to satisfy all parties, except the contractionists whose interests are opposed to those of the nation. Those who are superstitious enough to believe gold of more value than the national credit based upon the productive energies and capacities of the British nation, would have their present fears allayed. Those who recognise the enormous help to trade which these notes have been, will admit that they lose nothing by the addition of so much gold. *But above all, the use of the national credit as legal tender, takes the nation's industries to a large extent out of control of the manipulators of specie, whose policy has been a brake upon the wheels of industry for the past century.* In establishing such a national gold reserve, safeguards should be provided to prevent effectually cosmopolitan financiers from manipulating these reserves for their own interests.

The truth is that for our home trade, gold is entirely unnecessary. It is only abroad, where our legal tender laws have no effect, that Treasury notes would fail to circulate, and hence gold becomes a necessity. But it is precisely the fact that our legal tender notes would not circulate abroad, that makes them far preferable for our national currency than gold. *Our manufacturing and commercial interests demand a currency that can be relied upon, which will stay at home and not travel abroad and can be obtained when it is needed. They demand a uniform bank rate and not one that is continually oscillating like a pump handle.* Under the Bank Charter Act our bank rate has been the most variable of any in the world. And this variability is the price we have had to pay for using as legal tender a metal that our laws have deliberately made so enticing to foreigners as to impel them to ship it abroad and restrict our banking facilities.

Our Treasury notes tend to reduce these evils considerably. Moreover they tend to broaden the basis upon which our bank credit is issued, and permit our bankers to increase their facilities with far less risk than heretofore. There is therefore every reason in favour of continuing these notes after the war, and not a single valid excuse for destroying them.

One of the most moving stories of the war on the eastern front is that of Mr. R. Scotland Liddell, *On The Russian Front*. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 8s. 6d. net). "It is a story," says the author, "that can only be written in tears, rainbowed as it is by a thousand instances of heroism."

In this spirit the author approaches his task, and the result is a living story of the Russian army, its heroism, its tragedies, and sometimes its comedies. One may gather insight to Russian character from these pages, and from the little stories that the book contains may come to understand the Russian officer and his men, together with the reasons for the failure of Germany's great effort throughout the summer and autumn of 1915. Written with real inspiration, this is inevitably one of the books on the war that will count.

Berceuse de Guerre

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS.

(Chanté :) *Dodo, l'enfant do,
L'enfant dormira tantôt.*

Le feu s'éteint, le vent gémit,
La pluie cingle la fenêtre . . .
Vente-t-il, pleut-il là-bas aussi?
Grêle-t-il, tonne-t-il peut être?

Dodo, l'enfant do . . .
Est-il bien?
A-t-il chaud?
Ne manque-t-il de rien?
A-t-il ce qu' il lui faut?
Ses gants, son gilet, ses allumettes,
Et, dans sa poche, contre son cœur,
Ma dernière lettre
Et sa ferveur?

L' enfant dormira tantôt . . .
La lampe baisse, le feu s'éteint.
Il va falloir se mettre au lit.
L'enfant ferme ses petits poings. . . .
Mon grand enfant dort-il aussi?
Dort-il paisiblement, avant la bataille?
Court-il, comme un fou,
Sous la mitraille?
On bien git-il dans quelque trou,
La bouche ouverte et les yeux clos?

Dodo, l'enfant do. . . .
L'enfant gémit, le vent souffle les rideaux,
La mèche charbonne.
L'enfant se tourne dans son berceau,
La pluie se tait, la nuit frissonne.
Il fait triste à faire peur. . . .

L'enfant dormira tantôt. . . .
De la fureur des Boches délivrez-nous, Seigneur!

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED]

In *Songs of Wind and Wave* (William Blackwood and Sons), Mr. Arthur Salmon has collected together those charming poems of his with which so many readers are familiar in the pages of the newspaper press. Mr. Salmon has the true poetic gift; his verses are ever musical and haunting; although he may not plumb the remoter depths of human emotion, he is singularly perceptive to the appeal of Nature. His command of metre is considerable, and he has a curious love for *Alcaics*, which recall the old class-room and that friend (or enemy) of boyhood, Horace. One could not give a better illustration of his delightful volume than in these three verses:

Ghosts of a myriad Springtimes rise and beckon;
Impulse and instinct urging me to wander
Far to the nameless and the chartless, seeking
New worlds to conquer.

Not a new world of treasure-land material;
Thirsting am I for voice and revelation—
Secrets of earth and mysteries of the woodlands,
Tales of old ocean.

Souls of the dead, is this the heirloom left me?
Stirrings and restlessness, insatiate hunger,
Impulse that goads me to the far horizon's
Limitless secret?

Crusading at Gallipoli, A.D., 1915, by Signaller Ellis Silas, is a book of sketches which serve to show the life of the Anzacs on the Peninsula. Forewords by General Sir Ian Hamilton and by Sir William Birdwood characterise the sketches as "an excellent record," and "doing justice to the gaiety and good humour which never deserted any of our troops in the trenches," statements which we heartily endorse after inspection of the book, which is published at the price of 2s. 6d. at the offices of the *British Australasian*, 115, High Holborn. The sketches, as Signaller Silas claims, picture war as the soldier sees it, shorn of pomp; they bring home vividly the actual life of the heroes of Gallipoli.

Effects of the Blockade

WHILE it would be idle to count on the economic conditions prevailing in enemy countries as likely to exercise any decisive effect, yet reliable evidence is forthcoming that these conditions are contributing, after two years of steadily increasing pressure, toward that complete victory of the Allies with which alone the war can end.

Economic pressure can only be regarded as an auxiliary means of shortening the war. That there is real discontent, and that there is no possibility of complaints of food shortage having been engineered by the German Government for the sake of arousing neutral sympathy, or for any other reason, is evident from the very widespread nature of the riots that occur with increasing frequency. Such riots have taken place in Berlin, Brunswick, Breslau, Charlottenburg, Chemnitz, Cologne, Coblenz, Dresden, Duisburg, Dusseldorf, Essen, Leipzig, Magdeburg, Munich, Nuremberg, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Kiel—these for certainties, although the German censorship has been most careful to suppress news of these disturbances whenever possible. Even the official report of the Munich riots on June 17th last admitted that soldiers in uniform took part, and the temper of the rioters is such toward the end of this second year of war that machine guns have been turned on the crowds.

The first task to which Herr von Batocki set his hand as Imperial Food Minister was that of breaking down the barriers existing between the various German states, and securing uniform distribution of food throughout the empire. In this task Bavaria, where the export restrictions are still in force, proved an insuperable obstacle. This attitude on the part of agricultural Bavaria is bitterly resented by the industrial regions of the empire, which see in it—and with justice—evidence of disunion. But the main cause of von Batocki's failure is not that he has not secured efficient distribution of food, but that there is not enough to distribute.

In Berlin the meat ration is now reduced to a half pound weekly per inhabitant, and in some towns it is less than this, while a protest by the "Medical Committee of Greater Berlin" has been sent to the press on the subject of an inadequate supply of nourishing food for invalids and infirm people. Letters found on German prisoners of war complaining of the lack of food are too numerous for comment, and a reduction in the meat ration of the army has been officially admitted. First-line troops appear to be well-fed, and it is the troops in reserve that have their rations curtailed, in the main.

Reports on the prospects of the harvest for this year point to a very poor rye crop—which means considerable diminution of one of the chief sources of food for the lower classes; the wheat crop prospects range from middling to very bad, owing to excessive rains and the lack of imported fertilisers, while the crops of barley and potatoes appear to be below the average. But, even admitting the worst in respect to the harvest, nearly six months supply of cereals will be assured to the population if that harvest can be garnered in reasonably good condition. The lack of cereals is not what is troubling civilian Germany and von Batocki's administration at the present time, for the main problem is the shortage of meat and fats, in which respects the prospects become more and more depressing.

So long as civilian Germany retains its faith in ultimate victory, even such an evil as this will be patiently borne in the hope of full recompense at the end. When—as must eventually happen—to present privation, is added the knowledge of Russian successes, the Allied Offensive in the west, the failure at Verdun, and the equally serious Austrian failure before Trent, then the moral endurance of the nation, already weakened, will be perilously near breaking point, apart from what further may happen in the field. But the privations imposed on Germany can only be considered as an accessory to the military victory of the Allies.

With regard to trade conditions, those industries either directly or indirectly connected with the war give little cause of complaint to their shareholders; coal, iron, and steel businesses show increase rather than decrease—it is worthy of note that there is a famine in tin, all of which

is commandeered for public purposes. Soap, owing to the shortage of fats, has advanced to ten times its normal price; the textile trades are reduced to great straits, notably the cotton industry, in which there is severe depression and growing unemployment—the cost of cotton yarn has advanced from 70 pfennigs per English pound to 9.30 marks. In the manufacture of woollen goods many factories are kept going only at a loss. The shortage of leather, owing to restricted imports and the great needs of the army, has grown serious, and legislation has been introduced to reduce the working hours in boot factories, so as to keep as many employees as possible at work. The shortage of rubber is one of the most serious problems of all, and the public are compelled to surrender even the smallest quantities to the Rubber Clearing House established by the Government. In the matter of paper, prices have practically doubled, and though the Government has come to the assistance of various journals, newspapers are run at a loss, while many of the smaller periodicals have ceased publication. The building trades are at a standstill.

Means of estimating the conditions prevailing in Austria-Hungary are far more limited than in the case of Germany, but reliable evidence shows that conditions in the dual kingdom are worse than in Germany, mainly through the shortage of labour. It has been beyond dispute for some time that a third revision of the medical examination for military service has been ordered, and that, owing to the calling up for service of all men up to 55 years of age, the shortage of labour in the agricultural districts will have serious results for the coming harvest. In Hungary, there is intense bitterness over the conduct of the war and the incapacity of Austrian generals; in the vicinity of the Italian theatre of war, a state not far removed from that of famine already exists, and throughout the whole of Austria-Hungary only importation (impossible for the duration of the war) can relieve the scarcity of meat and fat foods. In Moravia and Austrian Silesia most of the cattle have already been slaughtered for food; in Prague the conditions approximate to famine with regard to all foodstuffs, and in Vienna prices have increased 500 to 900 per cent. on the normal for all kinds of foodstuffs, more especially in the case of meat foods; Buda Pesth is even worse off in the matter of provisions, and as the Russian occupation of Galicia advances conditions grow steadily more discouraging.

Yet here, as in the case of Germany, economic pressure is a factor in the situation of the Central Empires, but the main factor is still that of military decision.

Two Years of War

THE next issue of LAND & WATER, published on Thursday, August 10th, will be a special Double Number, price One Shilling, reviewing the past Two Years of War from a military, naval, and national standpoint. Among the principal features are:

The Second Year of the War: A Military Analysis.
By HILAIRE BELLOC.

Naval Events Reviewed. By Arthur Pollen

Legends of the Marne. By Colonel Feyler.

The Future and the Women. By Lady Frances Balfour.

Literature since 1914. By W. L. Courtney
(Editor of *The Fortnightly Review*).

Human Nature and the War. By Principal L. P. Jacks
(Editor of *The Hibbert Journal*).

The Men-at-Arms. By Professor J. H. Morgan.

The Old and New Tables. By G. K. Chesterton.

A Poem. By Gilbert Frankau.

Two Years Ago. By an Englishwoman in Paris.

Greenmantle, Chapters VII. and VIII. By John Buchan.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

In view of the large demand which is anticipated it is advisable to place an order at once for this double number of LAND & WATER.

Letters to a Lonely Civilian

By the Author of "Aunt Sarah and the War"

LORD LYTTON'S acceptance of office as Civil Lord of the Admiralty accounts for one of the younger men of ability too long allowed to stand aloof from public posts. Another such, Lord Lovat, was closeted with the King the other evening; I say closeted because what passed must still be kept so close. With the name of a third, Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, M.P., the journalists begin to be busy; and there is perhaps promise in even these vague preliminaries. These three men average forty years apiece. Their capabilities are beyond cavil. They have been kept out of official life only by their own diffidence and because they really care for the things which commoner politicians jest about and jostle among staled conventions.

* * * * *

Perhaps there were other reasons why Lord Lytton was long let alone. He could not with any sort of convenience have been Home Secretary, for instance, when Lady Constance Lytton went to gaol; his deep dissension from Winston Churchill was due to his deeper devotion to his sister. Cabinets are reputed schools of cynicism; and Lytton could not be a cynic if he tried; no, not even when he was assured that women should not vote because they already influence their voting husbands—a fatuity brought home to him, really home, by his own wife's inability to cool his fervour for the female franchise. The governorship of a Colony was more than once discussed for him; but that, in his case, meant a form of domestic banishment only to be mitigated by wealth the Lyttons do not possess.

* * * * *

When I last heard Lytton speak, he was combating an "anti" under the shadow of Lutyens's lovely church in the Hampstead suburb. Lutyens is his brother-in-law; but in any case Lytton stands for Garden Cities (he possesses one of his own) rather than for the Victorian Knebworth, pretentious even in its bookshelves, pompous for all its flowers. Old Bulwer loved to spend some of his industrious earnings on sham temples for his lawns, and did not disdain for his Pompeian interior walls an "ancestral" portrait from Wardour Street. His dutiful descendants have done a little half-clandestine clearing out of bric-a-brac, even a little burning. Once and again they have had to let Knebworth; and the consolation is that these temporary absences were less hard than if the house had been more perfectly to their mind. The author of *The Last of the Barons* lived the "title rôle." By his politics and his pen he gained that first step in the peerage. "It is for you to make the second," he calmly, perhaps even ironically, remarked to his son Robert, as they rode together in the Park. Nothing in the world seemed less likely. Yet Robert went even one better. He made his father the Last of the Barons by becoming the first of the Earls.

* * * * *

We are all very voluble, even now, about our dislikes. But what's important (says Ruskin) is to like things, to know why you like them, and to say you like them. So hear a few of my likings these last days. I liked the neutral dog in the firing-line who, doglike, when he had gobbled all he could get from ours, crossed over to the German lines for a final savoury; and I liked those dogs of Germans who made him welcome and took care he was not hit on his way home. You remember the fabled lion who, when shown pictures of lions in their encounters with men, where men were invariably victors, imagined the different tale to be told were a lion instead of a man, the artist? And in that spirit the go-between dog, friend of man, even of German, may surely have devised under those strange conditions, a variant on Dr. Watts's doggerel "Let dogs delight to bark and bite!"

* * * * *

Another thing I have particularly liked is that beautiful symbolic drawing of Ireland in a daily paper; though not even that, nor Willie Yeats's play, nor one of the traditional cryptic names of Ireland, quite reconciles me to Ireland as an aged crone. For all her griefs, she is

not older than Britannia; and Mangan's immortally young "Dark Rosaleen" she remains for me.

* * * * *

Of course I liked (but "like" is too cold a word) the men in the Trenches who, when promised a reward for doing two super-jobs, chose as their due the rescinding of the order for their well-won rest, and chanced themselves as victims for a third venture. And I liked (again that inadequate vocabulary) the record, buried among columns of obituary notices, concerning Major Stanley Livingstone Jones, K.C. He was born in Nova Scotia; he qualified for the law; he was one of the first half-dozen men in Canada to enlist; he went to the front; wounded in January, 1915, he was sent home—England is "home" to Canadians in war-time; he returned to the trenches in May, 1915; a second wound sent him home a second time; he was again at the front in August, 1915; in April of this year he came home suffering from concussion; but returned to the fighting line in May. At Ypres, on June 2nd, he was reported as wounded and a prisoner; and six days later he died. I do not forget that he was "well treated" by his captors, who must have had some inkling of his story, for they buried him with full military honours; and a crowning touch of completion may be given to an unsurpassed tale—he leaves a widow serving as a Red Cross officer in France.

* * * * *

"Too many lawyers in politics!" Here was a King's Counsel whom Canada will never count superfluous in her public story. Other brave men make but one sharp renunciation—and one seems as much as you may decently ask of them. They go once to death, and great is their glory. Four times this lawyer sought the field of sacrifice, four times he bade those farewells of which a man may say in historic words, "Now the bitterness of death is past." There was once a Jones who left a legacy to as many of his namesakes as his money might cover, a mere fraction, of course, of so numberless a clan. But Stanley Livingstone Jones, himself an explorer of Dark Valleys, leaves to all his namesakes a fortune that can never wane, a memory of which we say, as Shelley said of love: It has this difference from gold or clay, that to divide is not to take away. Many another Jones may come to your mind. Sir Inigo, architect and recusant; Paul, the pirate—let the alliteration carry the disputed epithet; Sir William, Orientalist; Sir Edward Burne, Pre-Raphaelite painter, most likeable man. The list could be drawn out, as long as Harley Street; and still at its head should stand this man of law who took and took and retook and took again his sword so that the larger Law of Right in the world might though he should perish, hold its sovereignty and have, its sanctions.

* * * * *

I hear from New York that Mr. Sargent is still walking lame, after the accident as he left his London studio, when one of the cases containing his pictures fell on his foot and crushed it. He limps, and lags, and, when caught afoot by a wordy admirer, has to ask to be allowed to sit down. If he were still painting portraits, this disability would be an interruption indeed; for it is a jest against his habit of running backwards and forwards, to consider his sitter and his canvas, that he paints with his feet as well as with his hands. Naturally enough Harvard as well as Yale has now given him its honours. But it is less what he has received than what he has parted with that comes as a surprise. This is the portrait of Mme. Gautreau, painted in his Paris period, and, being a cause of some superfluous misunderstanding with the patron, retained by the painter even until now. His own walls will miss the exquisite lady who has been all these years a sort of hostess there; and New York will henceforth show her its wonted hospitality to a welcome guest. Another lady, by the way, who goes from London to New York is Epstein's, and very much Epstein's, sculptured version of Miss Iris Tree. The abductor in this case is Mr. John Quinn.

W.

Germany's Favourite Trade Weapon

By Lewis R. Freeman

GERMANY was a late entrant in the commercial as well as into the Colonial arena, and the devious and doubtful methods by which she won her Colonies find many parallels in those by which she sought to establish her foreign trade. Perhaps the most striking and significant parallel of all is the one yet to develop, when the end of the war which Germany forced upon the world will leave her almost if not quite stripped of foreign possessions and seriously crippled in her powers to push her foreign trade, at least in the manner in which she was doing up to August, 1914. Luckily, the only portion of the world that will not be better instead of worse as a consequence of this consummation is Germany herself, and her plight is so entirely her own fault, the bed she must henceforth lie on is so much her own making, that there will be found few among the Allied or neutral nations to waste their sympathy upon her.

In a previous article in LAND & WATER* I have told something of the manner in which Germany employed long credits in blazing short-cuts to trade-footings which otherwise could hardly have been attained in decades where they were actually won in years. In the present article I purpose devoting myself to showing how cheap goods (usually but not always of inferior quality) and a general underselling were employed to similar ends.

Cheap Goods

Everything considered, "cheap goods" were unquestionably Germany's most formidable weapon in her great campaign for the commercial domination of the world, which was launched in the late nineties, and which was progressing strongly and successfully when it was interrupted by the present war. Low prices always have been, and doubtless always will be, the most telling argument to put before from 90 to 99 per cent. of the buyers of the whole world. The truth is as old as the occasion on which men first trafficked with each other in stone axes and bone needles, and the discovery of it by the Germans is no evidence of notable psychologic discrimination on their part. But while an appreciation of the lure of low prices is not confined to Germanic traders, the development of a system by which that lure could be dangled with fullest effect must certainly be credited to them.

Until the Germans came down to the banks of the world's trade-pool, the "low price"—in the hands of the American, the Briton, the Frenchman—was a worm on a bent pin, a minnow on a throw-line, to the consummately played trout-fly it became when the wily Teuton began to cast. But just as the trout-fly is more likely to get caught in the shrubbery, on a snag, or even in the back of the fisherman's own coat than is the hook of the throw-line, so did the low price, as manipulated by the German, keep him constantly in deep water in frantic endeavours to extricate himself from the troubles it had led him into. A single instance of the manner in which one of these German "trade fishermen" was snagged with his own hook is all that I have space to set down here, though similar occurrences have come to my attention in many parts of the world.

I was in Buenos Aires eight or nine years ago, just at a time when, as a consequence of the increasing attention British manufacturers were giving to the special requirements of the Argentine market, goods from the United Kingdom were beginning to carry all before them in this valuable field. (Last June† I told how, even in the face of war demands and shipping shortages, Britain still supplies nearly one-third of all Argentina's imports). British threshing machine outfits were already well established, and British ploughs, for the simple reason that they were doing the work and standing up remarkably well under very rough service, had been in increasing demand. A stiffening competition from American agricultural

implements was being successfully met partly because these were handicapped by high freights and irregular steamship service, and partly because the Argentine *estanciero* was accustomed to and pleased with the British products.

An Argentina Episode

But about the time of my visit to Argentina, Germany, following a characteristic practice, had entered the market with a number of low-priced implements that were, to the casual or inexperienced buyer, apparently equal to the best that America and Great Britain were offering. The more complicated of these German implements were hardly well enough constructed even to demonstrate favourably, but the simpler ones, such as ploughs, discs, harrows and the like, were having a tremendous sale. One plough in particular, because of its good finish and extremely low price, was in great demand among a certain class of Argentine dealers, notably those catering for the trade of tenants and others who were usually in debt and had to cut down their expenses at every turn.

The representative of a well-known agricultural house, arriving at about this time, found his business in ploughs almost at a standstill as a consequence of this German competition. The German plough was apparently a duplicate of his own in every particular except finish, and in this respect it had all the best of the comparison. And it was being turned over to the wholesalers at a price 25 per cent. lower than the lowest his company permitted him to quote. Indeed, the price of the German implement was lower than that at which the British concern could manufacture and lay its plough upon the Rio Plate docks for.

In vain the Englishman explained that his implement was of forged steel, whereas the other was only cast and likely, therefore, to succumb to the first rock or root it encountered. The Argentina dealers merely spread out their hands, shrugged their shoulders indifferently, and muttered "Quien sabe?" with their eyes fixed dreamily on the ceiling. At length a dealer, more practical and considerate than the others, told the English salesman that it was a simple business proposition, that his customers were buying the cheaper German ploughs in preference to the others, and that he had only the salesman's word that his implement would more than make up in length of service for the difference in price. In short, he intimated that he would like ocular evidence of the superiority of the British implement. This the Englishman readily agreed to give, and it was at a "demonstration" that was subsequently arranged that, through the courtesy of the British Consul-General, I was so fortunate as to be present.

I found the English salesman already on hand when I arrived at the big *bodega* or warehouse of the Argentine implement company. The emergency was one with which his natural talents—he was keen, ready, alert, and full of his "line"—admirably fitted him to cope.

"I have explained to Don Carlos," he said, after introducing me to the Argentine manager, "the reason for the difference in the price of our plough and the German imitation, and also why this better quality more than makes up for that difference. Just how much better the English article is I am going to show him as soon as a couple of the German ploughs arrive. Don Carlos was all sold out of them, and I've had him telephone to the German travelling representative here to send over two or three to show to prospective customers. He has started the ploughs already and sent word that he will come himself shortly to help along the sale. I want to make my test before he arrives, because, unless I'm very much mistaken, he won't consent to the use of his ploughs should he learn what the test is to be."

The German ploughs arrived presently and proved to be, as the Consul-General had assured me, almost exact replicas of the British implement in design, and rather better than the latter in finish. Wasting no time

* "How Germany has Pushed her Trade." LAND & WATER, July 6.

† "South America and the War." LAND & WATER, June 1.

in further explanation, the Englishman called over a powerful peon, whom he had brought along with him, and ordered him to swing with all his strength with a ten-pound sledge hammer upon the share of one of the British ploughs. The husky Basque spat upon his hands, hunched his muscular shoulders, swung the heavy hammer in a wide circle, and brought it down on the ploughshare. A note as clear as that of a bell rang out and the plough went bounding across the floor, but, save for the patch of red paint that fused and came off upon the hammer's nose, the share was unmarked.

When the operation was repeated upon one of the German implements, the first share was completely shattered, the pieces being scattered about the floor like so much broken crockery. Suggesting that possibly the faultiness of this plough had been an accident of construction, perhaps of over-tempering, the dealer told the peon to swing upon the second sample. This blow demonstrated that the German implements were not even consistent in their defectiveness, for the second share doubled up under the impact and folded lovingly in around the hammer like a flower going to sleep at set of sun.

The German salesman arrived just in time to gather up his wreckage, and he was so enraged that he threatened the dealer with a suit to recover the value of his damaged samples, a typically Teutonic piece of diplomacy. I learned afterwards that a large order on his house was countermanded by cable, and that he did have to go to law to collect a considerable amount actually due to him from the indignant Argentino for ploughs which he had already sold. The Englishman closed a substantial order. The next day, resolving to take the bull by the horns, he set out with a sledge hammer to make the round of the dealers, only to learn to his mingled chagrin and satisfaction, that the panic-stricken Teuton had been ahead of him and, on one pretext or another, had removed his ploughs from the path of destruction. The sale of cheap German agricultural machinery languished on the Rio Plate for several years after that.

An Indian Experience

Another instance of the way in which the German used the imitation of a standard article of established reputation to push his own trade came to my personal attention during a recent tour of the Orient, in this case America being the victim. For a number of years the United States has dominated the world's market in high-grade typewriters—machines costing twenty pounds and upwards—and their position in this line was so strong that Germany never made a serious attempt to challenge it. But in lighter and lower-priced typewriters, in which the States had also been building up a considerable foreign trade, the Teutons, evidently figuring that there was some business to be gained, went about it in characteristic fashion.

On the Oriental tour in question, principally on account of its portability, I had taken with me a little American-made aluminium folding typewriter of very ingenious construction. Despite its lightness, the little machine stood up amazingly under hard and persistent service. One day the pack-mule that was carrying it through the mountains near the Chino-Burmese frontier went over the edge of a storm-washed trail and landed at the bottom of a ravine with the load beneath it. I took the pieces of this typewriter back with me to Rangoon, where they wanted to charge me more for the necessary repairs and replacements than the machine had cost in the first place. One of the dealers there, however—an oily Bengali—showed me a machine that he had just received from Germany, which, except that its frame was of some heavy pressed metal instead of aluminium, was an almost exact replica of the one I had been carrying. I bought it for 100 rupees, which, allowing for duty and freight, was but little more than a half of the fifty dollars that the other machine was sold for in America.

Except that it was noisier than my little American machine, the new typewriter worked very satisfactorily for about two weeks. Then cumulative troubles set in, and at the end of three months the mechanical parts were so worn and sprung that a number of the type bars would not carry up to the roller, to say nothing of the lack of alignment of the others. The thing was as flimsy as a German toy, as poorly made as it was cheap, and

I was glad to learn from the English dealer in Bombay, who put my old machine in working order again for a very reasonable charge, that it was already so thoroughly discredited that it was being handled only in the native bazaars, and with decreasing success even there.

Specious Imitations

I have in mind many other examples of the German practice of turning out an article that is faultless in finish but most unreliable in service. Nearly every one of these is an obvious imitation of some British or American article that has already gained a world-wide reputation on its merits. A certain make of American sewing machine is almost in a class by itself on the score of value given for a moderate price, but the bazaars of Malaysia, Turkey, India and North Africa were flooded a few years ago with a beautifully inlaid and varnished German hand machine which, as it sold for 20 per cent. less than the American article of which it was a specious imitation, had things a good deal its own way until its cheap materials, giving way or wearing out quickly in use, revealed it in its true colours.

German cameras, made in all the popular designs of the best known English and American makes, were thrown upon the market in the three years previous to the outbreak of the war, and, being low-priced and well finished, had a large sale in places where the public were slow in discovering that they "peeled" and warped on exposure to heat and moisture. I write feelingly again, for I was forced to buy one of these German cameras in Batavia after my own had been lost by a coolie.

The cheap imitation was not the only way in which the German used the low price. One of his favourite expedients, especially in out-of-the-way places, was to win new customers by manipulating the price of some British, French or American article of which he had been able to secure the exclusive agency for that district. America was the worst sufferer from this practice, for the reason that so great a part of her foreign trade has always been handled through German agents, but Britain also came in for a good share of trouble. Sheffield cutlery—the standard of excellence throughout the world for many years—was one of the principal objects of attack, the aim, of course, being to make way for Solingen.

Here was the way a German trader of Manaus proceeded to "run off the market" a British razor which had attained to considerable popularity all through tropical South America. Securing by hook or by crook the agency of the English article, he promptly started in to attract new customers by offering it—at a temporary loss to himself, of course—at a price 30 per cent. lower than it had ever been sold in this region before. Selling out his stock at the end of a month, he then began offering his customers a German razor that was "just as good" at the same price he had been selling the English one, and when any one insisted on having the British article, he was told that the price, even when he had it in stock again, would be advanced to the figure at which it had first been sold, and that it might even go higher.

The Germans did this sort of thing, as I have heard them admit, by way of advertisement, cannily figuring that it was cheaper to sell at a loss for a while to attract customers than to endeavour to lure the latter by posters and newspaper space. The thing was to get the trade.

"But what is the use of your building up business with a lot of this tin cutlery and similar articles which I have found scattered all through the bazaars of the East?" I once asked a German salesman who shared the compartment with me on the train from Delhi to Lahore. "It's easy to get trade with such stuff, but surely you can't expect to hold it."

"While I cannot admit that the goods you refer to are of poor quality," was the reply, "I think you will find we are justified in selling them at very low prices in order to introduce them. Once we get the foothold—and you see how fast we are doing that, even in India—it will be just as easy to increase the quality as it will be to increase the price."

To "get the trade" was plainly the German watchword in the first mad rush of their great commercial campaign. How they intended to hold it had not yet become fully apparent at the time war came; and as things look now, the demonstration is likely to be indefinitely deferred.

A Palace of Hope for Broken Men

By Mary Macleod Moore

THE roar of guns, and the clash of arms; men sending men to their deaths and dying themselves that others may live in safety. This is war. And so loud is the clamour that the work of healing mind and body, going on silently, is almost forgotten. Yet this war is a triumph for the doctors and surgeons. Never was there a time when the relation of mental and physical has been so recognised, so studied. There is an example of this in that Palace of Brave Endeavour, known as St. Dunstan's, for the blinded, but there is another instance. It is the wonderful Palace of Hope for the Broken Men, the Granville Canadian Special Hospital at Ramsgate, for the segregation and treatment of special cases.

This hospital, with its annex, Chatham House, is unique. There is none exactly like it in England. A few months ago the Granville was only one of many big seaside hotels. Now, through the rooms where pre-war visitors danced and dressed and dined, there passes a stream of maimed, unnerved and crippled soldiers, who find there a treatment so successful that a large percentage is cured and many fit for service. Men are brought to the Granville suffering from such diverse ills as shell shock, injuries and wounds which cause paralysis, joint affections and nerve injuries. Some have part of a foot or a hand blown away; others break down like hysterical women because their nerves are shattered. All are studied carefully by a Board of Consultants, consisting of an eminent physician neurologist, an equally eminent orthopædic surgeon, a skilled electro-therapist.

Not alone for their ailments are they examined. The Board considers the special aptitudes of each man, and makes a very definite endeavour to put him at the earliest safe moment on to some productive work in which he is directly interested. This is the secret of the hospital. It allows no one to be bored. And those who have visited hospitals and have seen the listless patients realise what this secret means. There are hospitals where during convalescence the men have exercises, but after a few days these are about as lively and as inspiring as the treadmill. At the Granville they are given congenial occupations which not only keep them keen, but fit them for a return, early or late, to the industrial life they left at the call "Fall in!"

A Handicrafts Section

It is inspiring to visit the Handicrafts Section and to see soldiers, lately weary and ill, working with keenness in the machine shop, for instance, where there are lathes, shapers, drills, etc.; in the blacksmith's shop, in the harness and saddlery shop, where bronzed soldiers are skilfully making instruments and appliances for those whose legs and feet need special support. Enthusiasm grows apace as you watch the carpenters making hospital furniture, and look at the careful drawings and designs by men discovered to have an artistic bent. You can see fine carving and fretsaw work too, and in another department men are rolling cigarettes. Delicate tools, as well as splints and simpler things, are made by the patients. One of the toolmakers had been in private life a tattooist, and his surgeon argued, with sound logic, that an artist in that line must have had a light touch—the connection is clear. You are taken to see the grounds, where a tall soldier shows with pride his chicks, or his rabbits and guinea-pigs. There is even a Jersey cow that tries hard to be khaki, and is given credit for good intentions. Eighty patients work at kitchen-gardening and landscape-gardening with such success that the grounds of Chatham Annex, and the Townley Castle Annex, close by, are models of care and beauty.

Behind the tools, the tables, the smooth lawns, and the chickens, the insight displayed is touching, inspiring. Here is a soldier brooding over his troubles, and the contrast between this year and last. Gradually it is brought to him that he can be busy and useful. If making splints is not his speciality he can recall his boyhood on a farm and mind chickens, or tend the garden. Depression dies

before the joy of doing well work he understands, and competing with his fellows. Once more there is something to think of through the long nights and the weary days besides pains and wounds.

Men talk "shop" of various kinds, in the hospital, and they are encouraged to think for themselves and to make suggestions. One patient may make a machine which exercises weak muscles. Someone else who was a skilled workman in the pre-war days may add to the value of certain surgical appliances.

Taught to Walk Again.

The trained instructor, himself an ex-patient, helps men to exercise weak parts, and he excels in teaching his comrades to walk again. No mother with a toddling baby could be prouder than he when a man who has lost a leg walks alone with the aid of an artificial one. On an affair like a small steamer gangway they practise, holding cautiously to the sides. If the knee-joint be saved, they can even run and, according to the instructor, climb fences! If the leg be amputated above the knee there are special exercises to prevent the man walking stiffly.

Back to the Granville Hospital you go feeling something like the Queen of Sheba, as you gaze in respectful ignorance at the various treatments which lead to wonderful results. There is electrical apparatus for nerve and muscle testing, a splendid electrical department, a wonderful X-ray apparatus, a multitude of baths—eau courante, vapour, radiant heat, arc light, electric water—and massage rooms, where cheerful boys whose badges speak of far-off prairie towns and Eastern cities, are having joints, muscles and stumps massaged. On the last stage of the journey towards complete fitness is the rifle range found, and for the men able for it, there is route marching. Nor is amusement forgotten, for there are fine recreation rooms with stage and cinema theatre, and the patients form concert parties and an orchestra and give entertainments.

The Hospital is staffed, equipped and maintained by Canada, and there is nothing of which that country should be prouder. The staff, headed by Lt.-Col. Watt, O.C., includes a V.C., and there are others who have done distinguished service, whether publicly recognised or not. Stalwart keen men in khaki have performed operations under fire by the light of candles flickering in the wind, they have broken records in passing the wounded through their hands while the guns thundered; they have worked in great hospitals behind the lines. Many of them gave up splendid practices and high positions to do their bit for the Empire. The nurses, too, are a credit to Canada. Several of them, headed by the Matron, Miss Ridley, have won the Royal Red Cross, and have been decorated by the King. They ploughed through mud to their knees on Salisbury Plain with the First Canadian Contingent, and later they won their spurs in France before they were transferred to this Hospital.

* * * * *

The sun dances on the blue water with its line of craft in the distance. On the wide verandah lie men strapped to cots, but even they are hopeful, for they have seen wonders wrought, and the days of miracles are not over. Upstairs in a sunny room is the outward and visible sign of what has been accomplished. In one corner is a curious pedestal. On it are hung crutches, splints, and other appliances which men who once looked Death in the face have laid aside as they walked away free.

And the sunny room is called The Shrine.

In Colonel Feyler's article on General von Bernhardt, it was stated last week that of Bernhardt's two principal works, *Germany and the Next War* had only been translated into English and French. As a matter of fact, both the works were published in English by Messrs. Hugh Rees, Bernhardt's *Modern Warfare* having been published in two volumes, the first in 1912 and the second in 1913, under the title of *On War of To-day*. It is still obtainable from the publishers, Messrs. Hugh Rees, 5, Regent Street, London.

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Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay, who obtained a commission in the new army and was wounded at Loos is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. It is a secret that, in his opinion, may possibly lead to a big uprising throughout Asia and Africa. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. This torn document was handed to the British headquarters in Mesopotamia by an officer—Sir Walter's son—wounded to death in obtaining it. Hannay undertakes the mission, his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American gentleman, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who also joins them. On November 17th the three dine together at a London flat, and agree to meet in a café in a back street of Constantinople two months later—on January 17th. Sandy decides to go to Constantinople, disguised as a Turk, by way of Cairo. John S. Blenkiron drops into Germany as his own self by way of Scandinavia. Hannay, who has lived in South Africa as a mining engineer, and can speak Dutch perfectly, enters Germany through Holland as a Boer from Western Cape Colony. Hannay sails for Lisbon where he finds a steamer just arrived from Angola; boarding it he meets his old Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, to whom he unfolds his plans. Peter agrees to be his companion. They go straight on to Germany and at the frontier are met by a German junior officer who conducts them to Berlin. Here they have an interview with two Government high officials; one, Colonel von Stumm, had been in German South West Africa, fighting the Hereros. The Colonel is a huge man "as hideous as a hippopotamus." Stumm takes them in charge, interested by Hannay's plans for an uprising in Africa. He leaves Pienaar in Berlin, but brings Hannay by railway and motor car to a big house in the country, where he is introduced to Herr Gaudian, "one of the biggest railway engineers in the world." Gaudian, "a white man, and a gentleman," closely cross-examines Hannay on his anti-British plans, and appears to be thoroughly satisfied.*

CHAPTER VI

The Indiscretions of two Dutchmen

I WAS standing stark naked next morning in that icy bedroom, trying to bathe in about a quart of water, when Stumm entered. He strode up to me and stared me in the face. I was half a head shorter than him to begin with, and a man does not feel his stoutest when he has no clothes, so he had the pull of me in every way.

"I have reason to believe that you are a liar," he growled.

I pulled the bed-cover round me since I was shivering with cold, and the German idea of a towel is a pocket handkerchief. I own I was in a pretty blue funk.

"A liar!" he repeated. "You and that swine Pienaar."

With my best effort at surliness I asked what we had done.

"You lied because you said you knew no German. Apparently your friend knows enough to talk treason and blasphemy."

This gave me back some heart.

"I told you I knew a dozen words. But I told you Peter could talk it a bit. I told you that yesterday at the station." Fervently I blessed my luck for that casual remark.

He evidently remembered, for his tone became a trifle more civil.

"You are a precious pair. One of you is a scoundrel, why not the other?"

"I take no responsibility for Peter," I said. I felt I was a cad in saying it, but that was the bargain we made at the start. "I have known him for years as a great hunter, and a brave man. I know he fought well against the English. But more I cannot tell you. You have to judge him for yourself. What has he done?"

I was told; for Stumm had got it that morning on the telephone. While telling it he was kind enough to allow me to put on my trousers.

It was just the sort of thing I might have foreseen. Peter, left alone, had become first bored and then reckless. He had

persuaded the Lieutenant to take him out to supper at a big Berlin restaurant. There, inspired by the lights and music—novel things for a backveld hunter—and no doubt bored stiff by his company, he had proceeded to get drunk. That had happened in my experience with Peter about once in three years, and it always happened for the same reason. Peter, bored and solitary in a town, went on the spree. He had a head like a rock, but he got to the required condition by wild mixing. He was quite a gentleman in his cups, and not in the least violent, but he was apt to be very free with his tongue. And that was what occurred at the Franciscana.

He had begun by insulting the Emperor, it seemed. He drunk his health, but said he reminded him of a wart-hog, and thereby scarified the Lieutenant's soul. Then an officer—some tremendous swell—at an adjoining table, had objected to his talking so loud, and Peter had replied insolently in respectable German. After that things became mixed. There was some kind of a fight, during which Peter calumniated the German army and all its female ancestry. How he wasn't shot or run through I can't imagine, except that the Lieutenant loudly proclaimed that he was a crazy Boer. Anyhow the upshot was that Peter was marched off to gaol, and I was left in a pretty pickle.

"I don't believe a word of it," I said firmly. I had most of my clothes on now and felt more courageous. "It is all a plot to get him into disgrace and draft him off to the front."

He did not storm, as I expected, but smiled.

"That was always his destiny," he said, "ever since I saw him. He was no use to us except as a man with a rifle. Cannon-fodder, nothing else. Do you imagine, you fool, that this great Empire in the thick of a world-war is going to trouble its head to lay snares for an ignorant *taakhaar*?"

"I wash my hands of him," I said. "If what you say of his folly is true, I have no part in it. But he was my companion and I wish him well. What do you propose to do with him?"

"We shall keep him under our eye," he said, with a wicked twist of the mouth. "I have a notion that there is more at the back of this than appears. We will investigate the antecedents of Herr Pienaar. And you, too, my friend. On you also we have an eye."

I did the best thing I could have done, for what with anxiety and disgust I lost my temper.

"Look here, sir," I cried, "I've had about enough of this. I came to Germany abominating the English and burning to strike a blow for you. But you haven't given me much cause to love you. For the last two days I've had nothing from you but suspicion and insult. The only decent man I've met is Herr Gaudian. It's because I believe that there are many in Germany like him that I'm prepared to go on with this business and do the best I can. But, by God, I wouldn't raise my little finger for your sake."

He looked at me very steadily for a minute. "That sounds like honesty," he said at last in a civil voice. "You had better come down and get your coffee."

I was safe for the moment, but in very low spirits. What on earth would happen to poor old Peter? I could do nothing even if I wanted, and, besides, my first duty was my mission. I had made this very clear to him at Lisbon and he had agreed, but all the same it was a beastly reflection. Here was that ancient worthy left to the tender mercies of the people he most detested on earth. My only comfort was that they couldn't do very much with him. If they sent him to the front, which was the worst they could do, he would escape, for I would have backed him to get through any mortal lines. It wasn't much fun for me either. Only when I was to be deprived of it did I realise how much his company had meant to me. I was absolutely alone now and I didn't like it. I seemed to have about as much chance of joining Blenkiron and Sandy as of flying to the moon.

After breakfast I was told to get ready. When I asked where I was going Stumm advised me to mind my own business, but I remembered that last night he had talked of taking me home with him and giving me my orders. I wondered where his home was.

Gaudian patted me on the back when we started and wrung my hand. He was a capital good fellow, and it made me feel sick to think that I was humbugging him. We got into the same big grey car, with Stumm's servant sitting beside the chauffeur. It was a morning of hard frost. The bare

fields were white with rime, and the fir trees powdered like a wedding cake. We took a different road from the night before, and after a run of half a dozen miles came to a little town with a big railway station. It was a junction on some main line, and after five minutes waiting we found our train.

Once again we were alone in the carriage. Stumm must have had some colossal graft, for the train was crowded.

I had another three hours of complete boredom. I dared not smoke, and could do nothing but stare out of the window. We soon got into hilly country, where a good deal of snow was lying. It was the 23rd day of December, and even in war-time one had a sort of feel of Christmas. You could see girls carrying evergreens, and when we stopped at a station the soldiers on leave had all the air of holiday making. Here in the middle of Germany was a cheerier place than Berlin or the western parts. I liked the look of the old peasants, and the women in their neat Sunday best, but I noticed too how pinched they were. Here in the country, where no neutral tourists came, there was not the same stage-management as in the capital.

Stumm made an attempt to talk to me on the journey. I could see his aim. Before this he had cross-examined me, but now he wanted to draw me into ordinary conversation. He had no notion how to do it. He was either peremptory and provocative, like a drill-sergeant, or so obviously diplomatic that any fool would have been put on his guard. That is the weakness of the German. He has no gift for laying himself alongside different types of men. He is such a hard-shell being that he cannot put out feelers to his kind. He may have plenty of brains, as Stumm had, but he has the poorest notion of psychology of any of God's creatures. In Germany only the Jew can get outside himself, and that is why, if you look into the matter, you will find that the Jew is at the back of most German enterprises.

After midday we stopped at a station for luncheon. We had a very good meal in the restaurant, and when we were finishing two officers entered. Stumm got up and saluted and went aside to talk to them. Then he came back and made me follow him to a waiting-room, where he told me to stay till he fetched me. I noticed that he called a porter and had the door locked when he went out.

It was a chilly place with no fire and I kicked my heels there for twenty minutes. I was living by the hour now, and did not trouble to worry about this strange behaviour. There was a volume of time tables on a shelf, and I turned the pages idly till I struck a big railway map. Then it occurred to me to find out where we were going. I had heard Stumm take my ticket for a place called Schwandorf, and after a lot of searching I found it. It was away south in Bavaria, and so far as I could make out less than fifty miles from the Danube. That cheered me enormously. If Stumm lived there he would most likely start me off on my travels by the railway which I saw running to Vienna and then on to the East. It looked as if I might get to Constantinople after all. But I feared it would be a useless achievement for what could I do when I got there? I was being hustled out of Germany without picking up the slenderest clue.

The door opened and Stumm entered. He seemed to have got bigger in the interval and to carry his head higher. There was a proud light, too, in his eye.

"Brandt," he said, "you are about to receive the greatest privilege which ever fell to one of your race. His Imperial Majesty is passing through here, and has halted for a few minutes. He has done me the honour to receive me, and when he heard my story he expressed a wish to see you. You will follow me to his presence. Do not be afraid. The All-Highest is merciful and gracious. Answer his questions like a man."

I followed him with a quickened pulse. Here was a bit of luck I had never dreamed of. At the far side of the station a train had drawn up, a train consisting of three big coaches, chocolate-coloured and picked out with gold. On the platform beside it stood a small group of officers, tall men in long grey-blue cloaks. They seemed to be mostly elderly, and one or two of the faces I thought I remembered from photographs in the picture papers. As we approached they drew apart, and left us face to face with one man. He was a little below middle height, and all muffled in a thick coat with a fur collar. He wore a silver helmet with an eagle atop of it, and kept his left hand resting on his sword. Below the helmet was a face the colour of grey paper, from which shone curious sombre restless eyes with dark pouches beneath them. There was no fear of my mistaking him. These were the features which, since Napoleon, have been best known to the world.

I stood as stiff as a ramrod and saluted. I was perfectly cool and most desperately interested. For such a moment I would have gone through fire and water.

"Majesty, this is the Dutchman I spoke of," I heard Stumm say.

"What language does he speak?" the Emperor asked.

"Dutch," was the reply, "But being a South African he also talks English."

A spasm of pain seemed to flit over the face before me. Then he addressed me in English.

"You have come from a land which will yet be ours, to offer your sword to our service? I accept the gift and hail it as a good omen. I would have given your race its freedom, but there were fools and traitors among you who misjudged me. But that freedom I shall yet give you in spite of yourselves. Are there many like you in your country?"

"There are thousands, sire," I said, lying cheerfully. "I am one of many who think that my race's life lies in your victory. And I think that that victory must be won not in Europe alone. In South Africa for the moment there is no chance, so we look to other parts of the continent. You will win Europe. You have won it in the East, and it now remains to strike the English where they cannot fend the blow. If we take Uganda, Egypt will fall. By your permission I go there to make trouble for your enemies."

A flicker of a smile passed over the worn face. It was the face of one who slept little and whose thoughts rode him like a nightmare.

"That is well," he said. "Some Englishman once said that he would call in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. We Germans will summon the whole earth to suppress the infamies of England. Serve us well, and you will not be forgotten."

Then he suddenly asked: "Did you fight in the last South African War?"

"Yes, sire," I said. "I was in the commando of that Smuts who has now been bought by England."

"What were your countrymen's losses?" he asked eagerly.

I did not know, but I hazarded a guess. "In the field some twenty thousand. But many more by sickness and in the accursed prison-camps of the English."

Again a spasm of pain crossed his face.

"Twenty thousand," he repeated huskily, "A mere handful. To-day we lose as many in a skirmish in the Polish marshes."

Then he broke out fiercely.

"I did not seek the war. . . . It was forced on me. . . . I laboured for peace. . . . The blood of millions is on the heads of England and Russia, but England most of all. God will yet avenge it. He that takes the sword will perish by the sword. Mine was forced from the scabbard in self-defence, and I am guiltless. Do they know that among your people?"

"All the world knows it, sire," I said.

He gave his hand to Stumm and turned away. The last I saw of him was a figure moving like a sleep-walker, with no spring in his step, amid his tall suite. I felt that I was looking on at a far bigger tragedy than any I had seen in action. Here was one that had loosed Hell, and the furies of Hell had got hold of him. He was no common man, for in his presence I felt an attraction which was not merely the mastery of one used to command. That would not have impressed me, for I had never owned a master. But here was a human being who, unlike Stumm and his kind, had the power of laying himself alongside other men. That was the irony of it. Stumm would not have cared a tinker's curse for all the massacres in history. But this man, the chief of a nation of Stumms, paid the price in war for the gifts that had made him successful in peace. He had imagination and nerves, and the one was white hot and the others were quivering. I would not have been in his shoes for the throne of the Universe. . . .

All the afternoon we sped southward, mostly in a country of hills and wooded valleys. Stumm, for him, was very pleasant. His Imperial master must have been gracious to him and he passed a bit of it on to me. But he was anxious to see that I had got the right impression.

"The All-Highest is merciful, as I told you," he said. I agreed with him.

"Mercy is the prerogative of kings," he said sententiously; "but for us lesser folks it is a trimming we can well do without."

I nodded my approval.

"I am not merciful," he went on, as if I needed telling that. "If any man stands in my way I trample the life out of him. That is the German fashion. That is what has made us great. We do not make war with lavender gloves and fine phrases, but with hard steel and hard brains. We Germans will cure the green-sickness of the world. The nations rise against us. Pouf! They are soft flesh, and flesh cannot resist iron. The shining ploughshare will cut its way through acres of mud."

I hastened to add that these were also my opinions.

"What the hell do your opinions matter? You are a thick-headed boor of the veld. . . . Not but what," he added, "there is metal in you slow Dutchmen once we Germans have had the forging of it!"

The winter evening closed in, and I saw that we had come out of the hills and were in a flat country. Sometimes a big sweep of river showed, and, looking out at one station, I saw a funny church with a thing like an onion on the top of its spire. It might almost have been a mosque, judging from the pictures I remembered of mosques. I wished to heaven I had given geography more attention in my time.

Presently we stopped, and Stumm led the way out. The train must have been specially halted for him, for it was a one-horse little place whose name I could not make out. The stationmaster was waiting, bowing and saluting, and outside was a motor car with big headlights. Next minute we were sliding through dark woods where the snow lay far deeper than in the north. There was a mild frost in the air, and the tyres slipped and skidded at the corners.

We hadn't far to go. We climbed a little hill and on the top of it stopped at the door of a big black castle. It looked enormous in the winter night, with not a light showing anywhere on its front. The door was opened by an old fellow who took a long time about it and got well cursed for his slowness. Inside the place looked very noble and ancient. Stumm switched on the electric light, and there was a great hall with black tarnished portraits of men and women in old-fashioned clothes, and mighty horns of deer on the walls.

There seemed to be no superfluity of servants. The old fellow said that food was ready, and without more ado we went into the dining-room—another vast chamber with rough stone walls above the panelling—and found some cold meats on the table beside a big fire. The servant presently brought in a ham omelette, and on that and the cold stuff we dined. I remember there was nothing to drink but water. It puzzled me how Stumm kept his great body going on the very moderate amount of food he ate. He was the type you expect to swill beer by the bucket and put away a pie at a sitting.

When we had finished, he rang for the old man and told him that he should be in the study for the rest of the evening. "You can lock and up to bed when you like," he said, "but see you have coffee ready at seven sharp in the morning."

Ever since I entered that house I had the uncomfortable feeling of being in a prison. Here was I alone in this great place with a fellow who would, and could, wring my neck if he wanted. Berlin and all the rest of it had seemed comparatively open country; I had felt that I could move freely and at the worst make a bolt for it. But here I was trapped, and I had to tell myself every minute that I was there as a friend and colleague. The fact is, I was afraid of Stumm, and I don't mind admitting it. He was a new thing in my experience and I didn't like it. If only he had drunk and guzzled a bit I should have been happier.

He went up a staircase to a room at the end of a long corridor. Stumm locked the door behind him and laid the key on a table. That room took my breath away, it was so unexpected. In place of the grim bareness of downstairs here was a place all luxury and colour and light. It was very large, but low in the ceiling, and the walls were full of little recesses with statues in them. A thick grey carpet of velvet pile covered the floor, and the chairs were low and soft and upholstered like a lady's boudoir. A pleasant fire burned on the hearth and there was a flavour of scent in the air, something like incense or burnt sandalwood. A French clock on the mantelpiece told me that it was ten minutes past eight. Everywhere on little tables and in cabinets was a profusion of nicknacks, and there was some beautiful embroidery framed on screens. At first sight you would have said it was a woman's drawing-room.

But it wasn't. I soon saw the difference. There had never been a woman's hand in that place. It was the room of a man who had a passion for frippery, who had a perverted taste for soft delicate things. It was the complement to his bluff brutality. I began to see the queer other side to my host, that evil side which gossip had spoken of as not unknown in the German army. The room seemed a horribly unwholesome place, and I was more than ever afraid of Stumm.

The hearthrug was a wonderful old Persian thing, all faint greens and pinks. As he stood on it he looked uncommonly like a bull in a china-shop. He seemed to bask in the comfort of it, and sniffed like a satisfied animal. Then he sat down at an escritoire, unlocked a drawer and took out some papers.

"We will now settle your business, friend Brandt," he said. "You will go to Egypt and there take your orders from one whose name and address are in this envelope. This card," and he lifted a square piece of grey pasteboard with a big stamp at the corner and some code words stencilled on it—"will be your passport. You will show it to the man

you seek. Keep it jealously, and never use it save under orders or in the last necessity. It is your badge as an accredited agent of the German Crown."

I took the card and the envelope and put them in my pocket book.

"Where do I go after Egypt," I asked.

"That remains to be seen. Probably you will go up the Blue Nile. Riza, the man you will meet, will direct you. Egypt is the nest of our agents who work peacefully under the nose of the English Secret Service."

"I am willing," I said, "but how do I reach Egypt?"

"You will travel by Holland and London. Here is your route," and he took a paper from his pocket. "Your passports are ready and will be given you at the frontier."

This was a pretty kettle of fish. I was to be packed off to Cairo by sea, which would take weeks, and God knows how I would get from Egypt to Constantinople. I saw all my plans falling in pieces about my ears, and just when I thought they were shaping nicely.

Stumm must have interpreted the look on my face as fear.

"You have no cause to be afraid," he said. "We have passed the word to the English police to look out for a suspicious South African named Brandt, one of Maritz's rebels. It is not difficult to have that kind of hint conveyed to the proper quarter. But the description will not be yours. Your name will be Van der Linden, a respectable Java merchant going home to his plantation after a visit to his native shores. You had better get your *dossier* by heart, but I guarantee you will be asked no questions. We manage these things well in Germany."

I kept my eyes on the fire, while I did some savage thinking. I knew they would not let me out of their sight till they saw me in Holland, and, once there, there would be no possibility of getting back. When I left this house I would have no chance of giving them the slip. And yet I was well on my way to the East, the Danube could not be fifty miles off, and that way ran the road to Constantinople. It was a fairly desperate position. If I tried to get away Stumm would prevent me, and the odds were that I would go to join Peter in some infernal prison-camp.

Those moments were some of the worst I ever spent. I was absolutely and utterly baffled, like a rat in a trap. There seemed nothing for it but to go back to London and tell Sir Walter the game was up. And that was about as bitter as death.

He saw my face and laughed.

"Does your heart fail you, my little Dutchman? You funk the English? I will tell you one thing for your comfort. There is nothing in the world to be feared except me. Fail, and you have cause to shiver. Play me false and you had far better never have been born."

His ugly sneering face was close above mine. Then he put out his hands and gripped my shoulders as he had done the first afternoon.

I forgot if I mentioned that part of the damage I got at Loos was a shrapnel bullet low down at the back of my neck. The wound had healed well enough, but I had pains there on a cold day. His fingers found the place and it hurt like hell.

There is a very narrow line between despair and black rage. I had about given up the game, but the sudden ache of my shoulders gave me purpose again. He must have seen the rage in my eyes, for his own became cruel.

"The weasel would like to bite," he said. "But the poor weasel has found its master. Stand still, vermin. Smile, look pleasant, or I will make pulp of you. Do you dare to frown at me?"

I shut my teeth and said never a word. I was choking in my throat and could not have uttered a syllable if I had tried.

Then he let go, grinning like an ape.

I stepped back a pace and gave him my left between the eyes.

For a second he did not realise what had happened, for I don't suppose anyone had dared to lift a hand to him since he was a child. He blinked at me mildly. Then his face grew red as fire.

"God in Heaven," he said quietly, "I am going to kill you," and he flung himself on me like a mountain.

I was expecting him and dodged the attack. I was quite calm now but pretty hopeless. The man had a gorilla's reach and could give me at least a couple of stone. He wasn't soft either, but looked as hard as granite. I was only just from hospital and absurdly out of training. He would certainly kill me if he could, and I saw nothing to prevent him.

My only chance was to keep him from getting to grips, for he could have squeezed in my ribs in two seconds. I fancied I was lighter on my legs than him, and I had a good eye. Black Monty at Kimberley had taught me to fight a bit, but there is no art on earth which can prevent a big man in a

narrow space from sooner or later cornering a lesser one. There was the danger.

Backwards and forwards we padded on the soft carpet. He had no notion of guarding himself, and I got in a good few blows. Then I saw a queer thing. Every time I hit him he blinked and seemed to pause. I guessed the reason for that. He had gone through life keeping the crown of the causeway, and nobody had ever stood up to him. He wasn't a coward by a long chalk, but he was a bully, and had never been struck in his life. He was getting struck now in real earnest, and he didn't like it. He had lost his bearings and was growing as mad as a hatter.

I kept half an eye on the clock. I was hopeful now, and was looking for the right kind of chance. The risk was that I might tire sooner than him and be at his mercy.

Then I learned a truth I have never forgotten. If you are fighting a man who means to kill you, he will be apt to down you unless you mean to kill him too. Stumm did not know any rules to this game, and I forgot to allow for that. Suddenly, when I was watching his eyes, he launched a mighty kick at my stomach. If he had got me this yarn would have had an abrupt end. But by the mercy of God I was moving sideways when he let out, and his heavy boot just grazed my left thigh.

It was the place where most of the shrapnel had lodged, and for a second I was sick with pain and stumbled. Then I was on my feet again but with a new feeling in my blood. I had to smash Stumm or never sleep in my bed again.

I got a wonderful power from this new cold rage of mine. I felt I couldn't tire, and I danced round and dotted his face till it was streaming with blood. His bulky padded chest was no good to me, so I couldn't try for the mark.

He began to snort now and his breath came heavily. "You infernal cad," I said in good round English, "I'm going to knock the stuffing out of you," but he didn't understand what I was saying.

Then at last he gave me my chance. He half tripped over a little table and his face stuck forward. I got him on the point of the chin, and put every ounce of weight I possessed behind the blow. He crumbled up in a heap and rolled over, upsetting a lamp and knocking a big china jar in two. His head, I remember, lay under the escritoire from which he had taken my passport.

I picked up the key and unlocked the door. In one of the gilded mirrors I smoothed my hair and tidied up my clothes. My anger had completely gone and I had no particular ill-will left against Stumm. He was a man of remarkable qualities, which would have brought him to the highest distinction in the Stone Age. But for all that he and his kind were back numbers.

I stepped out of the room, locked the door behind me, and started out on the second stage of my travels.

(To be continued.)

Union Jack Club Fund

The following is the list of subscribers to the U.J.C. Extension Fund for the week ending Friday, July 28th:

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	180	8	6
Major G. H. Peake	25	0	0
J. H. Philipps, Esq.	10	10	0
Fred Bowater	5	5	0
Edmond B. Fernau, Esq.	5	0	0
M. Cartwright, Esq.	4	0	0
"The Officers A Battery 124th Brigade R.F.A." ..	3	0	0
G. Arthur W. Booth, Esq.	2	2	0
Col. James Cavendish	2	0	0
"C.W.B."	1	1	0
"B.-P."	1	0	0
"F.A.G."	1	0	0

All contributions should be forwarded to:

The Editor, "LAND & WATER,"
Empire House, Kingsway,
London, W.C.

Envelopes should be marked "U.J.C. Fund," and all the cheques should be crossed "Coutts' Bank."

Life and adventures in the British merchant service form the theme of the stories which make up *Atlantic Nights*, by Captain Frank H. Shaw. (Cassell and Co., 1s. net.). There is a real salt water flavour about these yarns, which emphasise the heroism that is taken as a matter of course at sea, and provide plenty of thrills for the reader. Admitting that the author has taken exceptional rather than normal incidents, still he has managed to convey a great sense of reality.

The U.J.C. Extension.

IF one had set out, two years ago, to make reality of plans for the enlargement of such a place as the Union Jack Club, the movement would have met with sympathy and would have been accorded help by a certain class, who through contact with naval and military matters had come to realise the needs of the British Navy and Army. At that time these two forces were things apart from the ordinary life of the nation—the Army especially so, since every citizen had a part in the Navy, and had consciousness of the fact that it stood between himself and many possible dangers while the Army was regarded as a rather vague accessory to Naval power, a small second line, little likely to be called on—something that had its own organisation, its own ways of life, and its own resources and means.

These last two years, however, have made the Army not merely a part of the nation, but a vital factor in the whole of national life. There is in the country hardly a household that is not cognizant of the limitations of a soldier's pay and resources, and the fact that his service is not—bearing in mind the nature of that service—compensated on a scale relatively equal to any form of civilian employ. In the relative sense, the workman engaged in building, in transport work, or in any form of commercial activity, is far better remunerated than the soldier; actually, this work which involves great sacrifices, and often the greatest sacrifice of all, can never be compensated fully, and the fact that the British Army is among the best-paid in the world does not alter the far more important fact that it is the duty of the nation to see that all the needs of its defensive forces are fully met.

The value of such a place as the Union Jack Club in the case of naval men cannot be overestimated, for though the Army has been blent in to become one with the nation, the Navy is and always must remain a thing apart, by the nature of the service which its members are called on to perform. Returning home after long absence at sea, these men are unfamiliar with routes and ways on land, and a haven of which they may be certain, easy of access and providing such hospitality as fits their needs, is a necessity which must not, in their best interests, be denied them. Theirs, in this respect, is the greater need as in the interests of the Empire theirs is in the long run the greater task.

Such an establishment as the Union Jack Club, dependent as it is (apart from such constructional extension as may be made) on the revenue derived from those who make use of it, could never be extended in its use unless voluntary assistance is rendered. The original plan of the club was based on the requirements of the British Navy and Army of two or three years ago; and both military and naval requirements of to-day have increased fiftyfold beyond what the Club is capable of fulfilling. It is the duty of the nation, as it should be the pleasure of the nation, to see that this increase of requirements is met by such enlargement as the Committee of the Club asks.

There are dangers—they have been described times out of number—in turning loose in London such men as compose our fighting forces, leaving them to find their own way to shelter and the common necessities of life when apart from their units. The Union Jack Club averts those dangers, obviates them, in that it forms a hostelry where all needs can be met, adequately, reasonably, and cleanly. Night after night, with the immense increase in the demand on its accommodation, it is filled to the uttermost limit, and men are perforce turned away for lack of room—the best young-manhood of the nation is turned loose in London, often with not even elementary knowledge of what London may contain.

In this sense the Club stands for the safeguarding of the manhood of the nation, and for this alone, apart from any considerations of humanity or benevolence, it is a national duty to see that the present appeal for funds for enlargement of accommodation, and facilities for increased usefulness, shall be answered fully and unhesitatingly by those whom the Navy and Army protect

HILAIRE BELLOC
A. H. POLLEN

LAND & WATER

Vol. LXVII No. 2831 [64TH YEAR]

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1916

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PRICE ONE SHILLING PUBLISHED WEEKLY



By Louis Ruckmackers.

Cleansing the Temple

[A lithograph of this picture, 18 by 25 inches, is to be published shortly by the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, W.]

THE "THRESHER" TRENCH COAT

TESTIMONIALS:

The "Land & Water" representative has selected the following letters from the front for publication out of a file containing over a hundred of a similar nature.

June 14, 1916.

After wearing one of your Trench Coats for about a year out here, it was yesterday destroyed by a shell. Please send me, etc., etc. This order will confirm my pleasure with your coat, which I expressed to you not long ago.
Capt., Oxford and Bucks L.I.

Feb. 18, 1916.

No praise of mine could be too high for the coat that keeps out the rain that I ride through in this wet place. The coat has about reached top note; and the only suggestions, etc., etc.
Major, Sherwood Foresters.

July 17, 1916.

Your trench coat which I bought about a year ago continues to be satisfactory, and with the sheepskin lining is superior to the leather clothing issued to officers of the R.F.C.
Capt., Seaforth Highlanders, att'd. R.F.C.

Trench Coat with detachable "Kamelcott" lining,
£5 10 0.

Trench Coat, unlined,
£4 14 6.

Mounted pattern, 15/6 extra.
Send size of chest and approximate height when ordering.
All sizes in stock.



May 23, 1916.

It might interest you to hear that last night we had a tropical thunderstorm for over four hours, and your coat kept me quite dry.
Lieut.-Col., Manchester Regt.

June 4, 1916.

I may add that since I have had the coat (early last December) I have found it most excellent, and it has certainly lived up to its reputation and kept me both warm and dry.
Lieut., Bedfordshire Regt.

Feb. 21, 1916.

I might tell you that no other raincoat can take the place of your Trench Coat for comfort and protection. As for wear, there is nothing to be said. After nine months of daily use and rough treatment my coat is just as serviceable as when it was new.
Lieut.-Colonel, M.M.G.Bde., Canadians.

June 1, 1916.

Hon. Lady B. requests Thresher and Glenny to send, etc., etc. Her son writes regarding the Thresher Trench Coat that it is absolutely the only coat which keeps out rain. — are quite useless.
K.R.R., Salonika.

Trench Coat with detachable sheepskin lining,
£7 1 0.

Fixed sheepskin lining,
£6 6 0.

Mounted pattern, 15/6 extra.
All sizes in stock.
Immediate delivery.

The original Trench Coat designed by Chas. Glenny in October, 1914, and brought to the notice of all Officers commanding Corps by the War Office the first winter of the War. It fills the functions of a Great Coat, British Warm, and Raincoat, and the measure of its success may be gauged by the quantity of imitations. Over 8500 genuine Threshers worn by British Officers.

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Every THRESHER Trench Coat bears this label.

Outfitters by Appointment to



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LAND & WATER

EMPIRE HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1916

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AFTER TWO YEARS

THESE two years of war are the prelude to a new epoch. Systems of human faith, thought, and action have been thoroughly searched; the defences which the social life of the West had raised for its own protection have been severely tested; here they have proved rotten and worthless, there most unexpectedly impregnable. The shadow has gone backward on the dial. That we can see plainly, but may we not discern in this disconcerting lapse to barbarism a sign that health is to be restored and a delivery to be granted from mankind's most dangerous foes. For the British Empire the war is one continuous epic. At this hour it seems as if those of us who are absent from the battle had been summoned to the hither bank of old Styx, there to watch our young men being ferried by battalions across its black water, pale shades who leave behind them as an imperishable gift to mankind the colour, warmth, and splendour of their strong lives. Only two years ago—such a little space of time even in the brief life which is here our portion, a mere speck in the long annals of our race—these regiments of heroes were young men, lounging through life, with a more or less vague object before them. The call came; they answered the summons cheerfully and willingly, and now in the fiercest warfare the world has ever witnessed they are fighting with serene and indomitable courage as the champions of Christendom and the defenders of the highest principles of humanity, freedom, justice and truth.

The British Empire has never bragged about putting on shining armour, but she has done it all the same. For these New Armies, these millions of willing volunteers, not one of whom is a straggler in the bloodiest clash of arms, are a presage of a strength that has surprised foes and friends alike, and even ourselves to some degree. Let the British Fleet continue the guardian of the seas, and let a reasonable form of National Service be brought into force, and the British Empire will in the future have at its command an invincible army of

five millions of men which from its very constitution cannot be employed for aggression, but which will be ever ready to answer the challenge, should international law and eternal morality be again infringed and broken. It will be an educated army in every sense of the word, having learned the full meaning of the horrors and evils of war as well as the good that issues from the furnace. This knowledge it will pass on to its children. In these pages, besides the reviews of the past twelve months of the war by our military and naval writers, we have endeavoured to present certain aspects of national life which have been altered under the stress of circumstance. These changes in mental and physical habits must play a big part in the reconstruction that ensues on peace.

In our opinion it is false and immoral to speak of inevitable distress following on the war. To talk of it as inevitable is to go half way towards making so. The main factors of national life are so entirely different from what they were a hundred years ago, that no real comparison can be drawn between the close of the Napoleonic wars and the times that are coming. Let us here sum up briefly the chief changes since August 1914: The finest manhood of these islands of its own accord has been trained to arms and disciplined; the industrial population and output has been organised in an unprecedented manner; employment has been found for the whole womanhood of the nation, irrespective of class, and woman is learning by experience not only her powers but her limitations; there has been an enormous redistribution of wealth; our currency has been broadened and rendered less rigid through the introduction of Treasury notes; we are beginning to realise wherein the true wealth of a nation lies (to give but two instances the greater attention now being paid (1) to infant life, (2) to agriculture); the duty of citizenship has been re-taught by circumstance with a new and hitherto unknown eloquence; finally the knowledge constantly widens that material prosperity is not the first and last thing in life worth struggling for.

Britain is passing silently through the greatest revolution in her history, and if out of the new forces now being created and released we cannot construct a fabric that will withstand the temporary dislocations, which a reversion to normal conditions of peace must entail, it will be entirely due to our own apathy and leave-it-to-chance habit of mind which brought us two years ago to the edge of a great abyss. But we cannot conceive that this will happen again.

It has been wittily said that the best tribute our public men can possibly pay to the navy and army after the war would be for all of them, directly peace is declared, to perform the Happy Despatch, and to leave the ruling of the Empire in the hands of those who have assured its security. The young men, they say, should decide for themselves which of the elder statesmen and elderly politicians, if any, they may desire to retain. This is, no doubt, a question for argument, but such treatment would certainly not be too drastic for those who publicly advocate the German model for education or the return to a fiscal system which for the doubtful advantage of mere cheapness placed the markets and the commercial development of the Empire at the mercy of German traders. Germany has only worked for her own material good; her prototype has been Dives; she was to be clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day and the other nations were to be Lazarus at the gate. And when we find British publicists at this time of day seriously advocating that we should revert to or take over systems which despite superficial advantages have been proved either degrading or dangerous in practice, then we can only exclaim: "Neither will they be persuaded though one rose from dead."

THE FRENCH RED CROSS. LONDON COMMITTEE: 9 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.

Some Account of its War-time Activity.

The widespread interest aroused by France's Day in the work of the French Red Cross, has suggested that the publication of the accompanying details of its activities may possess a topical value for the British public.

ORIGIN In the early stages of the war, the French Embassy was inundated by enquiries from individuals and societies, all anxious to discover how best they could help in the work of succouring the mass of wounded in France's gallant stand against the German hordes. Towards the end of 1914, His Excellency M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, desiring to consolidate Red Cross work and minimise overlapping and waste, organised the Executive Committee, with offices at 23, Knightsbridge (later removed to No. 9), to deal with all Red Cross matters affecting France. La Vicomtesse de la Panouse, wife of the French Military Attaché, was appointed Présidente, assisted by an influential Comité d'Honneur, of which Her Majesty Queen Alexandra graciously assented to become Patroness. Supported by M. Cambon and the members of the French Embassy, the Présidente is served by a permanent staff of volunteers, French and English, who devote the whole of their time and energies to the work.

ITS AIM While officially representing in England the three great Red Cross Societies in France, it has, by mutual consent, been arranged that the London Committee should work with, rather than through, the Paris headquarters of the Croix Rouge Française. Whether a hospital is Red Cross or Military, there is direct communication between its administration, surgeons, nurses, and even the patients themselves, and 9, Knightsbridge. Thus the twofold purpose is accomplished of relieving suffering promptly, and at the same time carrying a cheering message of affectionate comradeship from the British Empire to the people of France.

Flanders to the Pyrenees; Atlantic to the Alps.

British hospitals for French sick and wounded are organised and operated entirely, or in part, by the Committee. Surgeons, physicians, nurses, orderlies, and other workers, who, for the most part, offer their services gratuitously, are sent to British and French units working from Flanders to the Pyrenees, and from the Atlantic to the Alps. Motor-cars and ambulances with voluntary drivers are despatched to carry the wounded, convalescents, staff and stores, to and from the various hospitals; canteens are installed and worked by ladies under the auspices of the Committee.

Famous Surgeons Co-operate.

A Medical Council has been formed, and at the request of the Ambassador has been joined by some of the leading surgeons of the day. The Committee has given facilities for a large number of surgeons to serve for varying periods in French hospitals, generally as volunteers.

NURSES In their gigantic task, the French hospital authorities have welcomed the co-operation of British fully-trained nurses and probationers, who have worked with signal devotion, often under unaccustomed and arduous conditions, and have won the undying gratitude of the brave men they have served. In the First Aid courses at the French Hospital, Shaftesbury Avenue, 220 ladies have received certificates as "Aides Infirmières."

BRITISH HOSPITALS FOR THE FRENCH Some 25 hospitals aggregating close upon 3,150 beds have been equipped by Great Britain, and run by British Staffs, entirely for French sick and wounded. These Units enjoy the same financial support from the Government as do the French Red Cross Hospitals, but large sums are required in addition to their maintenance. Only those who have worked in these hospitals can fully realise the gratitude of the patients, their relatives and friends, for the loving care they have received from the highly qualified surgeons, nurses, and the devoted V.A.D.'s and other volunteers from Britain.

2,000 FRENCH HOSPITALS have been helped directly in one way or another by the London Committee. These are situated in every part of France, in Algeria, Tunis, Lemnos, Salonika, etc.

X-RAY AUTO-MOBILES Many hospitals have been equipped by the Comité with highly efficient X-Ray apparatus, indispensable in the diagnosis of bullet and shell wounds. By arrangement with the Headquarters Staff, ten specially constructed automobiles equipped for X-Ray work, have been provided by the Committee, and are now rendering fine service in charge of the most highly skilled military operators.

DRUGS AND DRESSINGS, CLOTHING, STORES, ETC. In France the manufacturing districts are largely in the hands of the enemy, therefore it can readily be understood how gratefully consignments from Britain of drugs, dressings, clothing, and general

day, and disinfecting apparatus, have been supplied to many dépôts and hospitals.

MOTOR DRIVERS IN VERDUN DESPATCHES Motor-cars and ambulances to the number of some 300, have gone to France under the auspices of the London Committee. Some are gifts to the Society, which finds volunteer drivers for them; while the greater proportion are taken over by the donors and driven by them in the service of some hospital or group of hospitals. There is still a real need for ambulances and touring cars, especially at the more remote hospitals, whose means of locomotion are of the scantiest. At Verdun our voluntary British drivers were mentioned in despatches, and the two leaders received the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery under fire. More ambulances are continually required to make up the wastage, and there are excellent openings for voluntary drivers in these units working close behind the French lines.

DENTAL AMBULANCES Completely equipped dental-operating motor-vans, each with two voluntary British dental surgeons and a dental mechanic, have been sent to work with the French forces, close behind the lines.

CANTEENS The cost of administration of many canteens for weary soldiers and those for whom special invalid food is necessary, etc., falls upon the London Committee, and a special fund has been opened to help this excellent work, which gives strength and courage to thousands of men who have broken down under the terrific strain of present-day warfare.

WORKROOMS At the Head Office and at many branches the work-rooms turn out large quantities of clothing, bandages, etc., for the French Hospitals. There is great scope for the extension of this excellent department, and ladies skilled in needlework are urgently needed. The work can also be done at home. Le Paquetage du Combattant, affiliated to the London Committee, sends "comforts" to French soldiers in the trenches, and to the French sailors guarding the Channel—especially to those men whose homes are in the invaded provinces, and who therefore can expect nothing from their relatives. Since November, 1914, 10,740 kit-bags have been sent containing 110,796 garments such as shirts, socks, vests, pants, handkerchiefs, mufflers, etc., in addition to first-aid boxes, writing pads, pencils, razors, soap, chocolate.

DISABLED SOLDIERS & SAILORS The Government makes an allowance for the purchase of artificial limbs; but there is a splendid field for good work in organising institutions where, under skilled specialists, these brave men may obtain and learn to use the best available substitutes for those members which no human device can altogether replace. Then the soldier must be taught a trade which will enable him to live a useful life and not feel himself a burden on the community. The Committee has entered closely into touch with the French Societies for the Mutilés, and hopes to be the channel for valuable support from Great Britain in this great work, completing as it does the first aid of the Red Cross and crowning the achievements of its surgeons and nurses.

FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY A Special Fund is being raised for sending warm underclothing to these poor fellows, especially to those from the invaded manufacturing districts of France. The Fund has been liberally supported by many people in England, who realise what this country would be like were London shut off from the great industrial North by a fence of bayonets.

TRANSIT In addition to delivering its own goods, the Committee acts as forwarding agents for individuals and Societies all over the country. To all of these it offers free transit of stores to any French Hospital (Red Cross or Military), thus utilising to the full the facilities which, on the request of the French Ambassador, have been granted to the Committee by the two Governments. 40,585 bales and cases were dispatched up to the end of May, 1916.

RESOURCES Though the appeals made have been comparatively limited, the Committee has received in money and in kind, contributions from almost every part of the British Empire, and from the United States of America and other neutral countries. The response has been great; but as the war goes on hospital resources become less, and the call for help becomes more insistent. Cheques should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer, French Red Cross, and sent either to H.E. the French Ambassador, Albert-gate, S.W., or to the Head Office, 9, Knightsbridge, London, S.W., where gifts in kind will also be most gratefully received.

AUDIT The finances of the Committee are managed under the guidance and scrutiny of the Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co., who are responsible to the French

The Second Year of the War

By Hilaire Belloc

THE second year of the war opened with the enemy strongly upon the defensive in the West and more than half way through his advance across Poland in the East. But, much more important than the geographical situation, it opened with the enemy still in possession of very large reserves of men (the details I shall turn to in a moment); while on the West the immense potential numerical margin of Great Britain had not yet come into play, and on the East, not only equipment for men, but the most necessary munitionment was lacking.

That second year ends with the enemy partly upon the offensive, partly upon the defensive in the West; upon the defensive in the main upon the East, and having lost there two belts of territory, the one some 130 miles deep, the other some 50 miles. It sees the enemy much where he stood before upon the Italian front; in the Balkans very far extended, occupying all Montenegro and Serbia, and with the Bulgarian forces as his ally. It further sees the attempt upon the Dardanelles abandoned and the original force in Mesopotamia captive.

As against this it sees a considerable advance of the Russians from the Caucasus, such that they now hold the whole of Armenia.

Were the future student of history to reckon, as do some of our contemporaries, by the map, what could he make of the contrast? Nothing at all. He could only tell you that the line in the West upon the second anniversary of the Declaration of War ran everywhere within a few yards of its trace twelve months before. Upon a little sector in front of Verdun it would show an enemy crescent gain at the deepest of four miles, feathering down to nothing. In the Champagne a similar belt, but less deep; another, smaller in extent, in Picardy, and the recent indentation some 15 miles long by five only at its deepest point in Picardy would complete the apparently trifling story of the change.

Turning to the East he would see that though the recent Russian offensive had gained the salient of Lutsk and that of the Bukovina, yet the advance from the Vistula which had taken place in the beginning of these twelve months much more than compensated for such a recent loss, and that the lines as a whole stood at the extreme point to which the enemy had pushed them when his advance was exhausted last autumn.

Against the Russian occupation of territory in Armenia he would set the enemy's in the Balkans. His conclusion would be no more than a confused idea that upon the balance, if anything, the enemy had gained.

But everyone who is following the realities of the great war, from those who merely follow it as students in the Press to those who are actually conducting it in the Higher Commands of the Allies and of our opponents, knows very well that a calculus of this kind based upon the territory held upon the map, is valueless.

The true basis of judgment is the balance upon either side of the principal theatre of war of equipped and fully munitioned units. It is the number of men actually trained and in the field and provided with all arms; their rate of wastage, their command of increased or diminishing munitionment, the rate at which they can produce and put into action and feed their chief weapons—these are the factors and the only factors that count.

The enemy is everywhere upon the defensive—a situation to which he will make exceptions by attempted counter-offensives, but which in its general lines now imposes itself upon him. He no longer can count upon one portion of that which hems him round lacking in munitionment. He no longer can count upon a maintenance of armies in the field equivalent in number to his opponents, and the whole scheme of the great war represented as a complex of strains is reversed in August 1916, from what it was in August, 1915. The pressure is everywhere inwards against the siege fortress of the Central Powers. The sortie is everywhere less and less

probable and less and less fruitful. The points upon which attack could be delivered upon the perimeter increase indefinitely in number. The strength in equipped and munitioned units with which such attacks must be met is declining. What was the vast potential reserve of British man-power has now become actual. The corresponding reserve of Russian man-power which could not be realised from lack of equipment during so many months is now realised at last. The inferiority in munitionment has turned to at least an equality which is rapidly becoming a superiority upon the part of the Allies. And we have clearly entered, no matter what its total length may prove to be, the last phase of the Great War. Nothing can modify its now fatal quality save political disturbances within the group of Powers which, when the Central Empires first attacked, were so gravely inferior: which have reduced first their numerical, later their mechanical inferiority by so laborious a process, but which are now clearly the masters of the game.

DECISION OF THE MARNE

Roughly speaking, then, the Great War has passed through these phases:

A First Phase in which the victory of Powers far more numerous in the field than their opponents and enjoying the advantage of surprise, was morally assured. This First Phase was concluded and the ambitions of Prussia ruined in the first six weeks of hostilities by the Battle of the Marne. Those who said that the Great War when it should break out would be a short matter were wrong. But the idea underlying that judgment, the idea that some decision would rapidly determine what ultimate victory was to be, was right. The Marne decided the course of the war, shaped its destiny, moulded its character. After the Marne the vast resources which Prussia could command, her control of armies still enormously superior to her opponents and of mechanical resources and provision in metal and every other requisite for war more striking still, were, in spite of that superiority, doomed. The forces Prussia represented and could control were engaged. And from the 14th of September, 1914, onwards nothing could save her save some political accident; a quarrel among her opponents; a separate peace; a revolution. The mere military factors had become the calculable things they always are in a siege, and the end was certain.

There came a Second Phase, in which all the efforts of Prussia were centred upon breaking out. Its characteristic action was the first Great Battle of Ypres. The effort failed. And through the ensuing winter and spring two processes went on side by side. The first, the effort of the Allies to catch up their grave inferiority in men; the second, the effort of all parties, the Allies and the enemy, to provide that enormously increased munitionment, particularly of munitionment for the heavy guns, which the unexpected character the war had now taken on rendered necessary.

In the first of these tasks the Allied programme was completed within the course of the year. The tide in numbers had turned before the year was concluded, and the Italians joining the Allies in the month of June 1915, accentuated this new state of things. But its value which—had other things been equal—might have given us final success before the close of that year, was modified by the inability of one portion of the Allies in an isolated and separate field, to keep up with the rate of munitionment—the new and unexpected rate—which modern war demanded. Though success in the West might now be finally denied to the Central Powers, the enormous discrepancy between the Germanic power of mechanical production and that of Russia, gave an opportunity for separate action towards the East. Prussia, now in control of all the forces of the Central Powers, was not slow to seize that opportunity, and there followed the great

drive through Poland which reduced almost to exhaustion the originally insufficient equipment and munitionment of our Russian Ally.

That drive was undertaken, not for the occupation of territory, but for the destruction of the Russian armies. They were saved, as we know, by the skill of the retreat, though only at the expense of terrible losses in men and in instruments of war and at the expense, as I have said, of exhaustion, especially in the munitionment of heavy pieces, the hardest of all to replace in a country imperfectly industrialised.

The Second Year of the War opened with this attempt to impose a separate peace upon a defeated Russia in full swing. Already the line of the Vistula was reached and the capital of Poland occupied. The advance continued throughout August. It reached the line of the Great Marshes in the centre, entered Volhynia in the south, and in the north made its last supreme (and much its greatest) effort to arrive at a decision before its energy should be spent and a change in the season should render further operations impossible.

VILNA SALIENT

That great attempt may be known to history by the name of the Vilna salient. Distant as the operation now is in time, and loosely as it was followed in the west, we shall do well to note it carefully, for it was a turning point in the whole history of the campaign; and the failure of the enemy here was followed by a whole series of changes which led up to the latest phase of the war.

Throughout the Polish advance the attempt upon the part of the enemy to obtain a decision had been the simple one of attacking in strength with massed heavy artillery at two distant points, compelling a Russian retreat at each of these points, and so producing a salient between them. The salient once produced the next effort was to cut off the neck of the salient, to press in upon either side and thus envelop the Russian forces within the bulge. Several such salients had been produced by the enemy in his advance; in each case he had failed to grasp the Russian forces thus threatened above and below. The attempt to capture the Russian forces within the great Vilna salient in the middle of September was the most serious of all. The salient began to appear upon the map in the first ten days of September. It grew pronounced in the following week and round about the 17th or 18th of the month, those who were following the progress of the German envelopment remarked with astonishment to the north of Vilna an extremely rapid advance day by day which could only indicate the use of cavalry. As a matter of fact, it was later learnt that by far the largest body of cavalry in this war had been launched by the Germans to the north of Vilna: No less than 40,000 sabres accompanied by 140 mounted pieces swarmed all up the higher portions of the Vilia River and all but enveloped the great Russian forces within the curve. It was a curiously daring performance and, as the event turned out, a perfectly futile one. Something like one-half of this great force was lost in the ensuing week. Cavalry is, of all the arms, the most delicate to handle; its rapid action at the beginning of any strategic movement where it can be used is modified by the enormous supply of the horses needed, and already as early as the 16th of September the difficulty of that supply had begun to be felt. During the 17th, 18th and 19th, the Russian armies within the Vilna salient were retiring. They were destroying, with greater and greater ease upon their flank, with each succeeding day, the now scattered remnants of the cavalry to the north. The enemy entered Vilna town upon the 18th, but he had lost his objective which was not the town but the armies which had been grouped in its neighbourhood. A great portion of our Press in England still expressed anxiety for the fate of the retiring Russian force. That anxiety was ill-timed. The last of the great Austro-German strokes had failed, and before the beginning of October the line of the enemy in the east was established precisely where it was to be found unchanged until the great offensive delivered upon its southern part by the Russians in the beginning of June in the present year. Lord Kitchener put the matter simply and in words the accuracy of which could be gauged by the exasperation they caused at Berlin,

when he said that the enemy had now in the East "shot his bolt." It was a phrase exactly true. The expense in men, the difficulty of bringing up munitionment; the entry into territories with worse roads and less opportunities of supply; the fact that the line now reached and was cut by the great belt of marshes in the centre—all these things between them brought the great adventure to a stand. It had in four months advanced over a belt of territory averaging 100 miles in width; it had exhausted Russian munitionment; cost the Russians many hundreds of thousands of men missing as prisoners and a corresponding proportion of wounded and of dead. It had cost them in mechanical appliances little of their field artillery, but a vast proportion of their existing rifles and machine guns. It was thought a paradox by many when, with the opening of that October last, all competent judgment affirmed that the Austro-German stroke had failed. Yet, if military terms have any meaning, it had failed, and the great advance with all its tactical successes was strategically a defeat. For its one object had been and could only have been the destruction of the Russian armies, or at least of some large portion of the Russian armies. For this had it formed over and over again its great salients. Each of these it had attempted to cut off so as to secure a decision, and every one of those attempts had failed until the last and crowning failure at Vilna completed the story.

THE SEPTEMBER OFFENSIVE

Meanwhile, against the western line where the Germans stood upon the defensive, there had been undertaken by the French and British combined, a very vigorous offensive movement in Champagne and in Flanders. Two attacks were undertaken contemporaneously and in co-ordination one with the other, and launched in the hope of breaking the German defence in France and Belgium.

This attack in the West had been thus delayed mainly on account of the desire to accumulate as large a head of shell as possible before it should be delivered. To have attacked much later when the weather would have changed and when the enemy could have brought back his troops from the East, would have been an error, although it would have permitted a still larger accumulation of shell. It was hoped that the existing head of shell would be sufficient for the task, and the amount was calculated upon what the enemy had delivered in his successful attack upon the lines of the Dunajetz five months before.

But there was this great difference between the two situations: That in the attack upon the Russians the Austro-Germans were delivering their great masses of shell against an enemy very ill provided with heavy guns and almost at the end of his stock of munitions, while the offensive of the Allies in the West was being delivered against an enemy whose power of munitionment was still superior to our men.

The plan devised by the French Higher Command had in it one element of novelty. The points upon which a special effort was to be made had, of course, required long preparation, and had probably been noted by the enemy already. But the enemy was deceived in some degree by many days of heavy bombardment all along the line from the Vosges right up to the sea. And when the attack itself was delivered this bombardment had only just ceased.

It was upon the morning of Saturday, September 25th, that the two blows were struck.

The chief effort undertaken by the French in Champagne was over a total front of about 17 miles, from the village of Auberive to the market town of Ville sur Tourbe just outside the Argonne Forest. The attack was delivered in mass, was expensive and, though causing surprisingly heavy losses to the enemy (as was ascertained later from captured documents and an analysis of his lists) it did not attain its main object. It carried the first German line in 48 hours, with many thousand unwounded prisoners and over thirty guns, but beyond that real progress could not be made.

Almost exactly the same thing on a smaller scale had been carried out by the British with certain French contingents to the south of them in the region between La Basse and Lens, in which Loos has given its name

to the action as a whole. This attack was struck upon a front of 6 to 7½ miles. It penetrated far into the German defences, and at one point it reached Hill 70, cutting the La Basse and the Lens road, but it did not shift the German line as a whole, still less permanently pierce it, while to the south the French just north of Arras had a similar imperfect success. They approached to and in places reached the heights dominating the Plains of Lens, but could go no further.

The true cause of this halt and of the failure of the Allies in the West to pierce or even considerably shift the enemy's line was that the head of shell accumulated was insufficient for the task. After the striking of the first blow an intensive bombardment was no longer possible. All that could be done was to press on expensively with infantry for several days, to resist counter-attacks from the counter-concentration the enemy had brought up, and then to put an end to the operation.

This double offensive in the West, though it failed to achieve its main object, had three considerable consequences. It compelled the enemy to increase the number of effectives he was keeping upon the Western line; much more important, it showed that the deep digging and the whole system of the enemy's defensive was useless against intensive fire, and that with that advantage one found him surrendering readily, and if anything less fit for the strain than his opponents. Thirdly, and much the most important of all, the failure taught both sides lessons, which the enemy was to apply later at Verdun, and the Allies in a far more developed form in the great attack delivered upon the Somme nine months later.

Roughly speaking, these lessons were as follows: It had been proved that one great hammer blow against a line thoroughly held and indefinitely munitioned would not succeed in breaking that line. The method for the future against equal armament must be a method of continued application; bombardment succeeding upon bombardment and advance upon advance. In other words, there would have to be prepared before any such offensive in the future, a vastly greater quantity of shell than had hitherto been thought necessary.

Nor was it probable that the actual breaking of the line would follow even the success of such new methods. The front might be broken, but the line would re-form behind. To pierce at one or two narrow points, such as had actually been done at Champagne and at Loos was useless. The enemy's artillery upon either flank would render the gap untenable for the offensive. The object, therefore, of a great offensive in the future as against equally armed forces would be by successive stages to wear down the opponent, create as it were a great sore in his lines and either there or in some second selected place, whence he had been compelled to draw troops, to compel his retirement. Once that retirement should begin it was hoped that it could be so vigorously pressed as to make it unstable, and ultimately ruinous.

We shall see how these lessons were applied at Verdun and how, having been insufficiently learnt by the enemy, he was defeated before Verdun under circumstances necessarily disastrous to his cause.

ENEMY RESERVES

With this month of October is reached a turning point in the story of the year, the nature of which turning point should be closely examined.

The Central Empires had, during the whole of the summer of 1915, ample reserve in every sense of that term. A reserve of man-power which permitted drafts to be continually reaching the depots; a strategic reserve, that is, units equipped, trained, munitioned and ready for the field, but kept back from it to be thrown in when occasion should offer. And they had, until the middle of the summer, fallen back upon no abnormal methods of recruitment. They had, in other words, convinced themselves that the forces they had detached for merely holding the Italian and the French fronts were sufficient, and that a decision could be obtained against the Russians with their ample forces set in motion towards the East and backed by ample reserves in the depots behind.

In the first of these surmises they were justified. In the second they were not. They had indeed, as we have seen, successfully held the Italian and the French fronts. But they had used up great masses of men in the attempt

to compel Russia to a separate peace and they found themselves in this month of October, 1915, with their advance at an end and a separate peace with Russia no nearer than before. What was to be their future policy? By what efforts could they now postpone or anticipate the inevitable growth of the British army, and the inevitable growth of the Allies' power of munitionment, the slower rate of which had alone given them in the particular case of Russia their recent opportunities?

In order to answer this question we must appreciate how the Central Powers stood for men. We can test this point by what we now know of the German recruitment. For Austria-Hungary being somewhat more exhausted all along than the German Empire on account of her great initial losses against the Russians at the beginning of the war, whatever phase of exhaustion we find in the German Empire we may be certain is to be found accentuated in Austria-Hungary at the same time.

German recruitment then, to take that test, stood as follows:

Up to about the period when the line of the Vistula was reached and Warsaw occupied, German recruitment had depended upon nothing but normal sources of supply, and so long as a field force is dependent upon normal sources of supply for its recruitment, one cannot say that even the first stages of exhaustion had begun.

What do we mean by normal sources of supply? A conscript nation going to war has at its disposal all able bodied men. It counts as mature and able to give a maximum percentage for the field the lads who are in their 21st year. From that year up to about 40 it "mobilises"; that is, turns yearly to purposes of war its male population.

In conscript countries each yearly relay of young men called to arms is named a Class, and each such Class is designated by the year in which the men composing it attain their 20th birthday. The later in the year we call out the Class the larger the proportion who will be over 20, and the earlier in the year the smaller the proportion. It is generally allowed that calling out these young men, all of them well over 19 and many of them over 20, is part of the normal recruitment of a conscript force.

As a matter of fact, in time of peace men do not start their training until a year later. The Germans who marched into France, for instance, in 1914, were, the youngest of them (excluding the Volunteers), not 20 but 21 years of age.

Well, in the first year of the war the Germans had called up Class 1914 during November and December. And during May and June of 1915 they had called up Class 1915. While the advance through Poland was in progress the first abnormal recruitment began and the German Empire "borrowed" as it were the young men who were normally only due next year. They called up 1916 Class during August and September. The various portions of this Class belonging to various States of the German Empire were called up at different times, but all were under training by the entry into October which I have called the first critical point in the second year.

It should, of course, be clearly understood that the losses in a war of this sort—enormously heavier than anyone had dreamt of when the old calculations were made in time of peace—far exceed the recruiting power of a nation. The rate of absolute loss of an army in the field, has proved in the course of the war to fluctuate between 4 per cent. and 6 per cent. per month. The conscript recruiting power of the same army is, even in the mature classes, under 1 per cent. per month. Roughly speaking the rate of wastage has proved to be four to five times as rapid as the maximum possible rate of recruitment.

But there is another abnormal source of recruitment to which a conscript nation can turn when the phase of exhaustion begins to appear, and that second abnormal source is the calling up of men hitherto rejected for physical reasons. It is an even better proof of the need for men than the calling up of immature classes, and it is remarkable that in this same month of October the German Empire first began "combing out" as the phrase goes, all those who had been previously classed as unfit.

From the above we discover that this moment, the entry into the month October, 1915, marked in every way a change in the enemy's situation.

He was beginning to enter a new state of affairs with regard to his man power, and upon that his next plans would depend. He had hoped for a decision in the East before reaching such straits; he had failed to achieve that decision and he must now consider some alternative.

How did he stand as against his opponents?

These opponents were four in number of the great Powers with the Serbian and a fraction of the original Belgian forces among the smaller Powers.

The Italian forces were possessed, he knew, of a very large reserve indeed. The enemy believed that the Italian armies in the field would do little more for many months than "hold" some twenty to twenty-five Austrian divisions upon either frontier. But he knew that the factor of wastage would here be of no significance in his own favour; though the Italians should do no more than "hold" from 20 to 25 Austrian divisions, yet they could go on holding those forces indefinitely.

France he knew to be more or less in the same stage of exhaustion as himself. The French had the discipline and courage to refuse casualty lists. The enemy's information was therefore always imperfect. As it is in his character to exaggerate his own chances he correspondingly exaggerated the exhaustion of the French and believed the French losses to have been greater than they were—an error in which the French by every means in their power continued to lead him. There remained the Russian and the English.

BRITISH AND RUSSIAN RESERVES

Now the Russian and the English were, in different degrees, unknown quantities to the German General Staff, though for very different reasons. The British offensive power in the future was an unknown quantity because they had no data from which to judge the probable success of the British authorities in training, officering and staffing perfectly new armies formed from material hitherto quite ignorant of war and of military affairs. As they always do, the German Higher Command under-estimated their enemy. They did not believe that for a full year, or, at any rate, not until well into the summer of 1916, would Great Britain be able to produce a formidable offensive force in mere numbers, and when or if those mere numbers should appear, they were confident that the difficulties of officering such a force and the impossibilities of giving it fully trained staffs would leave it incapable of arriving at any decision in the West. The English power of equipment, upon the other hand, they did not under-estimate, for they knew the industrial capacities of Great Britain and they appreciated the strength of the British Fleet and its power of keeping the sea open for the obtaining of munitionment and material from neutral markets—notably from the United States.

Upon the whole they under-estimated even this factor in the growth of the British power, but they still more under-estimated the probable offensive strength of British personnel after winter and spring should be passed.

What of Russia? Here the enemy's Higher Command estimated that two factors would gravely modify the value of the large numerical reserves possessed by this particular opponent. The first of these factors was the difficulty of re-equipping, re-arming, re-munitioning, Russia. The Dardanelles was closed. Archangel would be closed during the whole winter. Vladivostock, though kept artificially open during the winter, was at a distance of 6,000 miles from the scene of conflict and united with it by but one line of railway, while all munitionment coming in from these very distant points must first also pass over many thousand miles of sea. Further, it was believed that disorganisation within the Russian State would gravely delay the re-arming of the forces.

The second factor upon which the enemy relied in this case was the difficulty Russia would find in officering her new armies. More than half the original forces, fully trained as they had been, were gone. To find appropriate leadership for the completely new bodies which would next appear would be a difficult task. It was probably imagined at Berlin that it would be if not impossible, at any rate, the cause of quite immoderate delay. We know from a hundred officially-inspired articles in the German Press, from the whole tone of their neutral propaganda, and indeed from their military dispositions, that

the enemy's Higher Command regarded the Russian army as incapable of serious offensive action for at least a year—that is, throughout all useful months of 1916.

One may sum up and say that the enemy in this turning point, the month of October, 1915, looked upon the whole field of war somewhat as follows:

He knew that in the long run newly-equipped armies and newly-raised millions would bring the balance at least even, but he thought that the delay would be prolonged by at least a year; in the case of Russia by more than a year. He proposed so to act as, first, to bring in further effectives in alliance with his own; in other words, to undertake a campaign which, though it might be called purely political and should subserve no directly military object, would have the military advantage of giving him a further recruitment in numbers. Secondly, to create disarray in the plans of one or more of his opponents by threatening them unexpectedly in distant parts of their dominions. Thirdly, to strike hard while yet there was time at the most militarily formidable of his opponents, the only fully mobilised conscript great Power with which he had had to deal, the French.

The French were, luckily for him, normally only one-third of his own strength. And though he was here meeting what he regarded as equals, he hoped to meet them with overwhelming numbers before his exhaustion should have gone too far.

This combined scheme he began putting in order at once in this same month of October 1915, when he saw that the separate peace with Russia was hopeless, and that his anxieties in recruitment were beginning.

He first of all withdrew from his still ample forces in the West six divisions which he put into the interior and subjected to a special training, to form the spear head of the blow he intended to strike against the French in the early part of the next year. He designed to give these six divisions between three and four months of repose from fighting and of exercise peculiar to the task they would have to undertake. His plans even included a special scale of victualling for these bodies!

Next, he informed the King of Bulgaria that an attack upon Serbia was planned. The King of Bulgaria had been secretly in alliance with the Central Empires for some months, and only waited a signal to come into the field. It was Austria which had denied Bulgaria the fruits of her victories in the Balkan War; it was due to Austria that Serbia had not been granted those Albanian territories which were her goal and an outlet upon the Adriatic. It had been due to Austria that those territories where Serbia proper, Greece and Bulgaria join, which are mainly Bulgarian in population, had not been granted to Bulgaria, as the secret Treaty between the Balkan States agreed, but had been put under Serbian rule. There is, therefore, something tragically ironical in the fact that Bulgaria now entered into the war upon Austria's side for the destruction of Serbia.

It was evident that with these forces at play, a strong Austro-German attack from the north, and a Bulgarian attack from in flank, the position of the Serbian Army was untenable. It was equally evident that the overrunning of all Serbia could not possibly give a decision to the enemy, nor even approach the end of the war. What it could do was to open a highway to unite the Central Empires and their Ally Turkey, whom they could now amply provision, while it was just possible that the absence of a censorship in England would allow panic, or at any rate some disarray, to arise when uninstructed opinion should note the presence of the Central Powers at Constantinople, and the possibility apparent only to men insignificant in judgment but numerous and powerful, that Egypt might be threatened. It is even conceivable that the more foolish and extravagant might have fears for India. Further, the entry of Bulgaria upon the enemy's side shut in Roumania and made that neutral, whose national sympathies were opposed to the Central Empires, incapable of movement for the moment; while it was possible the overrunning of Serbia would give the Prussian Court at Athens an excuse for turning against the Allies.

With these mixed objects in view—only indirectly military, and a clear proof that decisive military success was no longer possible, the enemy opened his bombardment across the Danube, upon the 3rd of October. By the 14th of November the whole Serbian territory

was in the hands of the Austro-Germans and the Bulgarian and Montenegrin as well.

But meanwhile the Allies had very wisely undertaken the occupation of the Port of Salonika. They had even advanced from this base with a small force up the Vardar Valley so long as there appeared any chance at all of the remnants of the Serbian army effecting a junction with them. But that army had delayed too long in the north in the vain hope to hold impossible positions; it had been compelled to retreat westward across the mountains, and though more than half of it was saved to fight side by side with the Allies in the ensuing year, it lost all its artillery and all the territory it had desired to save, and the small Anglo-French force which had pushed up into the mountains fell back again upon Salonika.

Though it had thus effected nothing to change the local military situation, the phrase "very wisely" which I have used in connection with the decision to occupy Salonika, has already been justified.

In the first place, had not the Allies occupied Salonika it would directly or indirectly have been made without a doubt a naval base for the service of the enemy, and it is the only port on the European side of the Ægean capable of serving as such a base.

Next, the presence of an increasing force at Salonika had upon any plans the Germans might have had of action towards the East the same effect which a man behind a door with a loaded gun has upon those who would pass that door. It did not prevent Germany from munitioning the Turks and adventuring certain forces Eastward in alliance with the Turkish Armies, but it prevented any large effort towards the East by the enemy, which could not be undertaken until this threat upon the flank of its communications should be reduced.

In the third place, as the garrison of Salonika grew to formidable dimensions, it immobilised and counterpoised the whole of the Bulgarian forces.

To these three points we might add a fourth, political one; the occupation of Salonika effectively restrained the Prussian sympathies of the Court at Athens.

Meanwhile, the enemy's occupation of Serbia and the opportunities of Bulgaria upon his side had a political effect among the Allies proportionate to the weakness or absence of a proper censorship. This led, for some time at least, to a dangerous military result: The locking up of forces in Egypt, who were therefore of no service, and the attempt to effect a political coup in the Tigris Valley and against Bagdad with grossly insufficient forces.

GALLIPOLI

It was clear to all considered judgment long before this date that the attempt to force the Turkish lines in the Gallipoli Peninsula would be impossible unless there could be brought against them the same weight of metal as permitted the carrying of trenches in any other field of this new trench warfare. The Turkish lines defending the Narrows of the Dardanelles could not be forced unless the 7,000 yards of their trace were subjected to a bombardment at least as heavy as that which carried the first two lines before Loos. Even a head of shell and the presence of heavy pieces as numerous as that which had been at work in Champagne and before Loos in September would only doubtfully have carried the Turkish lines. It was clear, therefore, that the operation must either be treated as the main British operation of the war for the moment, provided with the corresponding number of heavy guns and an immense reserve of munitionment, or abandoned. Unfortunately neither of these alternatives was faced. The expedition was starved of artillery and its success rendered impossible, but the authorities hesitated to withdraw, partly from fear of the great losses that might attend such an operation, partly from fear of the result upon Oriental opinion; partly from inertia. It was not until the ninth of January that the operation of withdrawal was effected. But when it was, it was carried out with the most complete and indeed amazing success, almost without casualties, and in the briefest possible time. A portion of the forces hitherto locked up in that expensive and insufficiently supported experiment against the Straits were diverted to Salonika; others to the Western front; others to Egypt, the security of which was still not sufficiently established, unfortunately, in the opinion of this country.

But the Great War as a whole is only concerned with the failure of the Dardanelles as a subsidiary enterprise. What was really towards throughout the hull of the late winter, and was to mark the whole campaign for ever and to decide its final phase, was the great German attack upon Verdun.

We have just seen what the combined scheme of the enemy was; how it included political action in the East and coupled with it the design of attempting what must of its nature be the last effort (there would be no effectives sufficient for a second blow) to obtain a decision against the French in the West; to obtain it before the continued growth of the British forces should render them overwhelming and before Russia should be re-armed. The German Empire, leaving to the Austrians the task of holding the Italians and the Southern Russian front (where only a small admixture of German troops was lent to the Austro-Hungarians), keeping upon the Northern Russian front under Hindenburg the strict minimum necessary to hold it through the conditions of winter and the spring thaw, when a bare total of two men to the yard was thought sufficient, began to concentrate all its strength for this last possible decision. If it should fail, which was not thought possible, the war was certainly lost. All was done to make it succeed.

VERDUN

The point chosen for the attack was the sharp salient formed by the French trenches round the town of Verdun. The time fixed was the latter part of February. Difficult as the task would be under the weather conditions of that season it was believed necessary to act so early because the re-armament of the Russians, though proceeding faster than the Germans imagined, would begin to be formidable when the Russian Ports of the north were free from ice; the growth of British armament was apparent and, most important of all, the enemy's one asset, his superior power of munitionment, especially for heavy pieces, was gradually disappearing.

We have seen that corps were specially called back to the interior of Germany for reposing, training and even feeding calculated towards the end in view. Light railways were built upon every side. Heavy artillery was concentrated to the number of over one thousand pieces—all that could be spared—and slowly massed in the woods by Spincourt, and an immense head of shell accumulated during the four winter months. The unfit were thoroughly combed out and every possible man taken to swell the German effectives. Class 1916 after some four months training were sent forward to the local depots behind the front with the object of throwing it into the fighting the moment the losses should become serious. Class 1917 began to be called out (in the month of December). On the 19th of February, 1916, the first shots of the intensive bombardment against the Verdun sector were fired, and on Monday the 21st of February the great German offensive was launched.

The point upon which it was delivered was as well-chosen tactically as it proved strategically to be ill-chosen. The French forces in front of Verdun held lines turning a sharp angle, almost a right angle; that is, in the shape of an L. Cutting across those lines was the Valley of the River Meuse, suffering from winter floods and impassable over stretches varying from half a mile to a mile in width. If in this new offensive the foot of the "L" could be broken in, there would surely follow a local disaster. The troops beyond the flooded Meuse would be crushed back upon that obstacle with not sufficient means for withdrawal beyond it. They would fall *en masse* into the hands of the victor, who pressing forward thence, would have before him a congested line fallen into chaos and disarray with the imperfect and crowded retirement of those defeated beyond the river.

What caused the enemy's plans to miscarry was partly the very thin covering line which the French tactic uses, partly the extremely rapid concentration which the French effected to meet the new blow. For the rest the German effort proceeded upon the lines laid out for it. The head of shell accumulated was so enormous that the first intensive bombardment could be succeeded by others and yet others continuously for a period of many months, and though there would be lengthening intervals between each deluge of shell, wave upon wave of effort could be

launched for an almost indefinite period. Had the enemy not pinned himself so exclusively to the superiority of his heavy pieces; had he depended more upon the value of his infantry, he might have reached his goal. As it was he conspicuously failed. In the first six days he pressed forward over a belt of country varying from two to four miles in depth. He took more than 8,000 prisoners (he announced 16,000, but he included therein, as is his custom, all losses whatsoever suffered by his opponent.) He put out of action and captured a total of field pieces more than seventy. But he did not crush back the mass of the French forces against the river. He was checked at the French second position which follows a rim of heights from three to four miles round the town, and from this line he advanced only in the most painful fashion and only in certain narrow sections, meeting with a resistance which clearly showed the difference between the quality of the two infantries opposed.

There have been considerable but futile discussions upon whether the enemy maintained throughout his effort against the sector of Verdun his old doctrine of the close formation or no. Those in the thick of the fighting who could bear testimony appeared themselves to differ upon the point. But the difficulty is resolved at once if we consider what the method of German attack had become. It is true that after each bombardment the enemy now sent forward small bodies in very open order who were no more than scouts, who should test the effect of the bombardment and see whether it was possible for the main body to advance. It is true that when the main body advanced it advanced in successive waves from 70 to 150 yards apart, and that in each of these waves, especially in the first batch, a certain openness of formation existed. But the characteristic of all the German offensives was that however masked by recent developments, the formation was still a column formation. Let me give a typical example drawn from an attack which was very thoroughly noted and analysed for the French authorities in the middle of the business.

Two divisions were launched against a particular sector of the French lines. These two divisions numbered 18,000 to 20,000 bayonets of actual combatants in the attack. Six regiments were the units involved, each of three battalions. Against what front did this considerable force act? Against a front of no more than 1,500 yards.

Each division lay in depth, one to the right, one to the left. In each the three regiments, of which each was composed, stood one before the other. In the foremost regiment of each, one battalion of the three which composed the regiment was in the van and of each of these two battalions which formed the spear heads, as it were, of the deep divisional formation, a company, say from 200 to 250 men was thrown forward; a second company immediately succeeding it in a second wave.

Observe the result. You have indeed not a dense formation attacking, but a reasonably open order of about 500 men advancing against 1,500 yards of line. Behind them comes the second wave of another 500. The impression of open order is maintained. But the assault is continued with further and further fragments successively detached in this fashion from the column formation behind, and the total result after many hours of such efforts, by which time the whole of the effectives present have been brought into play was, in effect, that two great columns had been launched in a density of from 12 to 15 men a yard. In the rare cases when such attacks succeeded the cost of the result was heavy enough; in the much more numerous cases where they failed it was prodigious, and though the continuous shelling of the French trenches by pieces superior in number and weight to what the French could bring against them cost the French a high proportion in dead, yet the total losses of opponent and defender remained throughout the long story of these operations approximately the same, and in the ratio of two to five. For every two thousand French casualties you may reckon about 5,000 German. The calculus is not by this time based mainly or even partially upon conjecture. The French Intelligence is now possessed of so many documents captured from the enemy; has been able to identify so many units; to follow their movement, disintegration and recruitment, as to render this estimate certain within a small margin of error.

It was this prodigious expense in men which gave to

the experiment of Verdun after the first few days of its inception the disastrous character which it was to bear for German arms, and to decide all the future course of the war. Two dates in particular should be noted by the student, a month apart—March 9th and April 9th. The first was the last of the great massed attacks in which the enemy hoped to break in the French lines, although these had rallied and stood twelve days before. The second was the last of the great main actions in which it was hoped no longer to break the French line, but at least to compel its reorganisation in such a fashion as to allow the entry of German troops into the ruined houses lying upon the east of the river and forming part of the municipality of Verdun. It was upon the later occasion with the failure of this general offensive, at the most appalling expense in men, that the Battle of Verdun may be said to be won. It became more and more apparent that the effort was now political. German prestige demanded it. The now flattened salient of this sector was talked of as though it were a fortress suffering investment.

The price paid in military affairs for the error of political digression is invariably severe and usually disastrous. It is that error which explains Napoleon's failure in Spain; still more his failure in Russia, and the conclusion of his power. It is that error which has marked successive campaigns throughout history. It was present here at Verdun.

ALLIED WESTERN OFFENSIVE

The futile and exhausting effort was still in progress when, after a preliminary bombardment of unexampled intensity, the great offensive was launched by the now greatly reinforced and thoroughly munitioned British forces in company with certain French divisions upon their right, along the valley of the Upper Somme. The first blow was delivered upon the 1st of July, and the interest of the war which had hitherto been centred in the long and deliberate defensive of Verdun, while the head of shell and all other preparations were being accumulated upon the Somme, turned suddenly to this new field.

Before summarising briefly the efforts in Picardy I must go back to follow two other events of capital importance, coincident with the German failure before Verdun and indirectly dependent upon it.

The first is the Austrian breakdown in the Trentino, the plans of which had been drawn up in Berlin and the orders for which had emanated from the German and not the Austrian Higher Command; the second is the breakdown of the Austrian defensive line in the East.

The attack against the Italians in the Trentino was an exact repetition in its details of the attack upon Verdun. But the point to notice is that both blunders proceeded from the same source: The inelastic Higher Command of the enemy with its centre at Berlin.

The Austrians were bidden by the Germans who direct them to mass the greatest possible number of men and guns against the only part of the Alpine wall where there was sufficiently open country to deploy for several miles in line. Such an opportunity was framed by the tracing of the frontier fifty years ago, which left a peculiar advantage to Austria in this district, thrusting her territories right down to within view of the Italian Plain.

The Austro-Hungarians informed Berlin that the very most they could possibly gather for such an enterprise was 18 divisions. They had behind them only one line of railway running through a narrow mountain valley; most of the food and all the munitionment for the attempt had to be accumulated for months by this one avenue.

Should the attempt succeed, it would have the very decisive effect of cutting the main Italian line of communication. No other army of the Allies was in this situation. The communications of the French, the English, the Russians ran straight back from their lines and were invulnerable; but those of the Italians were threatened everywhere in flank by the enemy and especially from the Trentino at the two capital points of Verona and Vicenza, which lie on the edge of the Plain immediately under the mountains.

As at Verdun so in the Trentino, four months were occupied in the concentration. As at Verdun so in the Trentino success must be rapid to be of service, but it was particularly the case in the Trentino because the:

enormous armies bunched south of the bottle-neck of one single mountain railway could feed only on its accumulated provisions and could not properly be supplied over any great length of time by that one railway alone. On the other hand, as at Verdun so in the Trentino, a rapid success would achieve immediate and grave results.

The stroke could not be delivered until the season was sufficiently advanced for the mountain roads to be cleared of snow. The offensive was launched in exactly the middle of May. It proceeded with difficulty for one fortnight. In the first days of June it had occupied the last upland overlooking the Plain upon the Asiago Plateau. But meanwhile the Italians had with astonishing celerity used their inner lines and brought up a great concentration to hold the rim of the upland. On June 4th it was clear that the Austrians could advance no further. They were hampered in three ways so severely that success was clearly beyond their reach:

In the first place their only two roads and railways for branching down on to the Plain were strongly held upon either flank by Italian forces, which they were unable to break, the one on the Adige, the other on the Brenta valley. In the second place they were coming to an end of their accumulated stock of provisions (though not of munitionment) for their enormous concentration of heavy guns; in the third place they suffered [grievously from lack of water. The Asiago Plateau always suffers from this in summer in spite of the melting of the snows upon the mountains, because of its permeable limestone character. There followed a week of hesitation, when from June 4th to June 11th the new Italian concentration on the rim of the upland basin securely held the enemy and forbade his descent upon the plains and his cutting of the Italian communication.

Somewhere about the 15th of June the enemy's necessity for a retreat was decided upon. The Austrians could no longer maintain themselves in such vast numbers in these arid uplands. Their retreat was conducted with skill; they lost hardly any artillery; their huge concentration permitted them to cover the falling back with a dense screen of troops. But the falling back was in full swing before the end of the month and the Trentino offensive had failed, as every single strategic plan emanating from the Prussian Higher Command in this war has failed. In a word, the Prussian mind is mechanical, and therefore fails.

The consequences of this particular failure were more immediate and dramatic than any other with the exception of the Marne. The Austrian concentration upon the Trentino had left the southern half of the Eastern or Russian front, that is the half between the Marshes of Pinsk and the Roumanian frontier, limited to the strict minimum necessary and believed sufficient to a defence. The rule of thumb of two men to the yard run had been observed, and upon a line which in all its sinuosities must have counted considerably over 300,000 yards from 600,000 to 700,000 men, mainly Austro-Hungarian, but in part German were stretched in a cordon.

The Russian General Brussilov attacked that cordon upon June 4th, 1916, after a preliminary bombardment comparable to, but less intense, than the corresponding Anglo-French bombardment upon the Western front in the autumn before. The Austrian line gave way. A huge gap opened in it in front of Lutsk and another smaller one in front of Czernowitz. Cavalry came into play; surrenders were free and upon a very large scale. In the very first effort, in the first few weeks, something like half the original force was out of action, and more than a quarter remained as prisoners in Russian hands.

The scale of the disaster, significant as it is, is less significant than the index it formed to the revolution which had come over the whole nature of the war. It was clear that from this moment onwards the enemy had lost his initiative and would now be defending himself against the ever-increasing pressure of the Allies.

The Germans put together every man they could to save the situation. They scraped up altogether the equivalent of 11 divisions, but the Russian tide, checked spasmodically by such reinforcement, still went on. Even at the moment of writing the fifth of its advances has secured another 40,000 prisoners in a few days, in a local break through in the Lutsk salient, and close upon a hundred guns. A new Russian offensive developed in the centre against Baranovitchi Junction did not reach

its objective, but it prevented further reinforcements going down south. A fortnight later, before the end of July, yet another smaller offensive developed in the extreme north in front of Riga and at its first onset acquired a belt of twelve miles from the enemy.

It was already clear with the end of June that the whole structure of the Great War had changed, when, with the last hours of that month, there suddenly broke forth the general bombardment along the northern part of the Western front, followed by the Great Offensive, the infantry of which was launched upon the 1st of July in Picardy along the Upper Somme Valley, driving straight at the heart of the main German communications, by which is held the big salient terminating near Noyon which has, for nearly two years put the enemy in occupation of this belt of Northern French territory and of nearly all Belgium.

This offensive is still in progress at the moment at which I write. It has in just four weeks of effort accounted for some 30,000 unwounded or slightly wounded prisoners; for much more than 100 guns; for a belt of territory over five miles in its extreme breadth and, what is much more important than any of these numerical and local calculations, it has proved itself capable of continuous effort against all the concentration which the enemy has been able to bring against it. The British who formed the larger part of this offensive have in particular during the last days of it, fought their way up to the watershed beyond which they will be possessed of observation posts and a falling country towards Bapaume. Here, as on the Eastern front, the thing has the nature of a tide halted for the moment upon lines designed to check it altogether, then overflowing those lines and proceeding to a further advance.

What further fortunes this novel and probably conclusive phase of the war may bring only the future can show. But the situation is already clear. The Central Empires no longer possess a true strategic reserve; they can still draft in their class 1918, only part of which has been used as yet by Austria-Hungary, none of which has yet been put into the field by the German Empire. They have a certain number of the balance of classes 1916 and 1917, who have been hitherto put back because they were immature; they have the convalescents who are released from the hospitals. Their superiority in munitionment has disappeared. They are probably already inferior to the Allies as a whole in this factor; they must necessarily be inferior to the Allies as a whole in this factor increasing as time proceeds. Their superiority in numbers has long disappeared, and what remaining chance of a decision remained to them has been thoroughly thrown away in the Trentino and at Verdun.

In such a posture we leave the enemy at the close of this second year of the war. It is not an enviable one. It still admits of large reserves of men as drafts from the categories just enumerated, the convalescents, the German class 1918, part of the Austro-Hungarian class 1918, and certain balances of the hitherto rejected in the classes '16 and '17. But it has against it a numerical tide upon the side of the Allies which is constantly rising, and a power of munitionment upon their part which is rising in even more rapid proportion.

The third year of the war will be determined not by military factors—so far as these are concerned, the issue is now mathematically certain—but by political factors. A complete success depends upon the strict co-operation of the whole Alliance, and in particular upon a determination to exercise a true military execution against the aggressors who, in their original formidable superiority, believed themselves free to break every convention of honour and tradition among Christian men. If through any weakness in cohesion or in sternness of purpose the end be not achieved, if, though every military factor is now in our hands, a complete victory and complete punishment is not achieved and exacted, we have before us after victory only the recrudescence of struggles in which our civilisation will disappear. There can be no folly more inept in character, more criminal in its ignorance, than the folly of sparing those whom we now hold, or of giving them to believe that the infamies which they do not threaten but increasingly *perpetrate* shall go unpunished. The more they fear, not the greater resistance shall we find, but the greater disorder in their plans.

H BELLOC

Naval Events Reviewed

By Arthur Pollen

WHEN, two years ago, the Germans set in motion the vast and cruel machine that they had for so long, and at such cost, prepared for the destruction of European liberties and European civilisation, it was seen by many that the issues of the cataclysmic contest then begun must, if France and Russia could only survive the opening blows, ultimately be decided by sea power. From the first, then, the British Fleet became obviously the deciding factor. Everything turned on its asserting and maintaining the command of the sea. Almost everything turned upon the use to which that command was put.

We are entering now upon the third year of the war, and it is natural that we should ask ourselves certain questions. Does the anniversary find the Alliance stronger or weaker on the crucial element? If our sea power is stronger, is it being used to its full effect or, at any rate, to a better effect, than a year ago? Has the year that is passed taught us any new lessons in the art of naval war, or thrown new emphasis on those which previous experience should have brought home to us? What efforts has the enemy made and with what success to deal with the forces that command the sea adversely against him? What measures has he taken to frustrate or escape from the sea pressure that that command has made possible? Is there any prospect or even possibility of his doing more in the future than he has in the past? Can we reasonably hope that such a command of the sea as exists to-day, and such use of that command as we are making, can be continued until the war has run its appointed course?

A brief review of the field will, it seems to me, help us to some fairly confident answers to these questions.

Sea Command, Sea Pressure and Sea Service

Undoubtedly the major of them all is this. How do we stand at sea to-day? Is it better or worse with us than it was a year ago? In only one respect—and that not vital—is the Allied position not so good.

In every other the situation is overwhelmingly stronger. It is not that our command of the sea is actually more secure than it was—though in point of fact it is much more secure—that really makes the difference. The advance this year over last lies principally in the use which the Allies are now making of that command. It is only within the last six months that it has been so used—used, that is to say to cut off our enemy effectively from oversea supply. So far as our present arrangements allow, this cutting off was in a fair way to accomplishment before the Battle of Jutland was fought. Hence if the striking and instructive action never had been fought, the actual military position of the Allies and the enemy, in so far as one is helped and the other is hampered by sea power, should, on the second anniversary, have been what in fact they are. The first and most obvious fact then, that comes to our notice in reviewing the naval events of this second year, is that at the end of it we at last have the enemy subjected to an effective siege.

But the last twelve months have also shown a sea service at work in support of the Allied armies to an extent to which there was no parallel in the first twelve months of the war. As the Italian campaign grew in extent and, week by week, absorbed a larger and larger proportion of the able-bodied population, as Italy ate into her accumulated stores, so correspondingly her requirements could only be met from the sea. The demands of France have multiplied many times in the last twelve months, and it is, of course, a commonplace that, but for arms, munitions and equipment which have reached Russia by water, the amazing resurrection of our Allies in the East could never have taken place. Great Britain's dependence on the sea is, of course, absolutely complete. The Germans early perceived that the longer the war lasted, the less they would gain from

the fact that they were initially better prepared, not only with accumulations of weapons and munitions, but with what was of far greater moment, the means of renewing and increasing their stock and keeping their guns supplied. How soon equality would be reached depended upon the amount of help the Allies were able to get from the manufacturing capacity of America. And without an adequate supply of ships the Allies could never make the American supplies available on the Eastern and Western fronts. The submarine attack on trade, in which the Germans have persisted from February 19th, 1915, until the present day, has never been directed to the starvation of England at all. Great as are England's needs in the way of food, there was never the remotest chance of the shipping of the world being brought so low that these requirements could not be met. But the transport and supply of the armies at Salonika, in Egypt, in Africa and in France, and the munitioning and coaling of Italy, France and Russia, were a different matter altogether. It was a vital matter to strike at their service. The submarine campaign has from the first been a purely military operation, directed to the purely military object of cutting or, at any rate, hampering the supply and communications of the Allied armies. To achieve this object, neither life, money nor honour has been spared. Every possible effort has been made, and every effort has failed. The counter-measures of the Allies, and principally those of the British Admiralty, found us at the end of the second year, not only with a sea service equal to all military demands, but equal to demands far greater than they were a year ago.

It has, of course, from the first been manifest that there was only one way by which the enemy could rid himself of this double sea threat. It was to engage and destroy the fleet whose existence ensured that sea command which, in turn, ensured the sea pressure destined to be fatal. His effort to avoid the pressure by the submarine has failed. And now the only approach to an effort at sea, which might have been pushed into an attempt to dispute our command, has failed also. I will deal with the purely technical aspects of the Battle of Jutland later. For the moment, let it suffice to recall the fact that just as no sane person ever thought that Germany had the remotest chance of being able to defeat our fleet, so when, quite unexpectedly for the Germans, the two fleets did meet, not only did the enemy decline action, but he owed his escape from total destruction to a fortunate hazard of the weather.

It is thus a summary of the position to say that our command of the sea, believed to be impregnable before, has now been proved to be so; that at last we are using it to cut the enemy off from oversea supplies, to his grave and critical embarrassment; and that the sea service, which command assures to us, is proving itself every day and in every field to be the one element on which the capacity of each of the four Allies to fight depends. And this, it must be admitted, is a highly gratifying and satisfactory state of affairs.

The Shipping Shortage

I said above that in only one respect was the Allied position worse than it was a year ago.

A large number of British, Allied and neutral ships have been sunk by enemy submarines and mines, and to this extent, maintenance of the sea service on the efficiency of which the initiatory success of the whole Alliance depends, has undoubtedly been made more difficult. We have less shipping available for any new military operations over sea; the quantity of commodities that can reach the civil populations is smaller, and the fact that the shipping is less has necessarily raised the prices of them all. To this extent, then, our position is not so good as it was. But it is important to bear in mind that these losses, grave as they are, and serious as is the inconvenience which they have imposed, have not,

so far as can be seen, in the least degree weakened the military power of the Alliance. Nor have they been on such a scale as to prevent us making fresh drafts on the shipping that can still be devoted to supply, if it should become necessary either to begin a new military campaign based on an oversea port, or greatly to extend the campaign already originated, as at Salonika, from such a base. So far, then, as sea war has affected the Allies adversely, it may be said that no form of the enemy's naval action, except his submarine activities, has affected us at all, and that the effect of these is only economic, and not in the least grave or serious at that.

Germany's Sea Trade Ruined

If this statement is true, we could look upon the situation at sea with almost perfect satisfaction even if it represented the whole truth, but of course it represents nothing of the kind. For while the sea service of the Allies, viewed purely as a military factor in the war, is integral and unimpaired, the immense help which the Central Powers, but chiefly Germany, obtained from overseas in the first year of the war, and indeed in the first three or four months of the second year, have been subjected gradually but effectively to a rigorous restriction. The enemy, of course, lost the service of his own shipping at the very outset. It has become a commonplace to dilate on the fact that Great Britain was able, at the very outbreak of war, to assert and exercise a command of the sea with a promptness and completeness entirely unknown in history. In the wars with Revolutionary France and with Napoleon, and in the war of 1812 against the United States of America, the enemy's trade in his own bottoms suffered with terrible severity from the naval predominance that we possessed. But in no one of these three wars was such trade absolutely extinguished. And complete as our naval predominance may fairly be said to have been in the two decades of these struggles, our own trade suffered even larger losses than the enemy—larger that is in numbers—for the relative loss was less owing to the far greater volume of the shipping we possessed. Throughout these wars too, France continued to receive a very noticeable supply of goods through neutral shipping as well as her own. However broadly effective our commercial blockades, it was not possible in the days of sailing ships for complete efficiency to be realised.

But in this war things have followed a very different course. The sequence of events is familiar, but it bears restating. Relations between Great Britain and Germany were broken off at midnight on August 4th, 1914. Not a single ship left any German harbour for any oversea port, nor cleared any oversea port for any German harbour from the moment that this event became known. From August 5th, 1914, to August 5th, 1916, German trade in German bottoms has been absolutely and totally non-existent. The traffic that ended with the declaration of war has never in the case of a single German merchant ship been resumed. There has been literally no evasion of our sea *cordon*. Only one ship in all these two years has broken through our line of cruisers, and she was not a trading ship at all, but an armed raider. Think for a moment what this must mean to the enemy. In 1913 Germany had a foreign trade of approximately £1,000,000,000, if we add imports and exports together. Three-quarters of this was trade by sea, and more than three-quarters of her sea trade was carried in German ships. Now for two years she has had no such trade at all. All this the British Navy has been able to effect without striking a blow, because the German Navy allowed sea command to go by default, and preferred the risk of siege to the risk of battle.

But no Blockade

Unfortunately, the Allied governments did not besiege. The fact is incontestable that the sea command, which the enemy had ceded to us, put us into the position of being able, had we so wished it, to put the pressure of siege upon Germany and that, in a fateful moment, the resolution was taken not to exercise this capacity. We had subjected the enemy to the economic loss involved in the capture of a certain portion of his merchant fleet, in the internment in foreign ports of a

still larger portion, in the compulsory idleness of the rest in his own commercial harbours. It was an economic embarrassment only. We left him free to import everything that could be obtained from oversea—so long only as it reached him indirectly through a neutral port. His supplies might cost him more; but their war value made any price a low price. Rotterdam, Flushing, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, and Gothenburg at once began an importation of food, cotton, copper and other goods from America—things all vital to feeding the army or arming it—on a scale that almost passes belief. Instead of taking our stand upon the rights conceded by all countries to belligerents, we made the greatest renunciation of the sea offensive that could possibly be imagined. By an Order in Council—which was probably *ultra vires*, because it altered the rights of British subjects—we expressed our determination to be bound in our operations against German trade carried in neutral bottoms, by the provisions of the Declaration of London. I will not weary the reader by a history of this unhappy instrument. Let it suffice that for many months we proceeded on the principle that only those articles were contraband that were recognised as contraband by the Declaration. For more than a year the enemy's imports of cotton, for instance, were entirely unrestricted. Even after the Order in Council of March 1915, wherein His Majesty was represented as having "decided to prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving Germany," the even course of the enemy's supply went smoothly on. It was not until the October or November of that year that the restrictions became real; not until perhaps March 1916, that the enemy's supplies became, for practical purposes, limited to what he could get by subterfuge, smuggling and evasion. No one who has read the evidence which the German Press supplies us of the economic state of Germany to-day, can doubt that the stringency so tardily enforced, has already become a serious discouragement to the enemy. What would his case have been if the embargo had been absolute from the first?

The First Principles of War

No explanation yet offered of our unwillingness to use sea power to its full extent is entirely satisfactory, because none of them is entirely credible. The principles underlying war are terrible, but simple. And they apply equally whether that war is carried on by land or sea. Philosophically speaking, no proper distinction can indeed be made between the two kinds of war. When one community determines to fight another, it sets about the task of imposing its will upon its opponent by force. And, in the main, it employs two, and only two methods to gain its end. Its first method is to send its armed force—whether by land or sea—against the armed forces of the enemy. It seeks to subdue those forces in battle. When the armed forces conquer—that is when effective opposition to one has been made to cease by the defeat of the other, when there is the surrender or destruction of the army or the fleets of the enemy—then, by invasion or by siege, the final resolution of the civilian population, represented by its government, is overcome, and peace is made upon the victor's terms. Sometimes the two processes are employed together. There may be passive obstacles to the progress of armed forces. Fleets, for instance, cannot operate on land. They cannot therefore employ force beyond the range of their guns. And a fleet can be put beyond the reach of an enemy's guns. But a stronger fleet can shut out the enemy from sea supply by denying the use of the sea to his merchant ships. Similarly, armies of greater force may be held stationary by physical obstacles, whether natural or artificial, such as mountains or trenches or forts. An enemy, unable himself to conquer, may then prevent or postpone the destruction of his armed forces. Just as fleets may be kept in inaccessible harbours, so armies may take refuge in impregnable strongholds. It is precisely at this point that the second process of war comes in. Siege becomes the auxiliary of active force, cutting off either a section of a country from the rest of it, or, as in the present case, a whole country from intercourse with the rest of the world. The beleaguered community is thus compelled to support itself and its fighting forces, purely from such stores of food

and material that it either possessed when the siege began, or can raise from the soil or win from the bowels of the earth and convert to practical use within the area in which it is alone free to work. From time immemorial such a combination of warlike processes has been recognised as essential to warlike operations. Sometimes it has resulted in famine; more often it makes the prospect of defeat certain, so that the general will to continue to fight becomes enfeebled.

In August 1914 there were many things the immediate future was to develop that no human intelligence could be expected to foresee. But one thing was luminously self-evident. It was as obvious to the enemy as it was to the Allies. The terrified surprise of Bethmann Hollweg in his last interview with the British Ambassador in Berlin, bore a reflection of it. The frenzied animosity against Great Britain of the whole of Germany—crystallising as it did in the venomous verses of Lissauer—made the popular perception of it patent. It was that the British Navy could isolate the German nation—could, in short, confer upon the Allies the power of ruthlessly besieging. This was a menace indeed, in a war in which Germany would have to mobilise and arm her entire male population of military age, in which—from the kind and the scale of war that had been prepared—she was clearly doomed to consume her imported stores at a rate that must soon leave her short, in which the devotion of so large a proportion of the active population, either to fighting or to the making of munitions, would make her husbandry unequal to the task of raising the normal supply of food just when war must necessarily send up the consumption of food to a highly wasteful rate. It was obvious, then, that the power of siege was sure, and that never had the process of siege promised to be more necessary to one side or more disastrously effective against the other.

Why we Refrained from Siege

Of the many suggested explanations of its not having been employed, the most plausible is that in so far as the matter was determined by the diplomatists, our policy was governed by the pacific and humanitarian principles that had led to the negotiations of which the abortive Declaration of London was the result. So far as the decision was naval, it was a by-product of that prepossession of the defensive in war which has been the mark of all Admiralty policy in the last fifteen years. But a third element must be added. It is that the Government, as a whole, so far from appreciating the simple and obvious analysis of war which, at the risk of wearying the reader, I have stated above, had become the victim of a sort of anti-blockade bias, as if there was something unsportsmanlike in using our sea power for siege purposes—at the best as if a success against the enemy to which this siege contributed, would be both unreal and ultimately ineffective. In the months of June and July, Sir Alfred Hopkinson, who I believe has taken a most active and useful part in steering the ship of state through the troubled and dangerous waters of our blockade policy, contributed two articles on this subject to the *Westminster Gazette*, and in the last of them gave expression to a sentiment that would seem to be altogether extraordinary, if a similar statement had not, early in June, been made by the War Secretary himself, while he was still in charge of the Munitions Department. Sir Alfred Hopkinson's words are:

"It is clear . . . that the enemy's resources are now being seriously crippled, but it would be fatal to rely on any measures of this kind for bringing the war to an end without victory in the field. Even if it were possible by any form of blockade to force the enemy to sue for peace, the peace so obtained would not be durable. The task of the Allies must still be to crush by direct means the hideous military despotism. . . ."

On the 8th June, *Le Journal* of Paris published an extremely interesting interview with Mr. Lloyd George. It contained this passage:

"I have never taken the view that the defeat of the enemy was a light task, but I have never been despondent. Who could while France lives, and while the Allies are stimulated by her noble example? Victory is ours. It is sure, but it may not be swift. We must pursue the enemy relentlessly. We must crush his military power.

I welcome the blockade as a means of depleting the supplies of the enemy. It is a great factor in the war; but it is not the factor which will bring us a complete victory. Victory must come after a military defeat. I would not like it to come in any other way, because only by a military victory will Prussian militarism be destroyed and civilisation protected from a repetition of the present calamity. *A peace forced on an impoverished Germany, impoverished in food and material, would not be a lasting peace. It would be a moral defeat for the Allies.*"

Surely confusion of thought could go no further. We make our enemy surrender by the full use of our land and sea forces; his surrender enables us to impose our will upon him, and we enforce that will by disarming his forces and occupying his country with our own armies, and the result is a moral defeat and a peace that cannot last.

The curious character of the argument becomes obvious if we subdivide the processes of war a little further. I venture to paraphrase the eloquent Secretary's words:

"In contests between armies victory is, in the last resort, obtained by the armed men of one side being killed by, or surrendering to, or flying from the armed men of the other. Missile weapons, from the naval gun mounted in the rear of the lines, through all the gamut of 15-inch, 12-inch, 10-inch, 9.2, 6-inch and 4.5 howitzers, the field gun firing high explosive and shrapnel; the machine gun, the rifle, the trench mortar, the air torpedo, the bomb, and the hand grenade, all of these are only used for the preliminary destruction of as many as possible of the enemy before the final and decisive contact is brought about.

"But as it is this last struggle—of lance against lance, sword against sword, bayonet against bayonet, or dagger and club against each other—that is decisive, we must not exaggerate the importance of the guns and munitions. I welcome the help of all those things—they are factors of great value in the war, but not factors that will bring complete victory. That victory must come by the contact of soldier with soldier. I would not like it to come in any other way, because, not till superiority of man over man is proved, will Prussian militarism be destroyed and civilisation be protected from the repetition of the present calamity.

"A peace forced upon the enemy by our out-arming and out-munitioning him, brought about by bombarding and burning his depots of food and shells, by destroying his defences, and by battering his regiments into mangled corpses, would not—nay could not, be a lasting peace. It would be a triumph of material over men. It would be a moral defeat for the Allies."

Honestly, it does not seem to me that this last speech is any less reasonable than the other. The fallacy in each is the same fallacy. It is an elementary truth of all human operations that not only cost but success are factors of time. If you are going to make a railway across England, it will cost you much less to employ 500,000 men and, at almost any cost, use every mechanical aid that science can supply, and begin at fifty points when all your preparations are made, than to employ 10,000 men, equip them cheaply and begin at one point. It is not only that by the latter method your project would take you a hundred times as long. You would endanger the commercial success of the whole by interest charges. You would not have, which you most want, the railway in use. War is by long odds the costliest of all human undertakings—the one in which complete success is always most uncertain. It is, therefore, an elementary principle of the military art to employ from the first *all possible means* that are open to you to attain your end.

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

I do not propose to tell again here the story of this battle, which must be still fresh in the recollection of the reader. But certain salient considerations with regard to it should be recalled. In the first place, the forces and considerations which brought the German Fleet out are by no means certain. The first German official account spoke of there being an enterprise to the North which the Fleet had sallied forth to execute. This is a somewhat vague objective, and can be held to

cover such different purposes as an effort to get into the Atlantic, an attempt to cut the communications of Archangel, or to get the whole Battle Fleet through the Skagerrack and the Sound into the Baltic for a combined sea and land attack on Riga. The first and second of these objects could have been better achieved by simpler means, if we assume that the German staff realised that to get across the line of the Archangel supplies, or to be at large in the Atlantic, were things for which it would be worth risking the existence of their more powerful units.

The argument of Riga being the objective of the fleets is based on the supposition that the latest Dreadnoughts of the *Koenig* class are not able to make their way through the Kiel Canal. And at the end of May, before the Austrian resistance to the southern end of the Russian line had collapsed, an advance on Petrograd might still have seemed the most promising enterprise that Germany could undertake:

But, on the whole, the indications are that the sortie was made with the deliberate intention of engaging our scouting ships, and of limiting that engagement, if possible, to a fight with those forces. Later communiqués, indeed, suggest that this clearly was the object. They tell us that Sir David Beatty had made frequent sweeps into the waters off Jutland in the months of April and May, and that the Fleet was sent out to engage him. The German tactics throughout the battle—so far as those tactics were due to their own initiative—confirm this theory. On the day the luck was, on the whole, on their side, but it was against them on one point. Their Zeppelin reconnaissances seem to have been fruitless owing to the haze, so that the encounter with the Grand Fleet, into which Sir David first enticed and then forced them, was, in fact, a surprise. If this view is correct, the German Fleet came out to fight a partial action, so that those of the ships that returned to harbour should be held as a fleet of conquerors. The point is important.

Nothing is more striking than the contrast between the sailorly language of von Stebbinghauss, the Secretary of the Admiralty, in reporting to the Reichstag, and the childish rhodomontade of the Emperor on his arrival at Wilhelmshafen. The first limited himself to announcing that the greater portion of the German Fleet had returned safely to harbour. The Emperor would have it that British sea power was crushed by the glory of a decisive victory. So long as this could be kept up, the ever-pressing preoccupation of the Higher Command was met, for the greatest danger to that command to-day is the discontent and discouragement which the continuation of the war, the diminution in the food supplies, and the increase in their cost, are causing amongst the civil population. The immediate peril of this discontent was its possible reflection within the walls of the Reichstag, and it is surely significant that the first use that was made of the Emperor's boasts was to induce the body representative of the German people to pass a vote of credit for £600,000,000. A boast cannot be called an empty boast that leaves the Treasury full.

The Skill and Valour of the Fleet

What lessons has the battle itself to teach us? First and foremost it should establish in the minds of all, an absolute and unwavering confidence in the courage, ability and judgment of the British admirals in chief command. The brunt of the fighting fell, as was inevitable, on the Vice-Admiral in command of the Battle-Cruiser Fleet. And it appears to be the reasoned opinion of those whose professional judgment is best worth respect in this matter, that from 2.20, when the advance scouting forces sighted each other, until 8.48, when he saw the enemy for the last time, Sir David Beatty's conduct of the operations was not only faultless but brilliant. To Sir John Jellicoe there fell a far more restricted opportunity, and it fell in circumstances of a gathering fog that encompassed its effective employment with difficulties and responsibilities unparalleled in the history of war. The Commander-in-Chief's deployment and dispositions have, as was inevitable, been subjected to the closest and most rigorous examination, and the naval authorities, who advise the Board of Admiralty,

have expressed absolute approval of every order that he issued. It therefore happens that in the most crucial of the elements of sea strength that had not hitherto been tested in war, viz., tactical and strategical capacity of the Fleet's leaders, the Battle of Jutland affords us conclusive evidence that all is well. And in addition to every other quality that was shown, there is one that cannot fail to impress the enemy. From the first contact between the light cruisers until the last destroyer had, after midnight, fired its last torpedo at the retreating German Fleet, there was never a chance afforded to a British ship to attack that was not taken. This is not to say that there was any "rash impetuosity," for there was not. But in the highly complex development of a naval action, there do come moments when the risk of utter destruction has to be run to gain advantages that may be decisive. Where any such opportunity offered on the 31st May, it was seized with a seaman-like skill and heroism worthy of the noblest traditions of our history.

If the *personnel* justified the high expectations of those who put no limit to their expectations, it is due to those who provided the material for the navy to say that in no particular did the material fail. As in the engagement off the Falkland Islands and Dogger Bank, the almost incredible claim was made—and, it is believed, with perfect accuracy—that again and again the ships in action exceeded their designed speed. What, ten or fifteen years ago, would have seemed almost equally incredible is that in no single ship was there an engineering breakdown.

Gunnery Skill and Gunnery Method

Perhaps the greatest technical surprise of the action was the apparent inefficiency of the gunfire on both sides, and the fact that only a single torpedo hit was registered against the British Fleet. It has been pointed out, and it may very likely be true, that these two things explain each other. Quick manœuvring may again and again have saved ships from torpedo attack, and the manœuvring may very easily have rendered their gunfire ineffective. The result is woefully disappointing, because it in no way reflects the skill and devotion which the gunnery men have brought to their task. They seem either to be handicapped by an ineffective method, or to be faced by an insoluble problem. That the existing fire control has very marked limitations in this matter has often been pointed out, so that the Battle of Jutland only confirmed the expectations of those who had made a careful study of previous engagements.

The result is certainly in sharp contrast with all that may be called the ordinary lay expectation of a sea action. Speaking in the House of Commons on March 18th, 1912, Mr. Churchill said:

"We must expect that in a fleet battle between good and efficient navies equally matched, tremendous damage will be reciprocally inflicted. Many ships on both sides will be sunk or blown up. Many more will sustain injuries which will take months to repair. Others, again, will not come out again during the whole of the war. Indeed, the more we force ourselves to picture the hideous course of a modern naval engagement, the more one is inclined to believe that it will resemble the contest between Mamilus and Herminius at the Battle of Lake Regillus, or the still more homely conflict of the Kilkenny cats."

Never has the potential power of naval force stood in so sharp a contrast with its actual efficiency in war. So far from battleships destroying each other with the fierce facility of Kilkenny cats, it seems that they can to-day maintain a reciprocal bombardment from a quarter to four until seven o'clock at night with only three ships being sunk on one side and apparently only one by gunfire on the other. Yet had any one of von Hipper's or Admiral Scheer's squadron been anchored, and any of Admiral Evan Thomas's squadron been allowed five salvos at her from a range of 14,000 yards, it would be Dreadnoughts to dough nuts that the German ship must have been sunk before the fifth salvo was fired. It is a state of affairs that illustrates how little the gunnery difficulties which action manœuvres must create, were appreciated before the war. Not that there has not always been in the Navy a considerable party, strong both in brains and in numbers, that in season

and out of season urged that there could be no war fitness till fire control was put upon a scientific basis. But it was unfortunately a party that never, in the six years preceding the war, was represented directly or indirectly on the Board of Admiralty. So long as fire control methods gave results that could be made to appear good at battle practice, it was confidently assumed that they must give good results in battle. There never was but one department that protested against this very dangerous optimism. Successive Instructors of Target Practice—whose duty it was not only to report results, but to analyse them—had no difficulty in detecting the fallacy that underlay the complacency of the Whitehall Department. But the I.T.P. had no executive power and no official status as an adviser. From 1910 to 1913 the Departments of I.T.P. and D.N.O. were consequently at continuous loggerheads. The first represented the gunnery experience and the gunnery requirements of the Fleet; the second, the soporific theories of official infallibility. An intolerable position was ended by the abolition of the first department altogether. War has exposed the wisdom of these proceedings.

The comfort is that the break with Germany came before the German Navy had developed any more effective system of fire control than had we. The Germans are great masters of optical science, and it is possible that the claim made on their behalf that they have far better rangefinders and sights than we, may have some foundation. But no rangefinder, however good, will solve the chief difficulties of fire control, and in the absence of a really scientific method, that side will reach the highest efficiency that has the most experienced personnel. In this respect the British Navy is certainly unrivalled. Excellent as the German gunnery has been in the opening phases of every engagement, in none has its quality survived. The enemy may secure the first hits. He has often done so. But he has never secured the last. Whatever regrets the Navy may feel that we should have gone into this war less well equipped in the fire control than we might have been, there is solid comfort in knowing that the enemy's equipment is, in all vital matters, no better, and that his fire discipline and the skill of his personnel are both markedly inferior. In this critical aspect of sea force the Battle of Jutland confirms all previous experience.

THE SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN

The end of the first year of war found the first German submarine campaign approaching its climax. In British ships only, the losses to the beginning of August had been 120; there were besides, 62 neutrals and 33 Allied ships attacked. During June, July and August the campaign was growing to a maximum. The thing fell away quite suddenly at the end of September, and there is very little doubt that the cause of the falling off is to be found in the effectiveness developed by the counter-campaign. The losses of the German submarines had, in Mr. Balfour's words, been "formidable." Later on in the autumn, in the month that is to say of November, the thing began again and was carried through in home waters, but particularly in the Mediterranean, with a steady tale of loss until the end of March. Then ensued von Tirpitz's delayed campaign, and this remained at its height until the end of the first week in May, when once more the counter-measures of the Admiralty reduced it to reasonable proportions. In June and July, the losses, though less than in April and in the first week in May, had still been maintained at a formidable level. If we assume about half of the British shipping to have been commandeered for the service of the army or the navy of the Allies, and that the neutral and Allied ships now engaged on maritime traffic—other than that which is purely military or naval—are about equal in numbers to the British ships, it would mean that the total losses of shipping between February, 1915, and the 1st August, 1916 is something less than ten per cent.

America and Germany

Three times in the course of this campaign have its incidents brought about critical relations between the Government of Germany and that of the United States of America. On the first occasion, President Wilson entered

a vigorous protest and declared that should any American shipping or the life of any American citizen be jeopardised by the operations which Germany professed her intention to undertake, that country would be held by America to "strict accountability." Amongst the first ships to suffer was an American craft, the *Evelyn*, blown up—apparently by a mine—on the Dutch coast. Then came the submarine and aeroplane attacks on the *Gulflight*, and other American ships, the *Falaba*, and finally the *Lusitania*, in all of which American citizens were murdered. All the world stood by to see America make good her threats. But America took no action. The protest of the spring was instead followed up by a series of brilliantly written notes, in which the principles of sea law no less than the shocked indignation of America, were given the most perfect possible expression. When in August and September the *Arabic* and *Hesperian* were sunk, it looked as if the breaking point had been reached. But the crisis coincided with Germany's inability to maintain the campaign, and the dexterity of Count Bernstorff did the rest. Finding the Channel and the North Sea getting too hot for them, the German submarines found the safer hunting ground of the Mediterranean. Their ally, Austria, had not been hampered by any American negotiations, and the submarine campaign in the Mediterranean, from that day to this, has been prosecuted without the least regard for the laws of visit and search, and without the least deference to the obligation of safeguarding the lives of passengers. And in the Mediterranean, American ships and American citizens have perished, as they did earlier in home waters.

The Tirpitz Grand Campaign which began in March ignored from the outset all the verbal promises that Bernstorff had been authorised to make in August, September or October. But it was not until the unarmed cross Channel steamer, *Sussex*, was attacked when she had nearly one hundred American citizens on board—many of whom were wounded, and all of whom were threatened with death—that Washington intervened. By the end of April the President had strengthened his position by forcing a vote of confidence in his policy, both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate, and before the end of the month, telegraphed to the American Ambassador in Berlin what amounted to an ultimatum. But before this, the rate of losses had begun to run down, and by the time Germany's capacity to continue the campaign at its former level was exhausted, the German Government was prepared with a verbal surrender to Washington. There followed exactly the same situation—and precisely the same developments from it—as occurred in the previous September. For a few days the whole campaign was called off. It was then recommenced again with unobtrusive consistency at a low level in home waters, and in bursts of extraordinary ferocity and effectiveness in the Mediterranean.

The German Press, since the battle of Jutland, has been urging a revival of the campaign to the limit of Germany's power. There are many signs that the German Government is becoming desperate, and when desperate, there will certainly be no limit to the barbarous ferocity with which the enemy will use whatever force he has. We may, therefore, at any moment, see an effort to put the campaign back to its high water mark. If we do see this development—inconvenient, costly and harrowing from the loss of life as the thing will be—there will be no occasion for alarm or uneasiness as to the issue. The utmost that Germany can ever do is for brief periods to double the ferocity of its efforts, and so double the loss we must endure. But such periods can never exceed four or five weeks, and so must always be followed by corresponding periods of comparative inaction. So long, therefore, as merchant shipowners and underwriters maintain their nerve, there need be no apprehension as to the substantial stability of the British and Allied sources of supply, or of our capacity to carry on the war to the full extent of our resources. It is not necessary for me to include the courage of the officers and men of the merchant service—British, Allied and Neutral—amongst the factors that will have to survive Germany's assault. There is nothing in the war more splendid than the way the seafarers of the world have maintained the high traditions of their calling.

ARTHUR POLLEN

The Legends of the Marne

By Colonel Feyler

FOR more than a year the great majority of the German public remained in complete ignorance of the battle of the Marne, and it was not until two or three months ago that military and civil journalists were allowed to give a version, quite evidently inspired, of this action. In order to concede that the battle was a victory for the Allies, yet without admitting too much, these gentlemen transform the retreat of the Imperial armies from the Marne to the Aisne into a *general strategic retirement* having for its successfully accomplished object the re-establishment of full control of the situation in the hands of the German Staff.

It is interesting to note with what energy an attempt is being made to spread this version at the present time, for this is not the first story that has been written around the subject of the fighting that took place between September 6th and 12th, 1914; there are two quite distinct German versions alone, the comparison of which should make most interesting reading.

An examination will, therefore, fall into two separate parts, the first dealing with the German reports at the actual time of the engagement, which, taken as a whole, constitute our first version, *The Legend of 1914*; the second dealing with the subsequent version, which we may well call *The Legend of 1916*. We shall also enquire into what justification there may be for the substitution of the second for the first version.

German News during the Battle

We will first call to mind the actual facts of the battle of the Marne. On the morning of September 6th General Joffre issued orders to the Allied Armies to pass to the offensive upon the whole front from Paris to Verdun. Simultaneously, an army which had been concentrated north of Paris under the orders of General Maunoury was to attack the German right flank upon the river Ourcq. This right flank was composed of the 1st German Army under General von Kluck, who, by turning to face Maunoury, so weakened the front south of the Marne that the whole German order of battle was compromised; a gap gradually opened between von Kluck and the armies on his immediate left, and the British Force, together with the French army under General Franchet d'Esperey exercised sufficient pressure on this gap to threaten the continuity of the enemy line. The German armies, therefore, rather than face the consequence of such a dislocation, commenced to retire on the evening of September 10th, and on the 11th were in full retreat. This was a lost battle for the Germans.

Up to the evening of the 10th, however, that is to say, up to the last moment before the retreat commenced, the German information bureau was dumb, and no communiqué was issued by the Staff. It was not until the 10th and 11th that the silence was broken by the three following telegrams:

Berlin, September 10th.

"East of Paris our detachments that had advanced up to and across the Marne were attacked by superior forces debouching from Paris and between Meaux and Montmirail. They were able to hold the enemy and after severe fighting which lasted for two days were even able to make progress. Upon the report, however, of the approach of strong enemy reinforcements, our wing was withdrawn without being pursued by the enemy at any point. During the fighting 50 guns and many thousand prisoners were taken. Our detachments fighting to the west of Verdun have made progress."

Berlin, September 11th.

"The army of the Crown Prince took possession on Thursday of the enemy's fortified position situated south-west of Verdun. Detachments of this army are attacking the southern forts of Verdun, which have since Wednesday been under the fire of our heavy guns."

Berlin, September 11th.

"Up to September 11th approximately 220,000 prisoners have been brought to Germany, viz.:

French: 1,680 officers and 86,700 men.

Russians 1830 officers and 91,400 men.

Belgians 440 officers and 30,200 men.

English: 160 officers and 7,350 men.

Amongst the officers are two French Generals, fifteen Russian Generals and the commander of the garrison of Liège.

A further large number of prisoners is at the moment en route for the various camps."

Of these three telegrams only two refer to the battle, and they announce success at the very moment when the battle was undeniably lost. The third seems intended to mask the real state of affairs by dwelling on the positive advantages gained since the commencement of the war. The news, notwithstanding, made its way through the world; minute details were given, and the British Press especially reproduced with great satisfaction General French's reports, describing the general retreat and close pursuit of the German line, the crossing of the Marne by the British army corps and the prisoners and guns that had been taken. Whereupon we have the Berlin telegram of the 14th.

"The Great General Staff reports that operations on the Western front, whereof the details cannot yet be published, have resulted in a new battle, favourable to our arms. The news which is being spread in every possible manner by our enemies is false."

To reinforce this military *démenti*, a statement was also issued by the civil authorities:

"The foreign Office categorically denies, as being pure invention, the stories published in the London press of September 13th, relating to German defeats. The Foreign Office declare that we have lost neither guns nor prisoners before Paris. On the contrary, we have taken 50 guns and thousands of prisoners.

"The situation before Paris is favourable."

"The French attempt to break the German front has been victoriously repulsed."

(Signed) Zimmermann.

On the day following, September 16th, a Wolff despatch, reproducing a telegram sent from General Headquarters at 9 p.m. on the previous day, confirms these two *démentis*:

"The battle which has been raging for two days on the right wing of our armies on the Western front has spread eastwards towards our forces operating at Verdun. Up to the present we can report local successes for the German armies at various parts of the immense battle-field; the fighting is still in progress."

This telegram was the preparation of the *Legend of 1914*, during the development of which the two *démentis* served to cloak the truth; they may be summarised in the following three statements:

1.—All news of the operations published elsewhere than in Germany is false.

2.—Details of the operations cannot yet be published.

3.—The operations have led to a new battle, favourable to the German arms.

The Legend of 1914

Soon after, war-maps were published all over Germany, of an especial nature. They were more or less an amplification of a document that had been issued to soldiers at the front and sold in Germany in the shape of a field letter which they could use for correspondence with their families and friends and vice-versa, space being left for name and address and a small blank page for writing, whilst the document was so arranged that when correctly folded and sealed it had almost the appearance of an ordinary letter. The document was entitled as follows:

"Schematische Darstellung der vom Grossen Generalstab amtlich* bekaunt gegebenen Kriegsergebnisse."

"Map of the war operations in field-letter form."

"Diagrammatic* reproduction of the events of the war as officially* reported by the Great General Staff.")

*Underlined is original.

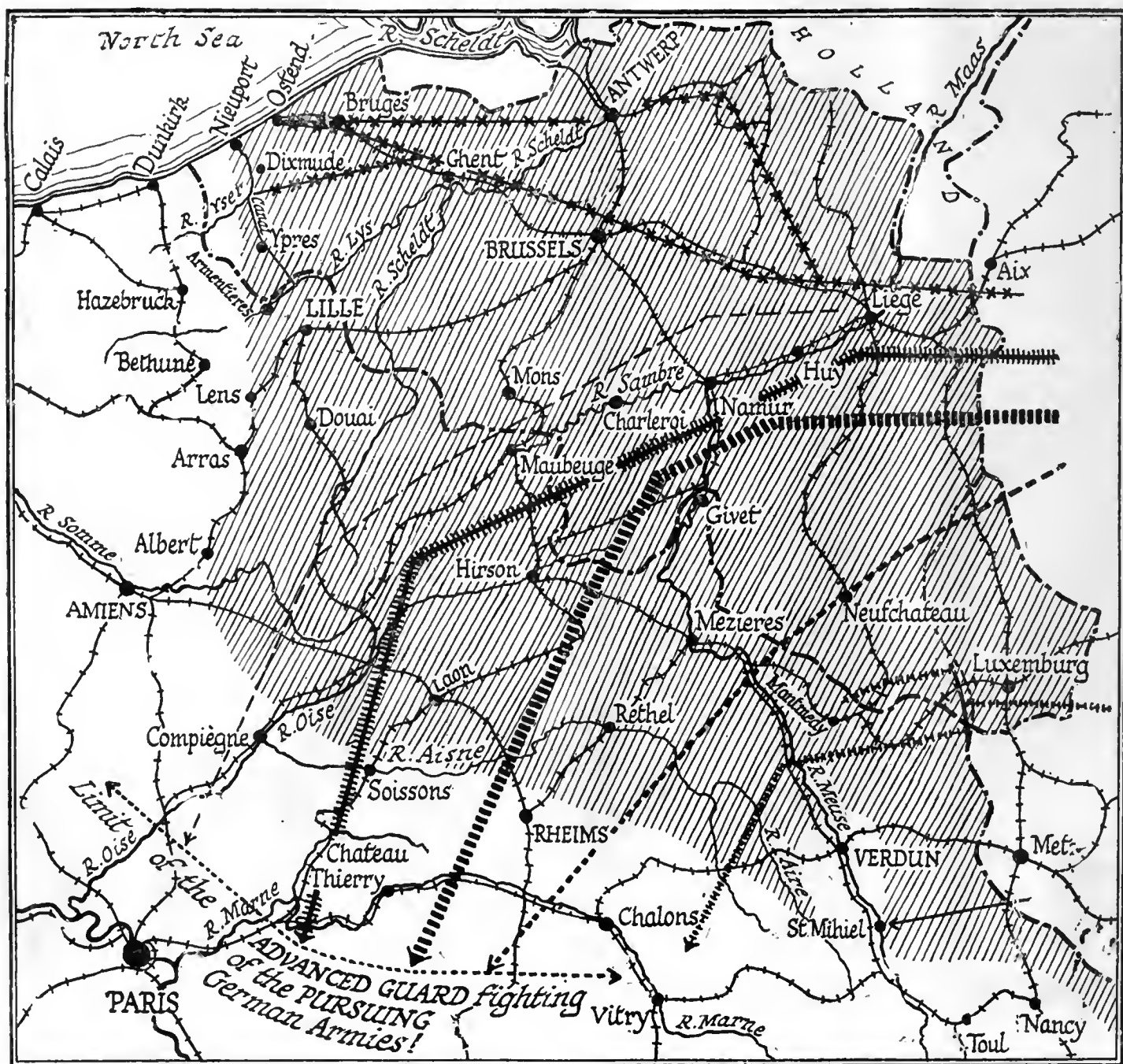
The document contained maps of the various theatres of the war with explanations of the strategic movements of the armies, and in the margin is a summary of the official communiqués issued by the German Staff since the beginning of the war. These telegrams announce of course nothing but victorious engagements, on an average about one daily. Very few actions are described as indecisive, amongst these being especially two battles near Paris, at Meaux and St. Montmirail, on September 10th. But the notes explanatory to the map of the Western front do away with any doubt as to these actions in their version of the whole German strategy in France. Dotted lines show the routes followed by the German armies in August, from the Rhine down to the furthest line reached by their foremost columns, between the rivers Marne and Seine. This furthest line is marked: *Limit of the battles fought by the advance guards of the pursuing German armies from the 9th to 11th September.* Behind this line of alleged advance-guards a red shading shows the country occupied by the actual armies with the remark: "Battle of the Aisne since the middle of September."

This map supplies the illustration of the first legend of the Marne and is the graphic equivalent of the equivocation contained in the telegrams quoted above. It is an attempt to spread the belief (and an attempt that was successful in Germany) that only advance-guards and not the actual German armies had advanced between the Marne and the Seine up to the Grand-Morin. According to this version the main armies remained on the Aisne awaiting the result of the pursuit by the advance-guards. When the latter however were met by the Allied counter-offensive of September 6th, they

retired fighting towards the bulk of the armies who then accepted battle, as described in the *démenti* of September 14th; this is the battle known throughout the German Press as "The Battle before Paris" (*Die Schlacht vor Paris*), in which the French and British were of course victoriously repulsed. Thus was a German defeat on the Marne transformed in the eyes of a misled public into a German victory on the Aisne, wherein the battle of September 6th to the 11th was but a small episode of manœuvre by which the Allies were enticed to attack the fortified position which the main armies had occupied further to the north.

It is hardly necessary to add that the hypocritical falsity of this version has been made brutally clear by the now perfectly well-known German orders for the battle. It was not merely advance-guards but, apart from three solitary army corps, the five complete armies deployed west of Verdun, that were engaged in this battle; in short, twenty-three out of the twenty-six army corps that had crossed the northern frontier of France. This is the actual version, as opposed to the ingenious but quite fantastic legend invented by the Imperial General Staff to hide the German defeat.

For a long time this legend obtained full credence in Germany; some, probably, still believe in it. It could hardly be otherwise considering that it was served up in every shape and form by a blind and docile press and by means of the war map which, in its letter-card form was bound to have a swift and extended circulation. By its use thousands of soldiers at the front gave silent confirmation to the story the Higher Command wished them to spread, and, at home, thousands of families received and accepted it.



German Map Summarising the Legend of 1914

Truth, notwithstanding, is so much stronger than falsehood, that in spite of all official and semi-official attempts to bar the way it has spread more and more amongst a public now becoming less credulous. As a result there has arisen a new version, *the Legend of 1916*, of which we will now speak.

The Legend of 1916

It was bound to come out sooner or later, that the main forces of *both* belligerents had been engaged in the battle of the Marne, and the instructed German public would conclude without much difficulty that an engagement resulting in a German *withdrawal* and an Allied *advance* had been a *German defeat* and an *Allied victory*. It was precisely this opinion that had to be eliminated, in the interest of the prestige of the military leaders. All the German power of resistance rests in a firm conviction of the invincibility of the Generals and the army; and at a time as critical as the present, when these same Generals are demanding enormous and increasing sacrifices at Verdun, it is of the utmost importance that this conviction should stand firm and that no knowledge of a previous occasion, at the very beginning of the war, upon which they had been thoroughly beaten, should lead to even the slightest suspicion that these sacrifices might be of no avail. The problem, therefore, was to avow the battle that could no longer be disavowed, and to acknowledge the retreat that was quite manifest, but to present both in such a light as to appear a victory of German strategy.

Let us once again summarise the facts. After the defeats on the northern French frontier, the Allied armies had made a rapid retirement. Their right wing pivoted about Verdun while their left wing was falling back upon the support of the entrenched camp of Paris. On September 5th they were aligned, from east to west as follows:

3rd Army, General Sarrail, south of Verdun and the Argonne, facing west and north-west.

4th Army, General Langle de Carry, astride the upper Marne near Vitry-le-François, facing north-west and north.

7th and 5th Armies, Generals Foch and Fanchet d'Esperey south of the middle Marne facing north with their backs to the Seine.

The British army, Field Marshal French, south of the Grand Morin, a tributary on the left bank of the Marne, facing north-east.

The 6th Army, General Maunoury, at Paris, ready to take up a line facing east, north of the lower Marne.

Facing these five Allied armies were aligned five German armies from, east to west, as follows:

Around Verdun and in the Argonne, facing General Sarrail, the 5th Army under the German Crown-Prince.

Near Vitry-le-François, facing General Langle de Carry, the 4th Army, under the Duke of Württemberg.

Around Sommesous facing General Foch's right wing, the 3rd Army under General von Hausen.

Towards the marshes of St. Gond and Esternay, facing Foch's left wing and General d'Esperey's right wing the 2nd Army under General von Bulow.

On the Grand-Morin and astride the Marne near Meaux, facing d'Esperey's left wing and Marshal French, and exposing its right flank to General Maunoury, was the 1st Army, under General von Kluck.

The latter had crossed the Marne with his cavalry and with four out of his five army-corps, leaving the 4th Reserve Corps north of that river, upon the Ourcq, facing towards Paris.

On September 5th in the afternoon, General Maunoury's troops attacked this Army Corps, whereupon the Commander of the 1st German Army, appreciating the threat to his flank and his rear, left part of his forces to face the British and the French 5th Army and withdrew the remainder to the north of the river.

This first retirement was followed by a second; General Maunoury having received reinforcements, von Kluck had to call up the rest of his army which had been holding the British. He was thus able to counter-attack the 6th French Army, but soon found his left flank menaced by General French, whose troops had followed his withdrawal across the Marne.

D'Esperey and his neighbour Foch had meanwhile been violently attacked by General von Bulow. To begin with this attack was favourable to the Germans, but von

Kluck's retreat compromised the whole situation by uncovering von Bulow's flank, thereby forcing him also to retreat in order to keep in connection with his right, which in turn weakened his touch with von Hausen on his left. The whole German battle-array was threatened with dislocation, and the commander-in-chief was forced to order a retreat on the whole front during the night of September 9th to the 10th. It was a lost battle for the Germans.

So much for *history*: now for the *legend*. This has been circulated amongst the German public by means of various pamphlets, all well advertised in the press, and is in substance as follows:

During the first days of September, when General von Kluck turned aside from Paris in an attempt to grip the French left wing, Marshal von Hindenburg had been victorious over the Russians at the battle of Tannenberg. The Imperial Staff, however, was under no illusions as to the real importance of this victory, decisive though it was, knowing that it had only affected a small fraction of Russia's forces and that the rest would certainly return to the attack; at the same time it was apparent that the Austro-Hungarians, left to themselves, would be incapable of adequate resistance.

Under these conditions, General Joffre ordered his counter-offensive, and the Germans were faced with two alternatives. Either the French and British with their black and yellow Colonial troops would develop a numerical superiority sufficient to enable them to offer serious resistance, or else the victorious Germans in pursuit would dangerously extend their lines of communication in the West simultaneously with an advance in the East.

In the face of these two possibilities (say the German scribes) a plan was conceived so full of genius, so marvellous, that only the future will show the greatness thereof—a plan that dealt adequately with both alternatives at once. Whilst the battle was raging and the German armies everywhere asserting their superiority over the Allies, their Commander-in-Chief made busy to fortify the line of the river Aisne; this work was complete by 10th September. Thereupon orders were issued to the victorious armies to break off the engagement. In perfect order, taking with them prisoners and trophies, they suddenly disappeared from before their surprised adversaries and fell back to occupy the position against which the latter were subsequently to break their heads. The new front covered the rich lands of northern France, Belgium, and the Rhenish plain, where were to be found all things necessary for defensive work. Great lines of railway assured communication with the home-land, whence fresh troops and munitions could be brought up in a few hours. The British and French had thought themselves victors, but they were greatly mistaken. The German "defeat" was in truth a victory, their withdrawal not a retreat, but rather a deliberate rupture of the engagement in execution of a broad-minded strategical decision, carried out at the psychological moment.

Reductio ad Absurdum

The story is ingenious but false. One question alone will almost suffice to disprove it. *Why retire upon the Aisne if the enemy was at his last gasp and only needed one last blow to complete his destruction?* Either the German Armies were really victorious, in which case it was absurd to retreat; or else they were forced to retreat, in which case it was absurd to claim the victory.

This contradiction is the more marked if one considers German military doctrine as embodied in their regulations, namely, that victory is never complete unless followed by pursuit—that the aim of a battle is not merely to beat the enemy, but to destroy him, in order to prevent a renewal of the struggle and consequent risks. Yet here, immediately after the formidable rush across Belgium and northern France, at the moment when it was claimed to be possible to destroy the enemy, all doctrine and regulations were set aside!

But, in fulfilling the victory by the pursuit (says the legend) the lines of communication would have been duly extended. Strange indeed, for how could these lines have been protected better than by destroying an adversary who was claimed to be on the point of destruction. And how long was the threatened extension? From the Aisne to the Marne the average distance is not

over thirty miles. Was it to save this extra amount of railway transport that the German staff gave up what was an assured victory?

*And was it not necessary, adds the author of the legend, to take preventive measures against the Russians? This is just the great point of the German strategy, for at the moment of discovering that the Russians had already started their mobilisation during the previous spring (this being the reason of their successful invasion of East Prussia) the German Staff decided to press no further their advantage in France.**

To this, again, a complete answer is given by the Battle of Flanders, which shows that, far from turning their strength against the Russians in 1914, the Germans sent

* This is another German legend, according to which the Russians had started the war, which is proved by the fact that they had started mobilisation in the spring. This was, however, only discovered at the time of the battle of the Marne, whence the need for the strategic withdrawal!

their first reserves to the Western front; after their defeat on the Marne they were able to constitute their corps of marines and volunteers. To this new and rapidly trained force of 6½ Army Corps was given the task of regaining the victory which had slipped from their grasp on the Marne, and for more than a month these men were sacrificed on the Yser and before Ypres in a vain effort to that end.

The legend of 1916 will be no more lasting than that of 1914. It may yet assist in deceiving the German public in whom the long duration of the war begins to awaken doubts, and who are beginning to wonder why their unsurpassably brilliant military leaders have not yet crushed so inferior an enemy. History, however, will not fail to have the last word, and hers will be the true victory, even in Germany, over all official legends, however ingenious.

The Future and the Women

By Lady Frances Balfour

WE often find people wondering what changes will be brought about by the war in our social and domestic life. It is a natural line of speculation, though perhaps a not very productive one. Individuals are not much altered by the events around them. It is notorious how soon we have got accustomed to a state of anxiety and of loss, to the "changes and chances," in everything which we have been accustomed to consider as the fixed stars, in our outlook.

The people who cannot exist without pleasurable excitements have continued to promote and seek after them. They have given new names to the society gatherings. The benefit matinées are for war charities. The dance is for the pleasure of young officers back from the front. Ostentatious display and rivalry in extravagance is only hiding its head till the tax gatherer is less importunate, and the American millionaire returns to the hotels of European capitals. The war has shaken domesticity even more than in the golden age of peace. The heads of the households in all classes are away. The footmen, the chauffeurs, the pillars of household stability have been withdrawn, and it becomes more than ever a necessity to dine at the restaurant and end the evening with a dance. These are the same people who before the war filled the pleasure boat for a midnight excursion on the river, and watched one of their party, for a foolish bet, drown himself before their eyes. And, after the inquest they danced and went to the theatre "lest we remember." If that social group were in the war zone to-day they would dance, and feed amid the scenes of carnage as they do on the everyday battle field of life, for the Ethiopian changes not his skin, nor the leopard his spots, whatever their surroundings. There is nothing in their nature to change or alter. They have lived for the day and its pleasures, and so long as any day will bring them these, they ask no more of its twenty-four hours. Every age has had its revellers. History, sacred and profane, is full of them, and neither war conditions, nor the exhaustion that follows war, will destroy either the social moth, or the sensualist.

One real question is whether humanity after the war will seek more ardently after the luxury of amusement, or whether its ideals will be changed, or its means so limited as to prevent profusion and display. The standard of comfort has risen throughout the whole community. The love of an easy luxurious life is not confined to the leisured and upper classes. The fashion of expenditure is set by the idle rich, but it is eagerly followed by the professional and industrial classes, whenever their circumstances improve. To keep motor cars, and to spend on dress was quite as evident in the one class, as increased drunkenness, attendance at picture palaces, and neglect of all thrift, was in the wage-earners of both sexes.

The desire to put on the State—that vote-catching rich and indiscriminate parent, the care of the children, and to abandon the old self-supporting integrity of the home, has grown with the increased prosperity of the

industrial classes. The fruit of this State interference in the lowered standard of household responsibility has been obvious during the war. Industry has passed through a time of profitable labour. It has been stated "the war has brought the working classes a wave of unexampled prosperity." We know it cannot last, and that preparation should be made for the depression which will follow. So far, the women who are experiencing this "abnormal prosperity," have followed the example set them. The money they have earned in new industrial openings, or in war allowances, has gone in a heightened expenditure on clothes, alcohol and amusement. It is notorious that the homes are more neglected. School inspection reports the children are better fed and clothed, but less cleanly in their persons and less controlled in their manners and morals. The State for good or for evil has taught dependence on its paternal interference, and it has done nothing to raise in the masses the sense of a community of interest, nor the belief that our women are the wealth and security of the race that must inherit the fruits of this war.

Men in the educated and leisured classes have looked on women as the purveyors of their amusement and social elegancies. Incidentally, they have been their partners in creating the homes, but there has been very little consideration as to the atmosphere of the home life. The number of children has been welcomed or discouraged, according to the views of the social class to which the parents belong. The large household, that "quiverful" which is holding the enemy away from our ports, and is fighting wherever the banner of England flies, has not been found in the centres where life is most luxurious and the difficulty of rearing a large family is least felt. Women have come out of the ordeal of battle better than might have been expected from their social or State education. By nature, and the grace of God, they are in themselves "true to the kindred points of heaven and home," and even the most utterly pleasure seeking have not disowned the cares of motherhood. In these days when the sword has pierced so many hearts, it is with the agony of love, not the bitterness of shame. If the women of our country and its dominions are to be judged by the sons they have borne for this day when the test of true manhood is the ordeal by fire and sword, they have no need to be ashamed. The bitterest grief to the solitary in the family, is that no son has been reared at her side to give to her country's cause. Many a woman has been made a widow and childless, but if the joy and crowns of her life were restored to her here, she would again send them forth to fulfil their high calling and vocation. The women who have of necessity stayed at home and seen the sons of the nation filling the league long battle lines, must have had many thoughts as to what these men will ask on their return, of their homes and of that society created by the home. Will the same old round of "babble and dance and wine" still satisfy? Will the vision fade, the high endeavour slacken? Will the energies brought into such disciplined power grow weak and

nerveless? Will the nation sink back into that lethargy from which its higher being was called by "the quick resounding drum"?

That it can so fall back, history holds in its pages. The story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration, of the French Revolution and the American civil war, have each their warning note. A nation at war can only think of the expenditure of blood and treasure, the price which must be paid in lives and gold. A nation at peace thinks of the wealth to be got out of the toil of human lives, and how it can capture its neighbour's markets. The lust after wealth can be more cruel than the desolations of war. We know to our cost how great nations can bring themselves to believe that there is nothing worth upholding, or fighting for, if only their worldly prosperity is assured. If the soul of a nation dies in its lust after gold, it has been destroyed because the people have ceased to have vision, and the women are sunk in frivolous folly. "Show me the women of a country and I will tell you its history," is a saying which with variations has been often repeated. In the downfall of corrupt empires and ages, the women have always been the shameless advertisers of the corruption of the social state.

Judged by this high and sacred test, we may take courage and go forward in the path of reconstruction, and building again the waste places. The women have not failed the nation during the war, and they will not fail when the dawn of the age of peace breaks on the mountains of time. There are and there will remain "the careless daughters" who will not be warned even by the judgments which are upon the earth. Women have done their part in the spheres which have always been their own, and they have responded nobly to the call that has come to them to take up new responsibilities and to enter on new professions. For them as for their comrades and brethren in the armies of the nation has come a new sense of citizenship. The old order is passing away, "down the ringing grooves of change." If men have learnt how to die that the eternal verities may live,

women have learnt to live so as to show forth these sacred truths in their walk and conversation. They are being prepared for all that must come after the war. For them will come the testing point when society begins its reconstruction. It will fall to them to relight the fires on many a cold hearth. They must stand in the broken and torn ranks of the citizens. No longer can they be counted, or count themselves, as mere supernumeraries in society, or in industry. If nations have learnt the lessons the war has presented in pictures set in a framework of fire and steel, it is the women who must lead the way in the social revival. The prophets, who concern themselves with the things peace will bring, forget in their forecasting to reckon with the changes in conditions and the disappearance of ancient myths and popular prejudices. Necessity has proved that women can and must fill many spheres aforesaid arrogated to men. The opportunity for this new testing of the capabilities of women has proved that in all classes women have risen to these new occasions. A statesman of the Victorian age observed as a new discovery, "there has been no hysteria among women." That form of feminine sensibility is no longer required of them by the male sex, and as it is not asked for, and not appreciated if produced, it has died out. Women have been allowed to become healthy and normal members of society. Given the inch they have taken the ell, and are found ready when the call of the country has come to their ears.

As they have fallen into line in the time of disorganisation and change, so they will be found ready for the hour of reconstruction.

A new vision has dawned on many as to the sure foundations on which the new order must be constructed, the dignity of work in the service of God and humanity. Home and the homelands stand for more, for they have been bought with a price. Women can never again be treated, nor may they treat themselves as toys and playthings, or the slaves of lust and cupidity. In them lies the hope of the future in the new estate of the Realm into which we are about to enter.

Literature During the War

By W. L. Courtney

SOME months ago, at the very beginning of the war, a distinguished critic writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, gave it as his opinion that the war would kill literature. As we look back over the past eighteen or twenty months, we discover that such a lamentable catastrophe has not occurred, and that the fears of the critic were ill-founded. For a month or so after the outbreak of hostilities the whole literary output was suspended. Nothing more remarkable than that first arrest of all productiveness has occurred in the history of Pasternoster Row. But after a little time old habits reasserted themselves, authors went on writing, books were published—here a little and there a little—as if to prove that literary activity was, it might be, scotched, but not killed. Since those earlier months of the war publishers have been voluble in their complaints, authors' prices have not ruled so high, the paper famine has caused several difficulties, and bookbinders have increased their costs. But in spite of these difficulties the literary output, though not yet normal, does not differ in a very startling degree from corresponding periods in earlier times.

Of course, the first rush was for books about the war. It was assumed that the public would want to read feverishly and continuously anything that bore on the subject which so entirely engrossed their minds. But this did not continue. Perhaps too many books were produced, perhaps readers wanted some change from their daily perusal of newspapers. Whatever may have been the cause there was a slump in the market for war books, and only the best survived. What, in point of fact, are the books in this department to be most remembered? We can count them on the fingers of both hands. There is Mr. F. S. Oliver's *Ordeal by Battle*, and also *The Soul of the War*, by Mr. Philip Gibbs, the newspaper correspondent who has since done yeoman's

service in his battle pictures from the Front. There is Mr. Boyd Cable with his *Between the Lines and Action Front*; Mr. Ian Hay with that notable work originally issued in Blackwood's Magazine, *The First Hundred Thousand*; and there is Lord Ernest Hamilton's *First Seven Divisions*. To these we may add a clever book by "Student in Arms," parts of which saw the light in the *Spectator*; Professor J. H. Morgan's *Leaves from a Field Note-book*; Mr. Fred Coleman's *From Mons to Ypres*, and Mr. Fred Palmer's *My Year of the War*. There may be a few others, as, for instance, Hilaire Belloc's and John Buchan's more formal Histories of the War.

One of the most notable results of the war has been the lavish and prodigal production of poetry. It is not unnatural when feelings are raised to a high pitch that an outlet should be sought in verse, and perhaps it is equally natural that verse produced in such conditions should be lacking in quality. If the critic was right in defining the essence of poetry as "emotion remembered in tranquillity," it becomes obvious that hasty and perfervid ebullitions of feeling will not represent the higher flights of the muse. Some of the poetry, nevertheless, evoked by the war has been of a distinctly lofty kind, and in this connection we may especially note that Sir Henry Newbolt and Mr. Laurence Binyon have done good work. There was an Ode written by Mr. Binyon at the very commencement of hostilities which remains as one of the finest things. With it can be compared Mrs. Woods's recent poem *The First Battle of Ypres*, both representing a very high level of technical accomplishment and poetic feeling.

But there is more to be said than this. Apart from occasional contributions in verse, there is a young school of poets writing and working in our midst who represent a very interesting department of literature. Those who have read the two volumes of Georgian Poetry which

have recently been produced, will be familiar with some of their names. Georgian poetry is in its essence very different from the Victorian poetry which preceded it. It has a quality of its own, a quality not easy to define but very perceptible in its effects. The Victorian poet loved his art for its art's sake. The Georgian poet loves his art as something which does not remove him from the actual conditions of life, but which makes him keenly interested in all its material embodiments as well as in its practical conduct. Tennyson, we might say, was a solitary artist, preoccupied with questions of technique.

Men like James Stephens, Lascelles Abercrombie, William Davies and others, have no such preoccupation. They are, as a matter of fact, often careless of their metrical structure, and mere technical accomplishment as such does not seem to appeal to them. They are realistic or naturalistic, using their poetic phraseology to give form to what they have discovered about the world and about men. The spirit in which they write is more important to them than their actual accomplishments. Robert Browning's work represents a sort of transition between the Victorian verse and the Georgian. Much of what is written in our times might be fathered by Browning: little or nothing is dependent on either Tennyson or Swinburne. John Masefield appears to be the biggest of these men. He has a strongly dramatic gift, as he has shown both in *Pompey the Great* and in his more recent work *Good Friday*. If Ralph Hodgson had done nothing else than write his poem about *The Bull*, he would still have done a memorable thing, while if one wishes to find a characteristic piece of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, one need not look further than the remarkable little study which he entitles *Hoops*. Sometimes we find a hard kernel at the core of Georgian poetry, something a little crude, possibly immature.

Rupert Brooke, who leapt into very deserved popularity accentuated by the tragic episode of his early death, has produced one or two superb pieces and written one or two superb lines. But if we take his drama *Lithuania*, we shall discover that there was an underlying stratum within him, acrid and unpleasant, which he would most assuredly have grown out of had he only lived. And Mr. Gordon Bottomley's curious play *King Lear's Wife*, apart from much that is spirited and elevating, especially in the character of the youthful Goneril, gives here and there an impression of aridity at the heart. Mrs. Woods, though she emphatically belongs to the Georgian poets, in the way she attacks her subject, in the structure of her verse and in her general treatment of her themes, has attained to a level of artistry apparently beyond the reach of most of her colleagues.

A French Critic's View

In a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a competent French critic, M. Emile Legouis, discussed the views on war taken by certain celebrated English writers. It is always interesting to note the fashion in which what is tolerably familiar to us appeals to a foreign mind, for it helps us to correct insular judgments even where we cannot altogether accept the point of view. In the present instance it is easy to see that the French critic is a little disappointed. He discovers in the attitude of English writers on the war a certain curious detachment, as though they were composing their books not under the pressure of an appalling crisis, but in circumstances pleasantly remote from the crucial interests. He finds this detached standpoint not only where we should all expect it, in the case of George Bernard Shaw, but also in G. K. Chesterton, and to some extent even in John Galsworthy. Rudyard Kipling is, of course, a thorough-going Imperialist; he has always been imbued with a military spirit and filled with an intense admiration for the deeds of our soldiers and sailors. But we can well understand how difficult it is for the French mind to comprehend a writer like Mr. Chesterton.

Mr. Chesterton produces a book for instance entitled *The Crimes of England*, his purpose being to show that any well-read Englishman could arrange a catalogue of wrong-doing on the part of our nation far more complete and exhaustive than the list of crimes produced, let us say, by a German critic. But the whole intention of the author is, as we know on this side of the Channel,

purely ironic. And there is another attribute of Mr. Chesterton which must be singularly baffling to foreigners, just as it is to some extent baffling to ourselves. Mr. Chesterton's ordinary procedure is to advance through a series of more or less brilliant paradoxes to arrive at a conclusion which is quite orthodox and commonplace. He executes a number of somersaults, in order to prove that he is really walking with his feet firmly planted along a customary path. If one takes too much notice of his paradoxes one might for a moment be induced to think that he was an iconoclast, but his conclusions are so sane that we sometimes rub our eyes in wonder at the tortuous paths by which he has led us. A process of this kind must be very confusing to a logically-minded Frenchman.

Writers of Fiction

Mr. H. G. Wells has done some brilliant work, but he writes under all the disadvantages which usually weigh on the head of a prophet when he is confronted, not with his own dreams, but with stark reality. Possibly one of the best things he has done in recent days is the yet unfinished book *Mr. Brilling sees it Through*, which is coming out in the columns of a weekly newspaper. The importance of Mr. Galsworthy's work will be more obvious to a future generation than it is to ourselves. For Mr. Galsworthy was and is an ardent pacifist, and was therefore confronted at the outset with the serious task of reconsidering his position in view of current events. He has carried out his self-examination with all that conscientious care and that love of ideal justice which have animated both his dramatic and his novelistic tasks for some time past. He has convinced himself that the war is just and necessary, and his contributions to the subject are all the more valuable because they come from a man of singular honesty of mind, of delicate sensitiveness and of the highest idealism. His recently published *Diagnosis of the Englishman* which, if I remember right, was published in an Amsterdam paper, was an extremely acute and convincing piece of criticism.

Men like these, however, have made their reputations. There remain others who are still making it. The war has put many difficulties in their way, but it is to their credit that they have pursued their respective paths imbued with the idea that art is eternal, whereas the war is, and must be from the highest point of view, merely temporary. There are a number of interesting young English novelists—Mr. Gilbert Cannan, for instance, Mr. J. D. Beresford, Mr. W. L. George—who apparently have a future before them. Mr. Hugh Walpole has made a great advance on his past work by writing *The Dark Forest*. Mr. D. H. Lawrence is a more puzzling personality, for with all his undoubted cleverness he has curious traits and propensities which do not make the perusal of his work altogether a pleasant exercise. In his recent study of certain Italian towns, *Twilight in Italy*, there is a strained love of symbolism which tends to spoil the picturesque beauty of some of his effects. Mr. E. M. Forster, who wrote *Longest Journey* and *Howard's End*, has a distinct and most curious originality from which much may be expected in the future. Mr. Arnold Bennett I do not refer to, because ever since he wrote *An Old Wives' Tale* his reputation has been secure. *One of Our Grandmothers*, by Ethel Coburn Mayne, is a novel of distinct promise.

Oddly enough, the most dominant figure among contemporary novelists is not an Englishman at all, but a Pole. No one has a more arresting personality than Mr. Joseph Conrad. From the time when he published *Almayer's Folly*, in 1895, down to his most recent romance, *Victory*, he has shown most of the gifts of a consummate artist—not always popular, not always appealing to the reading public, but exercising an influence over his contemporaries which seems likely to endure and prevail.

By the courtesy of the proprietors of *Punch*, LAND & WATER was able to publish, in its Empire Day number, Mr. Bernard Partridge's cartoon "To Victory." This seemed so appropriate to the present situation that we republish it in this "Two Years of War" special number. It appears on the cover, and the proprietors of LAND & WATER have to thank Mr. Richard Haworth, 25, Preston Road, Blackburn, for his courteous permission to use it, he being now the owner of the original

Human Nature and the War

By Principal L. P. Jacks

IN the two years during which the war has been in progress a number of men, women and children roughly equal to the total population of London has been killed. Perhaps five times as many have been wounded, making with the killed a total not far short of the population of Great Britain. What it has cost in material wealth to accomplish this result would be hard to say; probably fifteen thousand million sterling is well within the mark.

For what end has this been done—to repeat the question of Little Peterkin? It has been done in order to settle a type of quarrel which, had it broken out between six reasonable men with some sense of humour, instead of between six Great "Powers," with no "power" of understanding each other, would have been settled in a quarter of an hour.

Looking at the matter in this way most people would agree that we are in the presence of something essentially irrational. Reason is said to be the prerogative of man. The war—not the word, not the idea, but the *thing* in its concrete horror—is a strange comment on the prerogative.

A Detached View

Suppose we were to cut the war out as a single chapter in the history of man's doings on this planet and set ourselves to deduce from this chapter a theory as to the nature of the beings who did these things. Or suppose we were suddenly endowed with a power of vision to see the war, not through the medium of statistics or newspaper reports but as a living fact in all the length and breadth and detail of its dreadful truth—and then, with that vision fresh before us, set ourselves to write out a testimonial to the character of man, to be delivered to the angels or to the inhabitants of some other planet on which the human race had applied for a situation. Should we not come to the conclusion that man is thoroughly and hopelessly insane? Should we not warn the angels against having anything to do with a race of lunatics so dangerous?

And is not the war a test case of character for human nature? When in the history of the world have nations ever made so great an effort—of body or mind? When has man given so extensive and so clear a display of the stuff of which his nature is composed? Moreover the war is not a thing of momentary origin. It marks a point of arrival to which ages of development have brought us. It is a summary up to date of a long course of human history. It is what we have *come to* after going our own way through the centuries.

We have come to this—that about three hundred million human beings on this side and two hundred million on that are now engaged in trying to inflict upon each other the greatest possible amount of death, mutilation and material loss, and have so far succeeded as to kill or wound forty millions and to destroy fifteen thousand million pounds' worth of wealth at the very least. As a test case of what man is, and what he is capable of, we shall look in vain for any single episode or revealing action that will tell a more eloquent tale about man—that is if we are to judge him by what he *does* rather than by what he *says*, as surely we ought to do. We could not hesitate as to the conclusion to be drawn from such premisses. To conclude that human nature is brutal, or wicked, or selfish or cruel would not be enough. Human nature, we should have to say, is plainly mad. Insanity and not reason is the prerogative of man.

A friend of mine who has reflected deeply on the war, and written about it more wisely than any other Englishman, remarked the other day, "During the early months of the war I often had the feeling that I was in hell already—in fact that we were all in hell together without knowing it. But that feeling has passed away. I now believe that I am in Bedlam—which perhaps is only a particular province of hell." That feeling is wide-spread though vague and undefined. Even our soldiers at the front, keen as they are to do their duty, often speak in their letters of the "mad business" on which they

are engaged. I have had many letters from the front in that strain, letters from men who have since given the last proof of their devotion. And only to-day I notice in the newspaper that a German prisoner used the same expression to one of his captors—"when will this mad business stop?" The sense of its "madness" is in the air.

Mr. Philip Gibbs, in one of his brilliant letters from the battlefield, says of a group of prisoners whom he questioned, "they talk as men under an evil spell, put upon them by unknown powers beyond their reach." Does not this reference to an "evil spell" echo something of which we are all more or less vividly conscious? Is it not a mockery to say that "patriotism" in the various nations requires for its expression mutual slaughter and destruction on just this appalling scale? That a man should love his country and be willing to die for it is, indeed, no mark of insanity. It is a mark of highest reason. But the worst forms of insanity are precisely those which attack reason in its highest forms. What if patriotism itself has succumbed to the "evil spell" and produced a madness worse than any ever seen under the sun?

For this, and for other reasons too, there are some pessimists who have gone the length of suggesting that man is a being lower than any of the brute beasts. In answer to the plea that war is a "biological necessity," a phase of the struggle for existence, they remind us very properly that not even the fiercest of the carnivora make organised war on their own kind—as a working man put it to me not long ago, "the animals have too much *sense*." Red as their teeth and claws may be, the blood on them is not that of their fellows in the same species. Their killing is not a "mad business," for their prey is their food. Between this and the havoc of our modern battlefields there is no parallel. In intelligence as well as in morality the human performance is infinitely "lower" than the brutes!

From these conclusions there would seem to be no escape—if we accept the view that human nature is really responsible for what is going on. *But, I hasten to say, human nature is not responsible for it*—and venture to think that until this is realised the profoundest political lesson of the war will be missed. Human nature has been dragged into this business against its will, its intelligence, its instincts. A "spell" has been put upon it.

A Libel on Man

To charge the horrors of the present time to the brute passions of man's nature, to his want of right-mindedness, or of self control is to commit a libel on man and to let the real sinner go free. In human nature there is nothing whatever which could lead, under any conceivable circumstances, to such orgies of bloodshed and mutilation as the slopes of Verdun and many other places have recently witnessed. Human nature is from first to last in revolt against the whole proceeding. It is not *human* nature which does these things, but *State* nature—a very different thing. To love one's native land and be willing to die for it is one thing, perhaps the noblest in man; to love a soulless machine called "the State" is another, and I for one have never met a human being in England or anywhere else who was capable of so unnatural a passion.

Modern States are not human. They are stupid monsters without conscience, without soul, without feeling. As to intelligence they lack even that modest amount of it which would enable them to understand one another. Not understanding one another, and unable to do so, their mutual relations are like those of a number of icebergs floating on the same sea, which may at any moment be flung into collision by the drift of invisible currents. It is the paradox of the world's history that the great States formed by the combined intelligence of their members have so little intelligence in their relations with one another. The human nature which is in each member of the state, and stands on the whole for right-

mindfulness and neighbourly relations, disappears in the total combination of all the members, and a vast agglomeration comes into being of which the outstanding feature is that it lacks a soul. This portentous result is lost sight of by philosophers who study the State only in respect of its internal structure. But it appears instantly when its relations to other States are taken into account. In this respect the States of the civilised world are correctly described as stupid monsters, and as such they behave, dragging with them the intelligent millions, whom they have put under "a spell" and tied to their fortunes, to such mad issues as we now behold—issues against which human nature everywhere is in revolt.

Where Responsibility Lies

There are many who regard the war as betokening the need for a radical change in the nature of man—in his ideals, his habits, his passions. And certainly this would be a sound inference from the facts if human nature were really responsible for the war—only in that case I think we should have to go further and demand the total extinction of man as unfit to live on the planet, on the same principle that we demand the extermination of a mad dog. But believing, as I do, that responsibility for the war rests elsewhere, I see no need for any radical change in human nature, nor do I think that it is going to take place. What human nature needs is not a radical change but a fair opportunity, an opportunity for expressing itself not only in the relations between man and man, where it has already established some kind of rational order, but in the relations between States which, as things now are, constitute a mere Bedlam world. Moreover, I see no signs of any such change in human nature either in process or in prospect. We shall find ourselves at the end of the war much the same kind of people we were at the beginning, poorer by the diminution of our incomes, sadder by the loss of our friends and dear ones, but essentially unchanged. The general bent and direction of the human mind will remain as they were. There will be no sudden revolution in our habits and modes of thought—such things are from the nature of the case impossible and all dreams founded on their coming are doomed to disappointment. Nor is there any reason why we should desire them. Human nature is good enough for the work it has to do and the life it has to live—if only it gets a fair chance.

What does need changing is State-nature, for state-nature is the cause of all these woes. We have been under a monstrous delusion about the State—almost hypnotised by the word—and it is the mission of the war, among other things, to bring this home to our intelligence. For two generations and more the pundits of the Western world have been grovelling on their bellies before this abstraction, this monster, this idol. It is a worship made, so far as modern times are concerned, in Germany, and it is worthy of its origin. We have been taught that the evolution of the State is the culminating achievement of man's rationality and of his goodness. And so no doubt it might be if a different kind of State from any that is now in existence had been evolved. But of the actual States now in being nine-tenths of what the philosophers teach about the rationality of "the State," of its quasi-divinity, are not only untrue but the flat opposite of the truth.

Whatever the State may be, these States are not something higher than the individual but something vastly lower than any individual. There is not one of them in which the human interests of its constituent members is not at the mercy of that brute, inhuman, Bedlam world which is constituted by the relations of the various States with one another. There is not one of them which, when standing in the presence of its neighbour States, can be said to represent human-nature in its intelligence, in its affections, or even in its passions. For, as we have seen, they do not even understand one another. The lions roaring to each other in the forests, the starlings chattering on the tree tops are at a higher level of mutual comprehension than are "the States" of civilised Europe. And the proof is that when a quarrel arises which half a dozen sensible men could settle in ten minutes over a pipe of tobacco, these "Great Powers" have no recourse but to tear one another to pieces in a manner of

which the lowest of the brute beasts are quite incapable. Are they not stupid monsters? The very monkeys must despise them.

A proposal has been made to ensure perpetual peace by a new piece of machinery—a Federation of All the States controlled by a World Parliament. It is a proposal which leaves me cold. It reminds me of the reason once given by an Irishman as the crowning argument in favour of Home Rule. "When we get a United Ireland and a Parliament of our own, faith we'll have some fine quarrels." Were such a Federation constituted out of such States as at present exist in the world it would split into two parties over every question submitted to its decision, and would quarrel at once, and quarrel always. The picture so often presented of all the States combining automatically to keep in order any member of the group which might threaten to break the peace is a fiction, which would be replaced in reality by powerful and balanced parties, plotting each other's overthrow and ready to attempt it, if need be, by force of arms. The Federation of the World would be a cockpit of Civil War. Before any such form of internationalism can be successfully attempted a preliminary step must be a complete change of nature in each of the combining States. With the nature they now have they would be at loggerheads from the outset.

What precisely are the needed changes of State-nature indicated by the insanity of the present war, is a question much too large for me to attempt its present discussion. I must content myself with pointing out the sphere in which, as it seems to me, our reconstructions should be exercised. Human nature needs no revolutions. It needs only—a chance.

The Worn Grass

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Where is the summer grass, so green,
That made the Park a resting-place
For eyes street-weary? Now its face
Is worn, attrite and dim. I ween
We know what those broad patches mean.

How many brave, whose tireless feet
Marched here and turned in daily drill,
And wore the grass away, now still,
Their tramlings ended, in the sweet,
Cool earth are resting, crowned, complete?

The grass shall hide its wounds again
And shine once more for London's play—
A green lake in a cincture gray.
Our hearts the abraded dust retain
And cherish its most sacred stain.

"The justice of the cause which endeavours to achieve its object by the murdering and maiming of mankind is apt to be doubted by a man who has come through a bayonet charge." In this first sentence of his introduction to *The Great Push* (Herbert Jenkins, 2s. 6d. net.) Mr. Patrick MacGill outlines the thought that inspires throughout those vivid and terrible scenes of war. Practically the book was written on the scene of action; much in the trenches, and the last chapter in the hospital at Versailles. It is mainly a personal experience of the battle of Loos. There is humour and pathos in these pages, in fact Mr. MacGill makes the reader realise what a human thing war is, for all its inhumanity.

Here is story of a wounded Bavarian who wandered into a dressing station where MacGill was working. "My stock of bandages had run short, and Ginger Turley, who had received a parcel of underclothing a few days before, brought out a new shirt from his haversack, and tearing it into strips, he handed me sufficient cloth for a bandage. 'Poor bloke!' muttered Turley, blushing a little as if ashamed of the kind action. 'I suppose it was my shot, too! 'E must be the feller that went crawlin' into the buildin'!" This story of Ginger Turley is a new version of the Good Samaritan. But throughout the book we come across these wonderful flashes of sympathy which relieve the gloom of the main narrative. "What is to be the end of this destruction and decay," is the question the author asks on almost the last page. Every chapter sets this question burring through the brain.

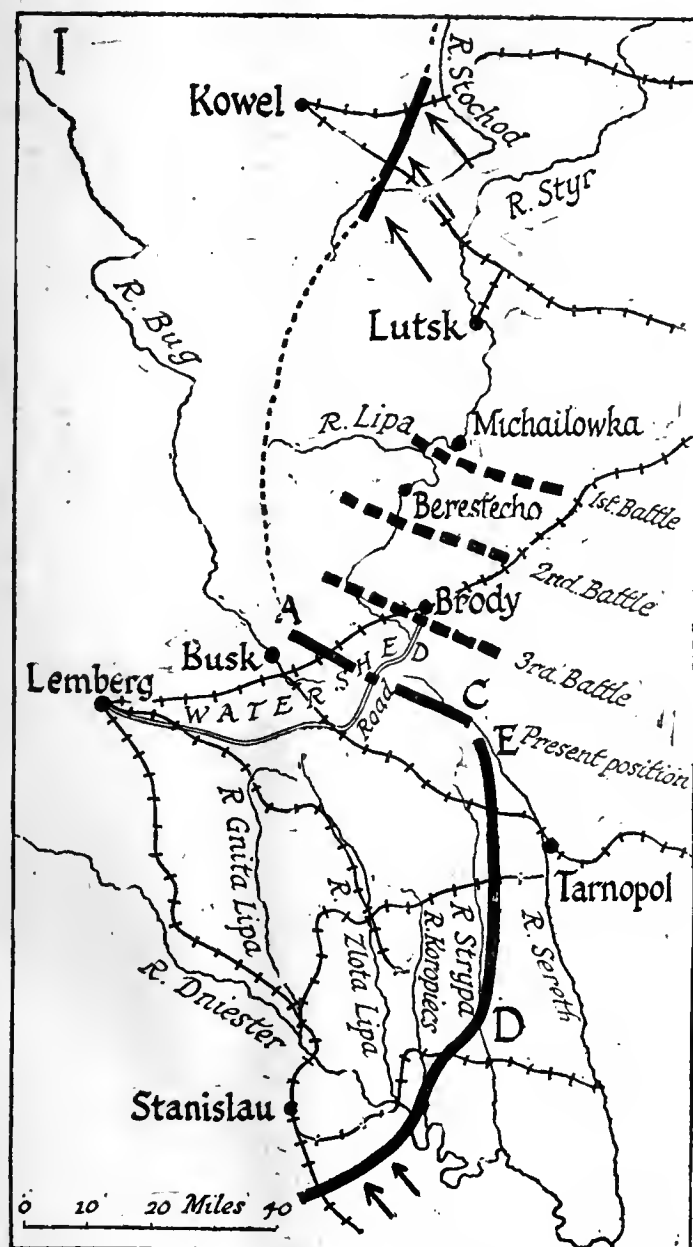
The Week's Operations

By Hilaire Belloc

THE THREAT TO BOTHMER

IN the campaign as a whole by much the most important event of the last week has been the Russian success in crossing the Upper Sereth river upon Friday and Saturday: a success which they followed up upon Sunday with the advance of a few further miles and the capture of further prisoners and guns (including two heavy pieces).

In order to understand the importance of this event we must study in some detail the conditions under which the Austro-German salient, commanded by Bothmer and Boehm Ermolli, stands at the moment of writing. We have already discussed this matter in the past. I propose to-day to follow it in detail.



The Russians, as we know, have produced a great and increasing bulge round the town of Lutsk. Upon the north-west of this bulge they threaten Kowel, and the importance of Kowel as a junction is familiar to everybody. The Austro-Germans great natural line of defence was the river Stokhod. This has been forced and the Russians are in most places fighting far beyond the further bank and are within 20 miles or so of the junction. But those twenty miles can be defended indefinitely, if the Austro-Germans choose to make that the essential of the campaign in this district.

What the enemy cannot do is to be equally strong upon every threatened point of his line. He is here as every-

where throughout the campaign at this period (and the disadvantage will increase more and more as time proceeds) anxious for men. He has not got enough men to fulfil the task imposed upon him by the Russian initiative. As the bulge round Lutsk gets bigger and bigger the line the enemy has to defend gets longer and longer and he has to suffer a proportionately increasing strain.

Now the first effect of his determination to defend Kovel at all costs has been the almost uninterrupted series of successes which General Sakharoff has achieved on the other face of the salient, the south-western face. He has proceeded from the victory of Michailowka, a fortnight ago, to the victory of Berestechno and thence to Brody and beyond Brody until now he holds the line represented on Map I. by the line A.C. It has been a continuous progress in the direction of the arrows very nearly due south, from the first victories at Michailowka and the crossing of the Lipa.

It is clear to every observer of the merest elements of the map that the Austro-Germans, remaining as they have been for two months in the forward positions represented on Map I. by the line D E, are increasingly imperilled as the Russians threaten them in flank from north and in the neighbourhood of Stanislaw from south.

But to understand the general nature of their peril and to prevent ourselves from exaggerating it (which is the tendency of the moment) we must proceed to appreciate certain characteristics of ground and communications upon which this Austro-German force depends.

The first thing we should note is that the defensive positions in all this region correspond to the river valleys. A retirement from the Austro-German advanced line D E upon Lemberg (most of that retirement would be under Bothmer's command, but the northern part of it under Boehm Ermolli) would be protected from direct pressure by rearguard actions along successive river positions such as the Zlota Lipa and the Gnita Lipa in the southern and central part, the Upper Bug and its tributaries in the northern part.

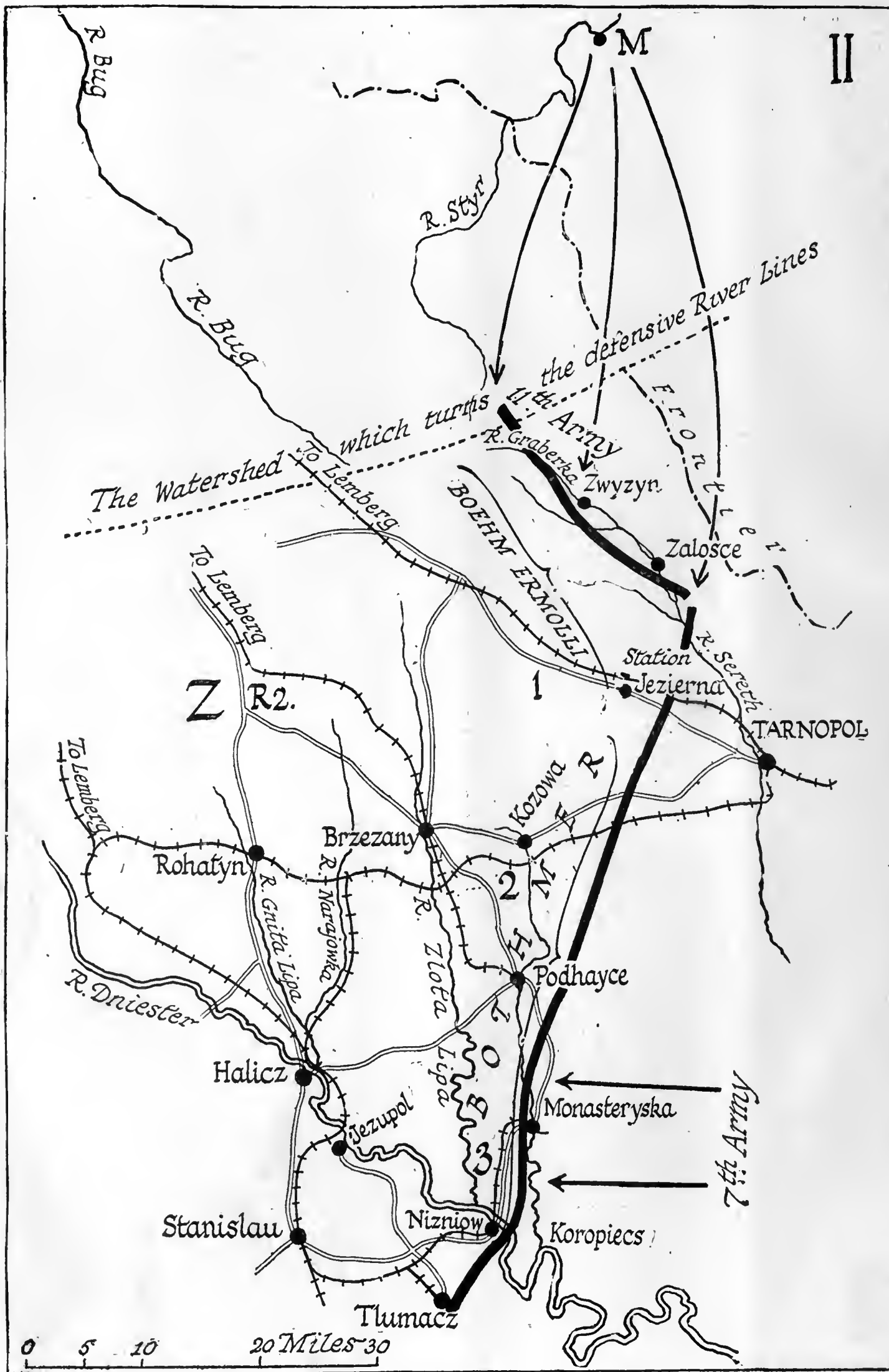
But it will be remarked that these river streams are not continuous. There is a set flowing south and a set flowing north, and between the two a watershed. It is this watershed which is roughly followed by the great road from Brody to Lemberg, and the Russian command of this as it advances turns the defensive positions both north and south one after the other.

The next thing to be noted is the exact plan of the roads and railways upon which Boehm Ermolli and Bothmer would depend for their retirement, and for this we must sketch the position in more detail.

I have here set down on Map II. all the existing communications as the enemy has found them when he first occupied this line a year ago. I shall describe in a moment what he may be able to add and what he is unable to add to these particulars.

Readers of this journal are already acquainted with the railways by which this front is maintained. There are three systems which I numbered 1, 2, and 3 in my last article upon the subject. I showed how system 3 would be lost when the Russians should reach the bridges of Nizniow upon the Dniester and the whole retirement of the right wing of Bothmer rendered impossible when they should have reached the railway bridge Jezupol and the road bridge of Halicz. Similarly the retirement of the left wing would be gravely compromised should the Russians reach the railway system numbered (1) on Map II. on the main line Lemberg to Tarnopol.

The further point with regard to these railways which has not yet been described is this. Much the most important line, the one on which you find most opportunity for storing rolling stock and fuel, the most opportunities for repairing, the best sidings, etc., is the great International line which ultimately leads to Odessa and in this section is marked upon Map II. by the number (1). Of course the enemy has been free to build supplementary



lines, sidings, sheds, repairing shops, etc., upon the other systems during the past year, but it remains true that line (1) will be, even after a year's work, the chief artery. If it were cut and if Bothmer and Boehm Ermolli

still hesitated to retire their position would be very difficult indeed. System No. 2 is, I believe, a single line, and all pass through one nodal point at which there is a bridge, across the Złota Lipa in a marshy district of it

just south of Brzezan. System No. 3 is very twisted and round-about and a section of it is already under distant fire in front of Tlumacz at T in the south.

But as I also pointed out there are the roads, and petrol traction has so largely supplemented the railway in modern war that we must consider the main roads quite as much as the railways of this district.

Now when we turn to these main roads (which are marked on Map II. by double lines) we discover this very interesting point; that there are in effect two only, the one marked R (1) and the other marked R (2). All the other roads are lateral roads taking the pressure off the main roads, or parallel roads which ultimately fall into these two main roads. It would no doubt, during a retirement, be a great advantage to the enemy that he still possessed for falling back three roads, the road from Podhayce through Halicz and so on up to the point marked Z on R (2), the road through Kozowa and Brzezan and, for relieving the pressure, the road from Brzezan northward and the road from Podhayce northward; but ultimately the whole pressure comes to bear upon the two main roads to Lemberg, which I have marked on Map II. R (1) and R (2).

Can he construct other roads? He can certainly construct and has certainly constructed both roads and railways supplementary to this Russian one on the Eastern part of the field immediately behind his lines, and with these he is still feeding the 14 or 15 divisions which he has massed between the Dniester and the Upper Styr. But there is a natural feature in this countryside which handicaps him gravely in the creation of any considerable supplementary body of roads for a retirement, and that natural feature is the valley of the Gnila Lipa. This valley, all the way up from Halicz past Rohatyn almost to the sources of the stream, is flat and marshy, and only at special points, and with great labour, can new crossings of it be constructed. The enemy can drive, and probably has driven, a supplementary road following the railway from Brzezan to Rohatyn and so crossing the valley of Gnila Lipa, but it may be doubted whether he has any other system of parallel roads in the region.

It follows from such a conspectus of the situation that the enemy is disturbed if or when Nizniow is taken with its two bridges; is really in grave peril if the main road and railway on the north (1) and R (1) are cut, and in more than peril—in almost certain disaster—if system 3 and the bridges at Halicz and Jezupol are in Russian hands at the same time that system 1 in the north is cut. The Russian forces are about the same distance in mere mileage from both these vital points in the north. They are, say, 11 to 12 miles away from the main railway in the south, about 15 miles away from the Bridge of Jezupol, and 20 from that of Halicz.

Do these things mean that we can expect in any probability disaster to Bothmer in the near future? Were such an event to occur it would, of course, be in the nature of a decision. Nothing could save the Eastern front if 15 of its divisions were to disappear.

It is impossible to prophecy in war, but such a disaster seems to be at least in the highest degree improbable. What does seem probable is a retirement at no distant date. That the Austro-German line from the Sereth to the Dniester should hold on beyond the point of acute danger is highly improbable, for the simple reason that the envelopment of a great force, even under the conditions of a completely immobile warfare, cannot take place save through surprise. Short of complete incompetence no commander allows himself to be enveloped save through allowing himself at the same time to be surprised. We have had two great examples of this in the present war, one of an envelopment which failed to be decisive in the first action between Manoury and Kluck two years ago, and one a week earlier than this—completely successful—at Tannenberg.

Now in this case you have progress from defensive position to defensive position, the Russians forcing their way against the flanks of Bothmer and Boehm Ermolli in broad daylight, as it were, each advance covering weeks, and you have these advances made against the conditions of the modern defensive. It is true that there are only 11 or 12 miles between the foremost of the Russian posts and the Sereth and the vital railway in front of this, but the Russians themselves, though confronted with the Austro-German army at its highest point of munition-

ment and strength, kept at bay the enemy's most vigorous efforts when these were but six miles off the vital railway leading from Przemyśl in June of last year, and evacuated materials and guns along this railway for something like a fortnight before retiring. It is true that the Austro-Germans now are almost as badly pressed for men as the Russians then were for munitions, but it would seem certain that with defensive covering this northern railway could be maintained quite long enough for a retirement to proceed during the next few days.

What the Russians have done in the north may be followed on Map II. with some detail. There is the upper source of the river Sereth consisting of two forks, the Sereth proper, and the Graberka, the northern fork of the two. What the Russians have done is to force the Graberka at Zwyzyn, a portion of the Upper Sereth and six miles of the common stream down to below Zalosce. They have not only forced the river, but have occupied the crests of the hills beyond: bare rounded moors with outcrops of rock some 200 feet higher than the valley floors. They must make one further advance of the sort against we know not what positions, nor how long for further concentration of stores and munitionment before they can even at the longest range drop shell upon the road and railway R (1) and 1. The interest of the situation is that during the last fortnight they have steadily made these successive advances in spite of opposition.

Meanwhile, in the south, all the Lower Koropiecs river has been forced, including the town of Monasteryska.

Railway No. 3 is under fire, not only at T, but also in all the section near the river, and we may at any moment hear of the capture of the bridges of Nizniow. Such an event would not be as perilous to the advanced Austro-German section as the corresponding movement from the north on to the vital railway, but combined with a new Russian success in the north it would be very serious indeed, and if the Austro-German commanders do not feel themselves sufficiently secure against the Russians covering these 10 to 15 miles on either flank within the next fortnight, then preparations for retirement will be made.

We must not exaggerate the effects of that retirement in our favour. There is no reason why with such ample railway and road communication it should not be effected in perfect order. Still less is there any reason why, if it takes place, the successive rearguard actions covering it should not hold without excessive loss.

Further, we must not disguise from ourselves that a general retirement of the advanced section now commanded by Bothmer and Boehm Ermolli would give the enemy what he is increasingly anxious about, and that is a shorter line. So long as Bothmer and Boehm Ermolli stand the Russians will extend the Lutsk salient and push on towards Stanislaw. A retirement of Bothmer and Boehm Ermolli would not restore the balance, but would at least save on the total 15 or perhaps even 20 miles.

AFFAIR ON THE EGYPTIAN FRONT

The affair in Egypt is one of which the fullest details have been printed in the daily press, and my readers are so fully acquainted with these that no recapitulation of them would be of service. What might be of interest in such a journal as this would be a detailed analysis of the situation and discovery, if that were possible, of the military motives underlying so extraordinarily futile an effort as that which the Turks appear to have made here. But I must confess myself quite incompetent for such a task, nor can I see it undertaken by anyone else with any approach to success. The Turks apparently attacked with one weak division and within range of the sea a force immeasurably superior to their own, a complete defensive organisation, the product of two years of labour and the power which has the sea wholly under its control. The answer to why such a thing was done—if there is a military answer at all—is not forthcoming. The puzzle is greater from the fact that the command was German, and that the proportion of German officers among the enemy's forces were so high. One might, if one cared to add to the list of extraordinary features in this affair, point out that it was undertaken at a season of the year when it has least chance of success even upon a considerable scale, but, I repeat, the whole thing is inexplicable as a military operation, unless one regards it as a mere fatuous blunder of some local commander.

The Attack North of Pozieres

THE interest of the sharp and successful advance north and north-west of Pozieres, undertaken by the Colonial troops and the Kent, Sussex and Surrey of our regiments is, and remains what it is on every portion of this field since the 14th of July: the power of the Allies, largely on account of their superior munitionment and gun power to seize rapidly and completely any narrow belt that they will, quite apart from the larger advances which require prolonged preparation.

One point not cleared up in the story, as it has been received up to Tuesday afternoon, is whether the capture of the second line carried the British force completely to the windmill and gave them any useful chain of observation posts on that ridge. (The word ridge is not strictly accurate. The top is very flat and the slope is slight on either side). There have been unofficial affirmations that the ruins of the windmill were held and that the advance now looked down the falling parallel shallow valleys which lead to Bapaume, but I have seen no confirmation of this officially.

We have ample evidence from the German press of the effect of the allied gun fire and particularly of the British. The Germans themselves continually describe it as superior in intensity and continuity to anything that has appeared anywhere on any front. Superior, for instance, to the continued bombardment before Verdun.

In connection with this intensity of the British fire, its appalling continuity and masses of men which it supports, there has appeared on the military side of the press in Berlin, and from the pen of the most prominent student of the war there, an "appeal to the German authorities to interrupt communications across the Channel." A man reading such a thing a year ago would have thought that the author was mad. But nowadays it is consonant with most other rubbish which the enemy press must publish for lack of better matter. To appeal to the German authorities to interrupt communications across the Channel, as Major Moraht did last Sunday, and to point out that those communications were vital to the British campaign in France, is like pointing out to the Allied Higher Command that a rapid advance in force from the Baltic coast would turn the defensive line of the enemy in the East. There is nothing else to be said unless the competent war students—and the grotesque thing I have just quoted comes from the pen of the most competent—shall resign themselves to telling the truth about the situation and to preparing their fellow countrymen for the very difficult future which is in front of them.

The official communiqués continue in much the same strain. The French pressure on the Thiaumont road, for instance, in front of Verdun, succeeds in carrying nearly the whole of Fleury village and the whole work of Thiaumont and holding it, with this carried, whereat we get a line in the official communiqué from Berlin: "The position on the Thiaumont ridge remains the same without advantage to the enemy."

The crossing of the Sereth by the Russians with the capture of 8,000 men and guns, including two heavy guns, the corresponding threat to the vital railway feeding the Austro-German advanced front, is described thus: "The Russian attacks were again unsuccessful, fighting is proceeding on the right bank of the Sereth."

"Maximilien Harden"

Much more significant is the attitude, probably of civilian authorities, in the matter of Witkowsky. Witkowsky is a Polish Jew, one of three brothers, I believe, but at any rate the brother of a very important financial personage in Berlin who is at the head of one of the great banks and who conceals his origin under the German name of Witting. Witkowsky similarly conceals not only his origin, but his close connection with the financier of Berlin under the alias of Maximilien Harden, having the reputation of a free lance in journalism. He is the best possible agent for the Prussian Government at this moment, and it must be confessed that his activities are being used with skill. Under the simulacrum of an exile abroad on account of his too great "independence," he receives orders to write everything best calculated to prepare German opinion for the very difficult times it has

ahead of it. The matter is probably printed abroad, but its circulation in Germany is winked at by the authorities and, most important of all, is assiduously spread by German agencies throughout the neutral press. The object of the whole move is to prepare not only the German, but neutral and belligerent opinion for the idea that Germany, though almost invincible, appreciates her present difficulties and would be prepared for a generous and honourable peace, and must not be driven to desperation. Those who desire to follow the attitude of what is best informed and most successful in the German propaganda cannot do better than read every quotation they can find from the writings of this individual, for he is without doubt at the present moment the most useful agent of the enemy. Now and then he intersperses his matter with violent stuff apparently opposed to German interests, but that is only part of the game.

French Pressure at Verdun

Last Thursday, August 3rd, the French pressure against the Germans on the Verdun sector, which is, of course, exactly co-ordinated with the pressure put upon the enemy along the Somme, succeeded in re-taking the ruins of Fleury village, and about the point where the shrine of Ste. Fina once stood immediately below the height of Souville. These points were the high-water mark of the German advance rather more than a month ago.

The work of Thiaumont, that is, the trenches organised around the ruins of Thiaumont, which had been lost to the enemy even earlier in the struggle and form the third point in this advance of his, was also taken and re-taken.

The Germans counter-attacked in the night between Thursday and Friday, August 3rd, and August 4th, and recaptured the works of Thiaumont and the ruins of Fleury, issuing a bulletin to that effect immediately after their success. In the course of Friday, August 4th, however, the work of Thiaumont was again re-taken by the French, and in the afternoon the greater part of the ruins of Fleury as well. These operations, as a whole, resulted in the capture of some 1,500 German prisoners, a remarkable total when we consider the severity of the struggle, and the extremely narrow limits to which it was confined. The total number of valid prisoners captured by the French during the four or five days of the struggle as a whole in this region amounted by this time to 2,150.

It need hardly be pointed out that the particular fate for the moment of Thiaumont farm or the rubbish heap that once was Fleury, is quite immaterial. These local efforts have for their whole object the maintenance of the enemy at full strength in the Verdun sector where he has every inducement now to break off the battle.

The Italian Success

Upon the Carso the Italians upon Sunday last, struck a strong local blow upon the bare hillside north of Monfalcone. They captured over 3,000 prisoners. Counter-attacks upon the Austrian side were only partially successful, and the severity of the Italian blow may be tested by the fact that in the case of the field artillery, guns, lying of course behind the lines, were captured. The proportion of officers taken is further remarkable—one officer between 30 and 40 men—which looks as though complete units have been overwhelmed upon the attack upon the enemy's trenches. The matter is significant as an example of the pressure which is being exercised everywhere upon the enemy's lines now throughout the whole field of the war. The Austro-Hungarians give way on the Isonzo because the quality of their effectives is dropping. That is always the effect of strain even before actual shrinkage of numbers begin.

H. BELLOC

Mr. Pollen's Articles

For the next few weeks, unless there are naval events of special importance, Mr. Arthur Pollen will not contribute his usual weekly article to LAND & WATER; he intends to resume his naval analysis in September.

The Men at Arms

By Professor J. H. Morgan.

THE Major's wife had shown him the Major's D.S.O., and had told him the story of how the Major got it as a company commander in the first winter campaign near Ypres; the story was a literal application of the official exhortation in *Notes from the Front* that "it should be a point of honour with all officers to carry through any task confided to them without asking for reinforcements." She had also given him a writing-case and had asked about his mother. He swallowed a gulp in his throat.

"She kime to see me orf—at Waterloo, mum. And she talked as though she were scolding me—she hadn't talked to me like that since I was a little nipper. But I saw through it; she were fair daft at my going. And then when the whistle went she broke down." He hastily brushed something away from his eye. "So I started on me mouf organ for all I was worth, and said, 'Now we shan't be long, mother.' And the last I saw of her she was wiving her hankerchief."

"Well, Hawkins," said the major, "I've written to Major C—to keep an eye on you. He is a particular friend of mine, and if you ever want advice, go to him. Now, remember, always keep your field-dressing in your left-hand pocket and your emergency ration in your right. And keep them like the ten commandments. And anoint yourself with carbolic soap as with oil. You've had to wait a long time for your draft to go out, but it was worth it. A Lewis gun takes some learning you know. Can you strip her?"

"Yes, sir, right down to the radiator."

"And put her together again?"

"Yes, sir."

"You've passed all your tests, I think?"

"Yes, sir. Sergeant-major put me through with a stop-watch the other day. Put me down in front of a landscape target, he did. And said, 'Action 800.' And I moved the screws with the flat of me hand and got the sights at 800. But anyone could do that, as you know sir. Then he tried me with stoppages. And then he said, 'You'll do.'"

"Good."

The Major was pleased. As well he might be, for there are one hundred and thirty-seven parts in a Lewis gun, and it's skilled labour.

"Now, good-bye, and Good-luck to you."

The boy saluted, but the Major held out his hand. "Stokes will give you some supper. Mind you don't miss your train back to camp."

The major and his wife told me the history of their protégé. He had been a newsboy at Piccadilly Circus twelve months since, and the Major's sister had been in the habit of buying papers from him. One day he confided to her that he was going to enlist; his father wore the Egyptian medal, and the Khedive's star, and there may have been an hereditary instinct. She had asked the Major and his wife to keep an eye on him, and as chance would have it the boy's battalion had come to the Plain for training, and the major, after being invalided home, had joined the staff of the Southern Command; so they had kept in touch with him.

"What do you think of him?" they asked me.

I told them. He had an honest countenance, fearless blue eyes set well apart under a square forehead; they looked you straight in the face, and, except when he was moved and spoke the clipped dialect of the Cockney, his speech was good homespun English. Also he was straight as a lath. His face was tanned brown, his tunic was tight across his chest, his teeth were white as ivory.

"And eighteen months ago he was a street urchin dodging the taxi-cabs, anæmic, down-at-heel, with a phthisical cough and incipient rheumatism," said the Major reflectively. "And now look at him! A horrible example of militarism, ain't he? What?"

"And what does Stokes think of him?" I asked. Stokes is Major B.'s servant, a twenty-one years' service man in his old regiment, now doing his bit by cleaning the Major's knives and forks.

"Ask him," said the Major. "I should like to know."

Later in the evening, after he had ministered to the astounding appetite of the New Army and seen him off, I questioned Stokes. Stokes sees a good deal of the men on the Plain, for the Major's wife has many recruits under her maternal care, and they always report themselves at her house before they go out with the drafts.

Stokes pondered as he tapped the ashes out of his pipe on the garden gate.

"He'll do, sir," he said, thoughtfully.

Coming from the old Army this tribute to the New Model was eloquent. "But this New Army beats me altogether. Fourteen weeks' training is all some of 'em has, and in my time it were three years and no less before you made a soldjer. And the things they learns—bombing and gassing and fancy shooting at Solano targets and machinery and map-reading. It's like a 'igh school up on the Plain there. And such a mix-up too—gen'lemen in the ranks! We never 'ad more'n one at the depot in my time, and 'e were a sort of freak of nature—like a white pheasant. Done time, we used to think 'e had—'ad an uncommon gift for hand-writing, and one day he wrote another bloke's name on a bit of paper, and did it so well that the bloke's own mother were taken in by it. That got 'im in quod, I reckon, and after that there was nothing for it but the Army."

"But Lordbless you, sir," continued Stokes, "there are no end of real toffs in the ranks now. And there ain't no flies on 'em, either. Some of 'em very handy with the mittens too. Thank you, sir, but I'd prefer Shag, if you don't mind. There's only one fault as I 'ave to find with this 'ere new Army," he added as he pressed his forefinger into the bowl of his pipe.

"What's that?"

"They're too well-behaved for me. Why, sir"—and he lowered his voice fearfully—"how many hours 'Detention Barracks' d'you think they've a given in No. 6 Camp up theré last week? One hundred-and-sixty-eight! Yes, that's all—strike me dead if it ain't. And over two thousand men there too. It ain't natural. It's like a Sunday School. Why, in my time, you'd 'ave 'ad no end of men in clink. Mind you, sir, we was a good line regiment—no better in the British Army. But a few hours' pack-drill or C.B., or in clink—why that was all in the day's work. It was a sort of growing pains. But this new Army seems to be full-grown all at once, so to speak."

He looked over the hedge at the road below; it was a warm summer evening, the chimes of the Cathedral bells floated over the blue irises in the water-meadows, the air was full of the scent of honeysuckle, and a thousand gnats danced in the sun. In the road soldiers off duty strolled by in twos and threes, flourishing little canes. A solitary figure in a red cap patrolled up and down.

"That bloke's got a soft job," said Stokes enviously. "Reckon if I was to jine this new Army a job as Military Police would just about suit me."

The spectacle of the military policeman's sinecure must, I think, have slightly exasperated Stokes, though I have a private suspicion that Stokes nursed an ancient grudge against his kind. At any rate, the moment my back was turned he cooed softly over the hedge, "Hi! mate." The policeman made a right-about turn.

"Daddy," said Stokes endearingly, "what did you do in the Great War?"

* * * * *

This was some two months ago. I have never seen Private Hawkins since (or Stokes either for that matter), but I have read within the last few days of the doings of his regiment at —, and I doubt not that he was strong and quitted himself like a man.

Hawkins was in his way portentous, for he was a conclusive proof that there is no continuation school like the New Army, and when he returns to civilian life he will not be content with the "blind alley" of the newsvendor. He was only one of thousands in our great cities running to waste with his eye untrained and his hand unskilled when he joined the Army. Long before his platoon had

learnt to form column of sections he had discovered many things. He began to learn from the day the medical officer, after beating a hollow tattoo on every bone in his chest and inviting notes of exclamation as he made an auricular examination of his lungs (he was, he told us, a trifle phthisical to begin with), advised him that if he wanted to avoid an ingrowing toe-nail he should not only cut his nails once a week (he had never thought of that before), but cut them in the Norman style of architecture with a dog-tooth ornament. Also, that His Majesty, out of the inexhaustible bounty of the Q.M.G., would present him with a tooth-brush which was not to be used to clean the buttons of his tunic.

Then one day an instructor took his platoon out for a walk and asked them what they saw. One of them modestly remarked that he saw a field; until, greatly encouraged by the instructor's reception of this bold guess, Hawkins distinguished himself among his platoon by seeing a herd of cows in it. In no long time he could, at a glance, estimate the number of cows in the herd, the number of yards from the herd to the platoon, and the length of the hedge which divided the one from the other, until in a flash of the eye he could sum up a landscape: "Windmill to the left. Two poplars in the foreground. Cottage in the middle distance. Eight hundred." Thereafter he progressed rapidly, for he had learnt the hardest thing that a town-bred man learns—he had learnt to observe. It is a long journey from that to knowing a Lewis gun inside out, from body locking-pin to cocking handle, but Hawkins had travelled it, at first querulously, then with interest, and finally with enthusiasm.

Also he had learnt that his regiment formed the body-guard of Pontius Pilate, that they were the finest regiment in the British Army, and that it was up to him, George Hawkins, to see that they remained what they were.

Hawkins is a type, but he is the type not of a genus but of a species, for to-day the Army is the mirror of the nation, and in the great republic of the ranks there are a hundred social species. Ortheris, Mulvaney, and Learoyd—doubtless such prodigal sons are to be found there if you look hard for them, but they have undergone a subtle refinement by contact with the new types. I cannot imagine Ortheris mugging up "French and how to speak it" in his hutment as Hawkins has done. A P.S.C. brigadier of my acquaintance told me early in the war, with a kind of proud consternation, how the greatest soldier of our day had taught himself French when a trooper, by paying another man in the troop twopence an hour to dictate Macaulay's Essays to him in a corner of the barrack-room, while he wrote it down in French and was laughed at by his comrades for his pains. My friend had the story from a trooper who had remained a trooper and long since become a time-expired man; that a comrade in the ranks should take it into his head to learn French was so remarkable that the man had never forgotten it. It was to him as astounding as if a man had begged to be put on extra fatigues.

To-day, there are hundreds and thousands of men in the ranks teaching themselves French—and many other things—and there is a kind of noble rivalry in learning the largest number of things in the shortest possible time. The new Army appears to have borrowed the motto of the A.S.C.—*Nil sine labore*—conscious that if you can get through your fourteen weeks' training with a heavy credit balance on your side, all kinds of technical promotions are open to you—the ballistic ecstasies of the bomber, the distinction of forming one of the elect six who serve the Lewis gun of the platoon, or maybe, even passing out into the machine-gun corps and waiting on a whole brigade to do the Brigadier's bidding.

I once overheard a ruddy Wiltshireman on leave say to a group of admirers: "I used to think it wur only lazy blokes what went for soldjers. It's b—— hard work; carrying sixteen of them bombs and each of 'em weighing one pound thirteen ounces."

It was obvious that he "groused" at it; it was equally obvious that he was rather proud of his grievance.

Some day someone will write the story of how the glorious reverse of Mons taught the children of England "the use of the bow," and raised in this country a mighty archery. It will be a story of much tact, infinite patience, and passionate devotion, of time-expired N.C.O.'s and invalided officers working against time to teach the manhood of England the art of war and getting into fourteen

weeks the curriculum of three years. I have seen a good deal of that task and if one thing has impressed me more than another, it has been the infinite tact of the C.O.'s in dealing with material that was sometimes sullen, often impatient, but rarely intractable. There was a battalion of Welsh miners, who after being put through the mazes of company drill, varied by long and dusty route-marches, took counsel murmuringly together after many days, and under the influence of a noisy checkweigher, decided to "down tools."

"Fair play," said one of them, "let us tell the old man first."

A deputation was appointed to wait on the Colonel—surely the strangest interview that ever took place between a C.O. and his men. The Colonel was a wise man and discerning. He did not threaten field-punishment or a court-martial; he heard them out: Then he talked to them—like a father. He knew something about coal-mines and he spake a parable. I have forgotten most of it, but the central incident was a mining explosion in which a number of miners were in a tight place, beset by deadly fire-damp and a rescue-party was called for; every man wanted to go down the pit (no Welsh miner has ever been known to hang back in such a crisis), but only the very fit were chosen.

Before he had pointed the moral they interrupted him: "It's all right, colonel, look you. Iss indeed. Thank you kindly. We see it now. And when can we go down the pit over there?"

There was no more trouble.

Even the conscientious objector has been known to succumb. I knew one C.O. who, confronted with one member of that distracting species among the new recruits of a reserve battalion, instructed the sergeant to leave him severely alone. The sergeant acted accordingly, but he did not consider his instructions precluded him from thoughtfully abstracting the civilian clothes of the objector while he took a bath, and leaving a suit of khaki in their place. There was nothing for it but to wear the hated raiment of "militarism." But the objector continued to object. Meanwhile, no one spoke to him. At the end of two days the C.O. sent for him.

"Had a good breakfast?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Had a good dinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any complaints?"

"No, sir."

"Well now, don't you think it's playing it rather low to draw rations and wear His Majesty's uniform and leave the other fellows to do all the work? Think it over," he added indulgently.

The objector thought it over; he was in no mood for a hunger-strike and he found the life of an anchorite in a hutment depressing. In three days he had discovered that there is a more sustaining thing than an individual conscience; there is a social conscience. The last I heard of him was that he had got a corporal's stripe.

So the work of the great Assize of Arms goes on. On rolling downs, sweet with wild thyme, where neolithic man fashioned his arrow-heads of flint and the Roman auxiliary cast his javelin, the youth and manhood of England are learning the use of the rifle and the art of the bayonet. Hamlets which had forgotten the exercises of war since the archers practised at the village butts now echo with the reports of musketry from the field-firing ranges on the chalk uplands. Soil which has not been turned since the last Briton was laid to sleep in his lonely barrow is now sculptured by the entrenching-tool of the modern infantryman. Truly one generation goeth and another generation cometh, but the earth endureth for ever. But so long as this English earth endures the memory of this generation and its blithe spirit and the mighty deeds it wrought shall not pass away.

But I have forgotten Hawkins. Two days ago the Major's wife sent me a letter of his of very recent date:

"DEAR SIR,—I hope this finds you well, as it leaves me at present. We were in the thick of it at a place called —, but I'm not supposed to say where. The Huns didn't half get it—our platoon's Lewis gun was a fair treat. Being short of a pair of socks I took the liberty of pinching a German pair, but had to make them do the goose-step first.—Yours respectfully,

"GEORGE HAWKINS."

The Old and New Tables

By G. K. Chesterton

WHEN a witty writer of this country put a sort of pun into the very title of "The Importance of being Earnest," I do not know whether he noticed that Ernest is a German name; and its meaning something of a key to the German nature. There is rather a horrible irony in the association of ideas; for in nothing are certain large and diseased patches of Prussian culture more truly to be described as "earnest" than in their study of the same writer in his most despicable and even damnable aspect. They have not even, as he had, as the dregs of virtue, the decency to be flippant. They are earnestly evil; for there is something infinitely lower than the love of sin; and that is the reverence for sin. But even in directions more human and tolerable the drive of the North German nature is the same.

Earnestness is an eagerness without liveliness; a thirst for new things without any of the simple emotions of novelty; without wonder, without laughter and without thanks. This dry-throated avidity has an intensity of its own; and many have been magnetised by such a fanaticism of fact. Professor Ernest Haeckel is profoundly convinced of the importance of being earnest; and not a little of the importance of being Haeckel. The almost hypnotic power which he exercised at one period over very simple and somewhat solid men, such as Mr. Joseph McCabe and Mr. Robert Blatchford, was largely due to this narrowness, concentration and even deficiency. It seems easier to mesmerise with one eye; and the professor would claim, and in the narrow sense would claim truly, that it is a single eye. He was indeed unscrupulously disposed to wink the other eye when he showed the remarkable similarity of two embryo animals by putting side by side facsimile pictures of the same animal. But he winked seriously, not to say solemnly, as a German should; and even when he was making fools of his readers he was not making fun of them. It would be a blunder in psychology to suppose that such sharp practice, especially when so clumsily performed, is akin to duplicity in the sense of complexity. In his methods of argument he may be something worse than a sophist; but it is due to him to say that in his essential intelligence he is nothing but a bigot. There is a satiric symbol in the fact that his philosophy is called Monism. His very universe has a single eye—like Polyphemus. His world is one-ided and therefore one-sided. It is a philosophy for a man on a desert island; when it is not one for a man in a padded cell.

Turks and Germans

The soul of Christendom is perpetually in peril from certain things, which may be called visions or monsters, which dwell in the wild places upon its borderlands. They are best defined by calling them the insane simplicities. One of them came out of the Eastern deserts with the Mohammedanism of Omar or Otuman. Another has come out of the northern wilderness with the Monism of men like Haeckel. Certainly the Mohammedan was very much the more noble negation of the two; its sense of human dignity has been much higher than anything revealed by the antics of the North German professors. The Turks have in certain essential matters worse morals than Christians in war; but they have better manners than Germans in peace. Nevertheless the general description which I have given of these recurrent enemies of Christendom remains and applies to them all. They are too simple to be sane. They do not understand liberty; or that margin of legitimate varieties and complexities which is allowed to the vitality of high civilisation. The Moslem cannot see the difference between a statue and an idol. The Materialist cannot see the difference between a legend and a lie. A man like Professor Haeckel regards the traditional imagery of things like St. George and the Dragon as a lie and not a legend; and it is the just Nemesis of such narrowness that his own lapse, as in the case of the duplicated diagram, is not a legend but a lie. For him there is nothing beyond mere

fact except mere falsehood—and he tells it. Mr. Belloc noted an equally abrupt transition between dull truth and demented mendacity in the German versions of the events of the campaign. The German seems to think he is safe from all charges of misrepresentation so long as he does not lie in round numbers. So long as he is careful to state that ninety-seven pigs out of a hundred have wings, or that not more than eighty-three and a-half per cent. of the moon is made of green cheese, he feels sure he will be acquitted of any kind of exaggeration. But the point of these explosions of quite frantic fiction was, as Mr. Belloc remarked, that they occurred in a process which, up to that point, had been one of plodding and prosaic exactitude. There was no edge of exaggeration or even of conjecture; but a rigid alternation of facts told in order and lies told to order; with a monotonous docility which was not even conscious of the monstrosity it had brought forth.

Nietzsche and Haeckel

This insane simplicity, however, is clearest where it is maddest; and its High German form has been set forth more vividly than in the dull extravagance of Haeckel and the mere journalists of Germany. It can nowhere in German literature be found better expressed than in the epigrams of the prose poet Nietzsche, and nowhere better in Nietzsche perhaps than in the passage, the precise words of which I forget, which makes it the prophet's business to break the ancient tables of the law; and suggests a vision of new and more terrible tables, the very laws of a higher lawlessness. One would be disposed to say superficially and somewhat satirically that in the present struggle it is rather the new tables that have been broken; and none more than those of Haeckel and the calculators of which I have spoken. They were there, with all their mechanical facts and more mechanical lies, with all their ponderous doubling of gains and halving of losses; their tiresome transformation of Saul's thousands into David's ten thousands. Assuredly their tables are little more than multiplication tables. The authors of such researches and records are certainly unworthy to live in the same lunatic asylum with Nietzsche. And if their tables have been broken, it must have been in that other and more undignified sense of the *solvuntur tabulae risu*. But in Nietzsche's phrase there is a meaning which if more morbid is more profound; and which can at least claim to be in some sense the primary cause of the greatest war of this planet; which can boast that its particular lunatic asylum has let loose a homicidal maniac whom half humanity has turned out to pursue.

In the particular case of Prussia, which has caused this unprecedented convulsion, the unbalanced simplification, or monomania, which haunts the deserts and the barbarians, has taken a special and unique form. The moral quality in most barbaric invasions is merely insufficient, or over-obvious, or too literal in its leaning on some particular fact. Thus the Moslems took with an impatient simplicity the problems of art and wine. The psychological case of the Prussian savage was more subtle even when it was more stupid. What visited the northern barbarian like a sort of vision was a particular reversal or inversion of thought not at all easy to describe. It was a trick or slip in the mind, somewhat like that of a man in a dream who can at once be himself and somebody else. It is more like the philosophic inconsistency of the man in Mr. W. W. Jacobs' delightful story; the man who is supposed to be dead but is only drunk, and turns up in that condition to collect the subscriptions for his tombstone. It might be called a turn, or twist, for looking forward to yesterday as if it were to-morrow; it really was an illusion that something very old and obvious was something very new and original. It is a recognised feature of impudence that it tries to teach its grandmother; but it is only by a slight confusion of thought that a man can claim to have begotten his grandmother,

can put her in a sumptuous cradle or claim a prize for her at a Baby Show. But the point about the Prussian illusion is sufficiently curious to require a more indirect explanation.

Broadly speaking, man is pre-eminent over the brutes by certain perceptions which to them would appear paradoxes. What is true of the man and the brutes is true, with differences important but here irrelevant, of the civilised and the quite brutalised man. These perceptions are really paradoxes, in the sense that a sub-human intelligence would find them fantastic. To take the obvious case "Thou shalt not steal" would seem to make a mystical difference between some apples and other apples; a quality which is not in their being green fruit, or red fruit, or ripe fruit, but forbidden fruit. It needs a certain stride of primeval paradox to perceive that in ensuring our neighbour's apples we ensure our own. To avoid confusion, I will note here that this is true quite apart from current debates about private property, and applies as certainly to public property. Even if the apples were everybody's, they could not be anybody's. There is the same paradox in any other moral platitude, such as that of keeping one's word. The purely brutal mind could not understand how it could be bound this year by certain gasps and grunts which had issued from its mouth last year. Nor could it make a mental picture of itself a year hence, and compel the person in that picture to behave in a certain way. These truisms are tremendous; they are, to the reflective, startling. Therefore the prophets and poets have rightly conceived these truisms as sculptured on super-human tables by the finger of God, and given in the blaze of lightning when the thunder was in the mountains.

Now of course everyone knew, and had always known, that man has a sort of high insecurity on this mountain of vision; that he is always slipping down into the primordial slime of all that is obvious and vicious. He grows weary in well-doing; and is bored with the bold and brilliant epigrams of morality. He easily grows dull; and whenever he grows dull he grows lawless. He takes apples that do not belong to him, because he has lost his taste for the fruits of his own garden; as in the first of all stories of such human frailty and fatigue. He takes short cuts through broken fences and broken faith. Everyone in human history, in short, has experienced in

himself and his society what is called a revolt of the Old Adam. Now the peculiar peril that appeared in North Germany was this; men made a false discovery that the Old Adam was really the New Adam; was indeed the newest of all possible Adams. The fresh and unique evil consisted in a curious idea that all this ordinary human backsliding was *progress*; that the barbaric short cut was actually the path of improvement. The heads of the Germans were not only turned with success, they were turned backwards. They beheld the miry path from the dens of bestiality as a new avenue pointing to a new goal. So far from fleeing from the Cities of the Plain and their red aboriginal sins, they regarded them not merely as Jerusalem but specifically as the New Jerusalem. The stale sins of savagery were suddenly reinvigorated by all the energies which men must always associate with the ideas of expectancy and youth. The Germans had hope; but it was hope in all the things that have made humanity seem a hopeless business. It was an idealism of opportunism; a paradise of cynics; a golden age of brass. Like other tribes, they marched towards a promised land; but it was a promised land of broken promises. Like other religions, they believed vaguely that their redeemer or avenger would appear in the latter days of the earth. But they believed that he would not only come like a thief in the night, but behave as such. This extraordinary mutiny of the mire, under a mad illusion of novelty, has since filled Germany, and infected many other parts of Europe, with every fantastic form of short-sighted self-indulgence and superficial self-excuse. But its first appearance in European history was in the irreligious vacuum of the early eighteenth century; and its form was that wholly new and frightful thing called the diplomacy of Prussia.

In one sense it is true that the old tables have been broken, and that those we now behold are new. The commandments of chaos and the old red clay have broken at a touch, and it will be long before men again pretend to find any freshness in them; but the divine discoveries of right and wrong are indeed new in the sense that they are renewed with a light and savour of the morning. Many a man during the passage of this apocalypse has really found his conscience as a man finds first love, and has learnt for himself where flow the fountains of the youth of the world.

Extension of the Union Jack Club

By The Editor

THIS summer our attention was drawn to the urgent need of the Union Jack Club (the London Club of the sailor and soldier from all parts of the British Empire) for an extension of its Club house in the Waterloo Road. The accommodation was beginning to be too limited before the war; since the war it has been found often impossible to meet all the demands of its members; and although mattresses are laid out nightly in the larger public rooms, enabling several hundred members to sleep beneath its roof, many have to be turned away. LAND & WATER has been averse from appealing to its readers for subscriptions, knowing the multitudinous claims on their purses in these times, but the extension of this Club seemed to be something out of the common and to be of peculiar interest to readers of this journal, many of whom—and in all parts of the Empire—first glance through its pages in their own Clubs. Nor have we erred. Subscriptions have come in steadily from the first. From the Overseas Dominions we are only just beginning to hear; Canada has begun to subscribe, also West Africa, and donations have reached us from Egypt, Morocco and the Canary Islands. More money is still required for this purpose, so while thanking our readers for their generous support hitherto, we would ask them to continue it.

The Union Jack Club is a splendid institution. There is not a better run Club in the Metropolis, the convenience and comfort of its members are studied from first to last. It is a home for the sailor or soldier on leave in London in the best sense of the word, and being conducted on business principles it pays its way. We should like to see the extra capital required to construct and fit out this proposed Extension provided with as little delay as possible; for the sooner work can be begun on the new premises the better. The letters which have reached the Comptroller of the Club from sailors and soldiers (belonging in private life to almost every class of life), are eloquent of the good which it achieves. Its advan-

tages are fully appreciated, and lack of space should not be permitted to check their development. The subscriptions acknowledged here are for week ending August 5th:

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	1868	4	0
" In Memory of the late Capt. Geoffrey W. Herringham, 5th Dragoon Guards," per Mrs. Wills ..	103	3	0
F. B. Anderson, Esq.	40	0	0
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From the Officers, 2nd Cameron Highlanders ..	25	0	0
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How Rifleman Brown came to Valhalla

By Gilbert Frankau

To the lower Hall of Valhalla, to the heroes of no renown,
Relieved from his spell at the listening-post, came Rifleman Joseph Brown.
With never a rent in his khaki nor smear of blood on his face,
He flung his pack from his shoulders, and made for an empty place.

The Killer-men of Valhalla looked up from the banquet-board
At the unfouled breech of his rifle, at the unfleshed point of his sword ;
And the unsung dead of the trenches, the kings who have never a crown,
Demanded his pass to Valhalla from Rifleman Joseph Brown.

*" Who comes, unhit, to the party ? " A one-legged Corporal spoke,
And the gashed heads nodded approval through the rings of the Endless Smoke,
" Who comes for the beer and the Woodbines of the never-closed Canteen,
" With the barrack-shine on his bayonet and a full-charged magazine ? "*

Then Rifleman Brown looked round him at the nameless men of the Line—
At the wounds of the shell and the bullet, at the burns of the bomb and the mine ;
At the tunics, virgin of medals but crimson-clotted with blood ;
At the ankle-boots and the puttees, caked stiff with the Flanders mud ;
At the myriad short Lee-Enfields that crowded the rifle-rack,
Each with its blade to the sword-boss brown, and its muzzle powder-black :

And Rifleman Brown said never a word ; yet he felt in the soul of his soul
His right to the beer of the lower Hall, though he came to drink of it, whole ;
His right to the fags of the free Canteen, to a seat at the banquet-board,
Though he came to the men who had killed their man, with never a man to his sword.

*" Who speaks for the stranger Rifleman, O boys of the free Canteen ?
Who passes the chap with the unmaimed limbs and the kit that is far too clean ? "*
The gashed heads eyed him above their beers, the gashed lips sucked at their smoke ;
There were three at the board of his own platoon, but not a man of them spoke

His mouth was mad for the tankard froth and the biting whiff of a fag,
But he knew that he might not speak for himself to the dead men who do not brag.

A gun-butt crashed on the gateway, a man came staggering in ;
His head was cleft with a great red wound from the temple-bone to the chin,
His blade was dyed to the bayonet-boss with the clots that were scarcely dry ;
And he cried to the men who had killed their man :

*" Who passes the Rifleman ? I !
By the four I slew, by the shell I stopped, if my feet be not too late,
I speak the word for Rifleman Brown that a chap may speak for his mate."*

The dead of lower Valhalla, the heroes of dumb renown,
They pricked their ears to a tale of the earth as they set their tankards down.

*" My mate was on sentry this evening when the General happened along,
And asked what he'd do in a gas-attack. Joe told him : ' Beat on the gong.'
' What else ? "*

' Open fire, Sir,' Joe answered.

*' Good God, man,' our General said,
' By the time you'd beaten that bloodstained gong the chances are you'd be dead.
Just think, lad.' ' Gas helmet, of course, Sir.' ' Yes, damn it, and gas helmet first.'
So Joe stood dumb to attention, and wondered why he'd been cursed."*

The gashed heads turned to the Rifleman, and now it seemed that they knew
Why the face that had never a smear of blood was stained to the jawbones, blue.

*" He was posted again at midnight." The scarred heads craned to the voice,
As the man with the blood-red bayonet spoke up for the mate of his choice.
" You know what it's like in a listening-post, the Very candles aflame,
Their bullets smacking the sand-bags, our Vickers combing your hair,
How your ears and your eyes get jumpy, till each known tuft that you scan
Moves and crawls in the shadows till you'd almost swear it was man ;*

You know how you peer and snuff at the night when the North-East gas-winds blow."
"By the One who made us and maimed us," quoth lower Valhalla *"we know!"*

"Sudden," out of the blackness, sudden as Hell, there came
 Roar and rattle of rifles, spurts of machine-gun flame;
 And Joe stood up in the forward sap to try and fathom the game.
 Sudden, their shells come screaming; sudden, his nostrils sniff
 The sickening reek of the rotten pears, the death that kills with a whiff.
 Death! and he knows it certain, as he bangs on his cartridge-case,
 With the gas-cloud's claws at his windpipe and the gas-cloud's wings on his face. . . .
 We heard his gong in our dug-out, he only whacked on it twice,
 We whipped our gas-bags over our heads, and manned the step in a trice—
 For the cloud would have caught us as sure as Fate if he'd taken the Staff's advice."

His head was cleft with a great red wound from the chin to the temple-bone, . . .
 But his voice was as clear as a sounding gong, "I'll be damned if I'll drink alone,
 Not even in lower Valhalla! Is he free of the free Canteen,
 My mate who comes with the unfleshed point and the full-charged magazine?"

The gashed heads rose at the Rifleman o'er the rings of the Endless Smoke,
 And loud as the roar of a thousand guns Valhalla's answer broke,
 And loud as the crash of a thousand shells their tankards clashed on the board:
*"He is free of the mess of the Killer-men, your mate of the unfleshed sword;
 For we know the worth of his deed on earth; as we know the speed of the death
 Which catches its man by the back of the throat and gives him water for breath;
 As we know how the hand at the helmet-cloth may tarry seconds too long,
 When the very life of the front-line trench is staked on the beat of a gong.
 By the four you slew, by the case he smote, by the grey gas-cloud and the green,
 We pass your mate for the Endless Smoke and the beer of the free Canteen."*

In the lower hall of Valhalla, with the heroes of no renown,
 With our nameless dead of the Marne and the Aisne, of Mons, and of Wipers town.
 With the men who killed ere they died for us, sits Rifleman Joseph Brown.

Flanders, June, 1916.

Two Years Ago

By an Englishwoman in Paris

I HAVE just been reading the diary I kept in detail during July and August, 1914, here in Paris. It makes strange and naive reading. On July 31st it says: "Germany seems to want war," as though that were surprising; on August 7th it comments on the sinking of a British cruiser by a mine, that "laying mines in shallow water is a bit less than decent." Were we really so childlike in those days? Yes, for the diary was written day by day, and with a never-ceasing care to say less than the truth for fear of exaggerating. It is almost like looking back on a state of innocence to see what hopeless fables we believed, what legends of honour and of chivalrous foes, what slender standards of evil: "London is horrified by a dreadful story, that there are a thousand British wounded," wrote my mother late in August. A thousand!

Two years have passed, and the human mind has adapted itself to the background of horror and death; Paris and London have gradually changed back towards their normal state, but London never changed as Paris did. Those who spent that August here will never forget it; every day, every hour, brought a poignant emotion.

We all expected, after the first few days, to be besieged and bombarded, or at least to have the Germans in occupation. That was the chief prospect, in relation to which we had to organise our lives, provision our larders. But other things interested us more, such as the mobilisation, the attitude of England, and, of course, the actual facts of war. We were kept much in the dark. Day after day one cried: If only we knew what is going on! The newspapers gave the most meagre intelligence, such as that a small Belgian boy scout had captured a large Uhlan, that Liege was supposed to be still holding out, and so forth, but nothing precise and sure.

The mobilisation order was posted in Paris at four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, August 1st. In half an hour Paris was changed as if she were a trans-

formation scene in a theatre. Men with bundles marched to the stations in groups, or stood at street corners bidding farewell to their womenfolk. If one hailed an empty cab the driver waved a refusal, and cried: "I'm off!" In the doorway of the house next door to mine, the husband of the concierge, due to leave that evening, stood wistfully watching his little daughter, and worrying her constantly by calling her back to be kissed, when she wanted to play with other children.

Late in the evening, I was told that it seemed as though England were not coming to the aid of France. It was like something black being put over one's head. It was too horrible. One cried out: "It isn't true!" as mothers do whose sons have committed a crime. We received no English papers for several days, and the French papers had only meagre English news. On Monday evening they published the news that we would defend the North Sea. It was not much, but it was something—for the moment it seemed everything. One felt as though one had been a piece of lead sinking through a bottomless sea, and suddenly one was changed to cork, and came bobbing up to the light of Heaven. It is perhaps difficult to people who were in England to realise what those two days felt like to English people in France. We got the papers later, and read the arguments for and against coming into the war. As though there were any arguments! To us here the thing presented itself (and I may say I met every type of the very mixed English colony in that week-end, and they were all of the one idea) as being simply and solely the choice between black dishonour and right.

The French were naturally very anxious too. They stopped English people in the street to ask what we were going to do. They were nervous, anxious, distressed; but we lived in an acute misery that amounted to agony. If England had remained neutral, the British

(Continued on page 36)

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(Continued from page 34)

in France would undoubtedly have been in danger of insult and even maltreatment from the crowd, and we could hardly have resented it! The suspense was relieved by the North Sea announcement on the Monday evening, and on Tuesday: "Heard late at night that England has declared war on Germany. Now at last we are wholly in it, and whatever horrors come at least they will not be the horrors of shame."

Curious Days

These days were very curious ones. I was acting as secretary, telephonist, errand-runner, and anything else that turned up in order to help my husband. No service of any kind was to be had, my cook being an Italian (at that time no one knew whether Italy would fall in (or fall out) with Germany) had gone back to Italy, and the special circumstances laid upon me the duty of provisioning the office for the possible needs of seven or eight people throughout a siege. This was by no means easy, as the big provision shops, having lost most of their assistants, were only open for two or three hours a day, and one stood in line from early morning in order to get into them at all. When one did, there were many commodities missing, such as sugar, spices of all kinds, methylated spirit, etc. Fortunately, I had done a large part of this provisioning on Saturday morning. On the Monday I found potatoes and green bananas; and on Tuesday I "met Mrs. G., who has heard of there being condensed milk at the Place des Ternes." These domestic cares, so much swollen beyond the ordinary, came strangely in the midst of a world-crash. It seemed so ridiculous to bother about condensed milk at all. At that time, however, it seemed very necessary.

So all of us wives walked many miles carrying heavy parcels, till every woman in Paris who was not a *bonne* and used to such things was limping about on swollen ankles; but however lame we were, the word "condensed milk" would send us off in a fresh direction, hoping and hobbling with string bags in our eager grasp, and haughty taxi-drivers not yet mobilised, refusing to take us anywhere further than a hundred yards from where we stood! The day I found methylated spirit in a small shop at the other end of the Faubourg St. Honore, I was a proud and envied woman; the next day I discovered quantities of it, and of condensed milk, and dried fruits and vegetables, and mineral waters, and all the other things we were so anxious about, in a tiny shop which appeared by magic in a side-street close to the office! I am sure it was not there before, and only appeared to aggravate us after our weary peregrinations.

This little shop was a godsend in another way. The money question was very difficult, as no one would give change for notes, and if you wanted half a pound of butter and had nothing but a 50 franc note, you had to pay 50 francs for the butter! Even English gold was depreciated, and in many places one could only get 23 francs for a sovereign, or even 22.50, instead of 25.20. My magic grocer, however, who had evidently greater confidence in the future, and a keener eye for business than some of his fellow-tradesmen, exhibited a yearning for English sovereigns at 25 francs exchange, which one was very glad to accept. If he had kept them till now, those that our English circle spent with him, he must have realised a pleasant little profit, as the exchange has not dropped below 27.50 for months!

The emptiness of Paris was extraordinary. Sunshine, pitiless and like molten copper, poured down on closed shops, shuttered windows, silent streets. The flags of all the Allied nations hung from every balcony, motionless in the hot air, and gave a queer and ghostly impression of festivity to a city that for the rest might have suffered from the pest, so complete was the cessation of ordinary life in the streets. It was very gallant, all that brilliant bunting, and when I arrived, a most reluctant refugee, in London, on the first of September, the noise and rush of traffic seemed less strange than the absence of flags.

In the small shopping streets of Paris the place looked so much like a scene in a *harlequinade* that if the white dog asleep in the very middle of the street had suddenly changed into Harlequin, if a clown with sausages had come from the pork-butcher's, and Columbine had danced

from the dairy, one would hardly have been surprised. On the main Boulevards maps of the frontier were posted on some of the shuttered shop-windows, and here small groups would gather; but so empty was the whole place that one night I woke up suddenly and ran to the window to find out the cause of a loud and unaccustomed noise—a footstep.

Anybody who has ever tried to sleep in normal times in a bedroom giving on the Boulevards at their busiest point, will realise the force of this! Only twice a day was there any animation, and that was when a shouting and yelling horde of boys and girls and old men rushed down the empty thoroughfare crying the new edition of the morning and evening papers. Then indeed there were people about, who came running from the houses demanding the news, unable to wait till they had opened the still damp paper they had bought. And there never was any!

There never was any! We had the most absurd expectations. My diary says that "the big battle brooding in Belgium may relieve the tension" and the Huns were already almost in France! Then we all confidently expected Trafalgar to happen again in the North Sea within two or three days. We could not understand the lack of news about it, for we were sure it must have taken place, or be taking place. Letters from England did not relieve our ignorance, for they all said: "Write quickly, has the Expeditionary Force arrived?" In those days we already had our optimists and our pessimists. The former gave the war six weeks, the latter, on whom we scowled, said it would not be over for three whole months, perhaps four. When Kitchener came out with his "three years" he turned our hearts to lead.

On the Road to Mons

A few days later I saw the Expeditionary Force receiving its welcome on the road to Mons—but that is another story. In Paris we knew nothing of its whereabouts, we knew nothing of anybody's whereabouts, except that Liege was still there. And even that was not true! We did not hear of the fall of the gallant city for many days. When Sir John French visited Paris, even that was meant to be kept secret, but it leaked out, and the streets of Paris on his route from station to Embassy were not empty that day.

One day I went out to Versailles, which was as active and full as Paris was quiet and empty. Soldiers were everywhere, in strong contrast to Paris, where one hardly saw any. We saw one regiment off to the front, with green branches stuck in their rifles, and flowers in their caps. Soldiers of long ago, in that innocent world we had lived in till then, going out to a clean war against a clean enemy, still in their dark blue coats and bright red trousers, all very loose and baggy. They are like the soldiers of a dream, looking back on them over these unimaginable, unspeakable two years, marching past the melancholy palace so gaily, not singing, but shouting "A Berlin!" and decked with flowers and greenery, while the sharp detonations of rifle practice rolled down from the camp of Satory to mingle with their shouts.

Paris was full of refugees towards the end of August, and a big theatre on the left bank was given up to the Belgians. They were in a shocking state of destitution, and even the most that could be done could only relieve their misery in part. The theatre was in a very poor quarter, and the kindness of the Parisians to these poor creatures was really wonderful. They came in to share their scanty food with the refugees, and one day, when one of us was there, a woman came in with her baby in her arms, and offered her breast to any young baby.

We began to hear news, but we did not like it much. "They are nearer!" "We're still retreating!" And then, one day, "If you go out of Paris, you can hear the guns!" and "There's to be an airship over Paris before morning." Those were the news we had.

Paris was splendid. She did not know whether she was to be defended or not, but everyone hoped so, even though that inevitably meant a bombardment. But then, all through that wonderful, terrible, and heroic month, Paris was splendid. They were days of anguish, but days of pride. Not for anything in the world would I exchange the privilege of having seen the transfigured face of France when she heard the Bugle.



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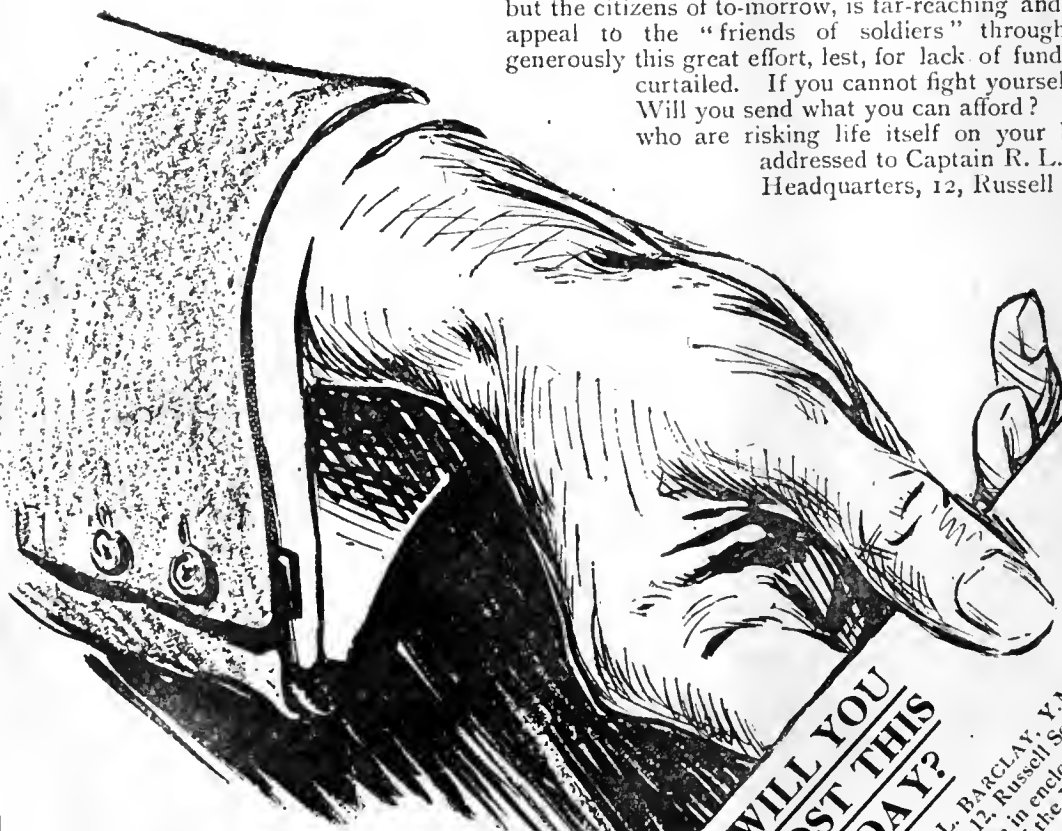
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A Y.M.C.A. Divisional Secretary in France writes—"Our room was packed to overflowing with men straight out of the trenches, covered with mud as only men in the trenches can be covered. By the time they had reached here many of them had tramped several miles and were quite exhausted. To find somewhere in which hot drinks and food could be procured in the middle of the night was a haven gladly welcomed; it is surprising where men can sleep when exhausted such as we see them."

TO-DAY at every hour your soldiers in or near the battle-line are calling for shelter, rest, comfort and refreshment. You at home think of them; you *think* of helping them. Do not think, *act*. That

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The Y.M.C.A. Balance Sheet was published in the "Times" March 30.
LAND & WATER

Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay, who obtained a commission in the new army and was wounded at Loos is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. This was handed to the British headquarters in Mesopotamia by an officer—Sir Walter's son—wounded to death in obtaining it. Hannay undertakes the mission, his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American gentleman, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who also joins them. On November 17th the three dine together at a London flat, and agree to meet in a café in a back street of Constantinople two months later—on January 17th. Sandy decides to go to Constantinople, disguised as a Turk, by way of Cairo. John S. Blenkiron drops into Germany as his own self by way of Scandinavia. Hannay, who has lived in South Africa as a mining engineer, and can speak Dutch perfectly, enters Germany through Holland as a Boer from Western Cape Colony. Hannay sails for Lisbon where he finds a steamer just arrived from Angola; boarding it he meets his old Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, to whom he unfolds his plans. Peter agrees to be his companion. They go on to Germany and find their way to Berlin. Here they have an interview with two Government high officials: one, Colonel von Stumm, had been in German South West Africa, fighting the Hereros. The Colonel is a huge man "as hideous as a hippopotamus." Stumm takes them in charge, interested by Hannay's plans for an uprising in Africa. He leaves Pienaar in Berlin, but brings Hannay by railway and motor car to a big house in the country, where he is introduced to Herr Gaudian, "one of the biggest railway engineers in the world." Gaudian, "a white man, and a gentleman," closely cross-examines Hannay on his plans and appears satisfied. Stumm takes him on to his castle, in Bavaria. On the way Hannay has an interview with the Kaiser. Stumm's castle seems deserted by all except one old servant. In the evening Stumm takes Hannay to his study and grossly insults him. They fight. Hannay knocks the German out and makes a bolt for it.*

CHAPTER VII

Christmastide

EVERYTHING depended on whether the servant was in the hall. I had put Stumm to sleep for a bit, but I couldn't flatter myself he would long be quiet, and when he came to he would kick the locked door to matchwood. I must get out of the house without a minute's delay, and if the door was shut and the old man gone to bed I was done.

I met him at the foot of the stairs, carrying a candle.

"Your master wants me to send off an important telegram. Where is the nearest office? There's one in the village isn't there?" I spoke in my best German, the first time I had used the tongue since I crossed the frontier.

"The village is five minutes off at the foot of the avenue," he said. "Will you be long, sir?"

"I'll be back in a quarter of an hour," I said. "Don't lock up till I get in."

I put on my ulster and walked out into a clear starry night. My bag I left lying on a settle in the hall. There was nothing in it to compromise me, but I wished I could have got a toothbrush and some tobacco out of it.

So began one of the craziest escapades you can well imagine. I couldn't stop to think of the future yet, but must take one step at a time. So I ran down the avenue, my feet crackling on the hard snow, planning hard my programme for the next hour.

I found the village—half a dozen houses with one biggish place that looked like an inn. The moon was rising and as I approached I saw that it was some kind of a store. A funny little two-seated car was purring before the door, and I guessed this was also the telegraph office.

I marched in and told my story to a stout woman with spectacles on her nose who was talking to a young man.

"It is too late," she shook her head. "The Herr Burgrave

knows that well. There is no connection from here after eight o'clock. If the matter is urgent you must go to Schwandorf."

"How far is that?" I asked, looking for some excuse to get decently out of the shop.

"Seven miles," she said, "but here is Franz and the post-wagon. Franz, you will be glad to give the gentleman a seat beside you."

The sheepish-looking youth muttered something which I took to be assent, and finished off a glass of beer. From his eyes and manner he looked as if he were half drunk.

I thanked the woman, and went out to the car, for I was in a fever to take advantage of this unexpected bit of luck. I could hear the postmistress enjoining Franz not to keep the gentleman waiting, and presently he came out and flopped into the driver's seat. We started in a series of voluptuous curves, till his eyes got accustomed to the darkness.

At first we made good going along the straight broad highway lined with woods on one side and on the other snowy fields melting into haze. Then he began to talk and as he talked, he slowed down. This by no means suited my book, and I seriously wondered whether I should pitch him out and take charge of the thing. He was obviously a weakling, left behind in the conscription, and I could have done it with one hand. But by a fortunate chance I left him alone.

"That is a fine hat of yours, mein Herr," he said. He took off his own blue peaked cap, the uniform, I suppose, of the driver of the post-wagon, and laid it on his knee. The night air ruffled a shock of tow-coloured hair.

Then he calmly took my hat and clapped it on his head.

"With this thing I should be a gentleman," he said.

I said nothing, but put on his cap and waited.

"This is a noble overcoat, mein Herr," he went on. "It goes well with the hat. It is the kind of garment I have always desired to own. In two days it will be the holy Christmas, when gifts are given. Would that the good God sent me such a coat as yours!"

"You can try it on and see how it looks," I said good-humouredly.

He stopped the car with a jerk, and pulled off his blue coat. The exchange was soon effected. He was about my height, and my ulster fitted not so badly. I put on his overcoat, which had a big collar that buttoned round the neck.

The idiot preened himself like a girl. Drink and vanity had primed him for any folly. He drove so carelessly for a bit that he nearly put us into a ditch. We passed several cottages and at the last he slowed down.

"A friend of mine lives here," he announced. "Gertrud would like to see me in the fine clothes which the most amiable Herr has given me. Wait for me, I will not be long." And he scrambled out of the car and lurched into the little garden.

I took his place and moved very slowly forward. I heard the door open and the sound of laughing and loud voices. Then it shut, and looking back I saw that my idiot had been absorbed into the dwelling of his Gertrud. I waited no longer but sent the car forward at its best speed.

Five minutes later the infernal thing began to give trouble—a nut loose in the antiquated steering-gear. I unhooked a lamp, examined it and put the mischief right, but I was a quarter of an hour doing it. The highway ran now in a thick forest, and I noticed branches going off every now and then to the right. I was just thinking of turning up one of them, for I had no anxiety to visit Schwandorf, when I heard behind me the sound of a great car driven furiously.

I drew in to the right side—thank goodness I remembered the rule of the road—and proceeded decorously, wondering what was going to happen. I could hear the brakes being clapped on and the car slowing down. Suddenly a big grey bonnet slipped past me and as I turned my head I heard a familiar voice.

It was Stumm, looking like something that has been run over. He had his jaw in a sling, so that I wondered if I had broken it, and his eyes were beautifully bunged up. It was that that saved me, that and his raging temper. The collar of the postman's coat was round my chin, hiding my beard, and I had his cap pulled well down on my brow. I remembered what Blenkiron had said—that the only way to deal with the Germans was naked bluff. Mine was naked enough, and it was all that was left to me.

(Continued on page 41)



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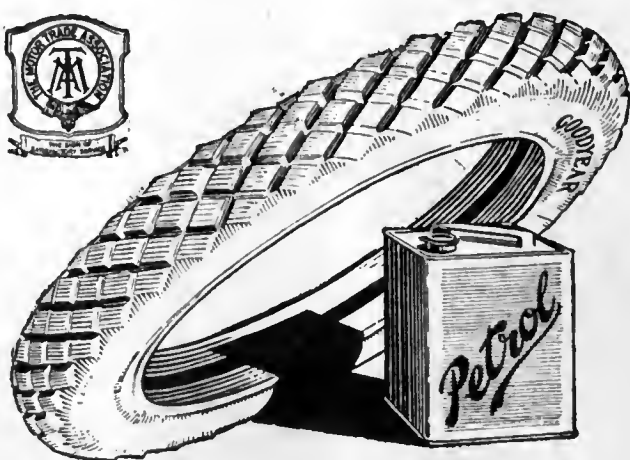
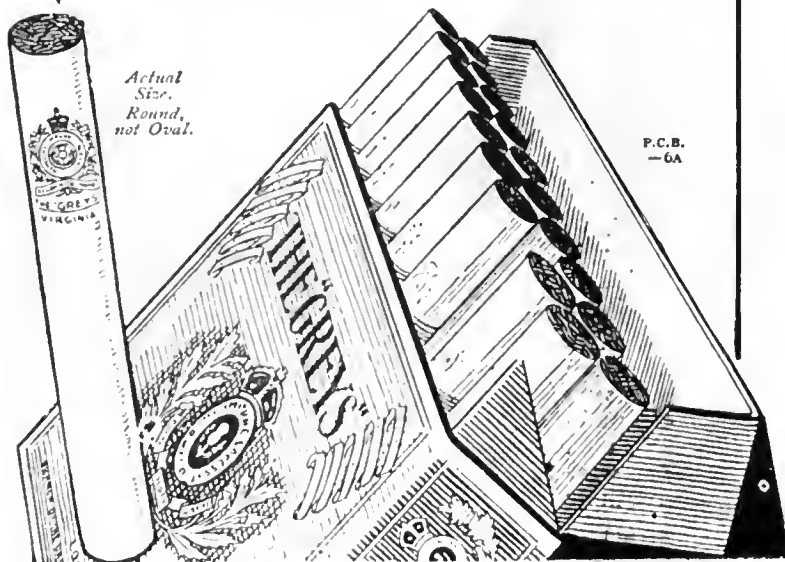
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Goodyear exclusive features—the All-Weather Tread that gets its skid-resisting grip on the hard road-substance, no matter what the road may be—the innumerable rubber rivets that pierce the breaker strip through and through, so that tread separation is unknown to the Goodyear user—and the On-Air Cure that guards against blow-outs.

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For maximum mileage on Commercial
Vehicles fit the Goodyear Band Tyre.

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Central House, Kingsway - - - London, W.C.
Branches at Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Dublin, and Belfast.
Canadian Factory: Bowmanville, Ontario.

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"Where is the man you brought from Andersbach," he roared, as well as his jaw would allow him.

I pretended to be mortally scared, and spoke in the best imitation I could manage of the postman's high cracked voice.

"He got out a mile back, Herr Burggrave," I quavered. "He was a rude fellow who wanted to go to Schwandorf, and then changed his mind."

"Where, you fool? Say exactly where he got down or I will wring your neck."

"In the wood this side of Gertrud's cottage . . . on the left hand . . . I left him running among the trees." I put all the terror I knew into my pipe, and it wasn't acting.

"He means the Heinrichs' cottage, Herr Colonel," said the chauffeur. "This man is courting the daughter."

Stumm gave an order and the great car backed, and, as I looked round, I saw it turning. Then as it gathered speed it shot forward, and presently was lost in the shadows. I had got over the first hurdle.

But there was no time to be lost. Stumm would meet the postman and would be tearing after me any minute. I took the first turning, and bucketed along a narrow woodland road. The hard ground would show very few tracks. I thought, and I hoped the pursuit would think I had gone to Schwandorf. But it wouldn't do to risk it, and I was determined very soon to get the car off the road, leave it, and take to the forest. I took out my watch and calculated I could give myself ten minutes.

I was very nearly caught. Presently I came on a bit of rough heath with a slope away from the road, and here and there a bit of shade which I took to be a sandpit. Opposite one of these I slewed the car to the edge, got out, started it again, and saw it pitch headforemost into the darkness. There was a splash of water and then silence. Craning over I could see nothing but murk, and the marks at the lip where the wheels had passed. They would find my tracks in daylight, but scarcely at this time of night.

Then I ran across the road to the forest. I was only just in time, for the echoes of the splash had hardly died away when I heard the sound of another car. I lay flat in a hollow below a tangle of snow-laden brambles and looked between the pine-trees at the moonlit road. It was Stumm's car again and to my consternation it stopped just a little short of the sandpit.

I saw an electric torch flashed, and Stumm himself got out and examined the tracks on the highway. Thank God, they would be still there for him to find, but had he tried half a dozen yards on he would have seen them turn towards the sandpit. If that had happened he would have beaten the adjacent woods and most certainly found me. There was a third man in the car, with my hat and coat on him. That poor devil of a postman had paid dear for his vanity.

They took a long time before they started again and I was jolly relieved when they went scouring down the road. I ran deeper into the woods till I struck a track which—as I judged from the sky which I saw in a clearing—took me pretty well due west. That wasn't the direction I wanted, so I bore off at right angles, and presently struck another road which I crossed in a hurry. After that I got entangled in some confounded kind of enclosure and had to climb paling after paling of rough stakes plaited with osiers. Then came a rise in the ground and I was on a low hill of pines which seemed to last for miles. All the time I was going at a good pace, and before I stopped to rest I calculated I had put six miles between me and the sandpit.

My mind was getting a little more active now, for the first part of the journey I had simply staggered from impulse to impulse. These impulses had been uncommon lucky, but I couldn't go on like that for ever. *Eksal 'n plan maak*, says the old Boer when he gets into trouble, and it was up to me now to make a plan.

As soon as I began to think I saw the desperate business I was in for. Here was I, with nothing except what I stood up in—including a coat and cap that weren't mine—alone in mid-winter in the heart of South Germany. There was a man behind me looking for my blood, and soon there would be a hue-and-cry for me up and down the land. I had heard that the German police were pretty efficient, and I couldn't see that I stood the slimmest chance. If they caught me they would shoot me beyond doubt. I asked myself on what charge, and answered "for knocking about a German officer." They couldn't have me up for espionage, for as far as I knew they had no evidence. I was simply a Dutchman that had got riled and had run amok. But if they cut down a cobbler for laughing at a second lieutenant—which is what happened at Zabern—I calculated that hanging would be too good for a man that had broken a colonel's jaw.

To make things worse my job was not to escape—though that would have been hard enough—but to get to Constantinople, more than a thousand miles off, and I reckoned I

couldn't get there as a tramp. I had to be sent there, and now I had flung away my chance. If I had been a Catholic, I would have said a prayer to St. Theresa, for she would have understood my troubles.

My mother used to say that when you felt down on your luck it was a good cure to count your mercies. So I set about counting mine. The first was that I was well started on my journey, for I couldn't be above two score miles from the Danube. The second was that I had Stumm's pass. I didn't see how I could use it, but there it was. Lastly I had plenty of money—fifty-three English sovereigns and the equivalent of three pounds in German paper which I had changed at the hotel. Also I had squared accounts with old Stumm. That was the biggest mercy of all.

I thought I had better get some sleep, so I found a dryish hole below an oak root and squeezed myself into it. The snow lay deep in these woods and I was sopping wet up to the knee. All the same I managed to sleep for some hours, and got up and shook myself just as the winter's dawn was breaking through the tree tops. Breakfast was the next thing, and I must find some sort of dwelling.

Almost at once I struck a road, a big highway running north and south. I trotted along in that bitter morning to get my circulation started and presently I began to feel a little better. In a little I saw a church spire, which meant a village. Stumm wouldn't be likely to have got on my tracks yet, I calculated, but there was always the chance that he had warned all the villages round by telephone and that they might be on the look-out for me. But that risk had to be taken, for I must have food.

It was the day before Christmas, I remembered, and people would be holidaying. The village was quite a big place, but at this hour—just after eight o'clock—there was nobody in the street except a wandering dog. I chose the most assuming shop I could find, where a little boy was taking down the shutters—one of those general stores where they sell everything. The boy fetched a very old woman, who hobbled in from the back, fitting on her spectacles.

"Grüss Gott," she said in a friendly voice, and I took off my cap. I saw from my reflection in a saucepan that I looked moderately respectable in spite of my night in the woods.

I told her a story of how I was walking from Schwandorf to see my mother at an imaginary place called Judenfeld, banking on the ignorance of villagers about any place five miles from their homes. I said my luggage had gone astray, and I hadn't time to wait for it, since my leave was short. The old lady was sympathetic and unsuspecting. She sold me a pound of chocolate, a box of biscuits, the better part of a ham, two tins of sardines, and a rucksack to carry them. I also bought some soap, a comb and a cheap razor, and a small Tourists' Guide, published by a Leipzig firm. As I was leaving I saw what looked like garments hanging up in the back shop, and turned to have a look at them. They were the kind of thing that Germans wear on their summer walking-tours—long shooting capes made of a green stuff they call *Loden*. I bought one, and a green felt hat and an alpenstock to keep it company. Then wishing the old woman and her belongings a merry Christmas I departed and took the shortest cut out of the village. There were one or two people about now, but they did not seem to notice me.

I went into the woods again and walked for two miles, till I halted for breakfast. I was not feeling quite so fit now, and I did not make much of my provisions, beyond eating a biscuit and some chocolate. I felt very thirsty and longed for hot tea. In an icy pool I washed and with infinite agony shaved my beard. That razor was the worst of its species, and my eyes were running all the time with the pain of the operation. Then I took off the postman's coat and cap, and buried them below some bushes. I was now a clean-shaven German pedestrian with a green cape and hat, and an absurd walking-stick with an iron shod end—the sort of person who roams in thousands over the Fatherland in summer but is a rarish bird in mid-winter.

The Tourists' Guide was a fortunate purchase, for it contained a big map of Bavaria which gave me my bearings. I was certainly not forty miles from the Danube—more like thirty. The road through the village I had left would have taken me to it. I had only to walk due south and I would reach it before night. So far as I could make out there were long tongues of forest running down to the river, and I resolved to keep to the woodlands. At the worst I would meet a forester or two, and I had a good enough story for them. On the high road there might be awkward questions.

When I started out again I felt very stiff and the cold seemed to be growing intense. This puzzled me, for I had not minded it much up to now, and, being warm-blooded by nature, it never used to worry me. A sharp winter night on the high-veld was a long sight chillier than anything I had struck so far in Europe. But now my teeth were chattering and the marrow seemed to be freezing in my bones. The

day had started bright and clear but a wrack of grey clouds soon covered the sky, and a wind from the east began to whistle. As I stumbled along through the snowy undergrowth I kept longing for bright warm places. I thought of those long days in the veld when the earth was like a great yellow bowl with white roads running to the horizon and a tiny white farm basking in the heart of it, with its blue dam and patches of bright green lucerne. I thought of those baking days on the East Coast when the sea was like mother-of-pearl and the sky one burning turquoise. But most of all I thought of warm scented noons on trek, when one dozed in the shadow of the waggon and sniffed the wood-smoke from the fire where the boys were cooking dinner.

From these pleasant pictures I returned to the beastly present—the thick snowy woods, the lowering sky, wet clothes, a hunted present and a dismal future. I felt miserably depressed, and I couldn't think of any mercies to count. It struck me that I might be falling sick.

About mid-day I awoke with a start to the belief that I was being pursued. I cannot explain how or why the feeling came, except that it is a kind of instinct that men get who have lived much in wild countries. My senses, which had been numbed, suddenly grew keen, and my brain began to work double quick.

I asked myself what I would do if I were Stumm, with hatred in my heart, a broken jaw to avenge, and pretty well limitless powers. He must have found the car in the sandpit and seen my tracks in the wood opposite. I didn't know how good he and his men might be at following a spoor but I knew that any ordinary Kaffir could have nosed it out easily. But he didn't need to do that. This was a civilised country full of roads and railways. I must sometime and somewhere come out of the woods. He could have all the roads watched, and the telephone would set everyone on my track within a radius of fifty miles. Besides he would soon pick up my trail in the village I had visited that morning. From the map I learned it was called Greif, and it was likely to live up to that name with me.

Presently I came to a rocky knoll which rose out of the forest. Keeping well in shelter I climbed to the top and cautiously looked around me. Away to the east I saw the vale of a river with broad fields and church-spires. West and south the forest rolled unbroken in a wilderness of snowy tree-tops. There was no sign of life anywhere, not even a bird, but I knew very well that behind me in the woods were men moving swiftly on my track, and that it was pretty well impossible for me to get away.

There was nothing for it but to go on till I dropped or was taken. I shaped my course south with a shade of west in it, for the map showed me that in that direction I would soonest strike the Danube. What I was going to do when I got there I didn't trouble to think. I had fixed the river as my immediate goal and the future must take care of itself.

I was now pretty certain that I had fever on me. It was still in my bones, as a legacy from Africa, and had come out once or twice when I was with the battalion in Hampshire. The bouts had been short, for I had known of their coming and had dosed myself. But now I had no quinine, and it looked as if I were in for a heavy go. It made me feel desperately wretched and stupid, and I all but blundered into capture.

For suddenly I came on a road, and was going to cross it blindly, when a man rode slowly past on a bicycle. Luckily I was in the shade of a clump of hollies, and he was not looking my way, though he was not three yards off. I crawled forward to reconnoitre. I saw about half a mile of road running straight through the forest and every two hundred yards was a bicyclist. They wore uniform and appeared to be acting as sentries.

This could only have one meaning. Stumm had picketed all the roads and cut me off in an angle of the woods. There was no chance of getting across unobserved. As I lay there with my heart sinking, I had the horrible feeling that the pursuit might be following me from behind, and that at any moment I would be enclosed between two fires.

For more than an hour I stayed there with my chin in the snow. I didn't see any way out, and I was feeling so ill that I didn't seem to care. Then my chance came suddenly out of the skies.

The wind rose, and a great gust of snow blew from the east. In five minutes it was so thick that I couldn't see across the road. At first I thought it a new addition to my troubles, and then very slowly I saw the opportunity. I slipped down the bank and made ready to cross.

I almost blundered into one of the bicyclists. He cried out and fell off his machine, but I didn't wait to investigate. A sudden access of strength came to me, and I darted into the woods on the farther side. I knew I would be soon swallowed

from sight in the drift and I knew that the falling snow would hide my tracks. So I put my best foot forward.

I must have run miles before the hot fit passed, and I stopped from sheer bodily weakness. There was no sound except the crunch of falling snow. The wind seemed to have gone, and the place was very solemn and quiet. But Heavens! how the snow fell! It was partly screened by the branches, but all the same it was piling itself up deep everywhere. My legs seemed made of lead, my head burned, and there were fiery pains over all my body. I stumbled on blindly, without a notion of any direction, determined only to keep going to the last. For I knew that if I once lay down I would never rise again.

When I was a boy I was fond of fairy tales, and most of the stories I remembered had been about great German forests and snow and charcoal burners and woodmen's huts. Once I had longed to see these things, and now I was fairly in the thick of them. There had been wolves too, and I wondered idly if I should fall in with a pack. I felt myself getting light-headed. I fell repeatedly and laughed sillily every time. Once I dropped into a hole and lay for some time at the bottom giggling. If anyone had found me then he would have taken me for a madman.

The twilight of the forest drew dimmer, but I scarcely noticed it. Evening was falling, and soon it would be night, a night without morning for me. My body was going on without the direction of my brain, for my mind was filled with craziness. I was like a drunken man who keeps running, for he knows that if he stops he will fall, and I had a sort of bet with myself not to lie down—not at any rate just yet. If I lay down I should feel the pain in my head worse. Once I had ridden for five days down country with fever on me and the flat bush trees had seemed to melt into one big mirage and dance quadrilles before my eyes. But then I had more or less kept my wits. Now I was fairly daft, and every minute growing dafter.

Then the trees seemed to stop and I was walking on flat ground. It was a clearing and before me twinkled a little light. The change restored me to consciousness, and suddenly I felt with horrid intensity the fire in my head and bones and the weakness of my limbs. I longed to sleep and I had a notion that a place to sleep was before me. I moved towards the light and presently saw through a screen of snow the outlines of a cottage.

I had no fear, only an intolerable longing to lie down. Very slowly I made my way to the door and knocked. My weakness was so great that I could hardly lift my hand for the purpose.

There were voices within and a corner of the curtain was lifted from the window. Then the door opened and a woman stood before me, a woman with a thin kindly face.

"Grüß Gott," she said, while children peeped from behind her skirts.

"Grüß Gott," I replied. I leaned against the doorpost, and speech forsook me.

She saw my condition. "Come in, sir," she said. "You are sick and it is no weather for a sick man."

I stumbled after her and stood dripping in the centre of the little kitchen while three wondering children stared at me. It was a poor place, scantily furnished, but a good log-fire burned on the hearth. The shock of warmth gave me one of those minutes of self-possession which come sometimes in the middle of a fever.

"I am sick, Mother, and I have walked far in the storm and lost my way. I am from Africa, where the climate is hot, and your cold brings me fever. It will pass in a day or two if you will give me a bed."

"You are welcome," she said, "but first I will make you coffee."

I took off my dripping cloak and crouched close to the hearth. She gave me coffee—poor washy stuff, but blessedly hot. Poverty was spelled large by everything I saw. I felt the tides of fever beginning to overflow my brain again, and I made a great attempt to set my affairs straight before I was overtaken. With difficulty I took out Stumm's pass from my pocket-book.

"That is my warrant," I said. "I am a member of the Imperial Secret Service and for the sake of my work I must move in the dark. If you will permit it, Mother, I will sleep till I am better, but no one must know that I am here. If anyone comes, you must deny my presence."

She looked at the big seal as if it were a talisman.

"Yes, yes," she said, "you will have the bed in the garret and be left in peace until you are well. We have no neighbours near, and the storm will shut the roads. I will be silent, I and the little ones."

My head was beginning to swim, but I made one more effort.

"There is food in my rucksack—biscuits and ham and

(Continued on page 43)



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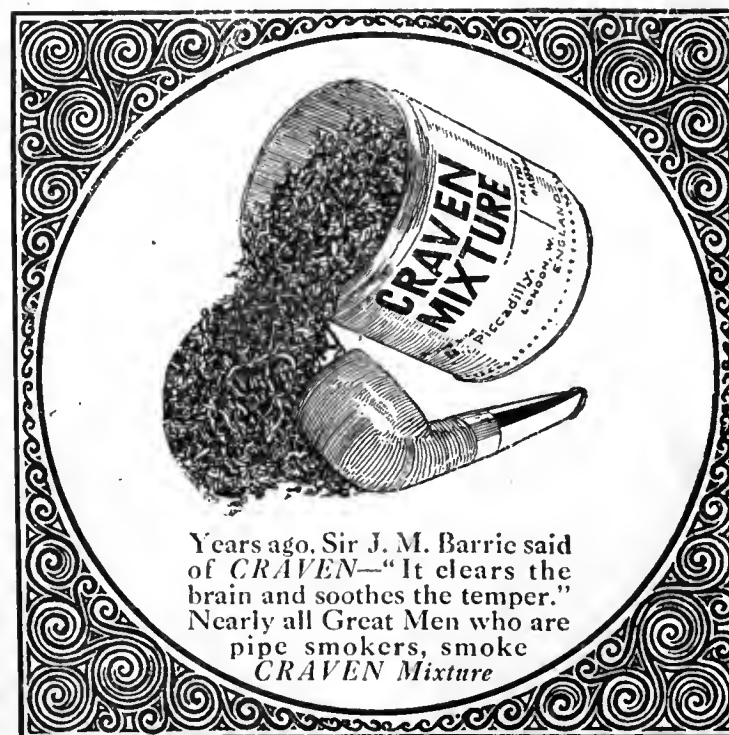
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48.B.

(Continued from page 42)

chocolate. Pray take it for your use. And here is some money to buy Christmas fare for the little ones." And I gave her some of the German notes.

After that my recollection became dim. She helped me up a ladder to the garret, undressed me, and gave me a thick coarse nightgown. I seem to remember that she kissed my hand and that she was crying. "The good Lord has sent you," she said. "Now the little ones will have their prayers answered and the Christkind will not pass by our door."

CHAPTER VIII

The Essen Barges

I LAY for four days like a log in that garret bed. The storm died down, the thaw set in, and the snow melted. The children played about the doors and told stories at night round the fire. Stumm's myrmidons no doubt beset every road and troubled the lives of innocent wayfarers. But no one came near the cottage, and the fever worked itself out while I lay in peace.

It was a bad bont, but on the fifth day it left me, and I lay, as weak as a kitten, staring at the rafters and the little skylight. It was a leaky, draughty old place, but the woman of the cottage had heaped deerskins and blankets on my bed and kept me warm. She came in now and then, and once she brought me a brew of some bitter herbs which greatly refreshed me. A little thin porridge was all the food I could eat, and some chocolate made from the slabs in my ruck sack.

I lay and dozed through the day, hearing the faint chatter of children below, and getting stronger hourly. Malaria passes as quickly as it comes and leaves a man little the worse, though this was one of the sharpest turns I ever had. As I lay I thought, and my thoughts followed curious lines. One queer thing was that Stumm and his doings seemed to have been shot back into a lumber-room of my brain and the door locked. I thought a good deal about my battalion and the comedy of my present position. You see I was getting better, for I called it comedy now, not tragedy.

But chiefly I thought of my mission. All that wild day in the snow it had seemed the merest farce. The three words Harry Bullivant had scribbled had danced through my head in a crazy fandango. They were present to me now, but coolly and sanely in all their meagreness.

I remember that I took each one separately and chewed on it for hours. *Kasredin*—there was nothing to be got out of that. *Cancer*—there were too many meanings, all blind. *v. I.*—that was the worst gibberish of all.

Before this I had always taken the I as the letter of the alphabet. I had thought the V. must stand for *von*, and I had considered the German names beginning with I—Ingolstadt, Ingeburg, Ingenohl, and all the rest of them. I had made a list at the British Museum before I left London.

Now I suddenly found myself taking the I as the numeral One. Idly, not thinking what I was doing, I put it into German.

Then I nearly fell out of the bed. *Von Einem*—the name I had heard at Gaudian's house, the name Stumm had spoken behind his hand, the name to which Hilda was probably the prefix. It was a tremendous discovery—the first real bit of light I had found. Harry Bullivant knew that some man or woman called Von Einem was at the heart of the mystery. Stumm had spoken of the same personage with respect, and in connection with the work I proposed to do in raising the Moslem Africans. If I found Von Einem I would be getting very warm. What was the word Stumm had whispered to Gaudian and scared that worthy? It had sounded like *Unmantle*. If I could only get that clear, I would solve the riddle.

I think that discovery completed my cure. At any rate, on the evening of the fifth day—it was Wednesday, December 29th—I was well enough to get up. When the dark had fallen and it was too late to fear a visitor, I came downstairs and, wrapped in my green cape, took a seat by the fire.

As we sat there in the firelight, with the three-white-headed children staring at me with saucer eyes, and smiling when I looked their way, the woman talked. Her man had gone to the wars on the Eastern front, and the last she had heard from him he was in a Polish bog longing for his dry native woodlands. The struggle meant little to her. It was an act of God, a thunderbolt out of the sky, which had taken a husband from her, and might soon make her a widow and her children fatherless. She knew nothing of its causes and purposes, and thought of the Russians as a gigantic nation of savages, heathens who had never been converted, and who would eat up German homes if the good Lord and the brave German soldiers did not stop them. I tried hard to find out if she had any notion of affairs in the West, but she hadn't, beyond the fact that there was trouble with the French. I doubt if she knew of England's share in it. She was a decent soul, with no bitterness against anybody, not even the Russians if they would spare her man.

That night I realised the crazy folly of war. When I saw the splintered shell of Ypres and heard hideous tales of German doings, I used to want to see the whole land of the Boches given up to fire and sword. I thought we could never end the war properly without giving the Huns some of their own medicine. But that woodcutter's cottage cured me of such nightmares. I was for punishing the guilty but letting the innocent go free. It was our business to thank God and keep our hands clean from the ugly blunders to which Germany's madness had driven her. What good would it do Christian folk to burn poor huts like this and leave children's bodies by the wayside? To be able to laugh and to be merciful are the only things that make man better than the beasts.

The place, as I have said, was desperately poor. The woman's face had the skin stretched tight over the bones, and that transparency which means under-feeding. I fancied she did not have the lavish allowance that soldier's wives get in England. The children looked better nourished, but it was by their mother's sacrifice. I did my best to cheer them up. I told them long yarns about Africa and lions and tigers, and I got some pieces of wood and whittled them into toys. I am fairly good with a knife, and I carved likenesses of a monkey, a springbok, and a rhinoceros. The children went to bed hugging the first toys I expect they ever possessed.

It was pretty clear to me that I must leave as soon as possible. I had to get on with my business, and besides it was not fair to the woman. Any moment I might be found here, and she would get into trouble for harbouring me. I asked her if she knew where the Danube was, and her answer surprised me. "You will reach it in an hour's walk," she said. "The track through the wood runs straight to the ferry."

Next morning after breakfast I took my departure. It was drizzling weather, and I was feeling very lean. Before going I presented my hostess and the children with two sovereigns apiece. "It is English gold," I said, "for I have to travel among our enemies and use our enemies' money. But the gold is good, and if you go to any town they will change it for you. But I advise you to put it in your stocking-foot and use it only if all else fails. You must keep your home going, for some day there will be peace and your man will come back from the wars."

I kissed the children, shook the woman's hand, and went off down the clearing. They had cried "Auf Wiedersehen," but it wasn't likely I would ever see them again.

The snow had all gone, except in patches in the deep hollows. The ground was like a full sponge, and a cold rain drifted in my eyes. After an hour's steady trudge the trees thinned, and presently I came out on a knuckle of open ground cloaked in dwarf junipers. And there before me lay the plain, and a mile off a broad brimming river.

I sat down and looked dismally at the prospect. The exhilaration of my discovery the day before had gone. I had stumbled on a worthless piece of knowledge, for I could not use it. Hilda von Einem, if such a person existed and possessed the great secret, was probably living in some big house in Berlin, and I was about as likely to get anything out of her as to be asked to dine with the Kaiser. Blenkiron might do something, but where on earth was Blenkiron? I daresay Sir Walter would value the information, but I could not get to Sir Walter. I was to go on to Constantinople, running away from the people who really pulled the ropes. But if I stayed I could do nothing, and I could not stay. I must go on and I didn't see how I could go on. Every course seemed shut on me, and I was in as pretty a tangle as any man ever stumbled into.

For I was mortally certain that Stumm would not let the thing drop. I knew too much, and, besides, I had outraged his pride. He would beat the countryside till he got me, and he undoubtedly would get me if I waited much longer. But how was I to get over the border? My passport would be no good, for the number of that pass would long ere this have been wired to every police-station in Germany, and to produce it would be to ask for trouble. Without it I could not cross the borders by any railway. My studies of the Tourists' Guide had suggested that once I was in Austria I might find things slacker and move about easier. I thought of having a try at the Tyrol and I also thought of Bohemia. But these were a long way off, and there were several thousand chances each day that I would be caught on the road.

This was Thursday, December 30th, the second last day of the year. I was due in Constantinople on the 17th of January. I had thought myself a long way from it in Berlin, but now it seemed as distant as the moon.

But that big sullen river in front of me led to it. And as I looked my attention was caught by a curious sight. On the far eastern horizon, where the water slipped round a corner of hill, there was a long trail of smoke. The streamers thinned out and seemed to come from some boat well round the corner,

(Continued on page 46)

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BELFAST——IRELAND

(Continued from page 44)

but I could see at least two boats in view. Therefore, there must be a long train of barges with a tug in tow. I looked to the west and saw another such procession coming into sight. First went a big river steamer—it can't have been much less than 1,000 tons—and after came a string of barges. They were heavily loaded and their draught must have been considerable, but there was plenty of depth in the flooded river.

A moment's reflection told me what I was looking at. Once Sandy, in one of the discussions you have in hospital, had told us just how the Germans munitioned their Balkan campaign. They were pretty certain of dishing Serbia at the first go, and it was up to them to get through guns and shells to the old Turk, who was running pretty short in his first supply. Sandy told us how endless strings of barges, loaded up at the big factories of Westphalia, were moving through the canals from the Rhine of the Elba to the Danube. Once the first reached Turkey, there would be regular delivery, you see, as quick as the Turks could handle the stuff. And they didn't return empty, Sandy said, but came back full of Turkish cotton, and Bulgarian beef and Rumanian corn. I don't know where Sandy got the knowledge, but there was the proof of it before my eyes.

It was a wonderful sight, and I could have gnashed my teeth to see those loads of munitions going snugly off to the enemy. And then, as I looked, an idea came into my head, and with it an eighth part of a hope.

There was only one way for me to get out of Germany, and that was to leave in such good company that I would be asked no questions. That was plain enough. If I travelled to Turkey, for instance, in the Kaiser's suite, I would be as safe as the mail. But if I went on my own I was done. I had, so to speak, to get my passport *inside* Germany, to join some caravan which had free marching powers. And there was the kind of caravan before me—the Essen barges.

It sounded lunacy, for I guessed that munitions of war would be as jealously guarded as von Hindenburg's health. All the safer, I replied, to myself, once I got there. If you are looking for a deserter you don't seek him at the favourite regimental public-house. If you're after a thief, among the places you'd leave unsearched would be Scotland Yard.

It was sound reasoning, but how was I to get on board? Probably the beastly things did not stop once in a hundred miles, and Stumm would get me long before I struck a halting place. And even if I did get a chance like that, how was I to get permission to travel?

One step was clearly indicated—to get down to the river bank at once. So I set off at a sharp walk across squelchy fields, till I struck a road where the ditches had overflowed so as almost to meet in the middle. The place was so bad that I hoped travellers might be few. And as I trudged, my thoughts were busy with my opportunities as a stowaway. If I bought food, I might get a chance to lie snug on one of the barges. They would not break bulk till they got to their journey's end.

Suddenly I noticed that the steamer, which was now abreast of me, began to move towards the shore, and as I came over a low rise, I saw on my left a straggling village with a church, and a small landing-stage. The houses stood about a quarter of a mile from the stream, and between them was a straight, poplar fringed road.

Soon there could be no doubt about it. The procession was coming to a standstill. The big tug nosed her way in and lay up alongside the pier, where in season of flood there was enough depth of water. She signalled to the barges and they also started to drop anchors, which showed that there must be at least two men aboard each. Some of them dragged a bit and it was rather a cock-eyed train that lay in mid-stream. The tug got out a gang-way and I saw half a dozen men leave it, carrying something on their shoulders.

It could only be one thing—a dead body. Someone of the crew must have died, and this halt was to bury him. I watched the procession move towards the village, and I reckoned they would take some time there, though they might have wired ahead for a grave to be dug. Anyhow, they would be long enough to give me a chance.

For I had decided upon a brazen course. Blenkiron had said you couldn't cheat the Boche, but you could bluff him. I was going to put up the most monstrous bluff. If the whole countryside was hunting for Richard Hannay, Richard Hannay could walk out as a pal of the hunters, for I remembered the pass Stumm had given me. If that was worth a tinker's curse, it should be good enough to impress a ship's captain.

Of course there were a thousand risks. They might have heard of me in the village and told the ship's party the story. For that reason I resolved not to go there, but to meet the sailors when they were returning to the boat. Or the Captain might have been warned and got the number of my pass, in which case Stumm would have his hands on me pretty soon. Or the captain might be a fellow who had

never seen a secret service pass and would not know what it meant, and would refuse me transport by the letter of his instructions. In that case I must wait on another convoy.

I had shaved and made myself a fairly respectable figure before I left the cottage. It was my cue to wait for the men when they left the church, wait on that quarter mile of straight highway. I judged the captain must be in the party. The village, I was glad to observe, seemed very empty. I have my own notions about the Bavarians as fighting men, but I am bound to say that, judging by my observations, very few of them stayed at home. That funeral took hours. They must have had to dig the grave, for I waited near the road in a clump of cherry trees with my feet in two inches of water, till I felt chilled to the bone. I prayed to God it would not bring back my fever, for I was only one day out of bed. I had little tobacco in my pouch, but I stood myself one pipe, and ate one of the cakes of chocolate I still carried.

At last, well after mid-day, I could see the party returning. They marched two by two, and I was thankful that they had no villagers with them. I walked to the road, and met the vanguard, carrying my head as high as I knew how.

"Where's your Captain?" I asked, and a man jerked his thumb over his shoulder. The others wore thick jerseys and knitted caps, but there was one man at the rear in uniform.

He was a short, broad man, with a weatherbeaten face and an anxious eye.

"May I have a word with you, Herr Captain?" I said, with what I hoped was a blend of authority and conciliation.

He nodded to his companion who walked on.

"Yes?" he asked rather impatiently.

I proffered him my pass. Thank heaven he had seen the kind of thing before, for his face at once took on that look which one person in authority always wears when confronted with another. He studied it closely and raised his eyes.

"Well, sir?" he said. "I observe your credentials. What can I do for you?"

"I take it you are bound for Constantinople?" I asked.

"The boats go as far as Rustchuk," he replied. "There the stuff is transferred to the railway."

"And you reach Rustchuk when?"

"In ten days, bar accidents. Let us say twelve to be safe."

"I want to accompany you," I said. "In my profession, Herr Captain, it is necessary sometimes to make journeys by other than the common route. That is now my desire. I have the right to call upon some other branch of our country's service to help me. Hence my request."

"I must telegraph about it. My instructions are to let no one aboard, not even a man like you. I am sorry sir, but I must get authority first before I can fall in with your desire. Besides my boat is ill found. You had better wait for the next batch and ask Dreyser to take you. I lost Walter to-day. He was ill when he came aboard—a disease of the heart—but he would not be persuaded and last night he died."

"Was that him you have been burying?" I asked.

"Even so. He was a good man and my wife's cousin, and now I have no engineer. Only a fool of a boy from Hamburg. I have just come from wiring to my owners for a fresh man, but even if he comes by the quickest train he will scarcely overtake us before Vienna or even Buda."

I saw light at last.

"We will go together," I said, "and cancel that wire. For behold, Herr Captain, I am an engineer, and will gladly keep an eye on your boilers till we get to Rustchuk."

He looked at me doubtfully.

"I am speaking truth," I said. "Before the war I was an engineer in Damaraland. Mining was my branch, but I had a good training and I know enough to run a river-boat. Have no fear. I promise you I will earn my passage."

His face cleared, and he looked what he was, an honest, good-humoured North German seaman.

"Come then in God's name," he cried, "and we will make a bargain. I will let the telegraph sleep. I want authority from the Government to take a passenger, but I need none to engage a new engineer."

He sent one of the hands back to the village to cancel his wire. In ten minutes I found myself on board, and ten minutes later we were out in mid-stream, and our tows were lumbering into line. Coffee was being made ready in the cabin, and while I waited for it I picked up the captain's binoculars and scanned the place I had left.

I saw some curious things. On the first road I had struck on leaving the cottage there were men on bicycles moving rapidly. They seemed to wear uniform. On the next parallel road, the one that ran through the village I could see others. I noticed, too, that several figures appeared to be beating the intervening fields.

Stumm's cordon had got busy at last, and I thanked my stars that not one of the villagers had seen me. I had not got away much too soon for in another half-hour he would have had me.

(To be continued.)

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Fifty Million Sterling in War Gifts

By W. E. Dowding

HOW many people remember that the nearly £6,000,000, at which the total of the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund now stands, is at least 50 per cent. short of the actual sum contributed by the public to relieve distress consequent on the war? All over the country additional local funds have been raised and never sent to London. A town would set up a higher or broader scale of relief. When it could get no grants from London to carry it out, its contributions were no longer sent to London. So some £3,000,000 has been collected locally. Most of it is spent. To-day the provincial towns are protesting against the request of central authority to appeal to their own people for funds to supplement pensions for their own soldiers.

To these sums must be added the £150,000 given by the Dominion Government of Canada for the relief of boarding-house keepers and others on our East Coast. What these unhappy folk want most is money to keep up their rent. Homes and furniture are their trading capital. It is considered outside the purpose of the National Relief Fund to give relief in such cases.

Bigger than all these together is the aggregate of the funds raised by communities of people engaged in departments of the State, in banks, offices, factories, colliery districts, and so on, to help the families and dependents of their own men who have taken up arms, and to re-establish the men themselves when they come back. From the General Post Office down to the shoemaker's shop, such funds have been built up by regular payments from the wage-earners, supplemented by grants from employers and votes by shareholders. The amount is well above £100,000 a week. But taking that modest minimum figure and multiplying it by 104 weeks we reach a total of nearly 10½ million pounds.

At least another million should be added on account of sums independently raised by such organisations as the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, the Officers' Families Fund. They bring up the aggregate to £20,000,000.

Red Cross Funds

Next in popularity, though not in amount, let us take the Red Cross group. *The Times* Fund already exceeds £4,000,000, and is growing faster than any other fund. It finances the work of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. But the figure does not embrace the funds raised by the Scottish and Irish branches of the society. And throughout the Kingdom local subsidiary branches have raised and spent sums that are not announced in any central total. We may safely say that £5,500,000 in all has been contributed to support the Red Cross. The beneficent work done by voluntary funds for our sick and wounded men does not end there. Artificial limbs are being provided; blinded men are being trained to a new life; convalescents are being entertained at country houses or taken for drives at somebody's expense. Many other such works are being done. A value may rightly be placed also upon the generous accommodation freely surrendered to hospital uses. Against some of these items definite figures could be placed. Others are susceptible to estimate only. Together they swell the total to something over £6,000,000, without counting the contributions to the R.S.P.C.A., and kindred organisations caring for the beasts of war.

There are "necessary" comforts and there are "extra" comforts, to adopt the division made in the first war of the century. The former included clothing and tobacco. The latter were of the kind instanced by chocolate and hospital supplies such as bandages. It was an arbitrary attempt to distinguish between things that are not distinguishable. We now count as a "comfort" any supply that is extra to the official supplies of the War Office and the Admiralty. The chief of these is tobacco. Approved organisations have been permitted to send tobacco to the soldiers direct from bond, *i.e.*, without payment of duty, and the quantity so delivered from bond "for the use of H.M. Military and Naval Forces Abroad" was last year more than ten times as much as in the year before the war. It was nearly 6½ million lb. Some measure of this particular "comfort" is given by that figure. Beyond it there is a spacious field of generosity covered by the gift of tobacco in its various forms purchased privately from the shops. Of this no record is possible.

Some idea of the value of the clothing, which is the next item in order of importance, is gleaned from an examination

of the returns of such a well-organised agency as Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, which in the first year of the war despatched goods (mainly to our fighting men) estimated to be worth £100,000 cost price. There are a very large number of "comforts" organisations. They make or collect or purchase articles of all kinds, from mouth-organs to motor-kitchens. They gave those footballs which the Surreys "passed" into action the other day. The Camps Library alone has sent out more than six million books and magazines (which I value at secondhand buyers' prices). Every home in the land has contributed something. The value of the two years' outlay cannot be less than £6,000,000. It is probably much higher, but I am conservative in every estimate.

The work of such organisations as the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Church Army and the Salvation Army is not included in any of the foregoing figures. The first mentioned has collected over £600,000. There was a special fund of over £150,000 raised for the Indian soldiers; and in this group should be included also the arrangements made for the entertainment of all our Oversea troops. These organisations together have received from the public more than £1,000,000.

Belgium stands first in other National Relief Funds. Her needs are great because her resources are gone in the desolation of war. The Neutral Commission has received and disbursed among the destitute in Belgium a total benevolence of £4,000,000. The refugees within our own shores have been cared for at a willing expense, in food and clothing and lodging, of not less than £3,000,000. There are a score of special (and now recognised) funds raised and administered in the country for the Belgian people. Chief of them is the Belgian Relief Fund. Altogether the British people have gladly given not less than £8,000,000 for the nation that bore the first shock of war. France, Russia, Serbia, Poland, Italy, Armenia, Montenegro, have all learned how deep is our sympathy with their sufferings in the common cause. It seems almost a sacrilege to put a figure on it at all. But with Belgium included it is over £10,000,000.

We have reached a conservative total of £43,000,000. There is something yet to add. Within a few days of the outbreak of war the two leading motor-car owners' associations listed 34,000 people willing to lend their cars to the country. I should say that at least 20,000 motor-cars have been used daily throughout the war in voluntary work in connection with the various emergency organisations, not counting cars taken over by the military authorities. The cost of wear and tear and of petrol and frequently the wages of the drivers are borne by the donors. I have put that cost very modestly at ten shillings a car a week, which works out at something over £1,000,000.

Everywhere voluntary agencies have enjoyed the use of offices and premises rent free. Professional work has been done by the paid staffs of bankers, accountants, auctioneers and solicitors. Volunteer Training Corps, special constables, women in responsible war duties, entertainers, voluntary workers by the thousand have incurred personal expense so that they, too, might take their part in the great work. Some value should be put on their outlay, which is no less a contribution to the war funds than if they had sat idle and sent in cheques. It is at least another million pounds, and it brings my total to £45,000,000.

From this I have excluded funds raised in the self-governing Dominions, in the Crown Colonies, and in India, and there retained for home use. They thought first of the needs of the Mother Country and, with British residents the world over, they contributed freely and very generously. Latterly they have had to provide for their own needs. If I were to extend this brief review to funds voluntarily raised and administered in the Empire outside these little islands, I should be able to account for a superb total of much over £50,000,000.

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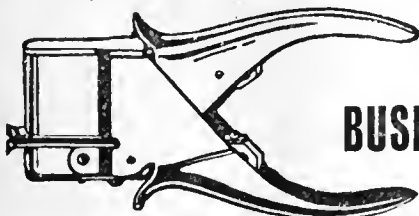
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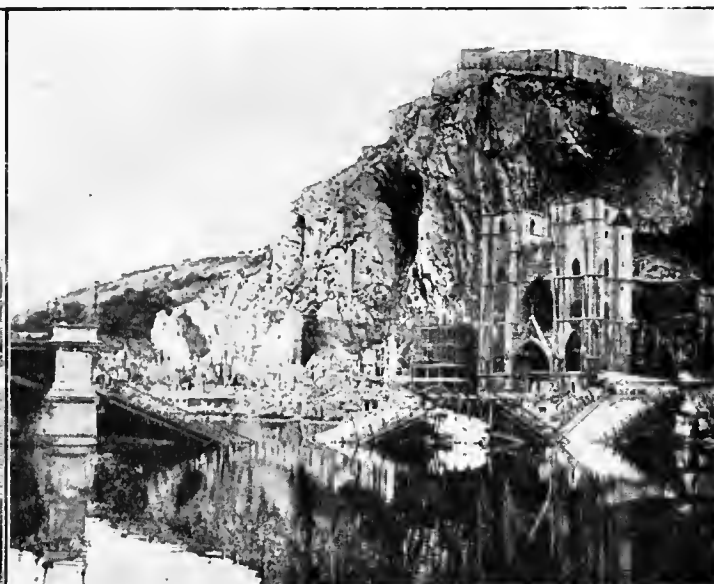
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The Rebuilding of Belgium

Some Artistic Ideals and Notes: Written and Illustrated by Clive Holland



Dinant, the Gibraltar Rock of Belgium, and ancient Church of Notre Dâme
As they were



As they are

Mr. Clive Holland, the writer of this article, knows Belgium thoroughly. He is the author of "The Belgians at Home," "The Road to Ghent," etc.]

IT may seem early days as yet to consider seriously the question of the rebuilding of Belgium, and the reconstruction and re-taking up of Belgian national life after the war. The Huns, who have ravaged and destroyed the historic and sacred buildings, pleasant towns, and quaint and picturesque villages of the delightful little land with a savagery and ruthlessness unparalleled even in the history of mediæval warfare, still possess nine-tenths of its soil, and there is yet much to be done, and many a battle to be fought ere they will be driven across the fields of Flanders and the plains of Central Belgium back to the Rhine.

But there are indications, to quote the words of a great soldier, that "the end is in sight." Anyway, those of us who knew Belgium intimately and loved her in times of peace, who wandered along pleasant roads, through historic towns and picturesque villages, and also who know something of the stricken, stark, terrible Belgium of to-day—with here and there a fair city like Bruges, and a great industrial and historic town like Ghent, set like oases amid the ruins of a nation's treasures—are aware that schemes for rebuilding and reconstruction have already been mooted in which sanitation and mathematical accuracy are apparently largely to take the place of beauty, picturesqueness and historical interest.

Lovers of Belgium as it used to be, of Liege, Louvain, Termonde, Dinant, Malines, Courtrai, Mons, Ypres and Dixmude, to mention only a few of the ruined shrines and stricken places, cannot fail to apply the old phrase, *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, to most of the busy officials who are so anxious to have the rebuilding of

Belgium, as one of them phrased it the other day, "on modern and up-to-date lines." The phrase to the artistic mind, which is filled with memories of the beauty of bygone things, of quaint architecture of many periods, conjures up visions of "abominably trim and mathematically exact" garden cities, and bastard attempts at the cheaply effective picturesque.

Let it be granted that much has disappeared never again to delight the eye. But it should be the aim and ideal of any scheme of rebuilding and reconstruction to preserve for coming generations at least some of the most beautiful and historic buildings, ecclesiastic and domestic, in the various towns and villages which have suffered such unspeakable desecration at the hands of the Huns.

It is to be feared that the latter will not spare places and buildings which have hitherto escaped injury, or at least total destruction, when the time comes for the Allies to drive them through Belgium to the Rhine. But let it be clearly understood in Berlin that for every town needlessly burned or historic building destroyed, compensation to the utmost possible farthing will be exacted. The art treasures, whether they be those carried off into Germany from French churches and chateaux at the command of the brigand Crown Prince, or those filched by lesser lights of Prussianism from the Art Galleries of Antwerp, Brussels, and elsewhere, and the altars and treasures of churches must, of course, be restored. Much has been utterly destroyed, the principal treasures of Louvain University Library for example, but much doubtless can be recovered after the war from the treasure vaults of Potsdam, and other depots, and from the private mansions of Germany to which the loot has been sent.

It has been quite rightly urged that the new Belgium



Hotel de Ville, Grande Place, Brussels, showing Guild houses rebuilt from original plans after destruction by Marshal Villeroi



The late Gothic Hotel de Ville, Mons, the Headquarters for a short time of the British General Staff

must be so constituted that she can play effectively her part among the nations in the coming years. To a large extent the old order must and will pass away. The new roads and highways will be different from the old, both as to construction, width, and surface. Sanitation in the smaller as well as the larger towns will of necessity be less a thing left to chance, and more of an exact science. Slum areas, however picturesque at a distance—chiefly confined to a few of the larger industrial towns of the South-West or Borinage district—will, let us hope, disappear. But it would be a thousand pities to allow purely utilitarian ideas to rule, and thus to eliminate imagination and the art of preserving ancient things which are worthy of preservation either from intrinsic merit or because they form valuable historical data and object-lessons for coming generations.

But in the endeavour to preserve that which is admirable, useful, or historic, there is some risk that too much will be attempted, and the scheme may be doomed to failure because of its vastness.

What lovers of Belgium of the past, the artist and the archaeologist, will urge is that any scheme must keep in view the following main points: (a) That the faults of the past shall not be perpetuated merely because they are old; (b) that convenience and sanitation shall have due consideration; (c) that in every town and village which possessed a unique, beautiful, or historic church or other buildings an endeavour shall be made to preserve these or at least some of them by restoration or rebuilding upon the lines of the original plans.

Belgium has suffered through the past centuries so much at the hands of invaders and conquerors that one used to wonder at the extraordinary richness and interest of the survivals. The incomparable 11th Century Cloth Hall of Ypres; the storied 13th-15th Century Belfry of Bruges; the exquisite Hotel de Ville at Louvain; the grim and historic Chateau des Comtes founded in the 9th century and re-erected by Count Philip of Alsace on his return from the Holy Land towards the close of the 12th, as the records have it *ad reprimendam superbiam Gandensiam*; and the magnificent late Gothic Church of St. Jacques, Liege, dating in part from the latter half of the 12th century, though the main portion dates from the early years of the 16th, for example. The reason is not far to seek. Through the centuries Belgium has been happy in the possession of the indestructible spirit and of men who appear to have set seriously and promptly about the restoration and, where necessary, rebuilding of great churches or historic buildings which had been injured or destroyed by the ravages of war or the lust of conquerors. And though it cannot, of course, be claimed that these efforts were in every case equally happy, blameless, or successful, the present generation and those that have gone before prior to the war,

have owed much to the pious and munificent soul under whose auspices and by whose generosity so much that was beautiful and valuable was preserved.

How much or how little survives of the Belgium beloved in the past by artists, antiquarians, and those for whom beauty and romance have a direct and potent personal appeal, will become known during the next few months if all goes well with the Allies. It is impossible, of course, as yet, accurately to estimate the extent of the damage and destruction that the invasion and rule of the Huns have brought about. Those who have been able to see something of Belgium since the Germans swept through it on their road to Paris dread the "damage of retreat, not less than that caused during the drunken fury of the successful first onslaught." From our pictures of Dinant as it was and is, and from that of Dixmude some idea may be gathered of the ruin that has been wrought.

We know that much of Liege is in ruins; that Louvain is little more than the blackened husk of a once beautiful and storied town; that Antwerp has suffered much more damage than has ever been fully realised by the general public; that Malines, with its magnificent Cathedral Church of St. Rumbold dating from the 14th and 15th centuries, has been greatly damaged; that Dinant, historic and picturesque, is now little more than a heap of rubbish; that Mons, which will ever dwell in the memory of the men and women of British blood, as a place of glory and of sacrifice, is almost obliterated; that Tournai and Courtrai, both with fine churches and historic buildings, have been severely damaged; that Ypres, once wealthy, famous and historic, its fortunes linked up with England, is now a desolate waste of blackened ruins; that quaint Nieuport, with its famous Templars' Tower, is reduced to heaps of rubble; and that the glories of the picturesque little town of Dixmude, its fine parish church of St. Nicholas, and its beautiful Flamboyant Rood Loft, are no more. Our pictures of some of these delectable places possess, therefore, an added if melancholy interest. And to the sum total of this must be added many smaller towns and villages all or most of them possessing priceless treasures of architecture or of art ravaged and burned.

In not a few instances there exist in this sadly devastated land concrete and encouraging examples of the policy of rebuilding and reconstruction such as I advocate. It is necessary to go back no further than the Napoleonic

(Continued on page 54)



A corner of the Grand Place, Malines, with some of the 15th-18th century houses, and the Cathedral of St. Rumbold, most of which have been destroyed or damaged

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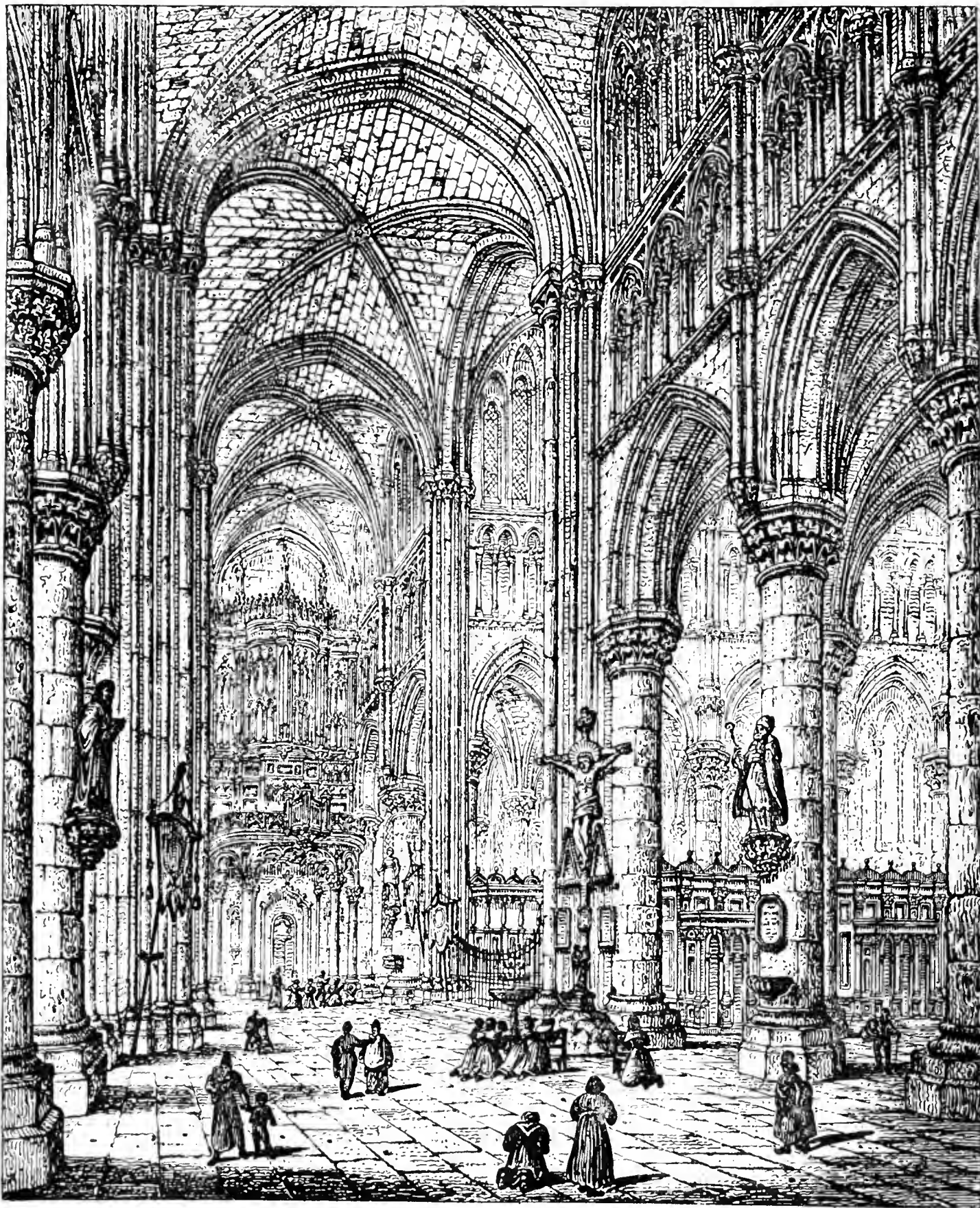
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The beautiful interior of the Cathedral Church of Ypres, as it appeared before the War. It is now in hopeless ruins. This view is taken from an old engraving

era, and the Wars immediately preceding it in the early part of the eighteenth century for examples. In regard to the partial destruction of Brussels at the end of the seventeenth century, when it was bombarded and set on fire by the forces of Marshal Villeroi, we read, "the Bruxellois did not waste time in lament over their battered city. They set to work with commendable promptitude to rebuild, and in a measure to reconstruct the ruined and battered buildings. In less than five years, we are told, scarcely a trace of the bombardment remained, although of course, the burned and wrecked buildings were not many of them yet replaced."

To most visitors to Belgium the Grand Place, Brussels, with its many beautiful buildings, is well-known. But

most of these buildings, which are historic and form such valuable examples of the architecture of the periods in which they were originally erected are comparatively modern, having been restored or re-built from the original plans. Among them is the beautiful *Maison du Roi* or *Broodhuis* ("Bread Market") originally erected in 1514-25 in the transition Gothic style, much damaged during the bombardment by Villeroi's troops, rebuilt in 1763, and afterwards most carefully and completely restored as recently as 1873-90 by V. Jamaer. The same may be said of the famous and picturesque Guild Houses (notably that of the Shipmasters, seen in the right hand corner of the

(Continued on page 56)

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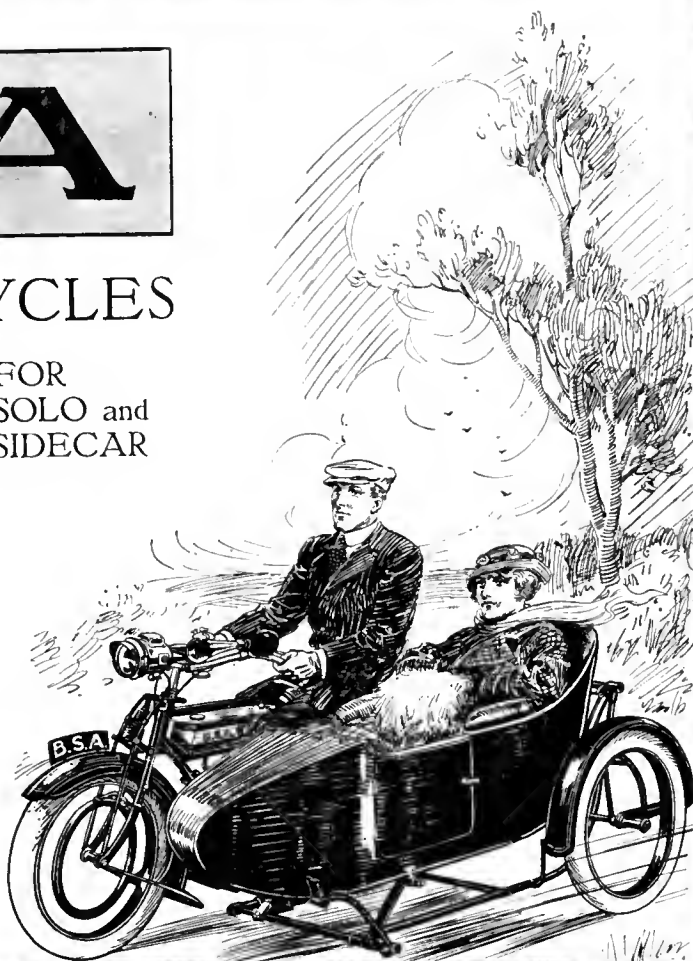
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Chateau des Comtes, Ghent, a stronghold founded in the 9th Century

(Continued from page 51)

picture, the roof of which, appropriately enough, is a reproduction of the stern of an ancient galleon), standing on the N.W. side of the Place. They were carefully restored and where necessary rebuilt in strict accordance with the original plans during the last decade of the last and first year or so of the present century.

Brussels is by no means the only city or town where the ravages and destruction of wars of the past have been so far as skill, sympathy, and public spiritedness could accomplish it, made good. But it well illustrates the spirit which in the past has existed and has been the means of preserving much that is of inestimable interest and value for the present generation.

It is believed that little remains of the charming late Gothic Hotel de Ville at Mons. It was in the early days of the war successively occupied by the English and German General Staffs. Mons is now for every one of us a name, associated with the British Army and our national history, of undying glory. This Hotel de Ville may well be re-erected after the war according to the original plan, not only as an example of late Gothic architecture, but as a memorial to the gallant dead of our island race.

In a scheme such as that we indicate it will be, of course, necessary to select. To rebuild Belgium as it was would in many respects be undesirable if possible; but following

on the lines of what Belgians have done in the past something substantial can doubtless be easily saved from the wreck to retain the beauty and interest of its cities, towns, and villages.

Much of the plunder, one may hope, may be recovered from the Huns. They should be made to disgorge what they have stolen, and not merely that, but also to replace from the national collections of their own land objects of art, pictures, and other things that have been destroyed. It might well be that the wings of the wonderful altar piece of Ghent Cathedral—the work of Jan and Hubert Van Eyck—for many years past in the Berlin Museum, shall be asked for, although it is only fair to say they were come by more honestly than the booty carried across the Rhine during the present war.

Those who knew quaint and beautiful Ypres in pre-war days will doubtless remember the famous and to the art lover, student and archaeologist absorbingly interesting Hotel de Merghelynk which stood at the corner of the Rue de Lille and the Marche aux Vieux Habits. Built during the last quarter of the eighteenth century it was in 1892 and onwards fitted up and devoted to the purposes of an eighteenth century museum, which was wonderfully interesting and instructive. Each room was completely furnished in the style of the period, and contained nothing which did not date from it. So completely, indeed, was the idea carried out that in the dining room, for example, the table was laid as for a meal, with the plate, china, cutlery and napery of the same date, and even old flagons of wine were on the sideboard. In the bedrooms one found not merely eighteenth century furniture, but in the "presses" and cupboards garments of the period; and the toilet table fittings corresponded even to a block for the wig!

Not only did the Hotel Merghelynk provide an excellent object-lesson, existing chiefly through the munificence of a Ypres citizen who had made a careful study of a most interesting period, but it showed what can be done to form local museums of a high educational value.

There will, we fear, be only too much "flotsam and jetsam" of beautiful and historic things left by the tides of war. It is not too soon to begin thinking how these can best be preserved, and used, and so far as possible amid the environment of which they formerly constituted a part. It would be a thousand pities if any scheme for the rebuilding of Belgium, which may be advocated and finally adopted, paid no heed to the claims of the past as well as the needs of the present and the future. To those who knew and loved Belgium and its gallant people in the past her material, as well as spiritual and political, rebuilding and reconstruction cannot fail to be a matter of anxious concern.

CLIVE HOLLAND



The Grande Place, Dixmude, with battered Church of St. Nicholas and ruined Hotel de Ville

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SATURDAY, August, 1st, 1914, the year of Armageddon, was a hot summer day, with thunder clouds moving lazily down the sky. That afternoon I crossed London on the top of an omnibus. There was electricity not only in the air. Little knots of people gathered everywhere; strangers talked to each other with suppressed excitement. In Trafalgar Square a "Stop the War" meeting was in progress; crowds trooped to Nelson's Statue from Northumberland Avenue with banners that cried aloud for peace. On the Western plinth addressing the crowd was Mr. Cunninghame Graham; a black coat and waistcoat buttoned closely to the throat, emphasised the pointed white beard. Not a word was audible, but I can still see that very picturesque figure holding to attention a surge of people on that last Saturday when peace was in Europe.

I went my way. Two hours later I returned. The streets were deserted; the Square empty save for a policeman or two and a litter of rain-soaked leaflets. There had been a single peal of thunder, followed by a brief deluge of rain. The manifesters were dispersed. Once again during that week we had the strange phenomenon of a single peal of thunder. People talked of it, wondered what the omen portended. Did Heaven resolve in that hour to be sparing of her artillery, knowing how louder, far louder, than her thunder was man's artillery to roar in the coming months?

Mr. Cunninghame Graham has been mentioned by name, for since that day he has always stood for me as the true type and representative of that personal liberty and freedom of thought, word and action, which has been in truth the mainspring of Great Britain and the Greater Britains during the past four and twenty months.

Only two or three days before the Trafalgar Square meeting Mr. Cunninghame Graham was lunching with friends at the Ritz. Now, moved by ideas and careless of caste or conventions he talks to the crowd and urges an unpopular cause. Thereafter he devotes himself to the service of his country and works strenuously to close the war by victory. Judged

merely by surface movements these acts are contrary one to another; you might almost style them hypocritical, but this freedom to live one's life true to one's self but not selfishly is, we know, entirely and typically British.

One would like to record every incident of those crowded hours two years ago. It was the beginning of a new revelation of human nature; one witnessed both contemptible and pathetic sights. Everything was in a turmoil. One day I escaped for an hour to the cool quiet of St. Paul's Crypt. Not yet had Roberts joined Nelson and Wellington.

Have we forgotten the rush to the great Stores to lay in stocks of food "until the war was over" in that distant August? It sounds so ludicrous to-day. The worst offenders were Germans or of German origin. It is curious no one should have pointed out that before the war it was a commonplace among Teuton residents in these islands that if ever the British and Germanic Empires went to war, Britain would be starved into submission within three months. They spoke about it as a mere matter of course; there appeared to them nothing barbarous in the idea. Count Wengerski, the urbane General Manager of the Hamburg-American line in London, who, if alive, must by now be a General on the German Staff, was most pleasantly insistent on this starvation whenever we discussed international relations.

The other immediate result of war that German friends kindly predicted for England were riots in her big cities. (Of course, the starvation and the rioting were closely connected.) Whitechapel was to cut the throats of Mayfair within the first month of hostilities. One can see now how this propaganda was all part and parcel of the scheme to terrorise England into keeping the peace at any price.

Not only has there been neither starvation, nor rioting, but never have the streets of London been "cleaner" or safer for girls and young women than since the war began. The exploitation of vice in the West-End was almost entirely

(Continued on page 62)

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TOWN AND COUNTRY

(Continued from page 60)

in the hands of Germans. Many of these despicable "bullies" appear to have been promoted to the highest commands by the Kaiser, or, shall we take it, that the behaviour of these blackguards to women who found themselves in their power, was only typical of the treatment all women must expect, when they are at the mercy of German men, no matter their rank in life. This is probably nearer the truth.

Kipling once wrote, apropos of British officers, that "God had arranged that a clean-run youth of the British middle classes shall in the matter of backbone, brains and bowels, surpass all other youths." The truth of it has been bravely demonstrated on multitudinous occasions during the seven hundred days of bloodshed. If we accept the House of Lords as representative of the best blood and oldest families in the British Islands, which is only partially true, the Upper Classes have suffered as severely; for there is not a great house which has not given of its best.

Over fifty heirs to peerages have fallen in the war; in some instances the succession has been wiped out, in others it has been altered more than once by death in action. The question has been raised whether a remainder should be granted in the female line where the male heirs have perished. Every case must be decided on its own merits, but so long as hereditary titles and dignities are highly esteemed, doubtless none will be permitted to become extinct through gallant sacrifice of life.

It had been hoped that with the Continent practically closed against visitors for two years, British spas and watering-places would have established themselves securely in the affections of the British people. One has to confess with sorrow that the opportunity has been thrown away. It is true that the administration of many of our spas have displayed the most commendable enterprise, but in the majority of instances this has been neutralised by the exorbitant charges of British hotel-keepers and lodging-house keepers. They have gone out and plucked with both hands the last feather from the goose of the golden eggs. Instead of endeavouring, as they should have done, to create a new connection, they assumed that directly the war was over

(and most of them thought it would have been over months ago), these visitors would desert them, and so they skinned them while they had the chance. It is too hopelessly stupid.

Already they are beginning to feel the effects of this short-sighted policy, for the business at several British watering places shows this year a substantial decrease on last year's figures. People are going to the East Coast, preferring to face the risk of the high explosives of a German airship than the certainty of the high charges of a British innkeeper.

It is the same with the British waiters (I speak here both of hoteliers and waiters as a class, not as individuals, for I am acquainted with admirable exceptions in both categories). In places where British waiters reign supreme, it is difficult to get a seat or a table unless a head waiter is tipped beforehand. Neglect that rite and you are made conscious of the neglect in half-a-dozen different ways. Americans are used to this kind of extortion, but English people resent it. They say nothing but do not return.

Everybody, I suppose, knows Simpson's in the Strand, where the joint is wheeled to your table by the carver, whom one always tips; a second helping or "follow" as it is called being allowed. I was told by a habitué the other day, one of the Knights of the Round Table, it is a recognised rule for the same carver never to cut joint and "follow"; but for each helping a separate tip. He said you may see old English gentlemen turn purple in the face at being expected to fee a second time, though it is only twopence and not at all obligatory. But that is the British character.

I have only mentioned this rule as a mild and harmless illustration of a weakness which is frequently carried to excess, and which undoubtedly works serious detriment to British hotels and restaurants. The average Briton is generous to a fault; in fact, he prides himself on it; he hates to be thought mean as much as it annoys him to be treated as a fool. Let him suspect that he is being regarded either as one or the other, and he buttons up his pockets, uses bad language and takes his custom elsewhere. The foreigner thoroughly understands this British idiosyncrasy and plays up to it for all it is worth. And it is certainly worth a good deal. This is more than half the secret of the foreigner's success in this class of business over here.

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The British
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An EDGE SCHOLARSHIP of the value of £40 a year for four years will be awarded upon the results of the ENTRANCE EXAMINATION to the SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE, to be held in OCTOBER NEXT. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, School of Agriculture, The Office, Trinity College, Dublin.

French and American
Designs

"Le dernier cri," these new Cami-Knickers are called in Paris. Made in Crêpe-de-Chine, with the dearest of Camisoles joined to flaring Knickers, and caught up with imperious bows, hand-hemstitched and pieced, could anything be daintier for a dainty woman.

As illustrated,

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Without hem-

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Bed-time Bows,
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NORTH DEVON.—Very Moderate Rent.—To be LET, handsomely furnished, an Ideal MANSION, situate on high ground above the River Taw, three miles from Barnstaple, eight from Westward Ho! It contains 3 reception rooms, 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, large kitchens, and offices; extensive pleasure grounds; stabling for eight horses; large walled gardens which can be let off; shooting over 3,500 acres, with ample cover, duck ponds, with fishing in the neighbourhood, and warm springs. Shooting will be let separately if desired; gas laid on; water supply from a company's main; telephone in the house; church, post, and telegraph office quite near. There is a tennis club in village. Will be LET for summer.—Apply, C. E. ROBERTS CHARTER, Barnstaple, Devon.

Company Meetings.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS (Ltd.).

The annual ordinary general meeting of this company was held on the 3rd inst., Sir Adolph Tuck, Bt., presided, and, in moving the adoption of the report, after referring to the fact that this year the house of Tuck completed the first fifty years of its history, said that there were few branches of the trade which were affected in the same degree as was Raphael House, the world's universal art provider, by this gigantic world-war. It was not his intention to enlarge upon the difficulties of steering a business such as theirs in the hazardous times through which they were passing, but there were three weighty factors, the natural outcome of this devastating war, with which the directors had to contend—(1) a contracted market, (2) scarcity of labour and material, which hampered and limited output; and (3), increased cost of practically every commodity, including labour.

Suffice it to say that the volume of trade in their Christmas and New Year cards, with the subsidiary birthday, Easter, and general greeting cards, still dominated the business of the company. Their picture postcard department, allowing for the limitations placed upon it by the exigencies of the times, was in quite a healthy condition, whilst the engraving, photogravure, and general picture department had exhibited satisfactory promising powers of recuperation during the past year. The book and calendar departments had actually done fairly well, and would doubtless have done better but for the difficulties to which he had referred, and the art novelty department, embracing such popular favourites as "Zag Zaw" picture-puzzles, &c., maintained its supremacy in this class of goods.

To sum up, the natural reduction in general turnover and enhanced cost of production throughout, taken in conjunction with the carefully-considered policy of the directors to interfere as little as possible with their regular prices to the trade and public, had raised the overhead expenses on turnover to a figure dangerously near the total of the still fairly large gross profit earned during the year, and reduced the actual net profit on the year's trading to the modest figure of £3,072. High as had always been the position occupied by the company, it had never stood as high in the estimate of the entire trade, and, above all, of the great public, both at home and overseas, than it did to-day, and that was an asset the value of which in time to come could not be over-estimated. With regard to the new financial year, the first three months showed nearly a 20 per cent. advance in actual orders taken for the coming season.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

THRELFALL'S BREWERY.

The twenty-ninth annual general meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Co. (Ltd.) was held on the 3rd inst. at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., Mr. Charles Threlfall (chairman of the company) presiding. The chairman said: Gentlemen, I presume I may consider that you have all received a copy of the report and balance-sheet for the past year, and that I may take the same as read. I have now the pleasure of asking you to adopt the directors' report and statement of accounts for the year ended June 30, 1916, which I am sure you will consider highly satisfactory. The gross trade profit for the year amounts to £218,966 17s. 9d. We have written off for depreciation the sum of £59,118 9s. 7d. We are placing £10,000 to reserve and a further sum of £5,000 to reserve for contingencies, and added £1,000 to employers' Insurance under the Workman's Compensation Act, 1906, and carried forward the sum of £51,253 16s. 9d. The Output of Beer (Restriction) Bill has now become law, which places temporary restrictions on the output of beer, and it will require great care and watchfulness to carry out these new regulations. An amount of £4,955 11s. 5d. has been paid from the commencement of the war to June 30 last to dependents of the 217 men who are serving their country; out of this number I much regret to say that four have been killed and sixteen wounded, four of the latter having been incapacitated from following their military career, and have been discharged from the Army; three of these men have been taken back into the company's service and given light work, and the remaining one will be treated in like manner when his health enables him to again take up work. I am sure the shareholders will quite approve of what we have done. I now beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts, and that dividends be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares and at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the half-year ended June 30, which with the interim dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum makes 9 per cent. for the year. I will now ask Mr. P. J. Feeny to second this resolution, if any shareholder wishes to ask a question I shall be pleased to answer.

Mr. P. J. Feeny seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and employees.

FURNESS, WITHY & Co., Ltd.

The 25th ordinary general meeting was held at Liverpool on the 29th ult., the Rt. Hon. Lord Furness presiding.

The Chairman said it was a matter of deep regret that for a second year they met under the cloud of war. Under existing circumstances, the industry with which they were identified continued to be profitable, and the result of the year's working, as shown in the accounts, had, from the shareholders' point of view, been very satisfactory. In view of the competition that might be expected after war, the directors had deemed it prudent to increase the Trades Contingencies Fund by the transfer of £300,000, bringing it up to half a million sterling. Such a substantial reserve would place the company in a position to cope with whatever competition and adverse circumstances might arise, whether at home or abroad. The usual amount of £350,000 had been written off for depreciation, and a sum of £20,000 had been added to the fund inaugurated last year for division amongst the masters, officers, and engineers of their fleet, on the termination of the war. The half-yearly preference dividends had, of course, already been paid, together with quarterly dividends on the ordinary share capital at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, free of income tax, and the directors now recommend the payment of a bonus of 10 per cent. free of tax on the ordinary share capital, which would make a total distribution for the year ended April 30th, 1916, of 20 per cent. free of income tax. The liquid assets of the company, represented by bank balances, cash, Treasury Bills, Bills of Exchange, and debtors, amounted to £2,468,645 or nearly double the liabilities.

Mr. F. W. Lewis emphasised the wisdom of strengthening the Trades Contingency Fund in the way proposed. Whilst he was not by any means of a pessimistic turn of mind, he thought it was essential that shipowners should keep before them the fact that they were passing through a period of prosperity which was unhealthy, inasmuch as it was due to unnatural and abnormal causes. Sooner or later the high rates of freight which were now prevailing might be expected to abate very rapidly, and they must be prepared to meet adversity and competition which would inevitably arise. When that time came it would be found that a reserve fund was better than a bank overdraft. For some time past a great deal of unreasonable criticism had been directed against British shipping companies on account of the high rates of freight prevailing, a condition of things which was entirely due to the operation of the laws of supply and demand. The resolution was adopted and the payment of the bonus of 10 per cent. free of income tax was sanctioned.

Vitality

Feel good in the morning—
fresh and bright and happy?

No? Get the Kruschen
habit, quick, man! Half-a-
teaspoonful—in hot water
—before breakfast—every

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URIC ACID COMPLAINTS

Of all Chemists 1/6 per
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Kruschen Salts.

SHOOLBRED'S

Special Parcels for Prisoners of War.

No. 1	2	3	4	5	6
3/6	5/-	7/6	10/6	15/-	20/-

EXAMPLE.—No. 2 contains: Loaf Currant Bread, Tin Margarine, Tin Marmalade, Pot Mustard, Tin Biscuits, Tin Potted Meat. **5/-**
Postage Free to Germany.

CURRENT BREAD. Large Loaf 6d. (6 for 2/10.)

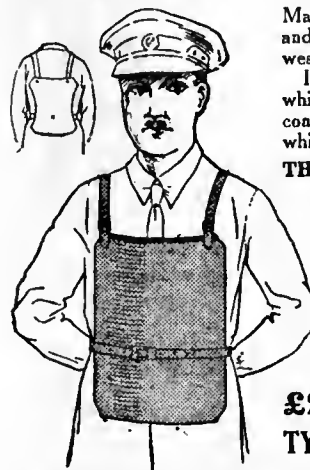
Specially prepared and baked to keep for a long period without getting mouldy. This is much appreciated and splendid recommendations received from the prisoners of war.

GROCERY. PROVISIONS. Finest Quality at Moderate Prices.

FRIENDLESS PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY.—A list of over 300 names and addresses from the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John's may be seen in the Grocery and Provision Depts., for Donors of Parcels. Cheques or Postal Orders can be sent and all orders entrusted to us will receive every attention.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

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Many of the casualties caused by shrapnel, bayonet and spent bullets, and splinters could be prevented by wearing the Crossman Body Shield.

It is made from the same class steel as the helmets which have proved so valuable in saving life. It is constructed with a curve which fits the body and which deflects rifle and machine-gun fire.

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BODY SHIELD.

Adjustable, weight almost imperceptible, no restriction or discomfort to wearer. Covered with Khaki twill. The top and bottom edges are constructed with a slightly outward curve, to prevent bayonet thrusts from glancing off the shield either up or down.

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TYLER & TYLER, Halford House, Leicester
Agents can be appointed.

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—at any rate your
HEALTH—may depend
upon the quality of
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Follow the lead of
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who are fighting in the
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The famous "MOSCOW" SERVICE KIT.



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They have proved its value in the Field. We
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NOTE.—When Gazetted to Regiment all Buttons, Badges, and
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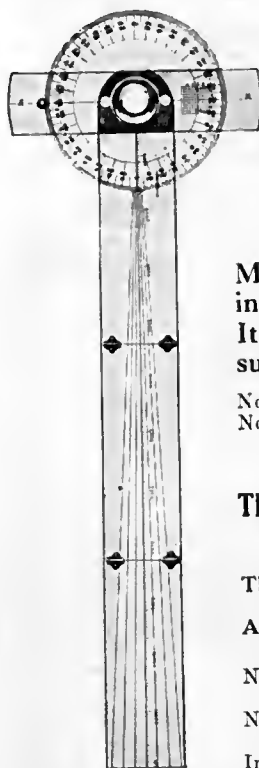
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We are therefore in a unique position of
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exact requirements of gentlemen in every
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Would Officers before selecting their Kit elsewhere
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The Col. Symonds SECTOR.

ARTILLERY OFFICERS
will find this combines in
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Map Work, and is a standard
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It folds to go in the Map case and
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No. 5092, Scale 1/20,000, **10/6**.

No. 5093, a new and larger model with clamp,
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The Improved Creagh-Osborne Liquid Prismatic Compass.

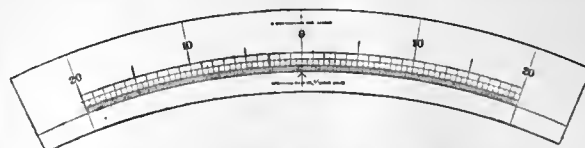
The only Military Compass that is steady and
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All the Divisions are radium painted, and
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No. 2704, Artillery pattern, which can also be
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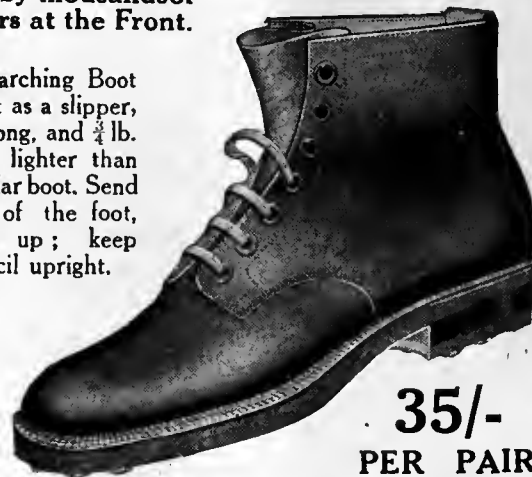
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This Marching Boot
is as soft as a slipper,
very strong, and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
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Military and Colonial Tailors and Outfitters,
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Comprising—	
Folding Camp Bed	£2 4 0
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Service Jacket braided and stars fitted to rank, on obtaining Commission, without extra charge.

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Sturdy Scotch Footwear for both Services

Boots that won't ever betray your trust—will win out on the longest march or the weariest watch; will not show a crack or split from the longest test; will never tire the feet; and best of all, will never leak.

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Hand-built throughout—light, but with every point perfectly finished for wear, dryness, and comfort. See the illustration: note the welt all round the heel, and the full half-inch sole of double wearing, waterproof Dri-ped. Watertight tongues right to the top; waterproof pebble-grained uppers, black or brown; special leather lining. With three buckles, as shown, 75/-

Also made lacing to top. No buckles or straps.



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One of our newest productions for Naval Officers' wear; uppers cut from best selected calfskin, leather-lined throughout; 26/6 hand-sewn welt. Same style fitted with waterproof treble-wear Dri-ped soles, 30/-

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High-Grade Waterproofs.

The "SERVICE" Coat.

To "travel light" is the sensible aim of every experienced campaigner, and therefore to burden oneself needlessly with a heavy, bulky, semi-waterproof topcoat is certainly not wise.

Our "Service" coat is light in weight, of little bulk, and positively waterproof, and when requisite for special warmth a fleecy woollen attachable lining may be buttoned in.

When ordering a "Service" Coat, or if to be sent on approval, height and chest measure, and reference should be given.



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Will resist a .455 Government Revolver Bullet.



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The original Trench Coat designed by Chas. Glenny in October, 1914, was brought to the notice of all Officers commanding Corps by the War Office the first winter of the War. It fills the functions of a Great Coat, British Warm, and Raincoat, and the measure of its success may be gauged by the quantity of imitations. Over 8,200 genuine Threshers worn by British Officers.

Trench Coat with detachable "Kamelcott" lining,
£5 10 0.

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Mounted pattern, 15/6 extra.

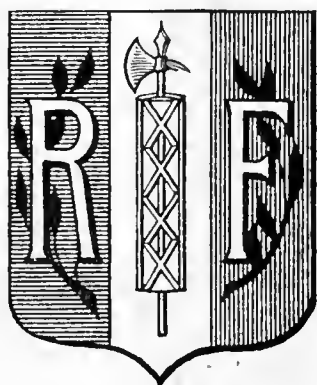
Send size of chest and approximate height when ordering. All sizes in stock.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1916

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Louis Raemaekers. -

"La Revanche"



THE WAITING LIST.

Dunlop: And, how's the car running?

Her Ladyship: To tell you the truth, Mr. Dunlop, I never even see it nowadays! The girls are using it—turn and turn about, you know—meeting men back on leave from the Front and taking them to their homes or across London to other stations.

Dunlop: So you're car-less yourself?

Her Ladyship: Only temporarily. I've got my name down for a British-built car the moment shells and things like that are done with.

Dunlop: Er—!

Her Ladyship (smiling): Of course!

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1916

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THE TWO PRINCIPLES

THERE are two principles governing the present phase of the war which we must clearly grasp if we are not to be led into errors resulting from the old war of movement and to misjudge the great moments now upon us.

The first of these principles is one fairly widely propagated by this time: *That the general offensive against the enemy is now one and single in cause and effect.*

We are dealing with a ring because we are dealing with a siege. The cracking of the ring at any point and the consequent advance of the Allies at that point may be directly due to unmoving pressure put upon the ring at another place two thousand miles away.

We all know this in theory, but it is difficult to remember it in particular cases because one cannot help concentrating one's attention and hopes upon the places where movement happens to appear. We look eagerly at the Isonzo and the Strypa to-day. A fortnight ago we looked with equal eagerness at the Stokhod and the Styr. Earlier still to the Somme. But all are one. We must always remember that every sector is intimately bound up with the whole campaign.

For instance, the immobility of line all along the valley of the Dwina is directly connected with the difficulty the Germans have of sending further divisions to the south. The apparently insignificant moves in front of Verdun, one hundred yards this way and that, mean that the French have thoroughly "hooked on" and retained their foe, and are therefore directly connected with all that the Germans are suffering upon the Somme two hundred miles away, as is the immobility of the line north of the Somme and from that district to the sea; the Trentino, which superficially was no more than an advance followed by a retreat, directly produced the fall of Gorizia; and even the long stationary months at Salonika correspond to the elimination of the Bulgarian contingents from the Eastern field.

The second principle is less widely appreciated, but is quite as important. It is this:

We are dealing everywhere with the modern defensive conducted with such numbers that its lines everywhere repose upon unturnable flanks. Therefore (and here again conditions are governed by the fact that the whole thing is a siege) though position still has its importance and though manœuvre when possible has its old

strategic consequences (for instance a double pressure on Bothmer's flanks distributed over a whole month has compelled his retirement from the Strypa), yet *the main element now is not a strategic element of movement but the ability of any given enemy sector, through the number and quality of its defence, to withstand the pressure upon it.*

It is almost true to say that in the present phase of the war the breakdown of such sectors will nearly always come at unexpected points.

Where the attack is made in great strength there will necessarily be a great concentration against it and a corresponding checking of movement. This concentration weakens another, perhaps very distant, sector in numbers or in quality or in both, and the pressure *already long brought to bear upon that distant sector* thus suddenly becomes sufficient to upset the balance. The other day upon the Isonzo the heaviest blow was struck, not in front of Gorizia but in front of Monfalcone, yet it was the Gorizia sector that gave way.

A metaphor used the other day by a French authority is fairly applicable. If one is trying to break the resistance of thick rubber, one will at first be dealing with a common quality in every part of the band; but after a certain length of time and exhaustion, weakness begins to appear not throughout the belt of rubber nor necessarily in front of the place where one is putting forward the greatest exertion, but in two or three places which may appear almost at random at any point on the whole length of the belt. There the rubber has "perished" or hardened, or from some special local cause of friction grown thin; and the system breaks up, accidentally as it were, and nearly always in unexpected places.

If we combine these two principles we shall maintain a just view of the common Allied effort, which has now brought the war into its third and last phase. We shall be indifferent to the particular geographical situation of the areas which show movement. We shall remember that it is the universal pressure that counts and we shall neither exaggerate our own efforts nor be jealous of any of those who are working with us. We shall not attribute the increasing tale of success to false causes, flattering our own esteem or exasperating our own anxiety. We shall think of the war as one; and it is one to-day as it never could be in its earlier phases when first the mere numbers in men were inferior to those of the enemy; next the munitionment inferior; later still though not inferior, ill distributed. It is only now that we have all the advantages beginning to appear on our side; they have hitherto been wholly with the enemy.

In the interval he has had two years in the West and one in the East in which to consolidate his defences. Our task is correspondingly hard. But the factors of ultimate success are now clearly apparent and are no longer potential but actual. The machine is thoroughly started and is doing its work everywhere.

This does not mean that the enemy will not attempt counter-offensives. He is perfectly free to do so if he chooses to use his remaining margin of man-power in that fashion. It only means that if he attempts counter-offensives he shortens the war. If we can provoke him to such counter-offensives so much the better. He may very well attempt one when he has accumulated a certain number of trained 1918 class in Germany and some of the balance of 1917 with a further recruitment from his convalescents. Such an experiment would only add to the rate of his losses, and its effect upon the map, if any, may be totally disregarded. If, upon the balance he thinks that a prolonged defence will give him a better chance of the inconclusive peace which he desires, he is free to take that course also. The result will be the same, though it may be postponed by a few months.

The Retreat of Bothmer

By Hilaire Belloc

UPON the Eastern front the military news of the week is the retirement of Bothmer from his old line. Or, to be more accurate, the open evidence of that retirement which has, as a fact, been going on behind a rear-guard screen for some days. For it is only Bothmer's rearguard which is now rapidly passing the Zlota-Lipa with the Russians at its heels. The main force of Bothmer's 10 or 11 divisions must have been streaming back eastward for days behind that screen, and the moment when dislocation began was probably the moment when on the top of the forcing of the Upper Sereth line by the 11th Russian army, the 7th Russian army took the road and railway bridges of Nizniow. Let us examine this movement in some detail.

Bothmer lay along the line A—B in Map I.

That line had, of course, been continued north and south pretty regularly before the great Russian blows were initiated upon the 4th of June last. When these blows took their effect two great bulges opened north and south of Bothmer as we know; the Russian advance through Lutsk, and the Russian advance through Czernowitz and the Bukovina. Bothmer's position would therefore ultimately be outflanked, and it was only a question of time for the Russians to compel them, *unless the enemy's counter-offensive against the Lutsk salient were successful*, to fall back.

The north of Bothmer's ten divisions lay strongly entrenched in the hill country just east of the little town and railway station of Jezierna. Thence the trenches roughly followed the line of the Strypa River, not everywhere on the same side of the stream, but occupying bridgeheads and taking advantage of special conformation of land, the centre and strong point of the whole system being the Wood of Burkanow on the left or eastern bank of the Strypa. A little lower down the stream his original line had already been pushed back a good deal in the first days of Brussiloff's offensive. During the ensuing two months the extreme left of General Scherbacheff's army was pushing steadily along the road and railway from Buczacz to Monasterjska on the Zlota-Lipa. It was when Monasterjska was taken by the extreme left of Scherbacheff's army, and at the same time the bridges of Nizniow by the extreme right of the 7th Army, Letchitsky's, that Bothmer's retreat was organised and presumably begun. At the same time, Sakharoff in the north had forced the line of the Upper Sereth and upon Friday last the Russian forces in front of the Strypa found the screen in front of them withdrawn, and advanced rapidly in pursuit of the enemy over the river. By Saturday morning the first stage of this combined retreat upon the enemy's part and pursuit upon the part of Scherbacheff's army was accomplished, and had passed at its widest point through a full day's march of 12 miles. The enemy's rearguards upon Saturday (the 12th) were at Planca just west of Plotycze, just east of the railhead of Podhayce, and thence bent rapidly round to the west.

Meanwhile, the conditions upon the flank which compelled a continuance of the retreat were developing. Upon the north Sakharoff, with the 11th army, had pushed up to the limestone crest which is marked by the villages of Olejow and Bilowce. He was roughly parallel to the main railway by which perhaps half of Bothmer's material must be evacuated westwards, and at long range he was already able to shell it. Under the older conditions of war Bothmer's position here upon his left or northern flank would have been very doubtful. To have your main communications running parallel to a large approaching enemy front is obviously perilous. But the modern defensive is such a strong thing that Boehm Ermoeli had been able to erect a screen here, which holds up the Russian advance of Sakharoff, while his colleague Bothmer is retreating.

On the south Letchitsky's 7th army was working against a less formidable resistance. What remained of

the five divisions (three Austrian and two German) was here threatening the Russian advance up both banks of the deep tortuous limestone valley in which the broad and deep Dniester river runs. The Russians had here arrived in the early part of last week in front of Stanislaw. They occupied that town at a quarter to seven last Thursday evening and immediately afterwards seized Mariampol upon the Dniester.

My readers will remember the importance always attached in these columns to the two bridges over the Dniester above this point: The railway bridge of Jezupol and the road bridge of Halicz. If both of these could be seized within, say, a day after the occupation of Stanislaw, Bothmer's army would have been cut off from the five divisions to the south. But the Russian advance upon these essential points was barred by the obstacle of the Bistryza.

The scheme of the country about here is as follows:

Stanislaw is the natural meeting place of roads and railways, and is a natural market also because it stands in a flat piece of open, watered by a large number of separate converging streams and divergent branches of the main river which one may compare to the Plain of Oxford in England. These all unite four or five miles north of the town to form the main stream of the Bistryza, the waters of which are swollen at this moment through heavy summer rains in the Carpathian mountains.

Importance of the Bridges

No attempt was made to stand on the network of small streams in front of Stanislaw; obviously with the idea of holding the Jezupol Bridge and the Halicz bridge until Bothmer's retreat should be secure, the enemy concentrated upon the defence of the Lower Bistryza. At the moment of writing (Tuesday evening), the Russians still seem to be checked by that obstacle. They claim to be crossing it in places, and they have already for some days past seized the town of Mariampol, but the Jezupol crossing is not yet in their hands; while, when they have wholly past the Bistryza and have compelled the enemy to give up the Jezupol Bridge (which will, of course, be blown up) there is still seven miles of rather difficult country between them and the road bridge of Halicz.

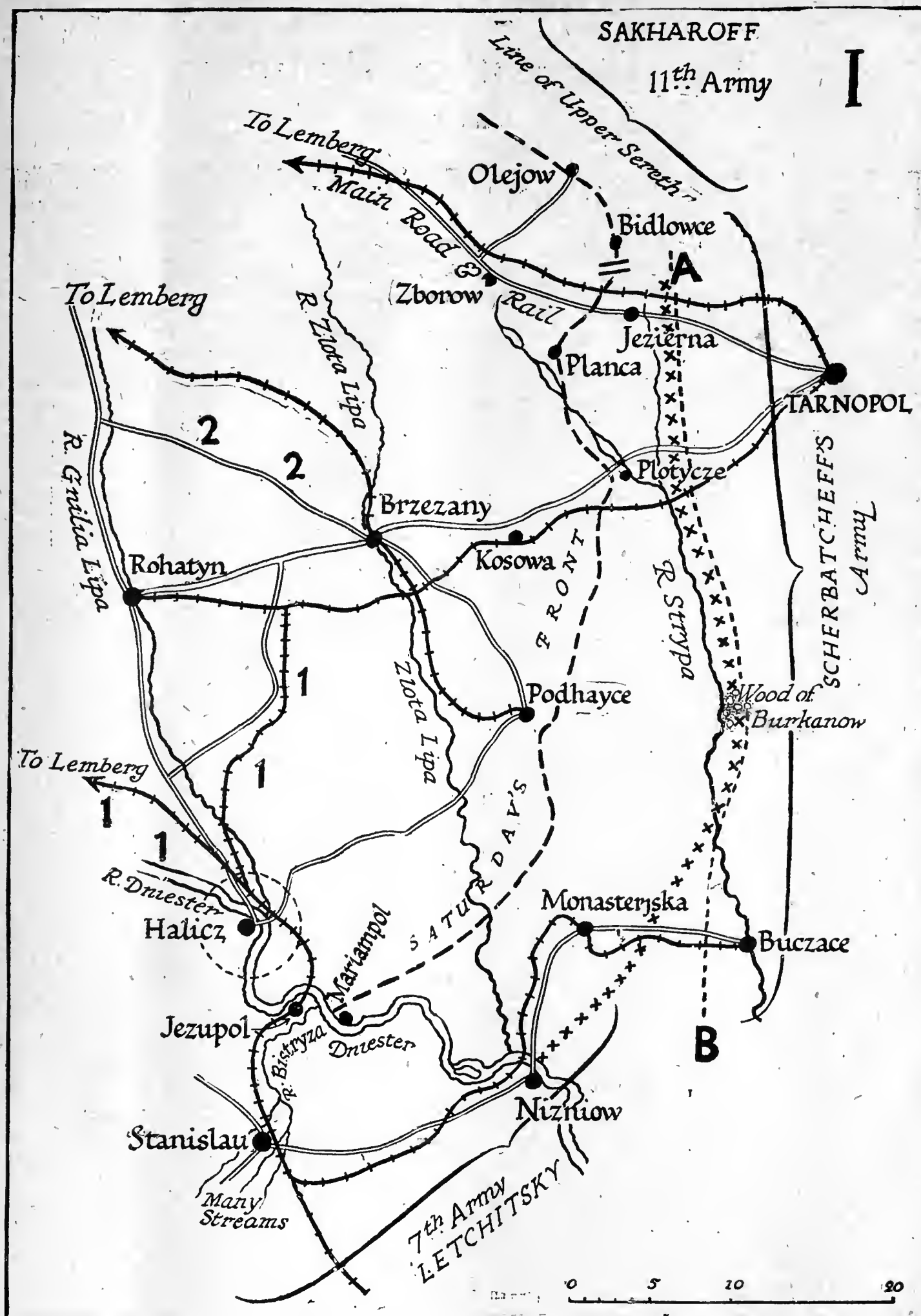
Should the Russians reach the road bridge of Halicz within, say, the next two days, we have a very interesting situation, because Halicz is the point where the Gnila-Lipa falls into the Dniester and the Gnila-Lipa is that one of the parallel river defensive lines which cut the Galician limestone plateau from north to south on which Bothmer will probably first elect to stand.

Let me give the reasons upon which this conjecture is based.

When once the line of the Strypa is abandoned, two main defensive parallel lines are to be found westward progressively covering the great road and railway junction of Lemberg. These are the Zlota-Lipa, and the Gnila-Lipa.

We shall have some idea of the situation if we remember that roughly speaking, the Zlota-Lipa represents a third of the way to Lemberg from the Strypa, and the Gnila-Lipa rather more than half. The Zlota-Lipa has formed an excellent defensive line in the past. It is fairly broad and deep in its lower reaches, and it is heavily wooded upon either of the high banks which dominate its water level by heights of from 200 to 300 feet.

But in the first place it is already turned by the Russian progress along the Dniester, and in the second place, it is too close to the original line of the Strypa, from which the retreat has begun to form a good rallying line. The Gnila-Lipa is everywhere very difficult to cross. It has a deep, muddy bottom, and nearly everywhere broad marshes upon either side. The country around it is indeed bare and provides little cover. It is almost the least wooded portion of the Galician Plateau. But the



line is none the less by far the best defensive line on account of its broad and marshy character between the frontier and Lemberg. Further, up to the Gnila-Lipa there are excellent opportunities for conducting the retreat, so long as the Halicz bridge is held and the railway junction immediately above it, so long there is a relieving railway line, marked 1—1 on Map I., to help the retirement along the parallel railway lines and to use the southernmost of the railways which converge on

Lemberg. And even were the bridge of Halicz and the junction lost there still remain three railway lines by which to retire. The main one to the north; the one through Brzesan and the one through Rohatyn, and there are, at the same time, the two main roads, the northern one along the main line, the southern one to Brzesan which, after the town, splits into two, giving a corresponding relief, the one going northward marked 2—2 upon Map 1.; the one going southward to Rohatyn.

From the positions that Bothmer's rearguard occupied upon Saturday last, the 12th, to the positions which he is presumably making upon the Gnila-Lipa, there is upon the average three days' march. We should know, therefore, perhaps, by the time these lines appear, forty-eight hours after they are written, whether he has elected to stand upon the Gnila-Lipa line or has taken up positions in front of it.

So far his retreat appears to have been conducted with order and success, but it is clear that though this retreat shortens the enemy's line, their great defect is lack of effectives. They have naturally put as much as they could possibly spare for the defence of the main railway line in the north and in the south, as we have seen; they have not had the numbers required to stand up to the Russian 7th Army.

I have already pointed out that the presence of German effectives among the Austrians has nothing to do with the military value of the lines so strengthened, save in so far as the new German units lent add to the numbers present. There does not seem to be any appreciable difference of quality. The proportion of prisoners taken is much the same, and the two German divisions in front of Letchitsky's army in the south have been mauled just as badly as their three Austrian colleagues.

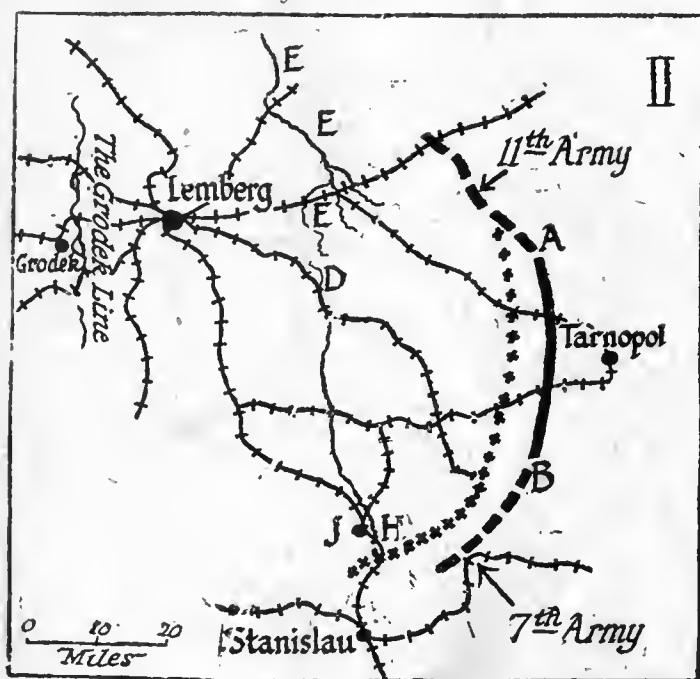
Value of Lemberg

Before leaving this, the most important field of the war, for the moment, we must appreciate what is meant by the "covering" of Lemberg, and how Lemberg stands to all this part of the world.

The ultimate defensive line is not the Gnila-Lipa but the Grodek line of lakes. These, however, uncover Lemberg—and Lemberg cannot be light-heartedly abandoned.

Apart from political considerations, Lemberg has a high military value which we dwelt upon last year when the Russians were compelled to evacuate it, because it is at once the only great depot and by far the most important nodal point in Galicia.

The accompanying Map II will show what this means in the matter of railways alone.



To the railways the reader must mentally add a system of not less than seven main roads, which also converge upon the town from all directions. If ever there were a nodal point the position of which makes all the difference to rapidity of concentration and presumably tips the scale in favour of the party that holds it, whether on the offensive or the defensive, it is Lemberg.

But Lemberg has also a very high political value, and in this particular phase of the campaign that value, though we must always subordinate it to military considerations, is not to be neglected. The possession of Lemberg stands as a sort of symbol to the whole population of Eastern Galicia. It marks the Russian recovery, is closely associated with Russian history and particularly with Russian intentions in this war, and the presence of Russian troops entering the town for the

second time, victoriously will be of very high effect throughout the south-eastern field of war, should it be accomplished.

There is, of course, something much more than this, which is the fact that all this fighting is taking place against dwindling enemy effectives. Lemberg reoccupied would certainly be finally reoccupied. No one would mistake the meaning of such an event.

It is of some interest to mark upon Map II the lines covering Lemberg: A—B roughly represents the line Bothmer held before his retreat began, and the dotted line to the north and south of him represents the pressure upon his flanks of the Russian 7th Army and 11th Army. The first day or day and a-half of retirement brought them to the line of crosses, and at that moment the corresponding Russian pressure upon the flanks had reached the line of dots, continuing this line of crosses. The line of the Gnila-Lipa is marked by the wavy line D—H, of which H is Halicz, with the important railway junction just above it at J. The reader will see that a continuation of this defensive line will be needed towards the north. This defensive line is afforded by the upper waters and marshy courses of the River Bug, which is marked by the letters E—E—E., and, generally speaking, the main line of the defence of Lemberg upon which the enemy is most likely to retire is the combined line E—E—E—D—H, which represents the line of the Upper Bug and the Gnila-Lipa.

The Importance of Kolomea

In connection with this sudden change in the Eastern front some of my readers have asked me to explain what I meant some weeks ago when I said that the test of Russian success upon the left of their great advance would be the occupation of Kolomea, and why that point was of such decisive importance. I should perhaps have made myself clear at the time, but I can correct that error now.

When one speaks of a point as being of decisive importance, or of its being a "key," one does not mean that its possession will be immediately followed by the results dependent upon such possession. Movements have to be co-ordinated if they are to bear fruit, and the power to advance in some particular locality does not necessarily mean the immediate decision to advance; that may have to wait on events taking place in some other field.

But Kolomea, whether its occupation were followed by immediate action or whether that action were postponed, was equally in either case the test point of all this district because it was the first nodal point, that is, the first junction of communications at the gate of Galicia. A nodal point, a "knot," means a point where several roads or railways join. The rapid concentration of armies and their due munitionment can only be effected by railways and by roads.

So long as the enemy held Kolomea he could move his men and guns and shell back and forth along a defensive line and concentrate them at his will more rapidly than could the Russians, because Kolomea was the hub of a wheel. He was in a favourable position to hold the gate of Galicia.

But once the Russians held Kolomea the tables were turned and the gate was opened. It was now they who could concentrate men and guns at any point they wished between the Dniester and the Carpathians more quickly than their enemy could against them. The occupation of Kolomea, therefore, meant that after this success the Russians could threaten alternately the Carpathian Passes towards Hungary and the right of Bothmer's Army, and leave the enemy in doubt as to which was their serious intention. They could at leisure produce a concentration of the enemy upon his longer line in front of them where they would, and produce a corresponding weakness elsewhere. Had the Russians been held up before Kolomea, had the junction of roads and railways at that point remained in Austro-German hands, there would have been no serious threat to Hungary; the outflanking of Bothmer from the south would have been impossible, and the efforts against him on the north would have lost half their value.

Such was the strategic importance of Kolomea. Its capture determined all that has followed.

The Italian Advance

The Italian success, which runs all along the main front from Monfalcone to Gorizia, including the occupation of the latter town, is essentially another example of the way in which the gradual dwindling of his effectives has reversed the enemy's position; first from a partial offensive to a defensive everywhere, and next to the cracking here and there of that defensive. We must consider in a moment whether this now rapid dwindling of his effectives must necessarily continue, and if not, what effect rally might have. But the immediate news, the Italian success from the mountains to the sea upon the main Isonzo front is, I repeat, nothing more than another example of that prime character which the war has taken on in the last six weeks, a character essentially due not only to the growing inferiority in men from which the enemy now suffers, but to his actual inability to maintain his defensive lines at their full necessary minimum.

There is, of course, in this as in every other similar problem, a factor of quality as well as of quantity. And when you read in detail what happened on the Isonzo line last week you perceive that quality has quite as much to do with the result as quantity. I have seen nothing in the communiqués and have received no information from any other sources, to indicate what the enemy's units were at various parts of the line, but it is perfectly clear from the nature of the fighting that the line was patchy. Not so long ago the ridge of the Carso and so right down to the sea was held by good Hungarian reserve units. It may be that the human material was still better on the southern part of the line than on the northern, but at any rate you have only to look at the map to see that the resistance gets progressively weaker as you go northward from Monfalcone, and I believe it will appear when we have the news of the units and their recruitment that the Austrian breakdown was mainly due to the tension in human material to which their line here was subjected. They could, of course, have reinforced much more heavily if they had not got themselves so deep into the mud by obeying Berlin in the matter of the Trentino. Their defensive strategy was simple enough and sound enough until they received and submitted to those disastrous orders. I shall deal with the effect of the Trentino in next week's article. It was very directly responsible for the loss of Galicia.

My readers are, I think, acquainted with the nature of this front sufficiently from a number of articles which appeared several months ago, but a brief recapitulation will be of advantage at this moment.

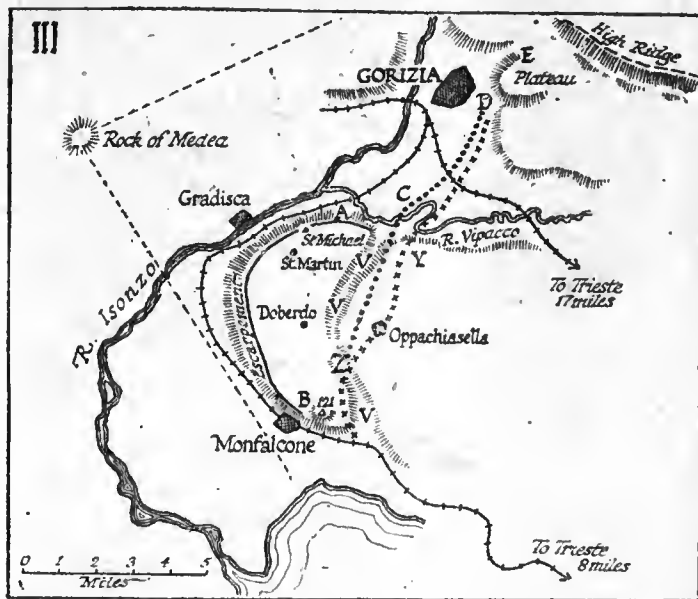
When you survey the whole of the Isonzo front from the Rock of Medea, standing more or less where does the X on map IV., the eye grasps the whole of the front within the two lines marked divergent from that point. This height, from which all those who visit the Italian front are shown the general scheme of the main Italian line on the Isonzo, presents a view stretching from the sea to the Alps, and in that view the characteristic feature is the contrast between the bare brown escarpment of the Carso and the Plain of the Vipaccio, with its capital, the town of Gorizia, thrust up in the northern corner of it under a horseshoe of mountains. Further north again beyond Gorizia, the really high hills 2,000 and 3,000 and 4,000 feet rise in tiers, and behind all this is the main chain of the Alps.

The Carso, which is the stronghold of all that line, is a bare limestone plateau of very curious formation, deeply pitted like some miniature lunar landscape with small craters upon which geologists have made their guesses, but which in a military study are interesting chiefly because they afford such exceptional opportunities for cover.

On the other hand, the Carso formation has this diffi-

culty about it for defence, that trenches can only be drawn across it with the utmost difficulty. You are nearly everywhere working in stone, and there is no such thing as the rapid establishment of a deeply entrenched line. All the fighting for months has been for the mere exterior escarpment of this plateau, roughly speaking for the line A-B upon Map III, with its chief summit, the Peak of St. Michael, about 700 feet above the river, in the immediate neighbourhood of Gradisca and just opposite that town.

The action began ten days ago with an attack upon the heights immediately above Monfalcone. This attack had some success, and captured some hundreds of prisoners and three guns. The pressure was continued all along the line and immediately afterwards there came the break in the plain between Gorizia and the Carso heights. The whole enemy line fell back to the dots represented on Map II by the letters C-D. The crossings of the Isonzo, the town of Gorizia itself, fell into Italian hands, and since the Plain was thus abandoned over a belt varying from



two to nearly three miles, the escarpment of the Carso itself was no longer tenable. The Italians carried the height of St. Michael, the village of St. Martin, Doberdo and all the western part of the plateau which takes its title from Doberdo. There runs across the Carso from north to south a depression called the Vallone, marked upon Map III by the letters V-V-V. This depression has a sort of saddle or pass, rather to the south of the middle, the highest point of which is about 350 feet above the sea at Z. The Italians carried all the northern part of this depression, crossed it; on the Friday were already in occupation of the village of Oppicchiasella, and by the Saturday were established as far as the line of crosses in the sketch. They also took Hill 121 above Monfalcone; and, having made somewhat further progress at the point Y where there is a rather steep round hill to be carried, the summit of which they have not reached, they stood upon Sunday night, to which the last communiqués bring us, upon the line of crosses on the sketch.

The advance has accounted for some 16,000 prisoners up to date. What second line the Austrians have prepared upon the Carso (and it must have been prepared at long date to be of any use at all) we do not yet know, but the next few days will show us. Progress beyond Gorizia is difficult, because the town is directly dominated by rising hills and the Austrian artillery established upon the plateau at E is not dislodged. Below the plateau the foothills continue to sink to the neighbourhood of the Vipaccio, and the whole country is difficult in the extreme.

The Western Front

Upon the Western front the main features of the fighting remain unchanged. There is the same manifest ability to seize narrow belt after narrow belt at will upon the Somme, the same inability of the enemy to check this process definitely by counter-attack. There is the same balance in front of Verdun, the French never allowing

the enemy to withdraw his men, and never putting forth on their side an ounce of unnecessary weight. Lastly, there is the same expectation of what may be the third phase in the western position before the summer is over.

But with all this similarity between the state of affairs today, upon the Somme particularly, and that of last week,

one noticeable change should be marked. The summit of the little local watershed between the Albert district and the Bapaume district has been reached. How far it has given us yet a proper chain of observation posts we are not told naturally, and it may be doubted from the extremely slight gradient of the declivity upon the further side whether these will make much difference until a rather lower level has been reached. Nevertheless, the possession of nearly all the ridge marks a distinct step in the business of driving in this perilous wedge towards the main communications of the enemy.

It is remarkable that our knowledge of this position is due to the message of a private correspondent. We owe it to the *Daily News* of last Tuesday, the 15th, the day on which these lines are written. He further tells us that the only point in which there is higher ground above us still is on the right centre between the High Wood and the Delville Wood. This should mean that all the highest ground of all, and especially the windmill of Pozjères on which we have hitherto had no news of an official kind, is in the hands of the British.

When I speak of "expectation," it is in connection with a theory, which is only a theory, but which has been very widely discussed by competent authorities during the last few weeks.

That theory concerns the enemy's intention of attempting one last offensive.

Exhaustion of Reserves

The enemy's position with regard to reserves is perfectly well known. It is a clear point which has been made over and over again with ample proof at its back in these columns, and which would be common knowledge to all public opinion at this moment had it not been confused by a mass of impossible nonsense, like the famous "fresh German army of two million," which has been published in this country, though in this country alone. The enemy came to the end of his new formation of units in February 1913. He then went on feeding drafts, to make up for his losses, into these units; and he found the men for these drafts out of his normal recruitment until October 1915. It was in this month, towards the end of it, that he came to the end of his normal efficient reserves of effective man-power, and began to take to abnormal methods. In October 1915, he summoned for re-examination all the men who had been rejected on medical ground, and in December 1915, he began calling up his 1917 class. All this while the enemy—or at least the Germans—had kept a considerable strategic reserve; there were always at any one moment a considerable number of divisions "resting," not in the immediate neighbourhood of the fronts and ready to be thrown where they should be needed. The idea was possibly after settling the great offensive at Verdun to support Hindenburg in a movement against the north-east. Anyway, the miscalculation of Verdun ate up nearly all the strategic reserve when there came the tremendous news of Brussiloff's success; next the failure of the Trentino, and on the top of all that the great offensive on the Somme.

The unexpected pressure on the two new fronts at once absorbed all that was left of the strategic reserve and for more than a month past every available unit Austrian and German has been in play.

What has the enemy got with which to feed these units as they melt away during the tremendous fighting of this summer?

We know exactly what he has got. He has got the hitherto rejected balance of 1917. He has got 1918, which is only just beginning to train, and he has his convalescents; this for Germany. For Austria there is not much balance of 1917; a good deal of 1918 has already been put into the field; and there are also the convalescents. He may try to impress later men from occupied territory. Hitherto he has not dared.

With such exceedingly abnormal reserves he can continue to maintain his units—supposing there is no break or decision and no consequent very heavy loss—for several months to come. They mean in Germany a good deal less than a million of worsening material and they mean in Austria-Hungary perhaps half a million, perhaps a little more.

The enemy may, if he chooses, pursue that policy of

lengthening out the war in the hope of maintaining his fronts intact, and of seeing something political turning up in the delay.

He may, however, adopt the opposite and more heroic policy of letting his effectives dwindle to a dangerous limit on the fighting fronts; of forming behind them a nucleus of rapidly trained troops out of what would otherwise have been the drafts for the fighting front, and of using this nucleus for a last attempted offensive upon some point of that big crumbling ring which, as it breaks, wholly determines his fate. I say he may have that policy in mind. If he adopts it he will be beaten the more quickly. There has, I think, hardly ever been a distinct pre-judgment in these columns but that can be admitted without fear of error. Short of some almost inconceivable political folly or quarrel an attempted new offensive by the enemy will very rapidly advance the date of his military execution. Failing such an offensive he will maintain the business of furnishing drafts from his dwindling material and of gambling upon the last possible date for a break and of something happening to help him in the interval on the political side.

With his legend what it is, his deception of his civilian population the gross thing we have seen in the last week or two, with the dynastic interests his despotic government has in view, and with the inability of his psychology to face reality in any field, let alone the terrible test-field of war, it is the former course that is the more probable. But only the future can show which he will adopt.

THE BLOCKADE

Throughout the last year the blockade has been growing in importance. I do not propose to discuss now the reasons for the prolonged delay in tightening the blockade.* My readers will remember that as long ago as the winter of 1914, I insisted upon the crucial importance of cotton and the necessity of forbidding the entry of that commodity into the Central Empires. The authorities preferred a slower method of action which spared the susceptibilities of neutrals, which I shall not here discuss, though it is worthy of remark in passing that if cotton had been absolutely stopped, even as late as the month of March 1915, the enemy would have been defeated long ago. It is true that many substitutes can be found for cotton in the production of modern propellant explosive, but these would mean experiments, disorder, delay, all over the field of the enemy's activities and, most important of all, *alteration of all his guns*. I do not believe that he could have faced such a crisis successfully in the midst of a great war.

To proceed, however, from this political debate into which, as I have said, I will not enter, we may sum up the effects of the gradually tightening blockade (gradually tightening as the Foreign Office made one arrangement after another with groups of neutral merchants) as follows:

1. There could be no question of "starving out" the Central Empires as Paris, for instance, was "starved out" by the Germans in 1871. It is unfortunate that this should be the case, because this road to victory would have been at once simple and absolutely decisive; while the fact that the enemy was himself responsible for its chief model and had always advocated it would have made it peculiarly suitable to the present war. The reason that "starving out" in the complete sense of that phrase was impossible was that the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires between them are amply able to provide the necessities of life for their 123 millions of population. The foreign territories occupied by the enemy's armies might be left to shift as best they could. Even if no requisition were made from them the territory of the two Central Empires sufficed for the support of their population. The calculations based upon the actual consumption in time of peace and proving that that consumption could not be reached in time of war were accurate: but the suggestion that the difference would cause in itself the defeat of the enemy laboured

(* I use the word "blockade" here not in its technical sense, but as an equivalent of the French *Blocus*, which simply means the prevention of an invested enemy from receiving any material whatsoever, whether by sea or by land.

under the error that peace consumption was limited to a strict necessity. This error, though almost self-evident, appeared in many of these assertions. But when we consider that in any complex community the reduction of the standard of living, even down to the scale of the regularly paid labourers; would keep the population not only alive and healthy, and would yet enormously reduce consumption of the whole community, we can see that it would need a very large difference indeed between internal produce and total consumption to starve out a community the great majority of which (if we take the two Central Empires together) was agricultural.

2. Nevertheless, the blockade as it increased in efficiency produced what is very valuable in war, and that was a strain upon the enemy. This strain was chiefly felt, and is being increasingly felt, by the wealthier classes; not the very wealthiest of all, but the well-to-do bourgeoisie or middle classes of Germany and the mass of the squires. This is important because the German Empire is essentially plutocratic in constitution. It would have been better if we could have made the great fortunes suffer, but even as it was, to make the class immediately below them severely uncomfortable was a thing which was bound to have its moral repercussion upon the whole war. It was not the least of the factors which changed the attitude of this class towards the campaign and modified its original folly. In a word, the blockade produced among those who do the writing and the teaching of the Germans a feeling of permanent ill ease, a dread of the future and a physical consciousness of the presence of war which the absence of enemy troops from German soil had hitherto spared them.

It is less easy to discover the exact effects of the blockade in Austria-Hungary, both because the censorship in that Empire is more efficient than it is in Germany, less clumsy and apparently better co-ordinated; certainly less in fear of wealthy influences; and also because the Austro-Hungarian Empire is so disparate that an economic phenomenon like the blockade will produce very different results in different parts. So far as one can judge from the evidence, however, the effect of the blockade in the eastern parts of the Empire, and especially in the great towns, has been very severe. It has been less felt, as might be imagined, in the Hungarian Plains. It has perhaps been most burdensome in the Galician centres of population where there have been added to it the terrible ravaging of the country side by the successive passage of two great armies.

Blockade and the Armies

3. The blockade has not, during the period under review, affected in any marked degree the victualling of the enemy's armies. Chance anecdotes to the contrary have no weight against the general conclusion to which the Intelligence Departments of the chief belligerents have come in this matter. The combatant elements of the enemy's forces have been throughout this second year of the war, and are still, nourished in a fashion quite sufficient for their purpose.

4. The chief value of the blockade does not reside in the effect it has already produced during the period under review, but in the dread of the future which it has realised in all minds throughout the territories occupied by the enemy. There is bound to come with the summer of the present year a certain relief, for in the first place the harvest will be gathered, and in the second place pastures will be reopened for cattle. Further, the more quickly maturing animals which are used for food, such as pigs, can be increased in number. Nevertheless, this period of relief will be a short one. The more slowly maturing animals, notably cattle, will not be present in anything like sufficient quantity during the third winter of the war, and perhaps most important of all, fatty substances which are essential for explosives, will be lacking in a degree even more severe than that which was so remarkable during the second year. It is upon this point, the dilemma between the use of fatty substances for explosives and their necessity in human sustenance, that the blockade has its best effect. There is, for instance, quite enough milk in the enemy's territories if all its constituents could be used for human sustenance. But the fatty products are withdrawn

for the making of explosives. It is this, and this alone, which has led to a famine (which will increase) in this essential article. The same is true of the fat of meat and indeed of all similar substances.

5. While the blockade has this partial but excellent and happily growing effect upon the general sustenance of the enemy, it has a much more marked effect upon special substances essential to the conduct of war. The enemy controls a much larger field of production than do the Allies for the older necessities of warfare, notably coal and iron. He is, however, badly hit for manganese for his steel, of which only a very small portion is found within his own territories. He has sufficient petrol and crude oils so far by import from Roumania and from the Galician oilfields. Indeed, it was the recovery of the latter which was the chief economic effect of his advance upon the Eastern front last summer. Though he does not produce copper sufficient for his needs he possesses so large a reserve of that metal, not only in his own territories but in the territories occupied by his armies, that he need be in no fear of a dearth so far as military uses of it are concerned. But in sundry modern essentials and *particularly in rubber* the blockade hits him very hard. Synthetic rubber he cannot produce in any useful quantities, and his efforts to procure natural rubber have been almost grotesque: an excellent proof of the state to which he is here reduced, he is tempted even to import it in small postal packets. Nor should we forget that a year ago, before the public sale of the article was forbidden and the stock virtually commandeered by the Government, rubber was fetching from four to five times as much as it fetched in the free markets outside. We must further remember that rubber is a perishable material. The stocks of it even when one possesses it in sufficient quantity cannot be kept indefinitely, as can stocks of copper, for instance. And, in general, the lack of rubber with its multiform and necessary uses in modern war is the chief effect produced upon the purely military side so far by the blockade.

I cannot leave this department without further remarking that the severity of the blockade, which it is to be hoped will be made quite absolute, has this great modern advantage for us, that it is sound and legitimate war involving us in none of those departures from decent Christian tradition which have defiled the enemy's reputation. A strict blockade, especially in the matter of food, as well as the blockade of material necessary for arms, is not only a thing which has been universally permitted throughout all European conflicts but a thing which the enemy in particular has insisted upon as an elementary right upon which he will always insist, and one which he has himself consistently used.

CHANGE IN THE GERMAN OFFICIAL NEWS

In considering the psychology of the North German and the consequent political necessities of the Prussian Higher Command in its relation to its civilian population, we shall do well to watch very carefully the new German method of keeping their public opinion at home in order as the strain upon the Central Empires increases.

There has been a complete revolution in this since the new situation developed with the increasing pressure upon every front, the appalling losses they have suffered upon the Somme and the breakdown of German troops in particular against the Russians in Galicia.

Our means of studying this new method are an analysis of the statements published by official authority in the German Press and the official notices sent out for domestic consumption.

The first thing we notice is a deliberate and, in our eyes, foolish phantasy in the matter of figures. The German authorities have taken for the first time to publishing a statement about Allied losses compared with their own losses, and they have framed these statements without any regard to the knowledge possessed by the Allies. The whole thing is quite clearly designed for domestic consumption.

Here are two examples. They have multiplied by nearly two the French real losses at Verdun and given their people figures of the Allied losses on the Somme which are not indeed double the truth but exaggerated by quite 50 per cent. At the same time they have given

out figures for their own losses both on the Somme and for a particular period in front of Verdun which have no relation to reality.

We can test their untruth in one very simple instance. They now say (for the first time) that up to the 21st of March they had lost in front of Verdun no more than 60,000 men in total casualties hit and caught.

Now let us see what this means. The original attack at Verdun (without reference to the fighting of the Woevre in flank—the attack upon the seven and a-half miles of the Northern front which was launched on the 21st of February and was brought to a standstill on the 26th) was first launched with six divisions, all of which have been identified and all of which suffered very heavily, though not all to the same extent. Between the 26th of February and the 4th of March at least two new divisions appeared upon this narrow front and the second great assault was delivered by these eight (and broken without result) upon the 9th of March. We are not yet arrived at March 21st by nearly a fortnight, yet already we can make some estimate of what the real German losses were, for we have documentary evidence published in elaborate detail by the French government as to the losses suffered by *two* only out of these *eight* divisions in the interval.

My readers are acquainted with that analysis. The two divisions in question were the 5th and 6th divisions belonging to the 3rd, or Brandenburg Corps. The losses in these two divisions alone amounted, as my readers know, to no less than 22,000 men, and such losses were only possible because the two divisions received drafts during the course of the fighting amounting to anything from one-half to two-thirds of their original strength. I do not deny that these two divisions had the worst of the fighting, nor that their losses were exceptional; but the point is that we have for two divisions alone out of eight upon that one narrow front, and without any mention of the fighting in the Woevre (which went on all the time, and which concerned other divisions of the German army), and that in the first fortnight only of the month, more than a third of what the Germans say were their losses for a whole month.

From the 9th to the 21st of March they went on attacking upon the right bank and brought in yet another two divisions—I am speaking only of those who appeared in contact upon the front line. *Ten* divisions altogether, therefore, were subjected to the very heavy losses of that front line in the course of the month on the right bank of the Meuse.

Meanwhile, the French heavy artillery was pounding communications and depots behind the line the whole time, and the new assaults included a most murderous failure of the freshly-arrived troops against the slopes of Vaux, as well as tremendous fighting in front of Louvemont. Meanwhile, upon the left bank of the Meuse a new attack had developed after March 9th. One division carried Forges and suffered extremely heavily in establishing itself upon the eastern end of the Goose Crest; another got into the Crows Wood at the foot of the Mort d'Homme; was broken and driven out of the wood; was reinforced with very heavy new drafts; attacked again and occupied the Crows Wood; was counter-attacked and lost half of it again. One division was beginning to operate with losses severe, but not abnormally heavy near Bethincourt. Lastly, one division debouched from the wood of Avocourt and suffered enormously in an attempt to climb the slopes of Hill 340. It was beaten back into the Wood of Avocourt, and there remained up to the end of the period in question, that is, up to the 21st of March.

Now sum up and see what the fighting had involved up to the 21st of March. The original six divisions thrown into the furnace had increased to 14. Not that all the 14 were in line at any one moment, but 14 had come into play first and last. The fighting had been extremely heavy the whole time. Heavy artillery work behind this first line had been continuing to impose upon the enemy, losses not as heavy indeed as were suffered in that first line, but still severe: perhaps not half, but certainly a third of what the first line was suffering. Finally, we have the divisions operating in the Woevre which had their own losses to bear.

The Germans ask us to believe, or rather want their civilians at home to believe, that this enormous mass of

men fighting for a whole month under the most strenuous conditions, lost less than three times what one-seventh or one-eighth of their units had lost in the first fortnight! It is nonsense, and the enemy's Higher Command knows it is nonsense. It is not meant to deceive us. It is meant to deceive their opinion at home, and it has probably succeeded in doing so.

Another example of this sort of thing which has particularly impressed opinion here in England is the Tom-Fool account published throughout Germany of the destruction of London in the last Zeppelin raid, the breaking of its bridges, the panic-stricken crowds in the streets, and the hospitals crammed with wounded.

I have seen it stated that foreign newspapers are no longer allowed in Germany. I do not know whether this policy has been maintained. But if it has it would be all of a piece with the publication of crude rubbish of this sort.

The communiqués published by the German authorities with regard to the fighting on the Eastern front show exactly the same spirit. When the Germans are hammered, lose thousands of prisoners and dozens of guns, you have almost invariably the phrase: "The fighting is continuing." Any check to the Russian advance is noted and made the end of that particular communiqué. A successive re-advance by the Russians is omitted but, curiously enough, where Austrian reverses are concerned the fullest comment is allowed in the German Press as though by way of contrast with the supposed superiority and freedom from loss of the North German units.

They know their own public best, and it may be wise to treat it in this way, but it behoves us to note the policy carefully and to appreciate its significance.

I cannot forbear to quote the following, from the pen of Major Moraht:

"On the Russian front, faced as we are by massed attacks, we are forced to choose between extreme resistance and an elastic retreat, effected after inflicting severe losses on the columns of the assaulting enemy. It is the latter course we have chosen; and by so doing we forfeited the applause of the readers of communiqués and that merely outward sign of victory which is achieved by an advance."

Excellent! a year ago: But what about effectives today? And what about a retreat that *lengthens* the line that your dwindling and irreplaceable effectives must hold? And what about a retreat that *ends on German soil*?

H. BELLOC

Though slightly melodramatic in form, Catherine Radziwill's latest novel, *Because of These Things* (Cassell and Co., 6s.), is a powerful piece of work. It deals with the adventures of one Wera, a Russian lady, who had been deserted by her husband and had fallen in love with a doctor when the war broke on Russia. The result was regeneration for all the characters concerned, not only for Wera and her husband and lover, but also for the minor characters of the book. But the main interest lies in the phases of the campaign that the book depicts. The horror of Samsonoff's fight against mud at Tannenberg, and the utter callousness of German war, are the main points of the book, which deserves attention rather for its subject than for its characters.

Above the Battle, by Romain Rolland (George Allen and Unwin, 2s. 6d. net) is a series of essays on subjects connected with the war by an admitted great thinker, and in these essays is all the incisive strength that one associates with the man through his former work. "Know once for all," he says, addressing Germany, "that there is nothing more overwhelming for us Latins, nothing more difficult to endure, than your militarisation of the intellect. If, by some awful fate, this spirit were triumphant, I should leave Europe for ever. To live here would be intolerable to me." And though his sentiments are not those of indiscriminate hate, such as is worthy only of a Prussian, one has only to read a few of these pages to see that the quotation given embodies his attitude toward Germany and German war—he is no lukewarm adherent to the Allied cause, but a patriot of broad views and sympathies. Such misunderstanding of Rolland as has arisen is due, not to any sympathy on his part with Germany, but rather to his realisation of the world-wide suffering the war has caused, and to his discrimination between system and individual. He writes from Switzerland: had he written from Belgium his attitude might have been different.

The Future of Agriculture

By Sir Herbert Matthews

A GREAT many people are settling in their own minds what is to be the future of Agriculture, however small may be their qualification for dealing with so momentous a problem. There is no lack of theorists ready to prescribe not merely remedies for the ills from which the industry has been, or is, suffering, but preventives for all future troubles. Let us hope that the patient may not be handed over to them for experimental purposes. Lord Selborne, the late President of the Board of Agriculture, realising the necessity of early inquiry, set up a Departmental Committee of experts to consider the settlement and employment on the land in England and Wales of discharged sailors and soldiers. The personnel of the Committee was excellent, and with the exception of Major-General Sir Charles Crutchley (who was put on to watch the interests of potential settlers, and not as an agriculturist), the opinions of each member on agricultural questions deserve most careful consideration.

The Committee's Report

The Committee divided their inquiry into two parts, first the *settlement* of ex-service men, on which they presented a unanimous report. The second part dealt with *employment*, and although there appears to be no clearly defined difference of opinion, we are given a Majority report signed by the chairman and five others, a Minority report, signed by Mr. Edward Strutt, Mr. Leslie Scott, M.P., and Mr. C. H. Roberts, M.P., and a note by the chairman, in which he practically acquiesces in the conclusions of the Minority. At a first glance it is not easy to see why all the members could not sign the Minority report, for all the arguments of the Majority point to conclusions similar to those expressed by the Minority; but the reason for their refraining from doing so seems to be expressed in their paragraph 181, in which the Majority state that the discussion of measures worthy of consideration for increasing the home production of food is outside the scope of the reference to the Committee. The Majority considered the question of employment under these heads:

- (1) The shortage of agricultural labour which will exist at the end of the war.
- (2) How to meet any serious amount of unemployment which may occur on demobilisation.
- (3) Employment occasioned by an extension and development of the agricultural industry.

To meet this shortage they suggest four possible courses:

- (1) Continuation of child and women labour used during the war.
- (2) Employ more labour-saving machinery.
- (3) Attract men not employed in agriculture previous to the war.
- (4) Reduce employment by putting more land down to grass.

As regards the first two, the Majority rightly anticipate but small relief, and against four the whole tenor of their report is a protest. On No. 3, however, they propound four sentiments: (1) a satisfactory wage; (2) adequate housing; (3) more village amenities; (4) reasonable prospect of improving their position in life. Probably everyone will agree with the majority so far as 1, 2 and 4 are concerned, while on 3 everyone will agree that these are admirable sentiments but unfortunately they are merely admirable sentiments, and we are not told how they are to become tangible and permanent realities.

The Minority are more constructive, and it is at this point that they were obliged to part company from the Majority, for though they agree with the sentiments expressed here, they think it essential, and the chairman apparently agrees with them, that a minimum wage must be given if any appreciable number of non-agriculturists are to be induced to enter agricultural employment. Of course, the suggestion of a minimum wage introduces a principle that is repugnant to many people. One may have every sympathy with this antipathy, and yet be

ready to accept it as the lesser evil. The late Sir Robert Giffen, apropos of another problem said: "What may be economically unsound may be politically expedient," and no reasonable person can question the vital importance to the nation of producing the largest possible quantity of necessary foodstuffs within the shores of the United Kingdom. If we reduced our dependence on sea-borne food by even 20 per cent., it may make all the difference between victory or defeat in the future, but to reduce this dependence we must increase the area of arable land, and so automatically increase the number of men employed on the land. It will be impossible, however, to induce any number of non-agriculturists to engage in agricultural production unless they can be ensured all the four factors to which we have referred as "sentiments." Of these by far the most important is "the satisfactory wage." Given this the other three will follow in due course.

Now to ensure this all-important factor, it is necessary that the employer shall find it advantageous to employ more men. Whether he be owner or tenant no man can go on indefinitely producing food on philanthropic lines. It must be commercially profitable, or he must sooner or later sell out in favour of rich men who will simply use their land for sporting purposes, or the letting down of land to grass must continue. Nearly twenty years ago the present writer said in an article in the *Morning Post*: "Laying land down to grass is probably the right policy for the individual, but it is disastrous to the nation." A writer in a contemporary* has only recently made this "momentous discovery." He thought "that pecuniary self-interest of the landlord and farmer would lead them so to administer their land as to produce the best possible result in the interest of the nation." Now he has realised "that the landlord can get a larger aggregate rental and the farmer a higher percentage on his capital if the land is used so as to produce a small quantity of foodstuffs and even a smaller gross total of cash proceeds." What a pity that it requires a European holocaust to teach such elementary facts!

Commercial Principles

Whether land is held under present conditions of tenure, or acquired by the State, exactly the same rule will hold. If it does not pay commercially to cultivate arable land, it will be let down to grass, the farmer will probably earn a higher percentage on his capital, he will employ less labour, and the nation will suffer. The only alternative, if a larger arable area is to be retained, is for the State to farm the land, and sell the produce at a loss. The nation may gain in security, but at what a cost! Think of the opportunities for speculation, and what an opening for departmental red tape and circumlocution in unavailing efforts to prevent it.

The Minority prefer the retention of existing conditions of tenure, but they point out that if a minimum wage were introduced in the farming industry without corresponding measures to insure the ability of the industry to stand the increased cost of labour, farmers might lay still more land down to grass, and so dispense with still more labourers; for though the State may enforce a minimum wage it cannot force farmers to employ more men than they choose. Moreover, farmers might be tempted to keep a smaller permanent staff, supplemented by temporary labour in busy seasons. This is a risk incidental to any minimum wage system, but it can be minimised greatly if the industry is subject to a policy which ensures such stability to the industry as will give a real sense of security to the farmer. "A weekly wage at not less than a given rate is of little good to a family if the wage-earner is from time to time off work altogether." (Par. 43.) In the paragraph 44 the Minority sum up the position truly and concisely:

"We must, therefore, reconcile the interests of the farmer and the State; we must realise that just as the minimum wage is the key to the problem of how to attract the largest

* *The New Statesman*, 31st July, 1915.

possible number of suitable ex-service men, so other measures calculated to give the farmer sufficient security and stability of price for his produce, are essential if the land of England and Wales is to be farmed in such a way as to provide employment for the men and promote our National interests."

In order to give the needed stability, the Minority go on to recommend the guarantee of a minimum price for wheat, which they advise should be based on 40s. to 42s. per quarter for a period of ten years, and further suggest a bonus of £2 per acre for every acre of grass land brought under the plough, the payment of this bonus to be spread over four years, but payment of the later instalments to depend on the land being kept well cultivated.

With regard to import duties, the Minority assume that if any general system of protecting home products against foreign competition is adopted, full consideration would be paid to the claims of farmers to share in such protection for all his products affected by such competition. They point out that no one of these three methods excludes either of the others, but that they can be combined, and are in fact complementary to each other.

Compulsory Measures

It is impossible within the limits of a short article to follow their report more closely, and it must suffice to say that their conclusions are thoroughly well supported by the arguments they put forward. If the methods they suggest fail in their objective, they recognise the necessity of compulsory measures for ensuring the breaking up of inferior grass land. They might have gone a step further, and recommended the removal of any farmer who is farming badly, though perhaps this point hardly comes within the reference to the Committee. No one has cause for complaint either if compulsory measures for breaking up pasture be adopted or if the bad farmer be removed. The recommendations put forward by the Minority, and they will be endorsed by everyone who has the welfare of the country at heart, are not advocated in order to benefit either the labourer or the farmer, as such: they are urged as a means to an end, not as an end in themselves. The farmer and the labourer may be most highly deserving of sympathy and assistance, but they have no right to claim such special legislation as is foreshadowed in the Minority report, because they have had hard times in the past, or because they are such worthy fellows: the only ground upon which such a claim can be based is that they are incidental to an increase in the home production of foodstuffs.

In conclusion, the Minority urge the importance of legislating without loss of time, so that preparations may be made for placing proposals before the men on demobilisation, finding them employment (on reclamation work as a preliminary), and more particularly that the men themselves may be enabled to determine whether agriculture can offer them a sufficient inducement to make it worth their while to spend their energy in her service.

A Minimum Wage

The opposition to a minimum wage requires a moment's examination. Farmers fear (1) that it would tend to promote combinations of labour, (2) disturb existing relations between masters and men, (3) that they would be at the mercy of a trade union agitation, especially at certain seasons of the year, (4) that special conditions—such as weather—control agricultural operations, and thus make regulation of hours and wages impossible, (5) that the industry may not be able to provide increased wages. As regards 1 and 2, it is unwise and unfair to generalise. There are model employers, with whom any outside interference might cause trouble, though as a rule these are just the men who will be least interfered with, and the model employer of to-day will be the model employer under the new system. There are other employers, so much the reverse, that whatever change takes place must be an improvement, since the relations of master and man could not be worse. And there is every grade of good and bad in between these extremes. As such a scheme will not be detrimental to the best, and will tend to eliminate the worst, it must have a levelling-up tendency,

and thus be so much to the good. The same remarks apply to the third point, but there is this to be added. No strike bred and fostered by a trade union which will jeopardise the public food supply will meet with public sympathy, unless conditions are such that a strike is unavoidable, and no strike which fails to enlist public sympathy can last any length of time, or be renewed.

No. 4 has more force behind it. The varying conditions of climate, soil, industrial competition, etc., make it impossible to recommend any flat rate of wage for Great Britain as a minimum, or any number of hours per week upon which to base a minimum, without defeating the object in view. The Minority fully realise this, and recommend the creation of Wages Boards which shall determine what is fair to both employer and employed in their respective areas. There is much to be said for wages being put on a sliding scale, to rise and fall according to the fluctuations in price of the staple commodities produced within the area of each Wages Board.

The most important of all is No. 5: "The industry may be unable to provide an increased wage." This is an economic question. Down to somewhere about the years 1907-1910 it was not able to provide it. Prices of commodities began to rise steadily from that period, and consequently the ability to pay higher wages has been greater. But there has been no certainty that the rise was more than a fluctuation, and therefore no encouragement to farmers to employ more men, or for owners to build more cottages. The abnormal war prices of to-day are temporary, and no man in his senses will launch out into expenditure on the chance of present prices holding. Rather there is a fear of such a violent reaction as will force them down to the level of the 'nineties.

In its own defence the nation will be well advised to see that the Government should without loss of time pass such legislation as will guarantee stability of reasonable prices to the producer. Let us say, for example, an average price of 45s. per quarter for wheat. If the nation is not prepared to do this, an increase in production or in the number of producers can hardly be expected. If the nation wants a rural population, if it needs an enlarged production of home-grown food, it must make it worth man's while to produce it. The nation has to choose, but it must choose quickly.

L'Aïeule

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS.

Depuis que je vis de souvenirs,
Ton image ne me quitte pas.
Je devine ton éternel sourire,
J'entends le bruit chancelant de tes pas.
Je revois, sur le dossier du fauteuil,
Ton visage creusé de rides,
Et, reposant sur ta robe de deuil,
Tes vieilles mains, lasses et vides.

Tes doigts trop faibles pour tricoter;
Tes yeux vagues et incertains,
Tes gestes d'accueil et de bonté,
Toute l'éloquence menue et timide
De ton cœur trop plein
Et de tes mains lasses et vides.

Et, dans le silence de la salle,
Quand tu te crois seule,
Ta prière pieuse et banale,
Tournant et tournant comme une meule.
Et broyant ton espoir si fin
Que le sort le plus aride
Ne peut s'empêcher d'en laisser quelques grains
Entre tes mains lasses et vides.

O, les vieilles, les chères vieilles qui n'osent pas parler,
Qui se rongent, dans leur coin, la tête sur le côté,
En songeant à ceux qu'elles ont vu partir
Et qui tardent tant à revenir!

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The Establishment of Poland—I

We propose to publish a series of articles from a Special Correspondent on the Polish question, which has in the last few weeks become extremely critical. The immediate future of the war on its strategical as on its political side may well turn upon the German project of conscripting Polish troops, coupled with a scheme of Polish Autonomy under Austro-German protection. This enemy project may be declared at any moment.

THE establishment of Poland at the conclusion of the war, the nature of the new State, its boundaries, and above all its relation to its eastern and western neighbours, will be the test of the campaign. By that will it be seen who are the true beneficiaries of the struggle, and to whom has fallen the future of Europe.

That is the great historical and geographical point which at first Western opinion might be pardoned for misunderstanding, and Eastern opinion for doubting. It is now quite clear.

The reason is this. To the West Germany is beaten and held. She can never be mistress there, for she is, compared with that older civilization, Barbarian. The test of whether she is foiled or no is the eastern establishment after the war.

The great war must clearly end, so far as national establishments are concerned (omitting for the moment its enormous effect upon social conditions everywhere) in one of two conclusions, each leading to a separate future.

Either the old civilisation of Europe, with its conceptions of national honour and dignity and of clean fighting, and of a certain glory therein, will assert itself against the strange claims of Prussian Materialism—that can only be done by a complete defeat of Prussia: or some dissension among the Allies will lead to an inconclusive peace.

The victory which Prussia took for granted and in expectation of which she suddenly fell upon the French, was blown to pieces at the Marne. In spite of her enormous initial advantage in men and her long continued advantage in machinery, it is now quite impossible, and during the last few months Prussia has eaten the leek publicly, admitted her inability to win, and moved every force at her disposal to obtain terms.

The Eastern Settlement

With every week that passes the moderation of those terms increases. They will further increase in the West. They will soon be reduced to nothing more than the right to live. But they will always necessarily include some new settlement upon the East, *because there a Polish National settlement of some kind is now necessary, no matter who wins. Shall it be our settlement or theirs?* That will test all the war.

If the Alliance achieve a complete victory over the Central Empires, the restoration of Poland as a whole to autonomy—a true Poland with its port upon the Baltic and its true national boundaries reducing Prussia to German soil—will be the chief symbol of our success. If Prussia succeeds in procuring her inconclusive peace her power to prevent such a resurrection will be the symbol of her success. A Poland mutilated of Danzig, of Thorn, and of Posnania, forbidden access to the Baltic and strictly controlled, will be granted autonomy: but the new State will be the creature of the German Powers and will be no more than a province of the "Central Europe" scheme.

Let us take a very simple and concrete example of an inconclusive peace. Let us suppose a partial indemnity paid by the enemy for the ruin he has caused. Let us suppose onerous economic terms imposed upon the enemy by the Allies—but with all this, political boundaries remaining much the same as they were before the war. Let us even suppose Alsace-Lorraine given back to the French and some general scheme of disarmament dictated to the enemy.

That looks to the superficial observer, who knows the map, but who does not know history, a tolerable conclusion. It is nothing of the kind. It is a conclusion

which would leave Prussianised Germany free to strike again and shortly—and the symbol of Prussia's remaining power would be her confirmed control over the Polish provinces which she first carved out of the living body of Poland more than a century ago, when Frederick the Great committed the cynical and enormous act which is at the root of all this last great war. These provinces represent but a quarter to a fifth of the Polish race, but they are the most bitterly oppressed, and they are the territory a Prussian hold upon which has been for four generations the hidden base of the Prussian insolence in Europe.

Such a peace would leave Thorn and Posen and Danzig controlled by the enemy. It would leave Galicia and Cracow under the milder Austrian rule—but that rule, how much Prussianised by the war! Russia would, both in her own interest and in consonance with the spirit of the resettlement, undoubtedly erect a Polish province autonomous, though connected with the Russian Crown. But it would be a Poland quite mutilated, with vital portions of the State still subject to the intolerable Prussian tyranny; with Cracow, the ancient and most sacred capital of the State, politically separated from the centre and the east, and with the whole nation suffering from mutilation. Mutilation is not to be measured in the size of the fragment: the loss of a hand is a mutilation. Poland would not be Poland under so lame a settlement. And Poland as the test of the new Europe would not be present among us.

In addition to this, a certain principle of nationality would, as we shall see in a moment, be irrevocably wounded. Poland thus halved could hold out no hand to the Czechs of Bohemia; just as a settlement which left the Balkans unnational could hold out no hope to national freedom in the Southern Slavs now under Austrian rule.

The True Poland

Now consider the alternative. With the victory of the Allies fully achieved Poland could arise unamutilated and could exist once more in Europe as a true State.

It would necessarily be, under the impulsion of modern forces, a Slav State as well as a Polish State. Race and language speak to-day and impose themselves. They cannot be denied. There would, in all probability, be a dynastic link with Russia. There would, at any rate, be a political link with Russia. But the Poland so constituted and possessed of autonomy, even if not of complete sovereignty, would have about it a very different character from the Poland conceived by our enemies in their breathing space towards further aggression.

There, briefly, is the principle we have to bear in mind in the coming months. It is the one great political pivot upon which the settlement will turn and by which our victory should be tested.

But this word "Poland" has meant so little to public opinion in the West hitherto that, although it is the most immediate and urgent Occidental need of the moment that a public opinion should arise upon it in England as in France, most men, even men who have travelled widely and who have read fairly deeply in the past, have but a vague conception of what this word "Poland" means. What were the boundaries of that State when it had a free existence? What were its traditions? What territories are now occupied by the Polish race proper? What difficulties, geographical and racial, exist to the reconstruction of an independent Poland? The question is, unfortunately, an extremely complicated one. No one can propose a solution absolutely final. There is too great room for debate among the most honest and the most determined of those who see in the resurrection of Poland the great criterion of this war.

We can, however, establish certain conclusions upon the matter. We can trace upon a map the habitation of the Polish people, and we can see what their proportion is in districts not wholly Polish. There are common admitted data for the whole problem, which must first be grasped before we pass to a consideration of its solution.

In the next article these common data, geographical, religious and racial, will be described.

U.S. Report on the Battle of Jutland

WE publish a very interesting passage from the report of Captain William S. Sims of the United States Navy on the lessons of the battle of Jutland. The report was written on the request of the Secretary of the U. S. Navy, and was suppressed for some time because Captain Sims, in giving evidence before Congress on the naval programme, had strongly advocated the construction of battle cruisers, and there was a natural curiosity to know if the battle in any way modified his opinion as to the war value of such ships. Captain Sims's report deals therefore, primarily with the light that the Jutland battle throws on battle cruisers, but incidentally he has touched on other aspects of the engagement.

Captain Sims is virtually the creator of modern gunnery in the American Navy and is regarded as probably the ablest officer now on the active list.

"I do not desire to modify my statement in any respect in regard to the types of vessels recommended in my hearing as most needed at the present time to strengthen our fleet. I have read carefully the American press accounts of the action, also a considerable number of clippings received from England which give a much fuller account. The latter includes two comprehensive articles published in *LAND & WATER* by Pollen, the well-known naval critic.

"I consider all these accounts distinctly on the defensive as attempts to justify the attack of a superior force (German battleships) by a greatly inferior force, (British battle cruisers). As Mr. Pollen indicates the accounts are published under the control of the censor. For example, the Admiralty permitted Mr. Pollen to make certain purely negative statements concerning the causes of the sinking of the battle cruisers, but declines for the present to publish the real cause. This is a common procedure while war is in progress. For the same reason, that is, to avoid the loss of prestige, even radical mistakes in tactics may be defended.

"For the above reasons it may be quite possible that certain essential features of this battle are being suppressed, these reasons being both military and political. In view of this possible, and even probable condition, my opinions regarding the action should be considered only with extreme reservation.

"This reservation being clearly understood the following comments are submitted, based only upon the known essential facts:

"(a) Referring to Mr. Pollen's article, and particularly to the diagram illustrating the relative positions of the British main body and battle cruisers, and the German main body and their battle cruisers, at the time sight contact was first made between the battle cruisers of the two sides, it will be noted that the situation was typical of that considered most probable, in our war games on the sea and on the game board, in the opening phases of a sea battle between large forces.

"(b) Assuming the above forces in the relative positions indicated and, considering the marked superiority of the British in numbers of all the different types, and assuming the British forces to have executed the (under the circumstances) very simple manœuvres necessary to concentrate their forces and strike with all their power, there can be no possible doubt as to what the result would have been. Considering the great superiority of the British, both in numbers and in power, one of two things must have happened:

"Either the German main fleet would have been decisively defeated, or it would have declined decisive action, by retreating behind its defences; and even the latter would have inflicted upon the Germans a humiliation impossible to conceal, much less to claim as a victory for the encouragement of their people. The latter (forcing the German fleet to retreat before a concentrated superior force) could have been accomplished with little or no material loss; and if the Germans had elected to fight a decisive action, there could be no doubt that both their proportionate and actual losses would have been vastly greater than those of the British. Also, in either case, the various type of vessels, including battle cruisers, would have been employed to the best advantage in the

legitimate rôles for which they were designed.

"(c) The contention of British writers that the sacrifice of the battle cruiser squadron in fighting a delaying action against battleships, late in the afternoon, was justified in the hope of bringing on a general action between the main fleets, is not believed to be sound; and this for the simple reason that the military situation did not require the British fleet to fight a decisive action, or any action at all, because they already had practically as complete control of the sea as would have resulted from the defeat of the enemy fleet. Control of the sea is accomplished when the enemy fleet is defeated or 'contained,' and the German fleet has been contained since the beginning of the war, is now contained, and doubtless will remain so.

"(d) There is no reason to believe that the Germans have ever intended to risk their fleet in a decisive action against the greatly superior British fleet. They are not in the habit of pitting any military force against twice its numbers of at least equally powerful units. There is, on the contrary, every reason to believe that the Germans knew exactly what they intended to do during this last sortie of the grand fleet, and it is a reasonable presumption that they accomplished what they intended, namely, the trapping and pounding of the British battle cruisers before they could be supported by the British main body.

"(e) The surprise to naval critics, and doubtless to the Germans, was the extraordinary resistance battle cruisers can sustain and the extraordinary amount of damage they can inflict even against battleships. This indicates a greatly enhanced value when they are employed in their proper rôle in a general naval engagement; that is, with their driving power on the scouting line, their support of destroyer attacks, etc.

"(f) That the British attacked battleships with battle cruisers and armoured cruisers is their own affair. They doubtless had what they considered sufficient reasons for doing so; but we may rest assured that this was done with the full knowledge of the probable nature of the sacrifice, and not with the idea that these vessels are a match for battleships; and if the conditions as to visibility had been better the sacrifice might well have been justified by success in engaging with the German main fleet. At all events, battle cruisers proved that in case of necessity they can fight a delaying action against battleships with reasonable chances of success.

Battle Cruisers Vindicated

"(g) There is nothing, however, in the incidents of the fight to justify any argument against the necessity for battle cruisers. When for any reason they are deliberately put against battleships they must expect to suffer in proportion to the relatively small number of their guns and the relative lightness of their armour. It is the same with all other types of vessels. If in this battle it had been considered necessary to launch flotillas of unsupported destroyers against the enemy's battleships in daylight, and half of them had been destroyed, there would doubtless have been some arguments in opposition to building any more destroyers—and these arguments would have been precisely as sound as the popular arguments now current as a result of the sinking of the three British battle cruisers.

"(h) Beyond the demonstration of the unexpected resistance of the battle cruisers, the incidents of the action in question have no bearing upon the arguments advanced in my hearing as to the immediate necessity of the addition of battle cruisers to the United States Navy in its present condition. That the battleships must constitute the main strength of a naval force admits of no doubt; but, as I attempted to show by my testimony, an adequate force of battle cruisers is necessary in order that the battleships may be used against an enemy with their maximum power. This is particularly true of the situation that would confront us in case of the necessity of repelling the attack of an enemy fleet against our coast.

WILLIAM S. SIMS

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To British Merchant Captains

By Lewis R. Freeman

ALL yesterday evening I came upon little knots of sailor men gathered along the quay or at the corners of the streets of Harwich and Dovercourt. Their weather-beaten parchment-brown faces were drawn and troubled, and they spoke in the jerkily lowered voices of men not wont to hold their tongues or passions in restraining leash. There was something in the half-stunned, half-angry looks suggestive of the expressions I had seen on the faces of the sailors at a North Wales port on the evening that a carelessly framed despatch had tricked them into transient belief that the British Fleet had been beaten by the Germans in the North Sea. But I had been with naval men all afternoon, and knew that there was nothing fresh to report from behind the grey fog-curtain to the north. The trouble was of another kind, but from past experience I knew that the moment when the British sailor man spoke through clenched teeth in those jerkily lowered tones, with his brow corrugated in mahogany wrinkles of perturbation and his blue eyes fixed absently on the fingers of his working hands, was not the one for even the most sympathetically curious to intrude upon him.

Enlightenment came later, when I asked the maid who lowered the shutters and drew the double curtains of my room in the little hotel on the Dovercourt cliff, why it was that the children playing in a narrow street that branched off diagonally below my window hushed their voices and tiptoed as they came down toward the seaward end, and why many of even belated and hurrying delivery carts were pulling up and taking another way on their clattering rounds.

"Is somebody sick?" I asked, "or is one of the neighbours dead?"

"Didn't you know, Sir?" faltered the girl. "That is Captain Fryatt's 'ome down there. It's the little red brick 'ouse—the fourth or fifth from the corner, Sir. We all o' us 'ere knew 'im, sir, an' loved 'im; an'—you'll excuse me, sir" (her voice broke for a moment and the starting tears glistened in the flickering light of her candle)—"but I was thinkin' o' the missus an' the nippers. They's waitin' down there for more news from Belg'um. I hates to think o' 'em, sir. It makes me want to scream an'—an' to fight. I'll be going now, sir; it gets me all wrought up w'en I talks about it."

It came to me all at once what those stunned, angry sailors on the street were talking of, and the hot wave of indignation—checked for an hour or two by the excitement of meeting and boarding a returning submarine—that had surged over me that afternoon when I first read the news of Captain Fryatt's execution in the paper, welled up anew inside me and throbbed against my temples. I was conscious of the passing of one of a class of men whom I had learned to know and love during many years of intimate association—in craft stout and frail, on seas fair and stormy—and the fact that the death of this man had been compassed with a cold-blooded cynicism scarcely paralleled in modern history brought the significance of it home to me with especial poignancy. In a dull sort of way I had been conscious of a similar feeling every time I had read of the loss of merchant officers and crews from the inauguration of the submarine campaign, but only now had I come to understand how much of a hold these same sailor men had on my affection, what parts they had played in scores of the vivid incidents of my life that I cared most to dwell upon in memory.

Three of the last ten years of my life had been spent upon the sea, I reflected, and of this time perhaps six months had been put in on one or another of the "floating palaces" of the main tourist routes, and not more than that aboard ships under the German, French, Dutch or American flag. That left a good two years—more than seven hundred days and nights—spent aboard the smaller British merchantmen—tramps, coasters, colliers, traders, flat-bottomed river stern-wheelers—in out-of-the-way water-lanes of the world.

Two years of my life—and what treasured years they were, too—spent in the care of the bold, bluff, bronzed

British merchant captains who drove "the swift shuttles of an Empire's loom." What strange seas they had steered me through, and what strange corners in the ports that served those seas! And what adventures they had run me into, and what scrapes got me out of! And what courtesy, what consideration—aye, even what tenderness in times of misadventure and sickness—had I not enjoyed at their hands!

Pulling on my cardigan jacket, I "stood-by" as the hour of eleven—midnight by the sun-time by which the ships of the sea still sail—and at the instant when the steamers in the harbour would have been sounding "Eight Bells" had there been no lurking Zeppelins to guard against, leaned out of the open window till the in-drifting fog blew sharp against my face and began my "watch."

Just so—with a rough blue sleeve brushing against my own—had I leaned over the bridge or taffrail of a hundred steamers, plowing a hundred sea-ways, and now, with the familiar breath of the sea in my nostrils and the familiar mist of the sea damping my hair again, old friends of other days strode on the corridors of memory and ranged themselves, one at a time, by my side. At first I tried to muster them chronologically, in the order I had known them from my first tentative coastal voyages in the Pacific—(B— of the Vancouver-Seattle packet, who let me sleep on his cabin couch one night when the rooms were all taken in order that I might be rested for the tennis tournament I was engaging in at Tacoma on the morrow; R— of the old Alaska "Inland Passage" coaster, who taught me to "box" the compass and awoke the slumbering love o' the sea in my blood with tales of the Victoria sealing fleet; P—, of the Mexican trader, who smuggled me out of Guaymas when the Sonora authorities were trying to arrest me for landing on Tiburon without a permit) but presently the magnet of my quickened memory began drawing them forward out of turn, and ere long they were crowding on like guests at a reception.

Now I would think of the bravery of them, and instantly a series of pictures took shape before my eyes, a score of names leapt to my lips, a score of hands—hard brown hands, with a world of warmth in their steady grip—reached out to clasp my own. Who was the bravest among men that had all been brave? I asked myself, and then how the pictures formed and dissolved as one stirring incident after another flashed across my mind! What could have been finer than the way Captain K—, of that cranky clipper-bowed old "C.N." steamer, had stuck out that typhoon off Taiwan, lashed to the bridge for three days, and subsisting on coffee and rum and pilot bread? I could see his brine-white face (as I saw it when I took a timid peep up the companion way on the day the "twister" began to die down) taking shape out there in the drifting fog even as the recollection of that fearsome storm crystallised in my memory, and then fancy turned another cog, and it was a sun-blistered South Pacific trader that I seemed to see, with a sallow, fever-wracked figure at the wheel, and two or three dozen naked blacks writhing in agony on the forrard deck. How old B—, of the *Cora Andrews*, took his load of plague-stricken Papuans through the Barrier Reef and into the quarantine station at Townsville is a South Sea epic.

Then came memories with a more personal touch, and I dwelt for a few moments over the shifting scenes of the mix-up I started the time I tried to take a flashlight of the smokers in the "Opium Den" of the old *Yo San*, plying on the Hongkong-Bangkok run. Some of the Chinese crew were smuggling opium that voyage, and, taking me for a Secret Service officer on search, started to wipe up the deck with my protesting anatomy. Curled round my camera under a bunk in the corner of the opium den, with nothing but the fact that my assailants were so numerous that they got in each other's way saving me from instant annihilation, and expecting every moment that one of them would gather his wits together sufficiently to pounce down on me through the

slats, I cowered in terror, and was ever music sweeter than the raucous bellow of bluff old Captain G— when, cursing like a pirate and banging right and left with the belaying pins he held in either hand, he plowed his way into the den and yanked me out by the scruff of the neck. Poor old G—! he was lost with his ship two voyages later, when, the ancient *Yo San* was piled up by a typhoon on the Tongking coast.

Then the recollection of the ignominious way in which old G— had pulled me out from under the bunk by the coat collar recalled the time when another British skipper—his command was only a "P.S.N.C." tender in Valparaiso, and I had long since forgotten his name—saved my life by handling me in quite the same unceremonious manner. The schooner on which I had planned to sail to Juan Fernandez had broken loose in a violent "Norther" and was fast driving before the mountainous swells upon the *malecon* or seawall, when the "Navigation Company's" tender, out to salvage some drifting barges, came nosing cautiously in toward where the hollow waves were curling over into crashing breakers. The barges and their cargoes were probably worth more than our walty old hooker, but the skipper of the tender, noting only that there were lives to be saved on the latter, hesitated not an instant about deciding to try and stand-by. Unfortunately, we had a lot of German *colonistas* aboard, and the panic among them prevented many from the schooner being saved. I was one of the half-dozen who did not fail in their leaps for the tender's outreaching starboard bow, but my hold on the slippery rail was so precarious that only the mighty hand of the skipper on my neck prevented my slipping back into the sea. For a moment now, out in the drifting fog, I saw his round red face, under its "sou'wester," just as I had peered up into it after he dragged me over the rail and slammed me down on the heeling deck.

At times memories crowded so that they became confused. I was not sure, for instance, whether it was T—, of the *Eimoo*, or P—, of the *Levuka*, whom I had seen go over the rail into shark-infested Roturua Lagoon to jerk the kink out of an air-hose before his diver strangled; or which of two otherwise well-remembered "B.I." skippers it was that waded in, bare-handed, and floored every one of a bunch of Lascars who were fighting with their knives; or whether it was the mate or the skipper of the East African coaster who, with one of his thighs being torn to ribbons by the beast's hind claws, kept his grip on the throat of a young leopard that had slipped from its cage, and which he was afraid might become panic-stricken and jump overboard before it could be recaptured; or whether it was the captain of a "Burns, Philips" or a "Union" steamer that I had seen put out through the tortuous passage of Suva Bay when the wind was snapping the tops from the coconut palms, and the barometer was at 28.50 and still falling, just because the wife of the missionary on some obscure little bit of the Fijian Archipelago to the north was expecting to become a mother and needed the attention of the ship's doctor.

I would have gone on to the end of my "watch"—thinking of the bravery—moral and physical—the ready nerve, and the general "sufficiency unto occasion" of my old friends, but most that had been brave had also been kind and considerate, and every now and then I found my mind occupied with recollections of the little things they had done for me, or that I had seen them do for others. There was B—, of the old *Changsha*, running from Yokohama to Sydney, who went miles off his course just to satisfy my whim to pass over the spot where "Mary Gloster" was buried at sea. What an afternoon that was! The Straits of Macassar "oily and treacly," just as Kipling had described them, and the milk-warm land breeze wafting the odours of the spice groves of Celebes. B— had his volume of Kipling and I had mine, and between us was the reef-freckled chart of Macassar Straits with Borneo to starboard, Celebes to port, and a thousand dotted lines indicating islets and reefs, and rocks—mostly lurking, half-submerged—in between.

"By the Little Paternosters, as you come to the Union Bank. We dropped her—I think I told you—and I pricked it off where she sank—

tiny she looked on the grating—that oily, treacly sea—)

'Hundred and eighteen East, remember, and South just three. Easy bearings to carry' . . .

read B—, running his finger along the chart, "Aye, easy to carry. *Here's the spot*," and he marked it with a circled dot. Then we "dead reckoned" the latitude from the noon sight, and "shot" for the longitude as we "came to the Union Bank." And finally, when we were over the spot as near as might be determined from hasty reckoning, nothing would do but B— must start the lead going to determine the depth. Never shall I forget the way his face lit up when the leadsmen droned out "Fourteen," and there were tears glistening in his eyes as he turned back a couple of pages and read—

"And we dropped her in fourteen fathoms; I pricked it off where she sank."

"I might have known that Kipling worked it out with a chart," he exclaimed; "but what a thrill it gives one to find it exact, even to the soundings!"

The margins of "The 'Mary Gloster,'" in my "Seven Seas," bear the pencilled records—now thumbbed and fingered into dim blurs—of our "mid-sea madness" to this day, and there is nothing that I treasure more. B— would never have taken his 5,000-ton freighter miles off her course, at the cost of some hours of time and a number of tons of good Nagasaki coal, had he been any less daft about Kipling than I was. But all British sailors love Kipling; as a class, I have always felt that they had a fuller appreciation of the message of "the uncrowned Laureate" than have any others.

For an hour at least I must have turned in fancy the pages of Kipling, now with this well-remembered skipper, now with that, until the recollection of how kind old N—, of a Liverpool-Para-Manaos freighter, had read to me "The Hymn Before Action" one night when I was half delirious from the Amazon "black-water" fever he had been nursing me through set the current of my thought on another tack. N— was only one of a dozen who had coddled me through some sort of tropical illness or patched me up after some sort of a smash-up.

It was R—, of the Valparaiso-Panama coaster who had put my hand in splints after it had been crushed between the gateway and a dug-out full of ivory nuts off some pile-built village of Ecuador, and it was my fault rather than his that the little finger was still crooked. And it was H—, of the big White Star freighter on the Australia South Africa run, who laboured for an hour in helping the ship's doctor worry back into place the shoulder I had dislocated in the "sports" one afternoon; and it was D—, of the Rangoon-Calcutta "B.I.," who had reduced with horse-liniment the ankle I had sprained in dodging out of the path of a temperamental water-buffalo while ashore at Akyab; and it was A—, of the Lynch river boat plying from Basra to Bagdad, who stitched up my scalp after the Arabs of the bazaar of then almost unheard of Kut-el-Amara had amused themselves with bouncing rocks off my head because (this was during the Turco-Italian war) they imagined I looked like an "alien enemy."

A— was killed when the Turks shelled his ship—then a transport—early in the Mesopotamian operations, I remembered, and this led my thoughts off to the long watch I kept by the bedside of poor old Y—, on whose "B.P." steamer I had been roaming in and out among the Solomons, New Hebrides, Fijis and other islands of western Polynesia for two months. Y—'s heart had been giving out for a number of years, and now very hot weather following, the excitement of seeing his ship through an unusually heavy hurricane had hastened an end long inevitable. He knew his "number was up," and so he told me, that night, of things he wanted me to explain and set right for him in Australia. It was the thinking of these, and the visit that I subsequently paid to his wife and children in the Illawara, that finally brought my mind back to that other bereaved family in the little red house beneath my window.

The short night had passed, the fog had lifted, and now in the early morning light I saw a milkman stop his cart a half-dozen doors from the Fryatt home and go softly tip-toeing on his nearby deliveries to avoid making unnecessary noise. Out of the retreating fog-bank to seaward two small freighters took sharpened line and headed for the harbour mouth. They were much of a

size and type, but the gay red and white splashes on the bows of the more northerly one indicated she sailed under the flag of an enterprising Scandinavian country, while the unbroken black of the side of the other told just as plainly that she was British. As I watched, the shifting of the shadows on the sides of the Norwegian told me that she was altering her course sharply every few hundred yards—"zigzagging" to minimise the danger from submarine attacks. A wise precaution, I told myself; now what about the other? I took up my glass and held it on the Briton. One, two, three, four, five minutes passed. All the time the wave curled evenly back from her forefoot; not a ripple of shifting light or shadow told of deviation in her course of the fraction of a point.

"Straight on to your goal, little ship," I said, saluting with my glass.

But I might have known as much. That was Fryatt's way, and that was the way all my friends of the Red Ensign did, and always will do. Good luck, fair weather and snug berths to you all "aye, and a quiet haven when the last watch, the long watch, is finally over!"

Knots of troubled sailor men still gathered along Harwich quay this morning, but now that I understood

by what they were moved I no longer hesitated to mingle and talk with them. Their slow anger was steadily mounting—gradually crowding out all other feelings—with every word that was spoken, with every hour that passed; but among them were still men who were stunned and dazed, who could not understand how a thing so monstrous really could have happened.

"But w'y, w'y, ha' the 'Uns done it?" persisted a grizzled old salt, turning his troubled eyes to mine after all the others had shaken their heads perplexedly.

"It is just possible," I said, "that the Germans believe that the execution of one skipper who attempted to ram one of their submarines will make the others think twice before trying to do the same thing."

Two or three of the older men fairly snorted in their incredulity that even the Germans should thus cheaply rate the British sailor, but the plausibility of the theory soon convinced even these.

"Do you re'ly believe the 'Uns think that o' us?" one of them finally ventured.

"I do," I replied, "for there is nothing else to think."

The old man took a deep breath and turned his eyes away to sea. "God pity all 'Uns!" he muttered, and "God pity 'em!" echoed his mates.

The Battle of the Marne

By Professor Spenser Wilkinson

THE battle of the Marne was the first check received by Prussia since 1864, when she began her modern career, of which the principle is that between States there is no right but only force. Prussia's plan has been to choose, the object of her covetousness, to arm herself to the teeth while talking to her neighbour about rights and then, when quite ready, to put a pistol at the neighbour's head, to shout "hands up," and to pull the trigger.

Prussia succeeded in 1864 because neither the other Powers nor the other German States understood what she was driving at—the purpose was carefully concealed even from Prussia's partner Austria. Prussia succeeded in 1866 because Austria, being unready, had her army beaten in the first great battle, and not being a national State could not raise another. Prussia succeeded in 1870 because the neutrals were deceived concerning the origin of the war, because the French army was captured entire in a few weeks and because France, with her northern territory occupied and Paris besieged, could not in time raise a fresh army able to eject the victors. The German principle is that to overpower an enemy you must take him unawares and crush him before he can get ready. Before striking you must calculate whether your force is strong enough not only to overwhelm the victim's army, but also to hold him down and prevent his recovery.

In 1914 the calculation had been made that the French army could be shattered at the beginning, and the greater part of France occupied while Russia, unready at the outset, could be beaten in her turn. Austria was in the conspiracy; the booty was to be Serbia, Belgium, France to the Somme, Poland and the Austro-German domination to the Persian Gulf. There were, however, mistakes in the reckoning. The Prussians ignored that element of life which is the sphere of conscience and of faith, two very potent springs of action. And what is more remarkable they ignored the effect upon war of that principle of nationality to which chiefly their own success in Germany had been due. The fundamental truth about national war is that given a national determination to fight and to win, the national energies will sooner or later find their way into the right channels. The Prussians did not see that they had begun the war in such a way as to make plain to French, Russians and British that their national existence was at stake. They had counted on surprise and yet found themselves surprised at every turn, by the resistance of Belgium, by the English declaration of war, and not least by the French army when it turned on them in the early days of September 1914, and with inferior numbers stayed and swept back the flood tide of their invasion.

In August 1914, the Emperor William set out, as though he were a new Alexander, to conquer the world, and fell with all his might upon France, which was to be thrown down in a few weeks. Before the middle of September the whole right wing of the German host had been flung back and was in hurried retreat to positions in which to defend itself. Prussia's military prophet had told them that every offensive has a culminating point beyond which it can go no further; they were startled to find themselves at this point within a month.

Mr. Belloc has rendered two conspicuous services to the nation. First and foremost he has never for a moment wavered in his faith in the power of the Allies to make good their cause. He has abstained from every form of fault-finding with the leaders, whether generals in the field, military administrators or responsible statesmen. That implies courage and self-control.

Secondly, he has explained with remarkable lucidity operations conducted on a scale for which there is no precedent. The difficulty of following the story of a battle is to grasp the relation between the armies and the ground on which they were fighting. The reader has to find a good map, not always an easy matter, and then to be constantly distracted by searching for the places and making out the lie of the ground. Mr. Belloc contrives to put on to his pages just so much of the map as matters so that the reader is spared the labour of search. Thus he brings the battle phase by phase before the reader's eye as a skilful guide through a difficult country. His sketches and diagrams make a part of his text. The fine art of thus combining the pen and the pencil is Mr. Belloc's creation and in its execution he has no rival.

I have read with intense interest his new volume describing the Battle of the Marne. An accurate account of this conflict in detail will, of course, be impossible for a long time yet. Mr. Belloc gives what I think is a correct bird's-eye-view, based on the evidence at present available. He has judiciously grouped the events and made the large features of the struggle as clear as can be; everything is in due perspective. The French defence in front of Nancy, the blow delivered on the right wing, its imperfect success, its effect in dislocating the German front in the region of the Marshes, the cool judgment of Foch's decisive thrust into the gap thus created, and its instant effect on the whole German line are described with broad strokes, every one of which tells. Technical language is avoided. There is in this volume no needless or disputed doctrine; such theory as is given helps to make the actions intelligible. Above all Mr. Belloc brings out the immeasurable significance of the turn of affairs. Nothing that I have read since the war began seems to me to be a better spring of hope for the future than this plain tale of the recent past.

A Night in the Salient

By an Officer

WHEN the slow summer dusk begins to deepen, men begin to stir in the trenches. All day long they have slept or dozed in the warm sunshine, lain in their dug-outs—little holes in the parapet—or nodded on the fire-step in a sultry atmosphere of buzzing bluebottles and occasional shots from snipers' rifles. For here you cannot move or walk about by day, the sniping (from dominating positions) is too keen. But when the dusk deepens into that pearly-blue light which for a man moving is the most invisible, long files of men start off for the trenches and the sound of tramping feet is heard on the roads.

Night by night—and all night long—those files of ghostly figures move along the roads and trenches. Ration parties, carrying parties, parties with working material, engineers, generals and officers of inspection rank, parties with pick and shovel, and many other sorts of workers move along those roads. A little later on you may see them, patiently bending under their loads, silhouette against the rising moon. Some of the carriers are so strangely silent they seem like ghosts of men tramping across the plain, only their feet go "pit-patter," "pit-patter," when they are quite near; these are wearing long thigh-boots with rubber soles.

And they have to hurry. For the midsummer night is short, and between the grey twilight and the rosy dawn there is but a space of four hours. God help him who is caught by the sunshine in an open place!

And with the deepening dusk a new life begins in the trenches. The buzz of the bluebottles and the crack of the sniper's rifle give place to the chatter of machine guns and the slow glare of the star-lights. Shadow and mystery creep in where was the stark nakedness of shell-holes, broken trees and lines of battered sandbags. Slowly, with many exclamations, pauses, and much hard swearing, the working party moves along the crowded trench, then out into the sap. There is a little narrow ridge between the parapet of the sap and a chain of enormous shell-holes. In these the water glistens. The men are silent now that they are out in the middle of No Man's Land scarcely 70 yards from the German trench. Only when one of them trips over the frequent loose strands of wire or stumbles into a shell-hole you hear a scuffle followed by a muttered curse.

Battleground Digging

It is a question of digging a new trench. Get them lined out quickly, quietly, three yards apart; let each man work his hardest to dig himself in. They know it too, and put their backs into the task. It's surprising how quickly they get into the ground considering the heavy spongy state of all this water-logged country. Quickly they throw up the earth in front which gives a feeling of protection, even if a somewhat illusory one. Nor can the task be considered in any way pleasant. A peculiar and horrible stench clings to the ground, thicker and more foetid in some places than in others, but all-pervading. It is the sickly stench of dead bodies. Strange and sometimes fearsome things are dug out of the ground. All drab and muddy, yielding and soft, so that you could not recognise it as a human thing was the body of a German. There was no head, only the trunk. Somebody cut off two of his buttons as a memento, another found his rifle, completely rusted and caked in mud. Then they dug up a machine gun, rusted too, and mud-caked, which must have been buried in the last battle. The curious thing about this is that it was evidently a British gun converted by the Germans, for the lock is German, so is the barrel. Once cleaned, it will be serviceable again and will be re-converted to fire English ammunition.

The night is a fairly quiet one. Yet apart from the stertorous breathing of the men labouring at their trench, the darkness is full of sounds. Now it is the dismal wail of a stray bullet hungrily seeking a billet. Now it

is the clack-clack-clack of the machine-guns chattering to each other, like demons in Hell. One of these sweeps round—traverses, the gunners call it—regularly every few minutes, and the terrifying rush of the bullets causes every man to lie flat on his stomach. A machine-gun, when traversing, nearly always sweeps back again, so it is not safe to get up at once. Every now and then a succession of explosions, sharp, yet heavy and dull, unlike that of a shell, proclaims that bombs are being thrown not far off—probably from adjacent saps. Occasionally through the night a terrific explosion causes the atmosphere to reverberate and everyone to start. It is a minenwerfer bomb bursting somewhere away on the right, and it is followed by a succession of sharp reports and heavy explosions from one of our own trench-guns retaliating. In the silent pauses between these sounds may be heard the harsh cry of some bird—I know not its name—which haunts the coarse grass and secret places of the salient. Occasionally a distant rattle and a harsh grating sound becomes audible—the German transport on the roads beyond the ridge. A lighter and more continuous grating sound is made by the trolleys rolling along one of the numerous light railways which run just behind the enemy's front line. Every now and again, too, in silent pauses, the barking of dogs may be distinguished—these are the German pets which they keep in their trenches.

A Casualty

Two or three times in the night the whole horizon is of a sudden lit up by the vivid flashes of our own guns, so vivid that you may distinguish trees and other objects against their background; then you hear a distant rumble followed by the roar of the shells and observe the quick glare as they burst on the enemies' second line.

Strange figures come prowling through the darkness—you cannot tell for certain whether friend or foe. Ever and anon the star lights go up and in their cold radiance you may see those figures standing still as statues. Yet they would be better advised to throw themselves down. They are the covering parties and the engineers moving out in front. Once the man who fires the "Very" pistol can be plainly seen and then you know that the Germans, too, are out in No Man's Land. Once three lights go up in quick succession and simultaneously two shots ring out. These are followed immediately by a loud outcry close at hand, which shows that at least one of the bullets has done its work—"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Gradually the loud cries sink into a pitiful murmur as of a child in pain, and presently this lapses into silence. "Pass the word down for the stretcher-bearers!" They lay him down in a shell-hole—it is an officer of engineers, shot through both thighs. They do not think he is bad, but the moon shines down upon a face unnaturally still and pallid, and when the doctor comes he is dead.

The Beginning of the Day

A fresh feeling in the air and a faint lightening in the sky beyond the German lines suggests that daybreak is not far off. The men have dug their trench, many are resting on their spades, perspiring profusely. They prepare to move off. Suddenly a machine-gun opens and one of them sits down quickly clasp his ankle with both hands. "Oo—er," he mutters, "I'm hit. It don't 'arf hurt." A comrade takes off his puttees and unlaces his boot. "Is it a Blighty one d'ye think?" enquires the victim anxiously, and upon being told that it probably is, since he has been shot through the ankle, he becomes quite cheerful despite the pain.

Soon the word is passed down to lead back, and so the men file once more along the sap into the main trench. From the woods afar off comes the call of a cuckoo and gradually the various points of the landscape appear. Everybody makes tea, and before long is enjoying a hearty breakfast, followed by a long sleep.

Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay, who obtained a commission in the new army and was wounded at Loos is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. This was handed to the British headquarters in Mesopotamia by an officer—Sir Walter's son—wounded to death in obtaining it. Hannay undertakes the mission, his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American gentleman, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who also joins them. On November 17th the three dine together at a London flat, and agree to meet in a café in a back street of Constantinople two months later—on January 17th. Sandy goes to Constantinople, disguised as a Turk, by way of Cairo. Blenkiron drops into Germany by way of Scandinavia. Hannay, who in South Africa was a mining engineer, and can speak Dutch perfectly, enters Germany through Holland as a Boer from Western Cape Colony. Hannay sails for Lisbon where he finds a steamer just arrived from Angola; boarding it he meets his old Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, to whom he unfolds his plans. Peter agrees to be his companion. They go on to Germany and find their way to Berlin. Here they have an interview with two Government high officials; one, Colonel von Stumm, had been in German South West Africa, fighting the Hereros. The Colonel is a huge man "as hideous as a hippopotamus." Stumm takes them in charge, interested by Hannay's plans for an uprising in Africa. He leaves Pienaar in Berlin, but brings Hannay by railway and motor car to a big house in the country, where he is introduced to Herr Gaudian, "one of the biggest railway engineers in the world." Stumm takes him on to his castle, in Bavaria. On the way Hannay has an interview with the Kaiser. Stumm's castle is deserted by all except one old servant. In the evening Stumm grossly insults Hannay who knocks him out and makes a bolt for it. He hides in the forest, and stricken with malaria lies perdu for some days in a woodcutter's hut. Finally he reaches the Danube and gets taken on as an engineer on board a steamer that is tugging barges of munitions from Essen to Rustchuk.*

CHAPTER IX

The Return of the Straggler

BEFORE I turned in that evening I had done some good hours' work in the engine-room. The boat was oil-fired, and in very fair order, so my duties did not look as if they would be heavy. There was nobody who could be properly called an engineer; only besides the furnace-men a couple of lads from Hamburg who had been a year ago apprentices in a shipbuilding yard. They were civil fellows, both of them consumptive, who did what I told them and said little. By bed-time if you had seen me in my blue jumpers, a pair of carpet slippers and a flat cap—all the property of the deceased Walter—you would have sworn I had been bred to the firing of river-boats, whereas I had acquired most of my knowledge on one run down the Zambesi, when the proper engineer got drunk and fell overboard among the crocodiles.

The Captain—they called him Schenk—was out of his bearings in the job. He was a Frisian and a first-class deep-water seaman, but, since he knew the Rhine delta, and because the German mercantile marine was laid on the ice till the end of war, they had turned him on to this show. He was bored by the business, you could see, and did not understand it very well. The river charts puzzled him, and though it was pretty plain going for hundreds of miles, yet he was in a perpetual fidget about the pilotage. You could see that he would have been far more in his element smelling his way through the shoals of the Ems mouth or beating against a north-easter in the shallow Baltic. He had six barges in tow, but the heavy flood of the Danube made it an easy job except when it came to going slow. There were two men on each barge, who came aboard every morning to draw rations. That was a funny business, for we never lay to if

we could help it. There was a dinghy belonging to each barge, and the men used to row to the next to get a lift in that barge's dinghy, and so forth. Six men would appear in the dinghy of the barge nearest to us and carry off supplies for the rest. The men were mostly Frisians, slow-spoken, sandy-haired lads very like the breed you strike on the Essex coast.

It was the fact that Schenk was really a deep-water sailor and so a novice to the job that made me get on with him. He was a good fellow and quite willing to take a hint, so before I had been twenty-four hours on board, he was telling me all his difficulties and I was doing my best to cheer him. And difficulties came thick, because the next night was New Year's Eve.

I knew that that night was a season of gaiety in Scotland, but Scotland wasn't in it with the Fatherland. Even Schenk, though he was in charge of valuable stores and was voyaging against time, was quite clear that the men must have permission for some kind of beano. Just before darkness we came abreast a fair-sized town whose name I never discovered, and decided to lie to for the night. The arrangement was that one man should be left on guard in each barge, and the other get four hours' leave ashore. Then he should return and relieve his friend, who should proceed to do the same thing. I foresaw that there would be some fun when the first batch returned, but I did not dare to protest. I was desperately anxious to get past the Austrian frontier, for I had a half notion we might be searched there, but Schenk took this *Sylvesterabend* business so seriously that I would have risked a row if I had tried to escape.

The upshot was what I expected. We got the first batch aboard about midnight, blind to the world, and the others straggled in at all hours next morning. I stuck to the boat for obvious reasons, but next day it became too serious, and I had to go ashore with the captain to try and round up the stragglers. We got them all in but two, and I am inclined to think these two had never meant to come back. If I had a soft job like a river-boat I shouldn't be inclined to run away in the middle of Germany with the certainty that my best fate would be to be scooped up for the trenches, but your Frisian has no more imagination than a haddock. The absentees were both watchmen from the barges, and I fancy the monotony of the life had got on their nerves.

The captain was in a raging temper, for he was short-handed to begin with. He would have started a press-gang but there was no superfluity of men in that township, nothing but boys and grandfathers. As I was helping to run the trip I was pretty annoyed also, and I sluiced down the drunkards with icy Danube water, using all the worst language I knew in Dutch and German. It was a raw morning, and as we raged through the river-side streets I remember I heard the dry crackle of wild geese going overhead, and wished I could get a shot at them. I told one fellow—he was the most troublesome—that he was a disgrace to a great Empire, and was only fit to fight with the filthy English.

"God in Heaven," said the Captain, "we can delay no longer. We must make shift the best we can. I can spare one man from the deck hands and you must give up one from the engine-room."

That was arranged, and we were tearing back rather short in the wind, when I espied a figure sitting on a bench beside the booking-office on the pier. It was a slim figure, in an old suit of khaki, some cast-off duds which had long lost the semblance of a uniform. It had a gentle face, and was smoking peacefully, looking out upon the river and the boats and us noisy fellows with meek philosophical eyes. If I had seen General French sitting there and looking like nothing on earth I couldn't have been more surprised.

The man stared at me without recognition. He was waiting for his cue.

I spoke rapidly in Sesutu, for I was afraid the Captain might know Dutch.

"Where have you come from?" I asked.

"They shut me up in *trunk*," said Peter, "and I ran away. I am tired, Cornelis, and want to continue the journey by boat."

"Remember you have worked for me in Africa," I said. "You are just home from Damaraland. You are a German who has lived thirty years away from home. You can tend a furnace and have worked in mines."

Then I spoke to the Captain.

"Here is a fellow who used to be in my employ, Captain

Schenk. It's almighty luck we've struck him. He's old and not very strong in the head, but I'll go bail he's a good worker. He says he'll come with us and I can use him in the engine-room."

"Stand up," said the Captain.

Peter stood up, light and slim and wiry as a leopard. A sailor does not judge men by girth and weight.

"He'll do," said Schenk, and the next minute he was readjusting his crews and giving the strayed revellers the rough side of his tongue. As it chanced, I couldn't keep Peter with me, but had to send him to one of the barges, and I had the chance of no more than five words with him, when I told him to hold his tongue and live up to his reputation as a half-wit. That accursed *Sylvesterabend* had played havoc with the whole outfit, and the Captain and I were weary men before we got things straight.

In one way it turned out well. That afternoon we passed the frontier, and I never knew it till I saw a man in a strange uniform come aboard, who copied some figures on a schedule, and brought us a mail. With my dirty face and general air of absorption in duty, I must have been an unsuspecting figure. He took down the names of the men in the barges, and Peter's name was given as it appeared on the ship's roll—Anton Blum.

"You must feel it strange, Herr Brandt," said the Captain, "to be scrutinised by a policeman, you who give orders I doubt not to many policemen."

I shrugged my shoulders. "It is my profession. It is my business to go unrecognised often by my own servants." I could see that I was becoming rather a figure in the captain's eyes. He liked the way I kept the men up to their work, for I hadn't been a nigger-driver for nothing.

Later on that Sunday night we passed through a great city, which the captain told me was Vienna. It seemed to last for miles and miles, and to be as brightly lit as a circus. After that we were in big plains and the air grew perishingly cold. Peter had come aboard once for his rations, but usually he left it to his partner, for he was lying very low. But one morning—I think it was January 5th, when we had passed Buda, and were moving through great sodden flats just sprinkled with snow—the Captain took it into his head to get me to overhaul the barge-loads. Armed with a mighty type-written list, I made a tour of the barges, beginning with the hindmost. There was a fine old stock of deadly weapons—mostly machine guns and some field-pieces, and enough shells to blow up the Gallipoli peninsula. All kinds of shell were there from the big 14-inch crumps to rifle grenades and trench mortars. It made me sick to see all these goods things preparing for our own fellows, and I wondered whether I would not be doing my best service if I engineered a big explosion. Happily I had the common sense to remember my job and my duty to stick to it.

Peter was in the middle of the convoy, and I found him pretty unhappy, principally through not being allowed to smoke. His companion was an ox-eyed lad whom I ordered to the look-out, while Peter and I went over the lists.

"Cornelis, my old friend," he said, "there are some pretty toys here. With a spanner and a couple of clear hours I could make these maxims about as deadly as bicycles. What do you say to a try?"

"I've considered that," I said, "but it won't do. We're on a bigger business than wrecking munition convoys. I want to know how you got here."

He smiled with that extraordinary Sunday school docility of his.

"It was very simple, Cornelis. I was foolish at the café, but they have told you of that. You see I was angry and did not reflect. They had separated us and I could see would treat me as dirt. Therefore my bad temper came out, for, as I have told you, I do not like Germans."

Peter gazed lovingly at the little bleak farms which dotted the Hungarian plain.

"All night I lay in *tronk* with no food. In the morning they fed me, and took me hundreds of miles in a train to a place which I think is called Neuburg. It was a great prison, full of English officers. . . . I asked myself many times on the journey what was the reason of this treatment, for I could see no sense in it. If they wanted to punish me for insulting them they had the chance to send me off to the trenches. No one could have objected. If they thought me useless they could have turned me back to Holland. I could not have stopped them. But they treated me as if I were a dangerous man, whereas all their conduct hitherto had shown that they thought me a fool. I could not understand it."

"But I had not been one night in that Neuburg place before I found out the reason. They wanted to keep me under observation as a check upon you, Cornelis. I figured it out this way. They had given you some very important work which required them to let you into some big secret. So far good. They evidently thought much of you, even you Stumm man, though he was as rude as a buffalo. But

they did not know you fully and they wanted a check on you. That check they found in Peter Pienaar. Peter was a fool, and if there was anything to blab, sooner or later Peter would blab it. Then they would stretch out a long arm and nip you short, wherever you were. Therefore they must keep old Peter under their eye."

"That sounds likely enough," I said.

"It was God's truth," said Peter. "And when it was all clear to me I settled that I must escape. Partly because I am a free man and do not like to be in prison, but mostly because I was not sure of myself. Some day my temper would go again, and I might say foolish things for which Cornelis would suffer. So it was very certain that I must escape."

"Now, Cornelis, I noticed pretty soon that there were two kinds among the prisoners. There were the real prisoners, mostly English and French, and there were humbugs. The humbugs were treated apparently like the others, but not really, as I soon perceived. There was one man who passed as an English officer, as a French Canadian, and the others called themselves Russians. None of the honest men suspected them, but they were there as spies to hatch plots for escape and get the poor devils caught in the act, and to worm out confidences which might be of value. That is the German notion of good business. I am not a British soldier to think all men gentlemen. I know that amongst men are desperate skellums, so I soon picked up this game. It made me very angry but it was a good thing for my plan. I made my resolution to escape the day I arrived at Neuburg, and on Christmas day I had a plan made."

"Peter, you're an old marvel. Do you mean to say you were quite certain of getting away whenever you wanted?"

"Quite certain, Cornelis. You see I have been wicked in my time and know something about the inside of prisons. You may build them like great castles, or they may be like a backveld *tronk*, only mud and corrugated iron, but there is always a key and a man who keeps it, and that man can be bested. I knew I could get away, but I did not think it would be so easy. That was due to the bogus prisoners, my friends the spies."

"I made great pals with them. On Christmas night we were very jolly together. I think I spotted every one of them the first day. I bragged about my past and all I had done, and I told them I was going to escape. They backed me up and promised me help. Next morning I had a plan. In the afternoon, just after dinner, I had to go to the Commandant's room. They treated me a little differently from the others, for I was not a prisoner of war, and I went there to be asked questions and to be cursed as a stupid Dutchman. There was no strict guard kept there, for the place was on the second floor, and distant by many yards from any staircase. In the corridor outside the Commandant's room there was a window which had no bars, and four feet from the window the limb of a great tree. A man might reach that limb if he were active as a monkey and might descend to the ground. Beyond that I knew nothing, but I am a good climber, Cornelis."

"I told the others of my plan. They said it was good, but no one offered to come with me. They were very noble; they declared that the scheme was mine and I should have the fruit of it, for if more than one tried detection was certain. I agreed and thanked them—thanked them with tears in my eyes. Then one of them very secretly produced a map. We planned out my road, for I was going straight to Holland. It was a long road, and I had no money, for they had taken all my sovereigns when I was arrested, but they promised to get a subscription up among themselves to start me. Again I wept tears of gratitude. This was on Sunday, the day after Christmas. I settled to make the attempt on the Wednesday afternoon."

Now, Cornelis, when the Lieutenant took us to see the British prisoners, you remember, he told us many things about the ways of prisons. He told us how much they loved to catch a man in the act of escape, so that they could use him harshly with a clear conscience. I thought of that and calculated that now my friends would have told everything to the Commandant, and that they would be waiting to bottle me on the Wednesday. Till then I reckoned I would be slackly guarded for they would look on me as safe in the net.

"So I went out of the window next day. It was the Monday afternoon. . . ."

"That was a bold stroke," I said admiringly.

"The plan was bold but it was not skilful," said Peter modestly. "I had no money beyond seven marks, and I had but one stick of chocolate. I had no overcoat and it was snowing hard. Further I could not get down the tree, which had a trunk as smooth and branchless as a blue gum. For a little I thought I should be compelled to give in, and I was not happy."

"But I had leisure, for I did not think I would be missed before nightfall, and given time a man can do most things."

By and by I found a branch which led beyond the outer wall of the yard and hung above the river. This I followed and then dropped from it into the stream. It was a drop of some yards and the water was very swift so that I nearly drowned. I would rather swim the Limpopo, Cornelis, among all the crocodiles, than that icy water. Yet I managed to reach the shore and get my breath lying in the bushes.

"After that it was plain going, though I was very cold. I knew that I would be sought on the northern roads, as I had told my friends, for no one would dream of an ignorant Dutchman going south away from his kinsfolk. But I had learned enough from the map to know that our road lay south-east and I had marked this big river."

"Did you hope to pick me up?" I asked.

"No, Cornelis. I thought you would be travelling in first class carriages while I should be plodding on foot. But I was set on getting to the place you spoke of—how do you call it?—Constant Nople—where our big business lay. I thought I might be in time for that."

"You're an old Trojan, Peter," I said, "but go on. How did you get to that landing-stage where I found you?"

"It was a hard journey," he said, meditatively, "It was not easy to get beyond the barbed wire entanglements which surrounded Neuburg—yes, even across the river. But in time I reached the woods and was safe, for I did not think any German could equal me in wild country. The best of them, even their foresters, are but babes in veldcraft compared with such as me. . . . My troubles came only from hunger and cold. Then I met a Peruvian simouse,* and sold him my clothes and bought from him these. I did not want to part with my own, which were better, but he gave me ten marks on the deal. After that I went into a village and ate heartily."

"Were you pursued?" I asked.

"I do not think so. They had gone north, as I expected, and were looking for me at the railway stations which my friends had marked for me. I walked happily and put a bold face on it. If I saw a man or woman look at me suspiciously I went up to them at once and talked. I told a sad tale and all believed it. I was a poor Dutchman travelling home on foot to see a dying mother, and had been told that by the Danube I should find the main railway to take me to Holland. There were kind people who gave me food, and one woman gave me half a mark, and wished me God speed. . . . Then on the last day of the year I came to the river and found many drunkards."

"Was that when you resolved to get on one of the river boats?"

"Ja, Cornelis. As soon as I heard of the boats I saw where my chance lay. But you might have knocked me over with a straw when I saw you come on shore. That was good fortune, my friend. . . . I have been thinking much about the Germans and I will tell you the truth. It is only boldness that can baffle them. They are a most diligent people. They will think of all likely difficulties, but not of all possible ones. They have no imagination. They are like steam engines which must keep to prepared tracks. There they will hunt any man down, but let him trek for open country and they will be at a loss. Therefore boldness, my friend, for ever boldness. Remember as a nation they wear spectacles, which means that they are always peering."

¶Peter broke off to gloat over the wedges of geese and the strings of wild swans that were always winging across those plains. His tale had bucked me up wonderfully. Our luck had held beyond all belief, and I had a kind of hope in the business now that had been wanting before. That afternoon, too, I got another fillip.

I came on deck for a breath of air and found it pretty cold after the heat of the furnace room. So I called to one of the deck hands to fetch me up my cloak from the cabin—the same I had bought that first morning in the Grief village.

"*Der grün mantel*:" the man shouted up, and I cried "Yes." But the words seemed to echo in my ears, and long after he had given me the garment I stood staring abstractedly over the bulwarks.

His tone had awakened a chord of memory, or, to be accurate, it had given emphasis to what before had been only blurred and vague. For he had spoken the words which Stumm had uttered behind his hand to Gaudian. I had heard something like "Unmantle," and could make nothing of it. Now I was as certain of those words as of my own existence. They had been "*Grün mantel*" *Grün mantel*, whatever it might be, was the name which Stumm had not meant me to hear, which was some talisman for the task I had proposed, and which was connected in some way with the mysterious von Einem.

This discovery put me in high fettle. I told myself that, considering the difficulties, I had managed to find out a wonderful amount in a very few days. It only shows what a man can do with the slenderest evidence if he keeps chewing and chewing it. . . .

Two mornings later we lay alongside the quays at Belgrade and I took the opportunity of stretching my legs. Peter had come ashore for a smoke, and we wandered among the battered riverside streets, and looked at the broken arches of the great railway bridge which the Germans were working at like beavers. There was a big temporary pontoon affair to take the railway across, but I calculated that the main bridge would be ready inside a month. It was a clear, cold, blue day, and as one looked south one saw ridge after ridge of snowy hills. The upper streets of the city were still fairly whole, and there were shops open where food could be got. I remember hearing English spoken, and seeing some Red Cross nurses in the custody of Austrian soldiers coming from the railway station.

It would have done me a lot of good to have had a word with them. I thought of the gallant people whose capital this has been, how three times they had flung the Austrians back over the Danube, and then had only been beaten by the black treachery of their so-called allies. Somehow that morning in Belgrade gave both Peter and me a new purpose in our task. It was our business to put a spoke in the wheel of this monstrous bloody Juggernaut that was crushing out the little heroic nations.

We were just getting ready to cast off when a distinguished party arrived at the quay. There were all kinds of uniforms—German, Austrian and Bulgarian, and amid them one stout gentleman in a fur coat and a black felt hat. They watched the barges up anchor, and before we began to jerk into line I could hear their conversation. The fur coat was talking English.

"I reckon that's pretty good noos, General," it said. "If the English have run away from Gally-poly we can use these noo consignments for the bigger game. I guess it won't be long before we see the British Lion moving out of Egypt with sore paws."

They all laughed. "The privilege of that spectacle may soon be ours," was the reply.

I did not pay much attention to the talk, indeed I did not realise till weeks later that that was the first tidings of the great evacuation of Cape Helles. What rejoiced me was the sight of Blenkiron, as bland as a barber among those swells. Here were two of the missionaries within reasonable distance of their goal.

(To be continued)

The Real Mexico

Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, whose husband was in charge of the American Embassy in Mexico City from October, 1913, to April, 1914, tells a stirring tale in *A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico* (Harper and Brothers, New York and London). The book consists of a series of letters, describing very intimately not only life as it went at the Embassy, but also the life of the city and the Mexican people, whom the writer evidently regarded with real affection.

The central figure of the story—if such a tangled story as that of Mexico in these troubled days can be said to have a central figure—is that of Victoriano Huerta, who shows in a different light from that in which he is generally regarded. An autographed portrait which is included in the book shows him as a clever, strong, and not unkindly figure, and so the text describes him. The story is one long record of fear and uncertainty—would America intervene, and when? is the note of nearly every page, up to the time when Admiral Fletcher's men landed at Vera Cruz and produced a transitory and illusory settlement. The story of the landing of the American force is one that has already been told many times. One's main interest in this book is in the unsettled and sometimes dangerous days that preceded the landing.

Certain figures that have since become historic came in contact with the writer, among them Admiral Cradock, who, two years or more before his death, off the coast of Chile, dined at the American Embassy in Mexico City, as is here recorded. But the writer has accomplished more than a mere record; she has made her places and people real to the reader, and has given an intimate and vivid account of Mexico of to-day. Her sympathies with people of the country and her habit of looking at both sides of a question, give to this series of letters a very human appeal; whether she is writing of a bull-fight in Mexico City, of the desert fighting about Chihuahua, or a dinner at the Embassy, she preserves the same attitude, and thus informs her pages with dramatic simplicity.

*Peter meant a Polish-Jew pedlar.



The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land & Water," Empire House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

For August and Afterwards



The latest raincoat is an improvement on styles that have gone before, being smart and sensible and most becoming

The Right Kind

An improvement on the usual kind of campaigners' collapsible cushion must be chronicled. It is a new sort needing no trouble of blowing up in the usual way, and yet rolling up into the smallest possible compass when not in use. The secret of the whole thing lies in its clever melon shape. Filled with fine down it folds, clips with an elastic and slips readily into a coat pocket. When wanted it springs into shape again and its use to our soldiers is proved by the thanks written to the inventor from all parts of the fighting area.

Given Away

Delightful cigarette cases are being given free gratis and for nothing to every purchaser of five hundred cigarettes. The cigarettes are by a well-known maker and worth buying for themselves, let alone the case.

This is of corded silk in any regimental colours with nine carat gold tops and is the usual case of the kind, there being no hint of advertisement. Five hundred cigarettes will be sent to the Front post paid for 23s. 6d. duty free, or anywhere in the United Kingdom for 30s.

Rimlets

People who have difficulty in buying shoes to precisely fit them round the back of the heel will be delighted with a clever invention known as "Rimlets." Like many clever things it is exceedingly simple. It is a soft minute rubber cushion encased in velvet which can readily be sewn inside the back of a shoe. This means that the shoe heel cannot slip up and down in the aggravating way it generally does, but is tautly held at the back of the foot.

The gain in comfort and ease is immense, and another by no means unimportant point is the added life "Rimlets"

gives to a stocking. The absence of friction prevents the stocking heel from wearing into holes owing to the pressure of the shoe. Rimlets cost the small sum of sixpence a pair and can be had in black, white, or brown.

Best Stockings for Children

For years past a certain firm has had unvaried praise for their hard wearing stockings, and people from the wide world over have dealt here. One of the best stockings they sell is made from wear-resisting yarn, carefully spliced in all the vulnerable parts and guaranteed when bought in quantities of six to last half-a-dozen months.

Children's stockings English made from this same yarn and on the same plan are also sold, and are worth the consideration of every mother. As school stockings they are absolutely unrivalled, owing to their having strongly spliced knees. These stockings are kept in black or tan, their sizes ranging from twos to sixes. A pair costs 1s. 3d., while three pairs are 3s. 8d.

Chemi-Vests

American women have a keen eye for the possibilities in things and are often pioneers of some capital notion. They were sponsors of the chemi-vest, and it was through their example it was first taken up in this country. A chemi-vest is a vest made on such long and full lines that it is to all intents and purposes a chemise and vest rolled into one. It is the most delightful thing in the world to wear, cosy, comfortable, convenient and everything an undergarment should be. With the turn of the year these clever garments get ever more desirable, and women who have not yet indulged in them will do well to send for a catalogue setting forth a list of the various makes.

Health elastic cellular chemi-vests warranted not to shrink are only 2s. 11d., and others made of Interlock Fabric softly woven and of British manufacture are 3s. 3d. Some of ribbed silk and wool beautifully soft and comfortable are at the time of writing but 3s. 11d., though all prices now are subject to the fluctuations of the market.

A Suit to Secure

Some well-made coats and skirts of waterproof tweed or hardwearing cashmere suiting have many points about them. They are of up-to-date Norfolk style, and the belted coat has actually no fewer than four large patch pockets.

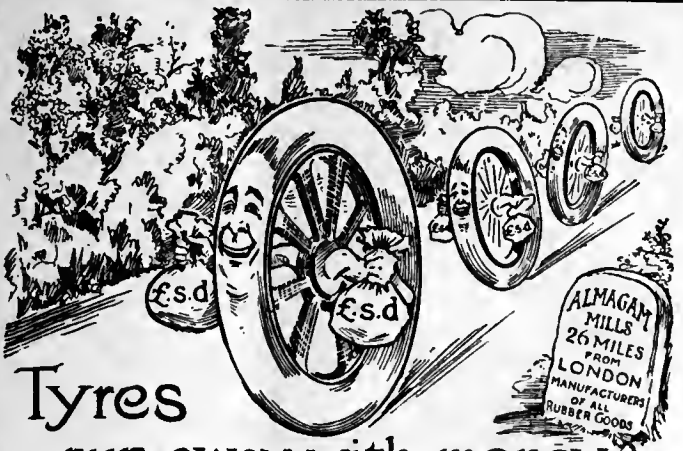
The skirt is short and full, room being allowed for perfect freedom of movement, and both it and the coat are cut with adequate spring at the back.

These coats and skirts being absolutely waterproof are splendid for women spending the major part of their time out-of-doors.

Every detail tending to the comfort of the wearer has been considered, the sleeves being, for instance, tighten-up ones with tabs securing them closer in wind or rain. It is an amazing but happy fact that coats and skirts of this kind can be bought from 70s.



Showerproof and workmanlike, this practical suit is specially designed for the moment and will withstand roughest usage



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875×125	875×105	1 13 1	6 2 0	7 15 9	7 10 2
820×135	820×120	1 11 6	5 5 6	6 6 9	7 4 0
880×135	880×120	1 15 7	6 2 6	7 10 0	6 1 10
920×135	920×120	1 17 0	—	—	—
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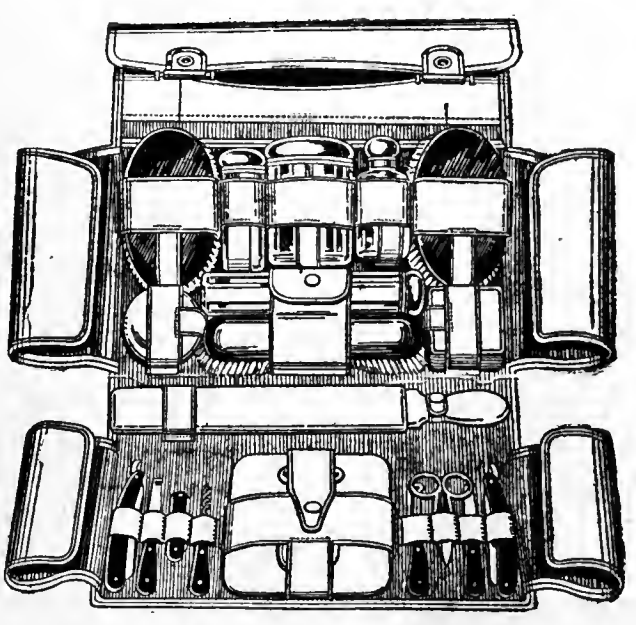
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This is a photograph of Sydney A. Moseley, the famous War Correspondent. "The Looker-on," in a recent issue of "London Opinion," says of him:—

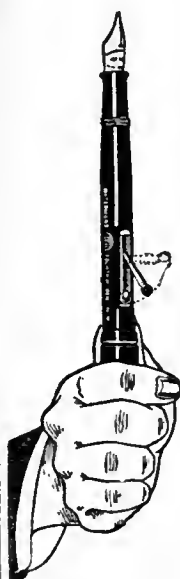
"I am glad to hear that at last we are going to have The Truth About the Dardanelles, anyway. (We shall get it, of course, if we live long enough, from the Commission which has just been appointed to look for it, but I am not referring to that.) Sydney Moseley knows it already, and has written it in a book of that title which Cassell's will publish shortly. Moseley is an able journalist who has worked at his calling in many parts of the world. He went through the Gallipoli Campaign as special correspondent of the Central News and Exchange Telegraph Agency. Before that he had won a reputation as a journalist 'who dared to speak the truth' when he was acting as Egyptian correspondent for several organs at Alexandria, and his book, *With Kitchener to Cairo*, was so outspoken that it was suppressed by the authorities. There are some startling things in his new volume."



PHOTO: NEWS ILLUSTRATIONS CO.

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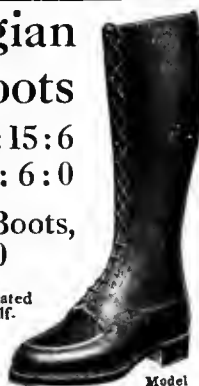
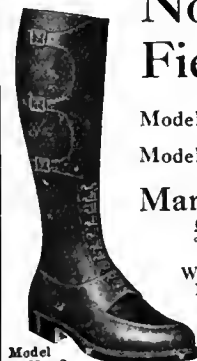
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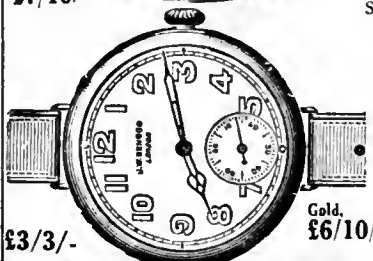
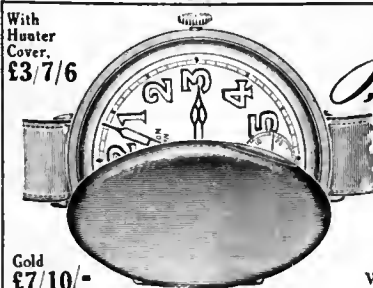
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LAND & WATER

Vol. LXVII No. 2833 [54TH YEAR]

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1916

[REGISTERED AS] PRICE SIXPENCE
[A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY



By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

German Chivalry : The Deportations from Lille

THE "THRESHER" TRENCH COAT

TESTIMONIALS:

The "Field" representative has selected the following letters from the front for publication out of a file containing over a hundred of a similar nature.

June 14, 1916.

After wearing one of your Trench Coats for about a year out here, it was yesterday destroyed by a shell. Please send me, etc., etc. This order will confirm my pleasure with your coat, which I expressed to you not long ago.
Capt., Oxford and Bucks L.I.

Feb. 18, 1916.

No praise of mine could be too high for the coat that keeps out the rain that I ride through in this wet place. The coat has about reached top note; and the only suggestions, etc., etc.
Major, Sherwood Foresters.

July 17, 1916.

Your trench coat which I bought about a year ago continues to be satisfactory, and with the sheepskin lining is superior to the leather clothing issued to officers of the R.F.C.
Capt., Seaforth Highlanders, ott. R.F.C.

Trench Coat with detachable "Kamelcott" lining,
£5 10 0.

Trench Coat, unlined,
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Mounted pattern, 15/6 extra.
Send size of chest and approximate height when ordering.
All sizes in stock.



May 23, 1916.

It might interest you to hear that last night we had a tropical thunderstorm for over four hours, and your coat kept me quite dry.
Lieut.-Col., Manchester Regt.

June 4, 1916.

I may add that since I have had the coat (early last December) I have found it most excellent, and it has certainly lived up to its reputation and kept me both warm and dry.
Lieut., Bedfordshire Regt.

Feb. 21, 1916.

I might tell you that no other raincoat can take the place of your Trench Coat for comfort and protection. As for wear, there is nothing to be said. After nine months of daily use and rough treatment my coat is just as serviceable as when it was new.
Lieut.-Colonel, M.M.G.Bde., Canadians.

June 1, 1916.

Hon. Lady B. requests Thresher and Glenny to send, etc., etc. Her son writes regarding the Thresher Trench Coat that it is absolutely the only coat which keeps out rain. — are quite useless.
K.R.R., Salonika.

Trench Coat with detachable sheepskin lining,
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WORK AFTER THE WAR

ALTHOUGH the war is not nearly ended there is an ever-increasing anxiety with regard to the industrial problems which will arise after the war. Looked at from one point of view the prospect is extremely gloomy. Some millions of men will be discharged from the army, many hundreds of thousands of men and women will be discharged from munition works, and it is not easy to see how this great multitude of ex-employees is immediately to find new employment. Hence we have on all hands a vague demand that something must at once be done by the State to meet these post-war problems. The Socialists are the most definite. They demand that the State shall take over the whole organisation of industry and provide work for everybody at good wages. But no government could possibly undertake, at a moment's notice, the gigantic task of organising all the industries of the United Kingdom. Whatever the Government may do in the way of temporary relief measures, the major part of the organisation of our industries must be left in the hands which now control it. No government official can go out into the world and look for business as a private employer must do if he wants to make a profit for himself and to pay wages to his workpeople. Government organisation of industry for the purpose of providing work for the unemployed always resolves itself into setting a certain number of people to work on unprofitable jobs and paying them wages out of the money made by private persons, both employers and employed. If that process is continued far enough it can only lead to national bankruptcy.

But while dismissing the Socialist demands it is idle to ignore the economic difficulties which will have to be overcome. To deal with all those difficulties within the scope of the present article is impossible, but on one point it is desirable to lay special stress, namely, the artificial difficulties which will be created by the desire of the trade unions to revert to the old practice of restricting output. From one point of view the temptation to restrict output is perfectly intelligible. When a number of men are working on a job, say building a house, they naturally argue to themselves that if they can spin out that job by working at a slow stroke they will secure their own position for a longer period. They do not trouble to reflect that if the cost of producing houses is increased artificially by slow methods of working, fewer houses will be built and fewer house-builders employed. This consideration runs through all our industries, but

unfortunately the relationship between employer and employed is such that very few workmen are able to realise that their permanent interest is to be found in the efficiency of their own labour. The problem arises in an acute form in connection with the fixing of rates for piece-work. The natural impulse of a workman who is working by the piece is to turn out as much work as he can so as to earn the maximum sum per day. But experience has shown that when a workman or a body of workmen begin to earn at piece-work considerably above the normal rate of day wages the employer, or the employer's foreman, will cut the rate so as to bring the men's daily earnings down to about the current daily rate. It is largely because of this danger that workmen agree among themselves that they will not work beyond a certain pace, arguing quite rightly that there is no reason why they should exert themselves if by so doing they earn no more than they can earn when working at a leisurely pace. The necessary result is national loss. The man is not using his faculties to their full power; the employer is not using his machinery and other fixed plant to its full power; the whole cost of production is increased and the country is handicapped in its competition with nations where a more intelligent system of working prevails. Numerous devices have been tried with the object of getting rid of this evil. There is, for example, the premium bonus system, where the firm and the workman agree together upon the length of time that a particular job should occupy and the value of any saving realised by reducing that time is shared equally between the two parties. But even here there is a danger that any zeal displayed by the workmen may accrue to their disadvantage in the fixing of rates for some future job. A more fundamental remedy often advocated is the sharing of profits between employer and employed. This has been done with success in such institutions as gas works and in a few other cases, but it is not a general remedy, and cannot be for this conclusive reason, that the profit of most businesses is more dependent upon the skill of the management in buying and selling than upon the additional amount of energy that the manual worker can put into his work.

The real trouble arises from the lack of confidence between employer and employed. Where complete confidence and good will exist most difficulties can be overcome. If the workpeople know that they will be allowed to enjoy, not merely temporarily but permanently, any increased wages that they can earn by increased exertion, then they will do their best, and they and the firm and the whole country will prosper accordingly. That is the key to the whole situation. We cannot in fact solve the industrial problem except by moral forces. Unless we can create a mutual understanding between employer and employed no material reforms will be of permanent benefit. On the one hand the workman has to realise that his interest lies in doing the best work he can so as to increase to the utmost the output of national wealth; on the other, the employer has to remember that his business is not only to increase material wealth but also to study the health and contentment of the human beings he employs. Much that is now being done to improve industrial conditions will be of permanent value after the war. In scores of munition factories arrangements have been made for the comfort and the convenience of the workpeople that have added to the efficiency of their work and preserved their health. At the same time the definite bargains made to prevent the cutting of piece rates have stimulated men who previously idled away half their days to put forth their full strength. It is on these lines that we have to work after the war in order to secure, on the one hand, economy of production, on the other, the well-being of the producer.

The Nature of the Somme Offensive

By Hilaire Belloc

THE first stroke of the Somme offensive resulted in the gain of a wide belt of territory. There followed after something like a fortnight another stroke which captured yet another belt, but a belt much narrower than the first. Since that date, now five weeks past, the movement on the map, though continuous, has been slight. What do such tactics mean?

The answer to that question is exactly the same as the answer to similar questions that might be asked about the Italian front, the Galician, the Volhynian and the new pressure which is taking place in front of Salonika.

The enemy is at a disadvantage now in every one of the factors that make for final success in war, and he will be at an increasing disadvantage progressively as time proceeds. He is at a disadvantage numerically. He is at a disadvantage further in the quality of the last men whom he can call up as drafts. He is at a disadvantage in munitionment; and though the offensive is so far slight in this factor it is increasing. He is at a disadvantage for his civilian maintenance in food and clothing and every necessary. He is strategically at a disadvantage, for the Allied superiority has now given them the initiative.

Under such circumstances the whole plan of the Allies is a united, consistent and increasing pressure.

When the British forces exercise their "pressure" between Guillemont and Thiepval, when their Commander sends us news of so many hundred yards of trench taken here and there, of a depth of so much being taken upon a front of so much, we know from the casualty lists that appear what a price is being paid. What we must remember is that these efforts are exacting a price from the enemy which he also has to pay, and which he can far less afford to pay.

The first and most obvious way in which this price is being exacted is in the necessary losses in the front line fighting. Here it may be said that the offensive presumably loses more than the defensive. Even so the very great numerical superiority of the Allies renders the effort amply worth while.

But there is very much more in the problem than this. Apart from the losses inflicted in the first line of fighting (the continual drifting back of unwounded prisoners, 100 here, 200 there, a thousand, over a thousand, 200 again, and so on day after day), apart from the men killed and wounded but not captured along the line where there is actual contact, you have the effect of artillery continually bombarding the enemy's depots and billets, his communication trenches, his back lines. Here again, one may say "Yes; but he is causing us similar losses." The reply is insufficient. If he had a superiority, or an equality in artillery, and above all in the power of directing his artillery through observation from the air, he would be inflicting upon us similar or greater losses than that which he himself suffers. But the boot is on the other foot. The Allies have the superiority in heavy artillery, in the number of pieces and in their munitionment, and they have a very clear and striking superiority in aerial observation. They are obtaining, with every new fragment of the ridge, opportunities for direct observation as well. So in this factor again the Somme offensive means a heavier loss to the enemy than to the Allies, and a loss which, even were it equal, he could far less afford.

And there is a third factor. It is the factor of concentration, and it is the most important of all.

When you undertake pressure of this kind upon any sector of the front, you at once summon to that sector great forces of the enemy. The fact that the enemy has to wait until he is quite certain what your main effort is and exactly where it will be delivered, enables you at the outset of such operations to achieve immediate and important success, visible upon the map and appreciable in the great number of prisoners captured. Once he is

clear upon the nature and the direction of your blow he rapidly masses forces to meet it. The effect of this special concentration is clear if you can condemn the enemy, who is weakening in numbers, and necessarily becoming more and more inferior to yourself in that respect as time goes on, to concentrate first upon one point, then upon another, then upon a third, and so forth upon an increasing number of points. You compel him to particular and heavy losses in each such point, and you weaken him correspondingly in the sections of the line not for the moment attacked. Every new attack as it develops tries him further and further.

When the process has been carried on to a certain point—not definable exactly in time, but inevitably reached if the process shall continue—he breaks.

That is the doctrine of the great general offensive of 1916, and that is the meaning and value of the Somme offensive in particular, and that is why that offensive continues and will continue, and that is why the longer it continues the worse for the enemy, quite independently of any movement upon the map.

General Effect of Local Pressure.

Let me give a particular example. The enemy has constantly present before us over 20 divisions. He has possibly brought in altogether, counting those sent back to rest and to recruit—the equivalent of 30 or more in the last nine weeks. We know how many German divisions were found available to meet the Russian pressure in the East. They were eleven in number. In the absence of the Somme offensive the German divisions sent south in aid of the Austrians would not have been eleven, they would have been perhaps 26.

You cannot, of course, accurately gauge the pressure upon one sector nor the immediate effect upon another. The effect is general. Evert attacking Baranovitchi prevented Hindenburg from sending units south, just as much as the Allies in the West prevented the German units from being sent eastward.

The prettiest working model of the system was, of course, the swing eastward of General Cadorna's force, which broke the Isonzo front a fortnight ago, and which I write of elsewhere in this number. My readers will there see the diagram in which I show what the concentration of 18 Austrian divisions in the Trentino meant. The Italians counter-concentrated and stopped the Trentino offensive. But, meanwhile, that offensive had weakened the Austrian line upon the Isonzo. The Italian superiority in numbers, coupled with the smoothness and rapidity with which the Italians worked their railway communications, swung a great body suddenly from west to east. It appeared on the Isonzo front before the Austrians could counter-concentrate there and broke it.

The effect of pressure in one place in producing weakness in another place was here exemplified over a distance of not more than 200 or 300 miles upon the exterior lines, and of not more than a hundred or so on the interior, but the principle is exactly the same, whether it is a question of a hundred miles or a thousand or 2,000 miles. The Italian pressure, visible and striking when the Isonzo front broke, was almost equally valuable at a moment when there was still no movement upon the map. It was felt upon the Austrian front in the north and was an integral factor in Brussilov's success, just as Brussilov's pressure was a factor in the Italian success and in ours.

That is the way for each of the belligerent Allies to record the sacrifice and the objects of its own department. And the more public opinion recognises this truth, the more probably hopeful it will be of a result which is inevitably and mathematically dependent upon the growing superiority of those whom the Central Empires challenged two years ago when *their* victory seemed to be an equally certain matter of a few weeks.

The False Analogy with Verdun

The errors liable to arise with regard to the Allied offensive upon the Somme front may be very well regarded under the heading, or the statement, that one hears made often enough and which seems to sum up all those errors in itself.

That statement is to the effect that "it is Verdun over again." The resemblance is exactly of that superficial sort which is the most dangerous we can use in the present phase of the war.

The superficial resemblance consists, of course, in the necessary sequence of events in both cases. As I have just said, one opponent cannot fully concentrate against the blow of another until he knows exactly where and with what strength that blow is going to fall. Therefore, the first blow captures many prisoners and guns and a large belt of front. Then the counter-concentration takes place and the battle changes in character. Progress measured in ground is slow. The prisoners are captured in batches instead of wholesale, etc.

But when one has pointed out such obvious similarities the rest of the comparison entirely fails. It does more than merely fail as a comparison, for Verdun is the very opposite and complement of the Somme offensive. The enemy attack at Verdun was made as a last great offensive before the tide should turn in munitionment and before the equipment of the Russians should be advanced. The Somme offensive was undertaken as one of many increasing offensives which the superiority of the Allies now permits them. Verdun was a gamble which had to succeed fairly quickly or to fail altogether, and the cost of its failure much more than it was worth. The Somme offensive is something which as it lasts continues to exhaust an enemy whose whole object now is to delay his exhaustion.

The Verdun offensive was undertaken *against* a salient, and as it proceeded flattened that salient and the French defensive line got shorter and shorter.

The Somme offensive was undertaken *from within* a salient, it has extended that salient, and as it proceeds the German line gets longer and longer and therefore more difficult to hold.

Strongest of all is the political contrast.

Verdun was perhaps originally, but certainly after the first few months, fatally attached to a political object, with which the enemy ought never to have got himself entangled. Because there happened to be behind the particular sector which he attacked a town, no longer in any sense a fortress, but one which had been a famous fortress in the past, the "taking of Verdun" became a catchword. It ran throughout neutral countries. It had some effect even upon belligerent opinion among the Allies. We know from prisoners that that catchword was erected into a sort of fetish throughout the rank and file at least of the German Army. The German Higher Command knew how false it was, and after having instructed the German press for some weeks to prophesy the "taking of Verdun," it tried to call the dogs off and to prophesy that nothing was toward except the gradual exhaustion of the French forces. But it was too late. All the world was now looking on at what they thought was the spectacle of the fall of a fortress, and Germany, at a moment when the economy of her men was essential to her, was compelled to continue.

It is exceedingly lucky for the Allies that there does not happen to lie behind the Somme sector any particular town with an historical reputation as a fortress. All the world can see that the Allies are not pressing to "take" anything at all. But to extend the German front, to compel the existing German concentration against them, thereby at once doing all the work that is required upon that particular sector directly, and indirectly every other sector upon the now united front of 2,000 miles.

There is much more than this. The German heavy artillery at Verdun was, on the whole, superior to the French, but the Allied gun power on the Somme sector is overwhelmingly superior to the enemy gun power in the same sector. We shall never know until peace gives us the statistics (if then) all the cumulative and tremendous effect this ceaseless intensive shelling upon a totally new scale is having upon the Germans behind this front.

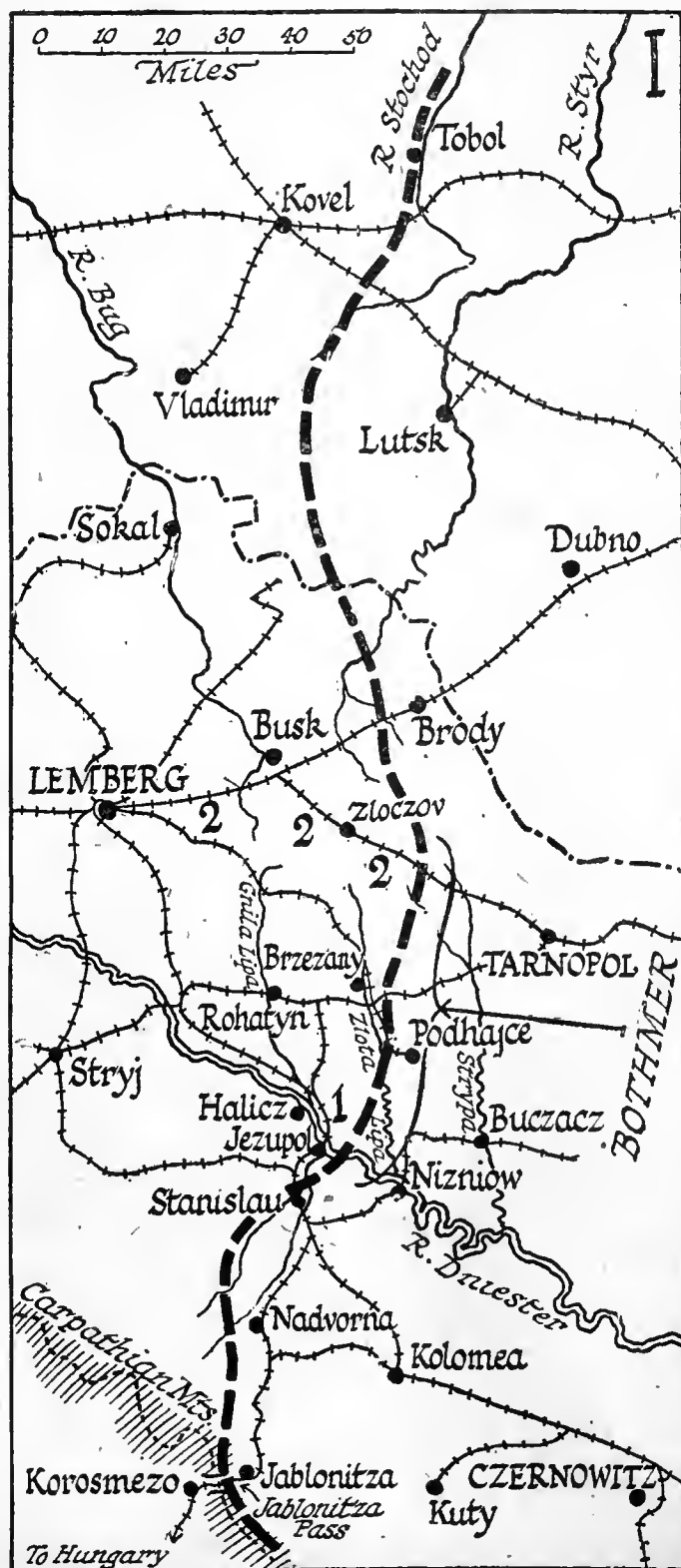
In a word, Verdun, as it proceeded, led the Germans more and more towards disaster. The battle was already

won upon April 9th. Its continuation was the continuation of an experiment to which the German Higher Command wished they had never been tempted, and which will prove the turning point of the later war. Verdun was the entry into the last phase of the war.

The Somme was not an experiment. It was a plan deliberately undertaken, which has been deliberately conducted and with continuous success. It was the entry of the Allies on their side into the last phase of the war. And the last phase of the war is the increasing predominance of the Allied forces over those of the enemy.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

On the Russian front there has been little change. The readers of these columns are already familiar with the line of the Strypa from which the enemy's last unmoved army under Bothmer has retired and the line of the Zlota Lipa, the middle and upper reaches of which he is still attempting to hold, the lower part of which he has abandoned. What is clear is the concentration the enemy has effected to defend the approaches of Halicz at (1) upon Bothmer's southern flank, and the vital railway at (2) upon his northern. He still continues successful in that defence and we may take it



that the mass of Bothmer's forces are still retiring in order to consolidate themselves upon some better line behind (I have suggested the Gnila Lipa) in place of that imperfect line upon the centre of which they are still fighting a rearguard action.

There is some danger that the Russian effort in the Carpathians may be misunderstood. It is not true that the Russian forces are yet—at least at the moment of writing and according to the last advices—over the Hungarian border. They occupy the village of Jablonitz, which lies at the foot of the pass upon the Galician side. They are struggling towards and hope to obtain the dominating heights on either side of the pass. These once held they will threaten Korosmezo, the first village upon the Hungarian side beyond the summit, but so far the summit has not fallen into their hands. That is, it was not in their hands last Sunday, after which date no news has yet reached us.

Upon the Stokhod line in front of Kovel our Allies are still fighting for the whole river. They have had some success in the lower reaches, seizing Tobol upon the Western side, and one or two other points, but there was no appreciable advance during the past week in this region.

The critical point still remains the front before Halicz and the railway approach to Jezupol, where the Gnila Lipa falls into the Dnieper.

If the lower reaches of the Gnila Lipa are passed by the Russians the whole of that river as a defensive line is in jeopardy, and it seems obvious from the movements of the enemy—as I have suggested—that the Gnila Lipa is what he is really depending upon for his defensive line in this region.

Turkish Strategy

The military columns of *The Times* did a very great service to the study of the war last week by pointing out the nature of Turkish strategy at this moment, and it is from the point made in the columns of *The Times* that I draw the conclusion recorded here.

The Turkish forces are reduced now to 42 nominal divisions, but we are fairly certain that a great part of these—though in what degree we cannot tell—are below full strength. There may be three-quarters of a million under arms—say 400,000 bayonets—or there may be less. A figure often quoted, I know not on what authority, is 650,000 for the total force at the present moment. But at any rate these Turkish armies, which time must rapidly decrease, are being used at the present moment in a fashion which is fairly clear.

After the loss of Erzerum, succeeded by the loss of

Trebizond, it was determined for the moment to abandon Central and Northern Armenia. The railhead by which this district could be supplied was distant; even though it may have been prolonged beyond Angora in the course of the war, it did not, I believe, reach Sivas. Trebizond was an excellent gate of supply as long as it was in Turkish hands: in spite of the presence of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea communications were maintained along the coast almost to the last, but once Trebizond had gone, maintenance of a great force in the north and centre became difficult, and the bulk of Turkish effort was turned to saving Mesopotamia.

The readers of this journal are acquainted with the strategical situation there. A small Russian force was working down the escarpment of the Persian mountains towards Baghdad. More important Russian forces, but still much less than those employed against Erzerum and Trebizond, were striking south-westward from Mush and Bitlis towards Diarbekr. If they should reach Diarbekr they would already threaten the avenue of Turkish communications in this neighbourhood, which is the railway that now has its railhead perhaps at Nisibin and certainly beyond the old rail head at Ras el Ain.

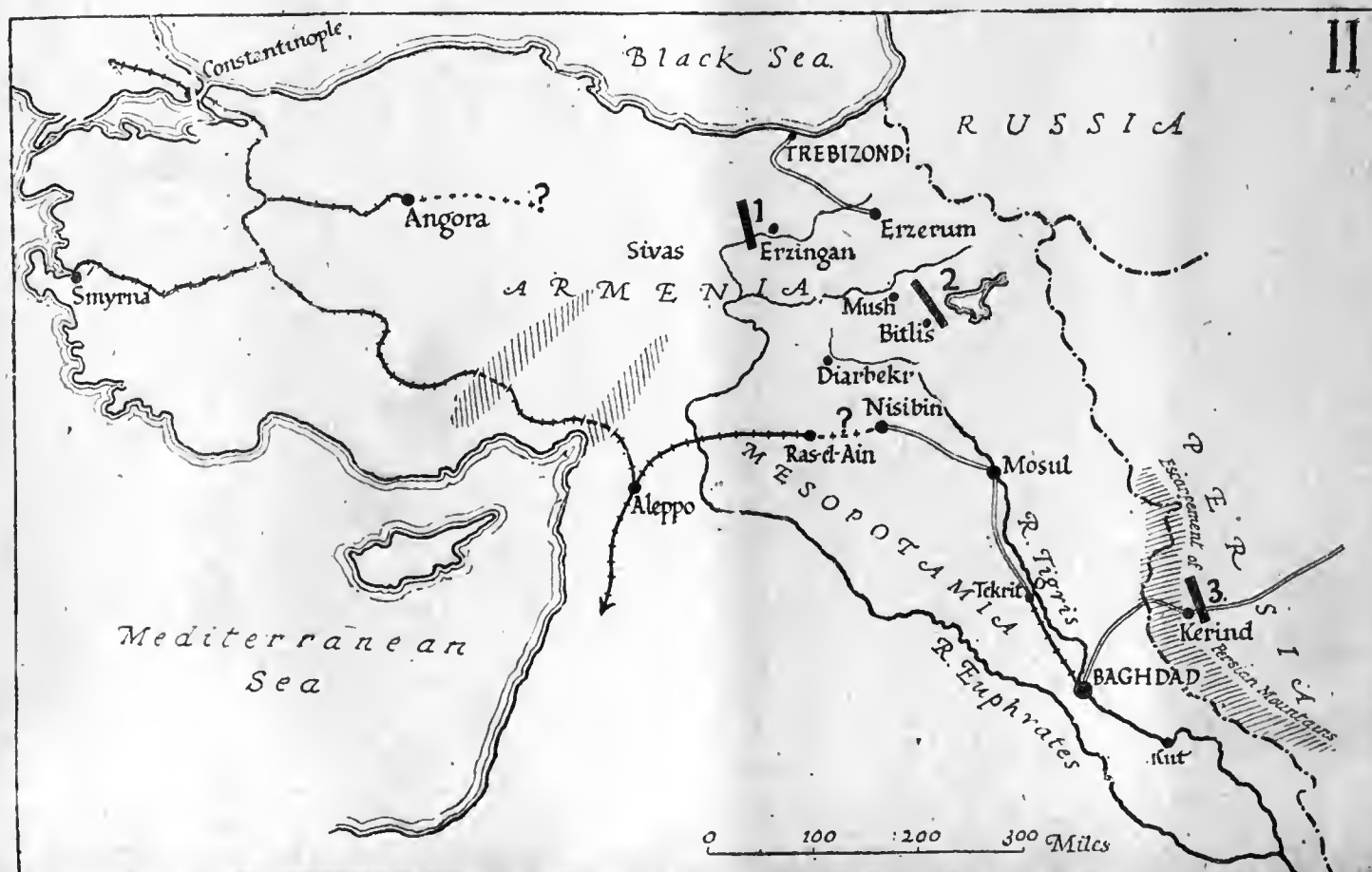
The Turkish command threw very considerable forces forward in front of Diarbekr, and away to the south in front of Baghdad pushed the small Russian force back up the escarpment of the Persian mountains into Persia again and reoccupied the edge of the Persian Plateau.

The forces before Diarbekr meanwhile were also advancing and the inferior Russian forces retired before them until, about a fortnight ago, the Turks reoccupied Mush and Bitlis, the most important centres of this district.

In this situation the detached strategical problem of the East now stands. Three independent Turkish armies stand in three echelons more and more forward to the east as we go from north to south, (1) the northern one uncovers Erzingan, (2) the central one covers Mush and Bitlis, (3) the southern one covers Baghdad. For the moment the hold of the enemy upon the whole of Mesopotamia and its communications is safe. The political conquest of northern and central Armenia by the Russians appears equally definitive, and the Turks have saved the one district at the expense of the other.

THE SALONIKA FRONT

The Salonika offensive has begun. The counter-offensive of the Bulgarians has immediately followed. Our authorities are of course silent as to the general plan which they propose to develop, but the presence of Russian and Italian troops at Salonika shows the



political importance of the movement. We are almost entirely dependent upon the enemy's version, and what we are now watching is something very like manœuvring for position before a main action.

Meanwhile a sketch map may be useful to help the reader to see what this manœuvring for position has been. Hitherto what has taken place is a preliminary move straight up northward at A on Map III. towards Doiran by the Allies, and an immediate counter-move upon each of the distant wings by the Bulgarians at B, B, and C C on Map III.

The Allies had already thrown outposts as far west as Florina and eastward nearly to the Struma, where they moved for the first time in some strength a week ago and seized the height above Doiran in the centre. The Bulgarian counter-offensive in this region is still struggling

development here on the right of the Allies, came down on to the plain of Kavalla to the east of that Greek town, which was the very test of Greek political success in the last war and the occupation of which was—after Monastir—the chief political object of the Bulgarians in joining the Central Powers.

West of the Vardar upon the other wing, there is another corresponding move southward by the enemy again attempting envelopment, and the Allied advanced posts (which were confided to the Serbians and had been thrown as far as Florina upon the Monastir railway), have fallen back behind Banitza and have also lost from the heights just north of the Ostrovo Lake to the north-east of Banitza. The front last Saturday ran approximately as does the thick black line on Map III.

With the exception of noting these movements no



to recover the points seized and in particular the village of Doljeli, just south-west of Doiran itself and between two and three miles from the shore of the lake. It is a point held by the British. But this enemy work upon the centre is so far only containing. His main strength he has put into the two extremities of his line, which are in rapid movement.

To the east he has advanced down and across the Struma in front of Demir Hissar and Seres. The Greek forces garrisoning certain fortified fronts commanding the issue of the Struma from the mountain gorge of Roupel into the plain retired by order. Further to the east again the Bulgarians, who are clearly attempting en-

velopement here on the right of the Allies, came down on to the plain of Kavalla to the east of that Greek town, which was the very test of Greek political success in the last war and the occupation of which was—after Monastir—the chief political object of the Bulgarians in joining the Central Powers.

Slight and confused as are these opening steps of the campaign, and deliberately reticent as the Allied Command is with regard to its development, we must never forget that it is of the highest possible political importance at this moment, and that on its conduct very largely depends not only the Balkan situation but other matters further to the north.

German Propaganda

THE control of all the enemy forces having now fallen under Berlin for a long time past, we must pay special attention to the form which the German propaganda has taken.

The general plan is this:

To create a universal sentiment that the war can now no longer reach a definite conclusion one way or the other and that therefore a prolongation of hostilities is a useless expense of life and wealth. An expense which can only end by exhausting all Europe to no purpose, and perhaps permanently lowering our civilisation.

The spreading of such an idea has been the whole business of the enemy's agents for a long time past. We have had it in their domestic publications, in their communiqués, official and half official, in their suggestions to the neutral press and in the speeches of their public men.

If such a general sentiment could be diffused it would, of course, exactly suit the enemy's book. We are arrived at that point in the war where the future belongs to us and not to him. On that there is no doubt whatsoever. It is because he knows it just as well as we do that he has striven so industriously (and particularly in the last few weeks) to propagate the idea of a stalemate. He probably saw the present phase coming, although, during the hottest of the Verdun offensive, he called off for a moment the agents of this propaganda in the hope of some striking success in the West. Since Brussiloff's

advance and the grave preoccupation of the Somme offensive he has renewed their activities with peculiar vigour.

The statements have taken all sorts of forms. They have varied with the audiences to which they were addressed; with the friendliness of those who were asked to accept them; with their capacity for being duped, and with the kind of statement upon which they were likely to be duped.

In the American Press, for instance, I have seen over and over again paragraphs alluding to some mysterious "high military authority at Washington" who comes to some perfectly childish conclusion pointing in this direction. Let me take, for instance, a very important organ of the Pacific slope, *The Los Angeles Times* of July 25th: It is not a paper particularly inimical to the Allies or favourable to Germany. It professes to present a candid and impartial view upon the war. I think upon the whole it is the least inimical to our cause of all the press in that region. But I see that it publishes (as usual from "high military authority in Washington") the truly remarkable statement that *the total losses of the German army in a year are only half a million* and that therefore the normal rate of German recruitment amply makes up for casualties! Compared with this enormity the flaring headline in another part of the paper that a great fortress now besieged, called Verdun, will certainly "fall" on August 1st is almost negligible; especially as the latter

statement is straightforwardly ascribed to "Our special correspondent in Berlin."

For European consumption the Bureaux which are at work upon such propaganda and which are controlled in Berlin put forward statements a little less crude. But they are governed by the same idea of suiting themselves to their audience, and I fear that audience must have bad gaps in its instruction and common sense to swallow, as it often does, the matter put before it.

One of the characteristics of such statements is their curious "immobility." It would be less polite, but more vivid to call it "woodenness."

Let me take, for example, what I hope my readers will pardon me for calling in a light phrase, "The Great Two Million Stunt." About the end of last year and the beginning of this, when the Allied commands, and especially the French Intelligence, had completed a number of careful statistical surveys of the situation and were publishing them (one of the principal results showing the true German losses and the falsity of the casualty lists appeared, it will be remembered, in these columns five or six months ago) these German Bureaux launched the statement that the German Empire possessed a reserve of man-power, for drafts to support the armies in the field, amounting to about two million of men.

The odd thing is that through all the tremendous changes which have taken place since the murderous defeat of the enemy before Verdun, with its loss of not less than half a million; the tremendous Russian victories which have by this time put out of action not less than 800,000 men and probably a million (of whom rather less than a fifth have been German; 11 divisions out of 58 was the proportion of Germans to the whole forces engaged); the huge losses upon the Somme—let alone the regular wastage continuing upon fronts of 1,000 miles—the old figure of two million still stood firm as a rock. It bears out what has always been remarked of the German work, that it is eminently mechanical. Somebody asking what figure he ought to put forward was told by his superiors "two million," and that somebody has worked up to the figure conscientiously ever since. He would probably go on working up to it long after peace was signed until he was ordered to stop, after which he would salute and ask for the next command.

These two million first appeared early this year in the statements of the German propaganda in Switzerland. They were then young men all equipped and trained and ready to fall upon us and give the *coup de grace*. In that shape they marched across the pages of one of the English reviews a few months ago in a panicky article by Dr. Dillon, which was the occasion of a leading article in LAND & WATER at the time.

When no one could be got to believe the nonsense in that form any longer, they turned up about six weeks ago from Stockholm as "the estimate of a Swedish expert." They were no longer an existing Army but consisted in a "strategic reserve" of close on half a million with men in training or in the depots to make up the balance.

Now that it is perfectly clear that there is no such strategic reserve—for that is the whole point of the present situation—the immortal two million have taken another form, and those who have most recently been in touch with the German propaganda bureaux in Switzerland tell us that the figure now includes a hypothetical Polish Army and Class 1919—which cannot of course be usefully called up for many months to come. But the point is that the figure "two millions" has got to be hammered in, and hammered in it is so industriously that it unfortunately sticks here and there.

You find it appearing, especially in the writings of those who, in this country, with whatever patriotic motives of spurring on public opinion, think it their duty to emphasise the enemy's strength and warn us against it.

These writers never give us chapter and verse. They never make their public privy to their calculations. They do no more than affirm. But their affirmations do harm because men believe what they see in print.

Let me take a particular instance. A statement from the military column of the *Times* of last Thursday, August 17th.

I have already pointed out in this issue the excellent work of the *Times* in analysing the important point of the Armenian operations this very week; but the error

proceeding from the same pen in the matter of German numbers should not be overlooked, for it is characteristic of the way in which these false statements get round. The words used are as follows:

"The 1917 class has not yet been *extensively* drawn upon for drafts. The 1918 Class *stands behind*. There are the recovered wounded in *large* numbers, as well as the prisoners *many* of whom have been forced to work. With these new resources in view it is unsafe to count upon less than *two million* men still available for drafts."

Here is exactly the sort of thing which does harm. The assertion is based upon four separate clauses. The significant word in each of these clauses I have underlined. They are each of them utterly vague and meaningless in a calculation, and there follows upon them a mere affirmation, the ultimate source of which can be traced to the propagation throughout the world of something which the enemy wants us to believe.

Actual Reserves

The writer accurately sums up the four categories which give the Germans their reserve of man-power. But how those four categories build up two million he makes no attempt to show. Nor can he show it, for in point of fact those four categories make up much less than a million, and this I shall proceed to show.

(1) The 1917 Class has been drawn upon but not "extensively." Quite true. But how much? The 1917 Class would provide at the very most 400,000 men, or rather lads just over or just under 19 years of age. The total number of those presented to the doctor would be about three-quarters of a million. Of these at maturity about 560,000 men at the most would be fit for service of any kind. When very young classes are called the number sent back invariably brings the total available down to less than 50 per cent.—less than 375,000. The 1917 Class would thus add, when it was entirely drafted in, about 8 per cent. to the existing fighting and auxiliary forces. The number of prisoners which have been taken from it is noted, and their proportion to the other prisoners during more than two months past; obviously these youngsters present in the fighting units are exceptional. Most, when drafted, are *first* drafted to "quiet" units. From these figures we may roughly say that about a quarter, or probably more than a quarter of 1917, are by this time incorporated and drawn from the depots. That leaves us a little over a quarter of a million in that category.

(2) The 1918 Class "stands behind." Of course it does. It began to be called up last June in Saxony and the process is still going on. It may provide 360,000. When you are dealing with boys, half of whom are under 18, you have, especially when they are Northerners, to reject a very large proportion. It is true that as they mature the balance will come up in due time, but we are talking of the present moment, and at the present moment you will not get much more than 360,000 in this category.

The two young classes, then, make up at present as a reserve of man-power not yet drafted in something over 600,000, but less certainly than 650,000.

(3) The recovered wounded are "in large numbers." But such a word as "large" is absolutely meaningless unless you know the standard of comparison! The floating population of the hospitals of the German army at this season consists mainly of wounded, for there is very little disease; there is none of the sickness due to fighting in hot climates or to the winter fighting. There is no epidemic that we know of. The average statistics among all belligerents for convalescents is perfectly well known; something over four-fifths are "cured"; about two-thirds leave the hospital as "fit for service," and rather less than half are ultimately able to take up exactly the same service as they left—when I say ultimately, I mean within useful time, which in this case connotes about nine months. This category would give us anything from 200,000 to a quarter of a million. Those who may go to hospital in the future do not enter into the calculation; to count them would be counting the same men twice over.

We have now brought the figure up to some 900,000 at the most.

(4) There remain the prisoners who, by replacing labour within the country, release men for service.

There again the figures are perfectly well known. The enemy hold altogether about two million prisoners. The Allies not quite a million and a half. The command of the sea by the Allies gives them, of course, relief from labour to an indefinite extent, and they can use prisoners, if they choose, exactly as the Germans and the Austrians can. But we are considering the use of prisoners in the particular case of the relief of German numbers. Can this use of prisoners at the present stage of the war appreciably increase those numbers?

Obviously it cannot. It is the plainest common sense that all prisoners who could be used to *replace skilled and absolutely necessary* labour, let alone labour of a more general kind, have already been used long ago. Otherwise Germany would not have had to call already upon her 1918 Class, and otherwise the German organisation would be positively imbecile. Every man sound and passed for service has been sent off long ago. The *indispensables* alone have been kept back and the prisoners—who, a year ago, were nearly as numerous as they are now—have replaced all who can be replaced.

The presence of prisoners has permitted Germany to mobilise something like nine million instead of a little over eight, but its effect on mobilisation has long been past. Her occupation of territory has permitted the increase of munitions, coal, food, etc.; but for increase

of men it has done nothing for a long while past. Her exhaustion and her calling upon boys under 18 (as nearly half the 1918 class is) proves this.

Stretch the real figures and the positive definite calculation as you will, and you cannot get a million of reserve man-power for drafts between this and the next summer season, and those who say you can ought to give one their figures. Where is the other million? No one has ever presented it in a rational analysis, and I do not believe any one can.

One thing Germany could do, and is threatening to do, and that is to empress the Polish population. That would give her another half million at least, and it is the business of the Allies by a sound international diplomacy to make that impossible—for the empressment of Poland could only go with a mutilated Polish constitution, accepted by the Polish people from the enemy in despair of anything better. It is for the Allies to declare positively for the *full* establishment of Poland.

But of resources within herself Germany has not a million in reserve, unless you choose to count any old men, or invalids, or boys which she may (as other Powers have in desperate straits) put into uniform and arms. But that policy is always a gratuitous subvention to one's opponent. The more thoroughly inefficient men you have in any army, the rapidly weaker it gets.

A Study of the Italian Front—III.

The Trentino Adventure

I conclude in this article my study of the Italian front made while I was visiting that front and postponed, so far as this conclusion at least is concerned, to the present number.

It will be convenient to include in this study certain remarks upon the way in which the Austrian breakdown in the Trentino ultimately led to the Italian victory the other day before Gorizia, although I have dealt with the details of this victory in last week's article.

My readers are already familiar with the main lines of the Trentino adventure, which were dealt with week by week as it took place in these columns, but we are able now to see the thing as a whole and to describe it in better proportion than was possible while it was in progress; moreover, it is essential to comprehend it as a whole if we are to understand the present phase of the campaign on the Italian front, and the whole meaning of that front.

It is usually the case in any big strategic experiment that not one opportunity is presented by it but a combination of opportunities. William the Conqueror, for instance, when he encircled London after the Battle of Hastings, not only cut off the seat of Government and largest town from supply, but also incidentally in such a march could seize a string of castles, which cut off the South from the North. He could also in the same plan make certain of the line of the Thames, and on the top of all that he had the political advantage of not directly offending the material interests of the burgesses, upon which he relied, and which a direct attack upon London would have damaged.

Almost every great strategic movement in history has this multiple character. It was so with the plan to break out against the Italians through the Trentino. There was in the first place, and most obvious of all, the

point that here alone one of the main communications of the sector of the Allies ran right in front of the enemy's striking power.

There was in the second place, the fact that the Trentino alone offered something of a gap in that enormous mountain wall, which everywhere else obstructed effort upon either side. The Trentino front was indeed mountainous but it was subsidiary to the main ranges of the Alps and dealt only with their foothills.

There was again the point that a success here would have had the political effect of putting the Austrians within a few days upon the Italian Plain, in occupation of the rich cities of that plain, notably of Verona and Vicenza.

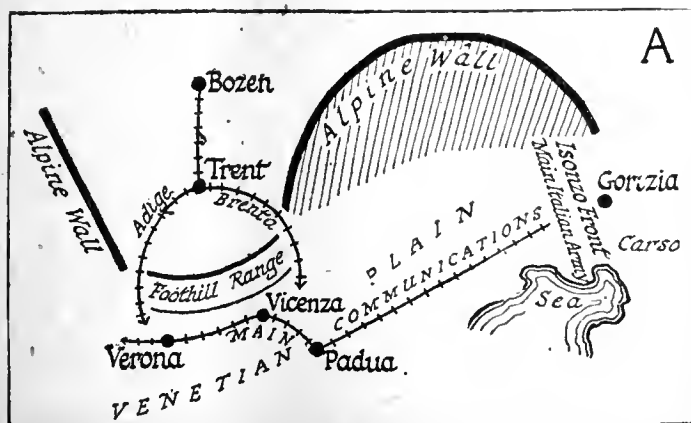
Lastly, there was the fact that an attack here came at a maximum distance from Italian headquarters, and from the main Italian front upon the Isonzo.

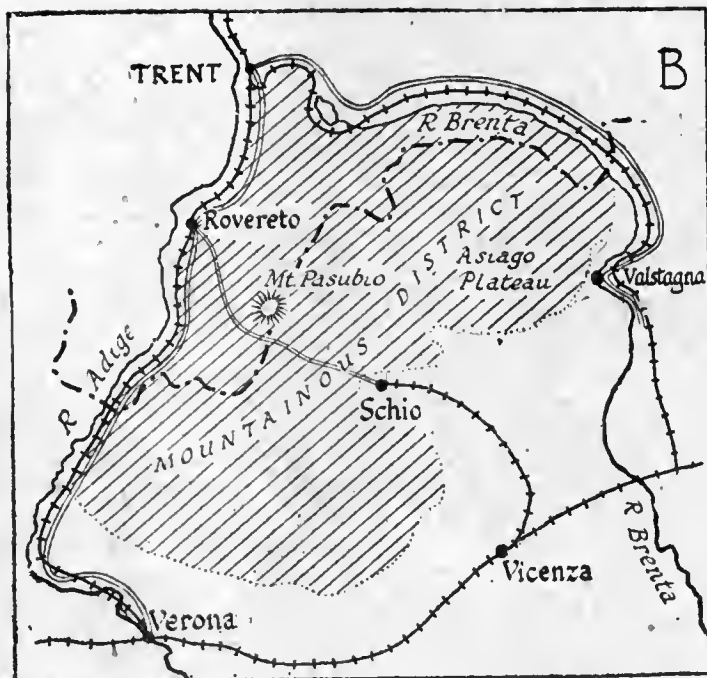
Climatic conditions prevented any considerable action upon this front until the early summer, and the date fixed upon, the middle of May, was the very earliest in which anything could be attempted. The great drawback to the use of the Trentino front was the fact that it depended for its provisionment, for the evacuation of its wounded, for its supply of shell and everything, upon one line of railway, the line leading from Trent to the junction of Franzenfeste. After that point there were two lines, one going through the Pustertahl eastward and the other up northward to Innsbruck, and to the Bavarian and German centres whence, of course, the Austrians drew a great part of their supply, although Italy was not, technically, at war with Germany.

Another drawback which proved in the event much more considerable than was expected at first, was the waterless condition of the Asiago Plateau, which lay overhanging the Italian Plain and formed a sort of half-way step between the higher mountains and the towns and railway communications of Italy.

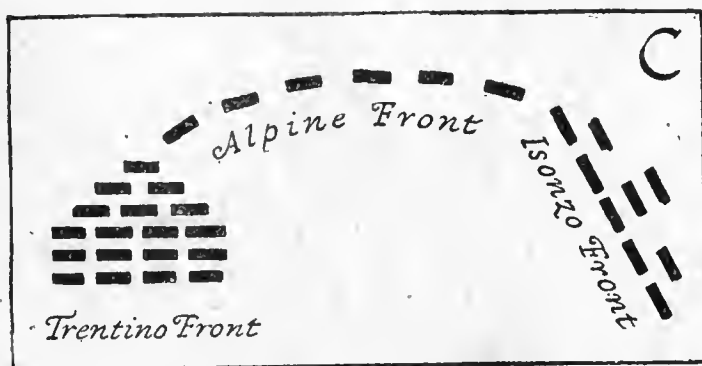
A third drawback was the absence of good communications for an advance. There were two main divergent avenues (I am here repeating in condensed form a great deal that has already appeared in these columns); the great road and railway by the Brenta Valley and the great road and railway by the Adige Valley, both convergent upon Trent. But between the two, over a distance of 40 miles, there was only one good road, the road from Rovereto to Schio, at which latter point a single line led down to the plain.

Poverty of communications, above all the existence of but one line of railway for so long a distance behind the new front, made it necessary for the enemy to depend upon a rapid success; and also made it necessary for him to begin his preparations a long time before he actually attacked. It was incumbent upon him to accumulate a great mass of provisions and shell, for the





country could provide nothing and the single line of railway would bring up nothing sufficient for the vast force during the days when it should be still confined to the mountains. In point of fact, he spent five months in accumulation of food and material, and in massing a prodigious quantity of guns. I have given their number; far more than two thousand, of which about one-half were heavy pieces, from 4-inch upwards, while a considerable proportion—more than 5 per cent. of the whole—were the very heavy pieces that only move by rail. The infantry, which the enemy massed for his effort, counted not less than eighteen divisions. This phrase is meaningless to the reader unless we repeat the rough calculation which gives it value. It means that of the whole available forces of Austria at the moment nearly one-half were present against the Italians before the middle of May, leaving only the larger moiety to hold, with which was believed to be a strict minimum, the front in Volhynia and Galicia a thousand miles away, against the Russians; while of this nearly one-half of the available Austrians gradually massed against Italy, more than a half again, indeed more than nine-sixteenths were here in front of Trent. The reader can put the thing graphically in some rough sketch, such as that which follows, in



which it will be seen how very high was the comparative density of the body about to be launched towards Vincenza and Verona, the Italian Plain, and the main line of the Italian communications. It was more than half of *all* the Austro-Hungarian troops in the south.

Of course, the whole of these 18 divisions had not anything like enough room to deploy. The idea was to attack with about a third of them and, as the losses would be heavy, to keep on pushing up all that remained behind as a reserve, to relieve those units which had suffered most as the fighting proceeded.

At a guess, I should say that the time allowed for between the first launching of the effort and the reaching of good fields of supply below the mountains, a distance of twenty miles was, at the most, a fortnight, and that after the expiration of such a space of time the difficulty of feeding, munitioning, evacuating the wounded from, and in general maintaining a quarter of a million combatants with, say, 180,000 bayonets in such a land would, if the Plain had not been reached, prove too great for further effort.

It was exactly with the middle of May, the 14th of that month, that the first shots of the intensive bombardment were fired. The weight of metal was indefinitely superior to anything the Italians could bring against it and the number of men whose advance was to follow this bombardment was superior in the proportion of about three to one to the troops ready to receive them.

At this point it may be asked why the Austrian attack was thus able to exhibit such a character of surprise? The answer is manifold.

In the first place, every great massed attack in this war has been able to show some element of surprise. The enemy can never completely discover one's plans. For instance, the French attack south of the Somme was undoubtedly a surprise for the Germans during the last great offensive in Picardy. The strength of the German attack at Verdun was a surprise for the French, and so on. No one dares concentrate (and therefore denude other parts of the front), as though he were absolutely sure that the enemy were going to attack in one point and only in that point. A Commander always has to wait and see how the attack develops before he can risk a very heavy counter-concentration.

Next, you have the very fact that the Austrian concentration was conducted by only one railway and one road. It is a paradox, but a truth that this condition which hampered him in his concentration at the same time hampered the observation possible on the Italian side. The slight indications whereby alone one can discover an enemy's movement are multiplied by a large network of roads and railways and diminished by the exiguity of such a system. Again, the highly mountainous character of the country and of communication through the single gorge of the Adige interfered, especially during the early months of the year, with a full observation. It was a country in which air work (and no other observation was possible) is only intermittently at one's service during the winter months.

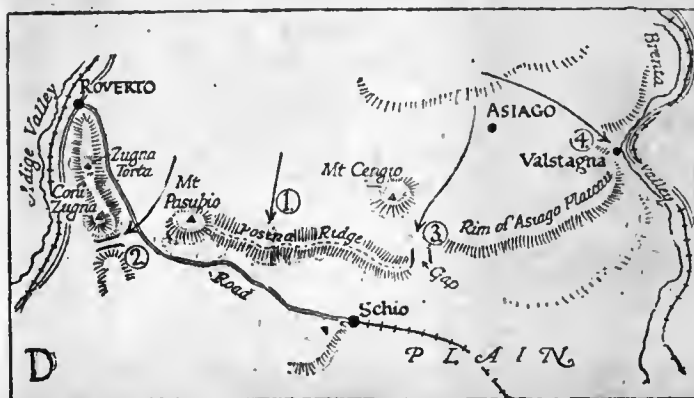
The first Austrian deluge of shell broke the Italian advanced lines in such fashion that they were compelled to retire in the centre to the proximity of the frontier ridge. On the two wings the Italian forces held their own, because it was immediately conceived by the Italian Higher Command that the critical points where resistance was all-important were the valleys of the Brenta and the Adige. Upon the first the Italians yielded but a few hundred yards, falling just behind the town of Borgo. Upon the second they yielded by some three miles.

Not only were the two great avenues thus securely held, but the intermediate opportunity for rapid supply and victualling to the Austrian advance, the Rovereto-Schio road, was blocked chiefly by the tenacious offence of the Pasubio mountain, dominating all the region.

The Austrian offensive after its first burst comprised four main efforts.

- (1) The effort to turn the Pasubio by forcing the Posina Ridge, and so cutting the Rovereto road.
- (2) The effort to seize the pass between the Rovereto Road and the Adige Valley road and railway behind the mountain summit called the Coru Zugna.
- (3) The attempt to get right through by the centre across the Plateau of Asiago, through the depressions in the rim of that plateau, especially the Cengio gap, and so down immediately on to the Plains.
- (4) The effort to turn the Italian positions on the Brenta by getting round on to the Lower Brenta, especially towards Valstagna, to which point a precipitous ravine leads down from the Plateau of Asiago.

All four efforts failed. The Posina Ridge, a sharp,



bare bank, 2,000 feet in height, (1) was never carried. The Pass behind the Coru Zugna (2) was never carried. The approach to the Lower Brenta (4) was held up at the very lip or opening of the dark ravine leading down to Valstagna. But the third mode (3) came nearest to success. The Austrians fought their way across the Plateau of Asiago to the rim of that basin; poured through the cut in the rim below the Cengio, and were, so far as this one column was concerned, within a mile or two of the plain when the tide turned.

The tide turned in the week between June 4th and June 11th, after the Austrian effort had lasted three weeks—too long for its original plan in so wild a country without good communications and without supplies. It is sometimes said that the Russian offensive a thousand miles away, which opened on June 4th, was the cause of the Austrian retirement. I do not believe it. A great machine launched and at work is not halted and reversed thus in a few hours. It is probable that the mere news of the first Russian successes did not reach the Trentino until the 5th, and certainly no dispositions could have been taken for even the beginnings of a retirement for three or four days. What is true is that the Italian and Russian plans were well co-ordinated, and that the Russian pressure fell just at the moment when the Austrian retirement in the Trentino was in full swing, so that the Austrians were suffering their worst losses at the very moment when the drafts they could spare were present upon neither the one front nor the other.

The real reason that the Austrians were checked as from June 4th, and by June 11th could no longer count upon victory in the Trentino, was the rapidity with which the Italian Higher Command had massed its men.

It was exactly the same feature which enabled the counter-stroke of Gorizia to be delivered two months later. I was myself present upon the Italian main line of communication, not indeed during the beginnings of this concentration, but before the end of it. Nothing was more remarkable than the smoothness with which everything worked, and this in its turn was very largely due to the spontaneous co-operation of the civil population. That spontaneous character of effort which you get in Italy, just as you get it in France, is an immense asset on the Allied side in the West against the mechanical organisation of the enemy. Had such a sudden swinging back of troops been made upon the enemy's side, we should have had, I know not what mass of regulations and what swarms of officials herding the civilian population here and there to permit of the movement of troops. There would have been any amount of "efficiency" and "organisation" with a corresponding creaking and blocking of the machine. The Italian people of the Plain took the whole thing fluidly, because they took it intelligently, and because the millioned intelligence of a civilised people takes the place of and does far more than the bullied ordering of a more brutish people.

The great Italian armed mass swung from east to west with the least conceivable disturbance of the civil life of Verona and Vincenza, and of the Plain through which the railway runs; and the spectator was reminded in some sort of the way in which during the Battle of the Marne great masses of men were swung by railway behind the actual line of the fighting and even through the streets of Paris, though the enemy was at the gates of Paris. The whole thing was a great lesson in the connection of dignity, freedom and the military spirit. It was a world asunder from the 'scenes men' have witnessed behind the German lines in occupied Poland and Flanders.

By the middle of June, exactly a month after the first stroke had been delivered, the Trentino offensive was ready to ebb. In the last week of the month it was in full retreat. The enemy was back upon the frontier ridge and his effort was at an end.

Essentially this defeat of the Trentino adventure was a combination of Austrian miscalculation, or rather Prussian miscalculation (for the whole thing was ordered in detail from Berlin and overlooked, even down to the brigades, by Prussian officers), and of an unexpectedly rapid and smooth Italian concentration. It would be an error to imagine the Austrian retirement as taking place under the pressure of an Italian advance. What happened was that it was checked by the Italian concentration, checked for so long that its necessary dependence upon accumulated stores forbade its remaining in the

plateau of Asiago and hence compelled it to retreat on its own initiative.

The consequences of that retreat were very great. Like nearly all the principal military events of the latter part of the war, those consequences developed below the surface as it were, and were not readily appreciated. Yet it is true to say that on account of the Trentino adventure you have the present position in Galicia and beyond the Isonzo. This is not because the Austrians lost heavily. Their total losses will certainly turn out to be far under the estimated 100,000 men when we know the real figures. It is rather because the Trentino was one of those gambles in which there is no hedging. The enemy deliberately bottled up eighteen divisions at the end of one double line of railway and of a single road in a country which could not provision him at all. Of these eighteen divisions at the end of the adventure he only had four left as a local strategic reserve; all the rest had turn and turn about come into action upon that narrow front. He was able to send immediately against the Russians no more than four divisions. Rearguard actions against the Italian concentration kept the equivalent of six to eight divisions constantly in the front line, and he must have had half as much again immediately behind him. In general the Trentino and its failure meant that he could barely add one-eighth, he certainly could not add one-fifth to his effectives on the Eastern front; these, therefore, had to be supplemented by quite nine German divisions between the Pripet and Roumania. This, in its turn, meant that the German strategic reserve, already dwindling, ceased to exist, and that German losses which had been calculated by the German General Staff to remain at a defensive minimum throughout the summer upon the Russian front, had now to share the tremendous rate of losses which the Austrian front was suffering between the Pripet and Roumania.

We have had example after example of this, and one very striking one last week. The five divisions which attempted to stop the advance of the Russian 7th Army, under Letchitsky, were composed, as to nearly half their effectives, of Germans. These Germans had joined the Austrians after the first tremendous blows delivered in the Bukovina. The Germans came in full strength to hold Austrian divisions which were already largely depleted. Therefore, though the Germans were nominally only two divisions out of five, their actual effectives were probably quite half of the whole. Once they had arrived they received the swinging blow which lost Kolomea, then the blow which lost the main road north of it, and the blows which have cleared both banks of the Dniester, turned Bothmer's right flank and compelled his retreat. The mass of the losses here have been German. The troops which tried to stop the Russians on the Koropiecs in its lower reaches were almost entirely German, and it is evidence of what they have suffered that one whole regiment—the third reserve—was entirely wiped out. Every man in it was killed, wounded or taken prisoner. But this sort of thing has been going on everywhere between the Marshes and the Carpathians. It is a concentration of German troops that has suffered so heavily on the Sereth and on the Stokhod, and in general the purely German plan which produced the Trentino fiasco is responsible for a quite unexpected drain upon German numbers in the place and at the time where Prussia least expected and could least afford them.

The failure of the Trentino adventure has had yet another result, for on it directly depends the breakdown of the enemy front in the open country between Gorizia and the Carso, and the contemporary carrying of the Carso escarpment. They could not reinforce this line. The Italian superiority in number held them thoroughly on the Trentino front after they had failed, and at the same time was able to swing masses eastward again and strike unexpectedly upon the Isonzo, in the first third of this month, with the results we now see. All the present ill-posture of the enemy in the south and the east depends upon the Trentino blunder exactly as their ill-posture in the west depends upon the Verdun blunder. These operations were twin operations proceeding from the same brains and based upon the same mechanical strategy of which Prussia is the author. They have between them destroyed the enemy's initiative, and have reduced him to his present position everywhere.

The Establishment of Poland.—II

This series of articles is from a Special Correspondent on the Polish question, which has in the last few weeks become extremely critical. The immediate future of the war on its strategical as on its political side may well turn upon the German project of conscripting Polish troops, and the results of the war will be defined by the settlement of Poland.

THE Polish nation arose like every other national group in Europe, in the Dark Ages—that is, in the period between the gradual and imperceptible dissolution of the Roman Empire—say the 6th and 7th centuries—and the sudden flowering of the Middle Ages, which followed the Crusades and which marks the 12th century.

In those 500 years a chaos of lordships gradually coalesced into groups, which became more and more united and national, and we have at the end of the process clearly defined kingdoms with less clearly defined nationalities attached to their owners: France, Hungary, England, etc.

These great groups did not come together by accident, or through the genius of individual men, but from political affinity, partly of language, partly of custom, partly of race. The Polish unit was formed in the following manner:

Outside the Roman Empire to the East of Europe in the great afforested plains which are watered by mighty and sluggish rivers there was half settled, half still nomadic, a mass of population the common characters of whose speech we now call the Slav. It was not only a speech but something common in the race which gave unity to these millions. They did not affect the sea; they did not use it. Yet the sea bounded them. They stretched from the Black Sea to the Baltic, although along their southern shores Greeks and, later, Mongols barred them off; on their northern side the Scandinavians and fragments of the Turanian races, the Finns.

This vast Slav mass was singularly fluid. It lacked any apparent nucleus of political unity. Such a unity might have gradually grown up, and the various Slavonic languages, so clearly proceeding from a common root, the tongues spoken by the Lithuanians, by what were later the Polish districts, by the various tribes inhabiting what to-day we call Russia, even the southern offshoots of the race, in the Balkans and in Bohemia, might conceivably have grown to make one State and we might to-day have had a great Slavonic Empire stretching half across Europe to the Adriatic, to the Upper Elbe and Lower Oder. The causes that have prevented such a thing developing in history have been two, the first the great Mongol invasion of the Dark Ages, which formed Hungary and cut off the northern from the southern Slavs. The second, and much more important, the diverse religious history of varying portions of its territory.

The capital factor in European development for centuries after the Fall of the Roman Empire was the conversion of men hitherto pagan to Christianity. With that alone are contemporaries concerned.

You will never find the chroniclers troubling themselves about whether a great leader or the men of his armies were "Celts" or "Slavs." The whole concern of all men was the boundary between an outer and menacing barbaric paganism and an inner cultivated Christendom which were perpetually at war, Christendom perpetually expanding, training and teaching the outer barbaric heathendom, ever bringing with it letters, building roads, making laws and civilisation in general.

Thus the Irish missionaries and the Frankish and Gallic soldiers after centuries of effort bring in those of the Germans who are still pagan. The Magyars of Hungary are brought in as late as the 10th century, the Scandinavians a little earlier.

The Slavs had in this connection a curious fate. The Eastern Slavs received their missionaries from the Greek speaking empire. Their alphabet is derived from the Greek as is their religious ritual and the very organisation of their church.

The Western Slavs received their religion not up from the shores of the Black Sea and the valleys of the Dnieper and the Dniester, but eastward from the west and from

the south, from the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The Latin language, the Roman law, the Western ritual, doctrine and religious organisation were those under which they entered Christendom.

The Southern Slavs were divided. One half of them—roughly the half now within the Austro-Hungarian Empire—received the Western influence; the other half—roughly modern Serbia and Bulgaria—the Eastern.

The Slavs of the Bohemian plain, the further western extension of the race, were entirely under the influence of the Roman or Gallic, Western conception of Christian ritual, discipline and doctrine. Not only were their bishops in communion with Rome, but their whole culture was part and parcel of Western things.

To the north and east of the Bohemians another group of Slavs, in the 10th century, about 100 years before the Norman conquest of England, received this Western culture.

The first nucleus of the new State that was about to be formed and to be later called *Poland*, was found in the district Posania; in the valley of that tributary of the Oder which is called the Warta, and in the country side the chief town of which to-day is the Polish town of Posna, of which the German have made "Posen."

From that historical centre Polish unity grew up in a few generations. But this original centre lay far out towards the eastern boundary of the whole group, and the backbone, as it were, of the new Polish State was the river Vistula.

In the third article of this series, which will appear next week, a map will better explain the general position as well as the corresponding difficulties which the geography of Poland has lent to its history.

Roughly speaking, this new Slav State, with its Latin religion and its wholly Western culture, lay in the basin of the Vistula from the Carpathians to the Baltic. To the west it included the valley of the Warta up to, and in places crossing, the Upper Oder, and occupying what to-day we call Silesia. Eastward, the new State or group had a curiously undefined boundary, the nature of which it is very important to grasp, because its lack of precision has affected the whole of Polish history.

In the basin of the Niemen and the marshy and lake district to the east of it, along the shores of the Baltic and up to the Gulf of Riga, there lay a pagan Slav group, the Lithuanians. They stretched down to that great mass of marsh which to-day we called the Marshes of Pinsk, and which have been so prominent by their strategical effect upon this great war. The whole of these eastern flats were, therefore, a belt of paganism cutting off the Western Christianity of Poland from the Eastern Christianity of the young Russian Principates, which were gradually rising far in the interior. This pagan belt lasted all through the Middle Ages and only accepted the Christian religion and culture within a century or so of the Reformation.

Poland, therefore, during all the great years of her history, during her development as a great mediæval State, and as one of the chief Powers of Europe in the 16th century, was not only by religion and tradition Western, but could not in the nature of things look eastward at all, nor think of herself as a sister State to the Slavs of the interior beyond the pagan belt. Her sharp, clearly defined boundary, was, as it is to-day, the western and the southern boundary: the boundary which separates her from the Magyars on the south and from the wholly alien German-speaking peoples upon the west. Her boundary to the east was, has always been, and is to-day, a vague fluctuating thing, and we shall see later in this series the very high modern importance of this contrast between the western and the eastern limits of the Polish people.

But when we have grasped what geographically the unity of Poland is, and where this highly distinct nation stands, how it is necessarily Western and even intensely Western in culture and development, we must next introduce a point which has had a permanent effect upon the history of the country. That point is the connection, the contrast, and the conflict between the German-speaking tribes and the Polish nation.

The Invasion of Belgium

By Colonel Feyler

AMONGST the historical problems raised by the great European war, the question of the invasion of Belgium remains one of the most absorbing. The German official theory, of course, lays the responsibility upon the Belgians themselves, in that they violated their own neutrality and thus forced the German Army to protect itself against the trap they had laid, by occupying forthwith their territory. It is interesting to examine whether strategical principles (and the German doctrine of their application); will help to support this theory.

Let us first of all remember that (apart from a detailed examination) the manœuvre of 1914 across Belgium gave a striking first impression of being a thoroughly organised and long-considered operation, and showed, outwardly at least, every sign of perfect production and stage-management. Of course, in such a judgment, formed without serious documentary evidence, imagination may perhaps play a large part; but we cannot get away from the fact that this judgment coincides exactly with what the Germans themselves affirm to be the reason of that superiority which confers on them the right to world-hegemony, namely, in the words of a great German scientist, the chemist Ostwald: "*That faculty for organisation which has allowed Germany to attain a higher stage of civilisation than the other nations and to which only the war will raise them (the others). The French and the English are still at a stage of civilisation which the Germans left more than fifty years ago, the stage of individualism. Germany to-day is at the higher stage, that of organisation.*"

The Dominant Idea

If this had been the opinion of a single man, however influential, it would have been more or less negligible. It was to be found, however, in a multitude of writings; numberless and most varied circumstances go to prove that the opinion of the chemist Ostwald was a current, or rather dominant, opinion in Germany. The idea inspired the German people, and, surely to a much higher degree, the German Army. Thus the General Staff was to organise victory by virtue of this superior stage of civilisation, just as the Government would organise the nation's labour by suppressing the inferior principle of individualism.

Of course, at present we can only deal in hypotheses. The study of this subject must be resumed at a later date, when it can be approached in a calmer spirit. We can none the less seek to find to what extent the campaign of 1870 influenced, in Germany, that of 1914, for it is beyond doubt (and this applies to France no less than Germany)—that the preparation for the war of 1914, excepting, of course, the fixing of its date, began as soon as the Treaty of Frankfurt had laid down the new frontier-line.

At that moment the Prussian General Staff started work on what one might call the *scientific* or *dogmatic* history of the war of 1870-1871, for the famous work, so well-known to all military men, was intended not merely for a summarisation of facts, but more for a justification of methods. An attempt was made in this work to show how warfare should be scientifically organised, leaving nothing, or practically nothing, to chance, and securing victory by its very perfection of theory and practice, in short, the *German method of warfare*, as impeccable and infallible as *German science* and *German truth*.

The victorious Moltke of 1870 was thus made a prototype for the present war, being proclaimed superior to Napoleon, not only by virtue of his military prowess, but also by reason of that amazing German superstition of race-superiority. Napoleon's equal in military genius, Moltke had the advantage of belonging to a superior race.

This puerile belief, however, does not prevent Moltke being inferior to Napoleon, and indeed to many more, in one respect: he conducted but two great campaigns, as against Napoleon's fourteen. Less by many were the

occasions on which he had to solve intricate strategical problems and, in the few cases when he was called upon so to do, circumstances always led him to repeat the same manœuvre. Sadowa, the attempted French envelopment on the Sarre, St. Privat and Sedan, all these four battles were of a similar type.

Moltke and Hannibal

Successes of such a lightning character proved irrefutably (to the German mind) the worth of complete organisation, and the German theory of warfare (based first and last upon superior organisation) would, therefore, *infallibly* lead to a complete German victory. Forty years of military literature impressed this view upon the minds of officers. The campaign of 1870 (regarded, of course, from the necessarily superior German point of view) was the principal, and sometimes the sole basis for the study of strategy; subsequent campaigns were only considered in their relation to this prototype, and previous wars studied in the same spirit. The latest manifestation of this idea of strategic preparation was the publication in the great and (in my opinion) excellent German Staff periodical, the "*Vierteljahrsheft für Truppenführung*" of an article by Field-Marshal von Schlieffen, entitled "*Cannæ*," comparing the Moltke of Sadowa and Sedan with the Hannibal of Cannæ, and demonstrating that certain victory is the appanage of him who follows most closely the classic examples of these three battles.

It was upon this basis, then, that the General Staff prepared the imposing flank movement across Belgium, as being a development of infallibly successful manœuvre of 1870 and of dimensions sufficiently colossal to satisfy the new German spirit. For years, since 1870, and especially since the establishment of the French fortified dyke in Lorraine, this scheme had been mounted and organised, and when the right moment came, one pressure on the button sufficed to set the whole machine in motion. Thus would Germany establish in the sphere of war, as she had established in every sphere of peaceful operations, the supremacy of that superior stage of civilisation which she claimed to represent—the stage of organisation.

A Military Necessity

This hypothesis of a long and minute preparation of the German manœuvre on the Western front leads logically to the conclusion that the invasion of Belgium was premeditated. As a matter of fact, it is incredible that anyone with the slightest knowledge of German strategical science should have any doubt on the subject, despite the subsequent denials by the Imperial Government. The only man to be frank on this point was von Bethmann-Hollweg himself (at first), when he declared to the Reichstag that Belgium was being crossed in defiance of all treaties, as a military necessity.

The manœuvre through Belgium was not only a consequence of the systematic study of Moltke; it was writ large in the local geography. The development of the intention could be followed from 1870 to 1914 by noting the variation in the zones of concentration for the armies as betrayed by strategic railways, stations and platforms. As and when the French strengthened their eastern frontier, so the Germans tended to abandon their original bases at Strasbourg and Metz and to develop their preparations for concentration on the frontier of Luxembourg, and even further north, right up to the Dutch frontier. Many writers in France followed this evolution closely, so much so that the large and interesting work by Senator Maxime Lecomte and Lieut.-Colonel Camille Levi; "*Neutralité belge et invasion allemande*," published in 1914 on the eve of hostilities, prognosticated the operations almost exactly as they took place.

To the question "*When the Germans invade France, will they pass through Belgium?*" these authors answer most clearly "*The Germans will pass through Belgium.*" In a chapter thus headed, they examine

the why and the how. *Why?* Because of the weakness of the northern French frontier compared with the eastern (for the French had long relied on Belgian neutrality to cover their northern flank). *How?* Through the whole of Belgium, for the size of the first-line armies would involve a crossing of the Meuse, without which, indeed, this right wing would hardly succeed in its attempted envelopment of the French: "*Their right wing*" wrote Messrs. Lecomte and Levi, "*will advance across central Belgium, making in force for Paris and moving chiefly along the valley of the Oise, approximately along the line Brussels, Mons, Paris.*"

It is obvious, too, that so enormous an operation could not be improvised on the spur of the moment. In order to be carried out with the regularity which no military man can but admire, the movement must have been prepared in its most minute details with the utmost foresight. The success of the whole plan depended upon a torrential overflowing of the Belgian territory; it is hardly to be expected that *Realpolitik* would have omitted to stock its hand with all the available trumps and that in this particular case, therefore, above all (where only success could justify the iniquitous means), Germany would fail to employ what has always been her ace of trumps, namely her minute organisation.

Yet another argument: Germany has never shone in the realms of improvisation, but always as regards analysis and elaboration. Germans have always known how to use and develop to the best advantage the invention of others. To take a recent example, look at aviation; aviation originated in France, but at the outbreak of the war the German air service was very much better adapted than the French. In France on the other hand a certain indifference seems always to follow on the heels of a crisis of enthusiasm. Who, for instance, would have thought that, after the hard experience of 1870, the French would have been so little prepared for 1914? Germany, however, tends to sin on the other side, by an exaggeration of minute organisation, which would often compromise a situation brought about by novel and unexpected circumstances. This is another reason why an *improvised* invasion of Belgium would seem to conflict with all the most stable qualities of the German character.

Lastly, an argument still less assailable, although lack of documentary evidence causes it to be hypothetical:

having taken Moltke as strategic mentor, it would be most extraordinary had the German staff departed from his most masterly quality, namely, an unceasing reviewing and improving of the plans he meditated for *future* campaigns. Moltke prepared the campaign of 1870 for thirteen years, from 1857 onwards. During this period he prepared no less than twenty *detailed* memorials addressed to the King and his ministers, generals, etc. Upon every political change in Europe, upon every modification of inferior conditions in Prussia, upon every increase in the strength of the army, he improved and perfected the details of the offensive against France. In 1869 the twentieth plan was ready, and when, faithful to his tradition, Moltke re-examined this plan, he found it satisfactory and wrote in the margin "*Gut auch für 1870.*" (Good also for 1870.)

Is it possible that the staff which copied all from Moltke would neglect the method of working which was his most shining success? Out of the question. *For many years past the violation of Belgian neutrality must have been written in the dossiers of the German Staff.* And again, not only would they thus be following Moltke, but all great warriors. Napoleon wrote much on this subject.

Letter to Berthier, 2nd October, 1804: "At the moment of declaring war there is so much to do that it is wise to start some years beforehand."

Letter to Eugene 18th September, 1806. "Matters must be considered many months before they come to pass."

Letter to the Staff 8th September, 1808: "Only solid and well-conceived plans can succeed in war."

Journal at St. Helena: "A plan of campaign must foresee all that the enemy can or may do, and must contain in itself the antidote."

That which Napoleon and Moltke emphasised as necessary would not have been neglected by the German Staff of the twentieth century, self-styled superior to these. From the moment when the German Government decided to violate the treaty it had signed, the Staff had no alternative but to prepare the said violation: the more so as Government and Staff are one and the same in Germany.

Everything contradicts, therefore, the puerile excuse, that the Belgians had violated their own neutrality, and on the other hand, proves that the passage through Belgium was premeditated, probably more in the light of conquest than of mere passage. But this last question will remain for history to answer more fully.

How Aeroplanes are Used in War

By a Correspondent

THE way aeroplanes are utilised in the war has proved different from every pre-war forecast, so I propose to indicate what our three classes of aeroplanes do and how and what their enemies are.

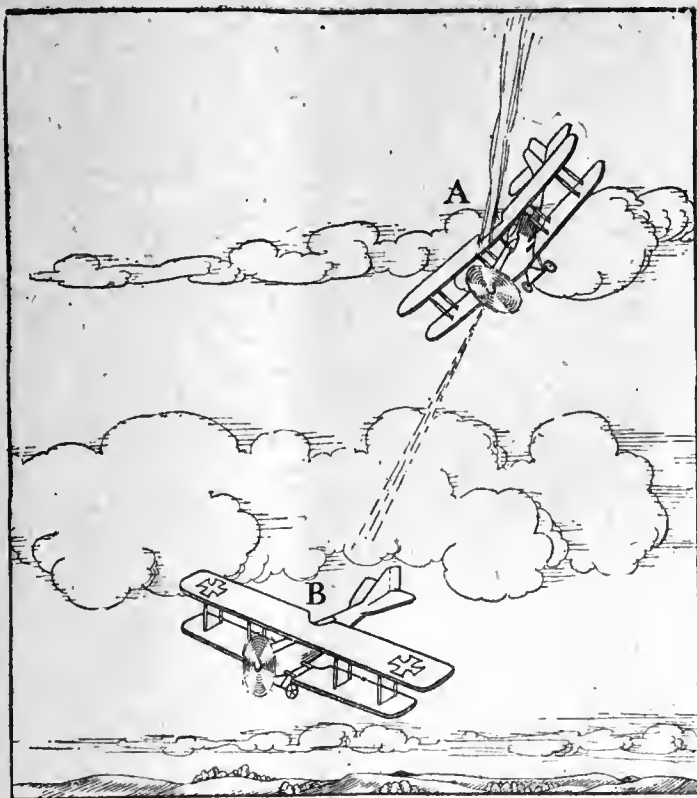
Passing from little to big, we find that the smaller the craft the more agile it is, and, let me add, the more popular with pilots for many reasons which will appear.

The business of the little machine is to be mobile, to climb quickly, turn quickly, dive quickly, recover quickly, and to secure this quickness which is its one defence, all other qualities must be, and are, sacrificed to the limit of risk. Thus only is the acme of performance achieved. There must be the lightest weight engine, the largest horse-power—generally 100 to 150 H.P., only one man, only one gun, the minimum of petrol (for petrol becomes a great burden if many hours' flight is to be effected with these big engines). The slowness of alighting, which is such a comfort to the pilot who has to land in a restricted aerodrome "in the field," must be sacrificed so as to keep the wings small and light, comfortable space for the pilot must be cut down, armoured seats are generally avoided in this craft, pistols, heavy clothes, easy landing gears with large tyres and shock absorbers, all these things are *not* for the "short range" defence aeroplane. It generally has a fixed machine gun arranged so as to fire through the disc of the propeller, and the airman aims the gun by aiming the whole machine to which it is rigidly fastened. Such an aeroplane was the Morane (badly copied by the Germans in their Fokker and never

eclipsed or beaten by the Fokker, for all that the latter was cleverly advertised by the Germans and foolishly advertised by ourselves; for—the secret must out—much of the British Press is as ill-informed as voluble on matters aeronautical.)*

The functions of the machine are notable: Its business is hardly to go over the enemy's land at all. It carries no bombs, nor camera, nor need the airman ever take field glasses. It carries, but it does not for its proper functions need, a compass. It waits for the enemy's aeroplanes (diagram I). It does this waiting either on the ground, springing into the air at 1,000 feet per minute as soon as he is in view, or when he is announced as coming, or else it waits on high—at 10,000 or 14,000 feet, and from there its object is to *pounce*, and pouncing means moving at incredible speeds because the downhill gradient is very steep, and the movement may thus correspond to working at the rate of an engine power of 200, or even 300 H.P., for the period of the descent. This mobility enables it to keep behind the raider aeroplane which forms its proper prey, blanketed from the effect of the raider's gun by keeping behind the planes or behind the tail and rudder of its enemy. When the Germans had suffered severely from our Moranes and Bristols they copied us. They put up some bright and clever young pilots like Immelmann and Boelcke, who—no discredit to them—selected their prey amongst those

* We were actually told that Fokkers were dropping bombs in England! The public shuddered and more h'pence were duly collected by those who trade on sensation.



Pouncing on a slower machine below—The fixed gun in A's aeroplane is aimed along the path of flight at the lower machine, whose Gunner B is unable to fire at A because he is blanketed by his own planes

who were laden with bombs, or who with slower double-seater machines were engaged on the painfully trying work of directing our artillery fire or photographing the new trenches, or the latest movements of troops. War is war, we have done just the same to them, with at least equal success and with less advertisement. In the earlier stages of operations, when the Germans had no machines of the type, we were operating with engines of 80 H.P., such as the Gnome, and shortly after with engines of 90 H.P., such as the Le Rhone.

I now come to the sub-division which exists amongst these little aeroplanes—between "tractors" and "pushers"—those which have the engine and propeller in front and those which have them behind the pilot, as shown in diagram No. 2.

This subdivision is important, because it shows how various advantages may be got by special means.

The "tractor," owing to the smooth fish shape which can be given to its body, shown shaded in the diagram, and the small number of projecting struts and wires to offer resistance to the air is, with the same engine power, always capable of more speed and a quicker climb than the "pusher." There is as yet no exception to this rule.

In view of the principle previously declared on which these little craft are built, of sacrificing everything to mobility, it is a wonder that the "pusher" was ever allowed to appear amongst the type. There are certain authorities who think that it never should have been allotted to these duties, but others are of opinion that certain peculiar advantages of the "pusher" warrant the loss of speed.

Advantages of the Pusher (see diagram 2)

The advantages are the splendid field of fire and field of view forward which is given by this arrangement, advantages which not only make it easier for the airman to aim at the enemy when not in the direct line of flight, but make it easier for him to find his enemy when mounting into the upper air after him.

It is to be noted that I said it was easier to aim the gun at an enemy who may be moving across the path of flight, not that it was easier to hit him, and this is the crux of the question.

A target moving across the field at 90 miles an hour is extraordinarily difficult to hit. There is so little time to use the sights, to allow for the cross speed, to allow for one's own speed, to allow for the great and disturbing influence of the wind pressure when once it gets on to the side of the gun. To the enthusiast for the tractor,

it is an accepted fact that one never—or so rarely as not to count, hits an enemy mortally, except when he is moving in a direct line away or towards, and hence that the freedom of aiming sideways loses all its attractions.

Thereby we are left in the same suspense as before as to whether little "pusher" machines, are, with the average skilled pilot, as useful for defence as the "tractors." To fix our ideas on the speeds without pretending to precision, we must take it that these fast single seater tractors at the beginning of the war had a speed which we may call 75 miles an hour at 6,000 feet; those which came later had a speed of 86 miles an hour and the fast pushers a speed of 83 miles an hour at the same heights.*

I do not propose to allow myself to be entangled in the sea of rubbish which has been flowing and ebbing over the difference between privately designed machines and those (distinguished by the letter "E") which were Government designed. I have enquired carefully into the question and find that there is nothing whatever in it. There are excellent machines from both sources, and owing to the rapid strides which everyone has made, whichever machine has been designed latest is generally the best in some particular feature which has had concentrated study.

The Radial Engine

The effect of the kind of engine used in these aeroplanes must be considered. Where supremely light weight is wanted in the finished aeroplane it is proper to pick out the engine of least weight for power; that is to say the engine which together with its fuel, oil, tanks (and supports, accessories, and silencers if any) is lightest for the number of hours of flight contemplated for the type. This means that the "single seater short range" defender aeroplane should always have a radial engine; because up to the present date the radial engine is under these conditions of use lighter than any and every type of non-radial engine.

To bring this fact home I have drawn diagram 3—where it is shown that by disposing the cylinders starwise round the crank we get a crank case which is exceedingly small, light, and stiff; which carries the minimum number of bearings and generally saves weight. If the question is then asked why in aeronautics any other engine than a radial one is ever used, I must ask to be allowed to defer the answer till I can deal with the engine question at greater length.

For the same reason of weight-saving and maximum power the single seat "defender" does not carry silencers, and therefore may appropriately use the class of engine which is not easily susceptible of being silenced, the rotary radial.

The Risks

Having now given some idea of the class of aeroplane which is above all mobile, I accentuate that it does not normally travel much over the enemy's country, and is

* Throughout these notes the figures of numbers, speeds, etc., are kept sufficiently comparative for instruction, but they are carefully disguised, so as to avoid by any possible chance disclosing information.

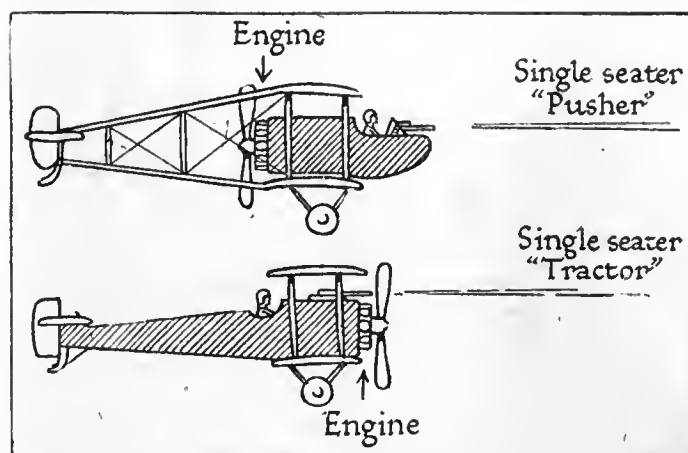


Diagram 2 showing the superior freedom for moving the gun to fire in all directions except backwards in a "pusher" as compared to a "tractor" single seater. It is a question whether the extra 5 or 8 miles an hour of the "tractor" compensate for the loss of field of fire

proportionately less exposed to the enemy's anti-aircraft guns; even if it does cross the line it does so at great height; it is very small, and travels at great speeds. On such occasions its chief risk is in the chance of meeting another craft of the same type belonging to the enemy, and when this happens it is an even match. Summarising this from the point of view of the personal safety of the flyer we find that, of all classes of aeroplane duties this is the one in which he runs the least gun fire risk and perhaps the greatest "aeroplane risk."

I include in the term "aeroplane risk" all that kind of accident which may arise from pilot's error—undue abruptness of manipulation when diving, from weakness of the aeroplane and from the awkwardness of alighting such fast aircraft in whatever restricted aerodromes the chances of war may provide.

This class of work belongs naturally to the more skilled of the airmen, and in this respect such men constitute a *corps d'élite* sought after for every reason. The flights are shorter and less exposed to shrapnel, they are fast enough to outpace and out-manceuvre their prey (as in diagram 1) and be it noted, their prey, the heavier aeroplanes, are not heavy with armour, and so are no more protected against point blank machine gun fire than they are themselves. Briefly this class of mount is much sought after. It is also the cheapest and easiest to build, and its value has been very clearly shown by Mr. Lanchester in a previous article in LAND & WATER.

The Short Range Bomber

It must not be thought that these defender aeroplanes are the only "single-seaters" that find a use in war. There is another group of operations which calls for machines that at first sight are very similar. They differ in being just one stage heavier, and allow of the use of non-radial engines.

These are not, for they could not be, quite so handy as the "defenders," because of their greater weight. In comparison they can carry bombs more successfully and without so great a sacrifice of performance since the bomb's weight is a less percentage of the total weight. They are not, owing to their limited tankage, intended to go very far afield with their bombs, since any large increase of fuel would spoil their rapidity of climb and power of manœuvre.

Sometimes the bombs are omitted, and they lend a hand at the job of "defender"—wherein they make a fair showing—being to some extent a "two-purpose" machine. In the air as on the sea it is patent that any mixing up of purposes does not conduce to the supreme achievement in either purpose—yet in the infinite variety of air war conditions there are special uses for the hybrid, just as on the sea we find a ship which is neither a dreadnought nor a scout—the battle cruiser

Front View of Radial Engine

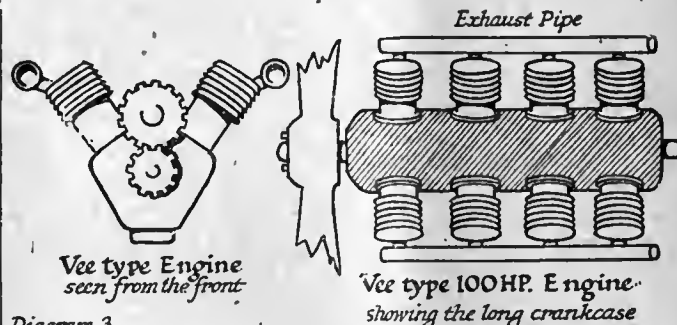
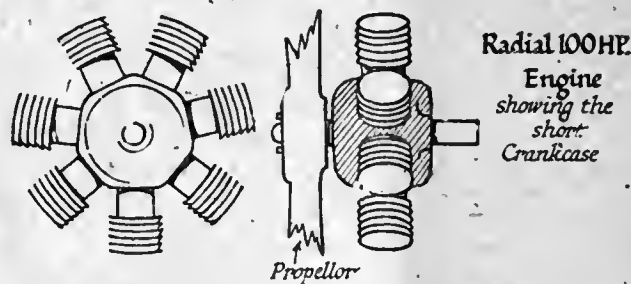


Diagram 3.

Rough sketch to show the weight of crankcase and crankshaft involved by using an engine which is not radial

—which cannot excel the battleship in armament or armour nor the scout in speed, but which has, as we know, its uses.

This hybrid single-seater has at times a more risky life than the "defender." Its job may take it over the enemy and over his anti-aircraft guns when sallying forth under a load of explosives. It must elude the enemy's light and fast defenders if it can, and its speed is a help thereto. For this reason its fuel supply is small compared to the long range bombing craft. As to its popularity with airmen we cannot expect it to be as much sought after as the first class, but its duty has such considerable attractions over the ordinary duty of the two-seater, which has a heavy equipment for long journeys or for lengthy exposure during the tedious circling over the targets for the direction of our gunners, that single-seater bombers' craft must certainly be described as desirable mounts. When they have relieved themselves of their load of bombs they are found to be, on returning home, quite suitable for slow alighting—a useful quality. Their defence when in the air is a single machine gun, aimed by aiming the whole machine, and firing sometimes over the propeller or on some machines through the propeller disc—missing the blades by a timing device which controls the trigger or other part while the blade is opposite the gun barrel.

In a future number I hope to indicate other uses of the "little" aeroplanes and pass on to the qualities of two-seaters, both pusher and tractor.

A Strategic Retreat

By Patrick MacGill

THE ruined village lay wrapped in the silence of death. It was a corpse over which the stars came out like funeral tapers. The star-shells held the heaven behind Loos, forming into airy constellations which vanished at a breath. The road, straight as an arrow, pitted with shell-holes and bearing an incongruous burden of dead mules, dead men, broken limbers and vehicles of war ran in front of us straight up to and across the firing line into France that was not France. Out there behind the German lines were the French villagers and peasantry. Were they longing for the great push that would set them free? I doubt it; it is highly probable that the French behind the German lines feared an advance of their own countrymen as much as the villagers behind our lines feared a German advance. The indefatigable shrapnel kills impartially; how many civilians in Loos and Lens have fallen victims to the furious 75's! In France the Allies fight at a disadvantage; a few days ago a German ammunition depot was blown up in Lille and many French civilians were killed. How much more effective it would have been if the civilians had been Germans. Our

battalion was returning to the trenches after a fortnight's rest in H—, a village in the rear. We had handed over the trench taken from the Germans to X— regiment before leaving for H—. In H— we got a new equipment, fresh clothing, good boots and clean shirts; now we were ready for further work in active warfare.

We passed through Loos on the way to the trenches. What a change since we had been there last! The adaptive French had taken the village in hand and had now been there for three days. Three days, and a miracle had been accomplished. Every shell-crater in the street was filled up with dead horses, biscuit tins, sandbags and bricks, and the place was made easy for vehicle traffic. Barricades, behind which machine guns lurked privily, were built at the main crossings. An old bakery was patched up and there bread was baked for the soldiers. In a cellar near the square a neat wine shop displayed tempting bottles which the thirsty might purchase for a few sous.

The ease with which the French can accommodate themselves to any change has been a constant source of wonder to me. In Les Brebis I saw roofs blown off the

village houses at dawn, at noon I saw the natives putting them on again; at Cuinchy I saw an ancient woman selling café au lait at four sous a cup in the jumble of bricks which was once her home. When the cow which supplied the milk was shot in the stomach the woman still persisted in selling coffee, café noir at three sous a cup. When a civilian is killed at Mazingarbe the children of the place sell the percussion cap of the death-dealing shell for half-a-franc. Once when I was there an old crone was killed when washing her feet at a street pump. A dozen or more percussion caps were sold that day; every garçon in the neighbourhood claimed that the aluminium nose cap in his possession was the one that did the foul deed. When I was new to France I bought several of these ghastly relics, but in a few weeks I was out trying to sell. There was then, however, a slump in nose-caps, and I lost heavily.

The apt process of accommodation which these few incidents may help to illustrate is peculiar to the French; they know how to make the best of a bad job and a ruined village. They paved the streets with dead horses; drew bread from the bricks and stored wine in the litter that was Loos. That is France, the Phoenix that rises resplendent from her ashes, France, that like her Joan of Arc will live for ever because she has suffered, France—a star-like Rabelais which can cast aside a million petty vices when occasion requires it, and glow with eternal splendour, the wonder of the world.

The Munster Fusiliers held a trench on the left of Loos and they had suffered severely. They had been in there for eight days and the big German guns were active all the time. In one place the trench was filled in for a distance of three hundred yards. Think of what that means. Two hundred men manned the deep, cold alley dug in the clay. The shells fell all round the spot, the parados swooped forward, the parapet dropped back, they were jaws which devoured men. The soldiers went in there, into a grave that closed like a trap. None could escape. When we re-opened the trench, we re-opened a grave and took out the dead.

When we came to relieve those who remained alive the night was clear and stars stood out cold and brilliant in the deep overhead; but a grey haze enveloped the horizon and probably we would have rain before the dawn. The trenches here were dug recently; make-shift alleys they were, insecure and muddy, lacking dug-outs, fire places and every accommodation that might make a soldier's life bearable. The trenches here were fringed with dead, dead soldiers in khaki lay on the reverse slope of the parapet, their feet in the grass, their heads on the sand-bags; they lay behind the parados, on the level in the woods, everywhere.

A low-lying country, wet fields, stagnant drains, shell-rent roads, ruined houses, dead men, mangled horses. To us soldiers this was the only apparent result of the battle of Loos. No wires were as yet laid by our men in front of the trench. The Germans had placed some entanglements in front of their position and it was considered necessary to examine their labours and see what they had done. If we found that their wire entanglement was strong and well fastened our conclusions would be that the Germans were not ready to attack, that their time at the moment was devoted to safeguarding themselves from attack. If, on the other hand, their wires were light, fragile and easily removed, we might guess than an early attack on our lines would take place. Lieutenant Y—and two men went across to have a look at the enemy's wires; we busied ourselves digging a deeper trench; as a stretcher-bearer I had no particular work for the moment so I buried a few of the dead who lay on the field. On our right was a road which crossed our trench and the Germans', a straight road lined with shell-scarred poplars running true as an arrow into the profundities of the unknown. The French occupied the trench on our right and a gallant Porthos (I met him later) built a barricade of sandbags on the road, and sitting there all night with a fixed rifle, he fired bullet after bullet down the highway. His game was to hit cobbles near the German trenches; from these the bullet went splattering and ricocheting, hopping, and skipping along the road for a further five hundred yards, making a sound like a pebble clattering down the tiles of a roof. Many a Boche coming along that road must have heartily cursed the energetic Porthos.

Suddenly the report of firearms came from the open in front, then followed two yells, loud and agonising, and afterwards silence. What had happened? Curiosity prompted me to rush into the trench, leaving a dead soldier half buried, and make enquiries. All the workers had ceased their labour, they stood on the fire-steps staring into the void in front of them, their ears tensely strained.

As we watched, three figures suddenly emerged from the greyness in front, rushed up to the parapet, and flung themselves hastily into the trench. The listening patrol had returned.

They had examined the enemy's wire and were on the way back when one of the men stumbled into a shell-hole on the top of three Germans who were probably asleep. The Boches scrambled to their feet and faced the intruders. The officer fired at one and killed him, one of our boys ran another through the heart with the bayonet, the third German got a crack on the head with a rifle-butt and collapsed, yelling. Then the listening patrol rushed hurriedly in, told their story and consumed extra tots of rum when the narrative was finished.

The morning country was covered with white fog; Bois Hugo, the wood on our left, stood out an island in a sea of milk. Twenty yards away from the trench was the thick whiteness, the unknown. Our men roamed about the open picking up souvenirs and burying dead. Probably in the mist the Germans were at work, too.

All was very quiet, not a sound broke the stillness, the riot of war was suffocated in the soft fog.

All at once an eager breeze broke free and swept across the parapet, driving the fog away. In the space of five seconds the open was bare, the cloak which covered it was swept away. Then we saw many things.

Our boys in khaki came rushing back to their trench, flinging down all souvenirs in their haste to reach safety. The French on our right scampered to their burrows, casting uneasy eyes behind them as they ran. A machine gun might open and play havoc. Porthos had a final shot down the road, then he disappeared and became one with the field.

But the enemy raced in as we did; their indecorous haste equalled ours. They had been out, too. One side retreated from the other and none showed any great gallantry in the affair. Only when the field was clear did the rifles speak. Then there was a lively ten minutes and a few thousand useless rounds were wasted by the combatants before they sat down to breakfast. "A strategic retreat," said Pryor, my mate. "I never ran as quickly in all my life. I suppose it is like this every night, men working between the lines, engineers building entanglements, covering parties sleeping out their watch, listening patrols and souvenir hunters doing their little bit in their own particular way. It's a funny way of conducting a war."

"It's strange," I said.

"We have no particular hatred for the men across the way," said Pryor. "My God, the trenches tone a man's temper. When I was at home (Pryor had just had ten days' furlough) our drawing room bristled with hatred of some being named the Hun. Good Heavens, you should hear the men past military age revile the Hun. If they were out here we couldn't keep them from getting over the top to have a smack at the foe. And the women! If they were out here, they would just simply tear the Germans to pieces. I believe that we are the wrong men, we able-bodied youths with even tempers. It's the men who are past military age who should be out here."

Pryor was silent for a moment.

"I once read a poem, a most fiery piece of verse," he continued; "and it urged all men to take part in the war, get a gun and get off to Flanders immediately. Shame on those who did not go! The fellow who wrote that poem is a bit of a literary swell and I looked up his name in 'Who's Who' and find that he is a year or two above military age. If I were a man of seventy and could pick up fury enough to write that poem I'd be off to the recruiting agent the moment the last line was penned and I'd tell the most damnable lies to get off and have a smack at the Hun. But that literary swell hasn't enlisted yet."

A pause.

"And never will" Pryor concluded, placing a mess tin of water on a red hot brazier.

Furloughs Among the Fells

By William T. Palmer

ONE and all we are this year living under military conditions. The aforetime summer holiday which allowed three or four weeks by the sea or among the hills, has shrunk into a hardly won furlough of as many days. Yet one can cover a good deal of picturesque Britain and get a good deal of pleasure in that short span of time. Most of our young men need trouble little about new equipment this season. The khaki uniform, puttees and strong boots issued by the War Office are ideal for rough-country walking. Only when definite rock-climbs are to be aimed at is there need for Alpine nails, and for most occasions a light cane is as good in assisting the balance on broken ground as the stoniest alpenstock. The tiny kit now considered necessary for the fell-walker can be stowed in a simple service haversack. It is wonderful indeed how many things a spell in the ranks has proved to be mere luxuries.

Simpler Tastes

In the matter of cash circumstances are very different. Formerly ten or fifteen pounds was put aside and royally spent. One's journey from the railway was per coach or carriage, and a large Gladstone was expensive to fill and to convey. Similarly on the return journey a decent sum of money was thrown away. And, of course, one never dreams of walking by dusty roads a dozen miles to some distant hills. Now, for the most part, our boys have only the scanty pay and allowances of Tommy Atkins and casual pennies have to be hoarded to make a sum nameable only in shillings. It was a sharp reminder of one's very junior days to meet quite recently a soldier enjoying a furlough tramp through the most delectable parts of the English Lake District with less than a sovereign in his pocket. "When I was earning good money I never could afford the trip up here," he said, "and now," gloating over the little pile of silver, "I'm satisfied at doing it large on less money than I used to spend in a day at the seaside." I have bivouacked again and again in hill rambles, but scarcely from choice as this good man was doing. He was of the stuff of the heroes, never sleeping under a roof in his four days out.

Luckily the war has made tastes simpler all round. The holiday-maker feels no necessity to spend money on coach or motor drives, on this or that distant excursion by land or by sea. In his months of training he has become inured to the long route-march in heavy kit, to early rising, to long hours in the open air. He has lived down the martyrdom of heat headaches which has spoilt so many peace-time holidays. Living in companies, battalions, regiments, armies, for so long our soldier lads have gained a hearty dislike for crowds, a taste for elbow-room without infringing on the rights of others. And in these circumstances a furlough among the fells has many attractions. Up there the folks don't expect the soldier to be continually spending money, to be on the ache after unaccustomed and expensive luxuries. They will listen to the suggestion of a bread-and-cheese luncheon, to plain fare all the time. The grand hotels, the pretty-pretty promenades, the motor-runs, theatres and fancy music halls are left to those with money to burn. The cottage by the lane-side, the farm in the deep dale, are the best furlough headquarters.

Early Hours

Few men are willing to slack away the short hours of their leave. They are up to share the porridge of the early shepherd, and on the hill-tops in the pride of morning. What a change from the ancient ten o'clock start habit! From sunrise to the ordinary breakfast hour is the time for magnificent views, for cool, sweet air which almost intoxicates. Early day is indeed the time to see the hills, to watch the massing of the shadows, to note the coming of strong colours and contrasts. There is then a special delight, an uplift of heart and mind in wandering from height to height, dependent on no man and for once compelled to obey no man's orders. One's heart indeed leaps to the freedom of the hills.

Having had so much of company our furlough men seem to delight in solitude, in what Matthew Arnold has called "the cheerful silence of the fells." Last summer I met by a mountain well an Australian, who, in the course of our chat, confessed that he had always desired to make a run through the Old Country, visiting historic places, great modern cities—just the things the books had painted to him from childhood. But after dusty Egypt and the blood-stained hills of Gallipoli his inclination turned aside, and he would just walk through some pretty bit of England.

"Yes," he concluded, "with these glorious hills and valleys, with the fine green fields and woodlands one has no need for cantering horse or throbbing motor car to see the best of the land. The bits of the picture are so near together that only the man on foot sees their real beauty."

There is something contrasty about the ideas of another furlough-man. "I came up here for quiet, and I have got it. Except for yourself I haven't spoken a dozen words to any one person since I left the railway three days ago." But he was a sergeant whose chief duty was the drilling of recruits. No wonder he was tired of hearing his own voice.

On the hillside above the camp I met a merry little fellow. "'As I come up 'ere to see the sunset? No blooming fear. I came up so as I could have a real loud grouse at everything. Wonder you didn't hear me calling a few pretty things about our captain. They just made the tree tops jump, I can tell you."

Mixed motives, no doubt. How much more pleasant is it to find a party of khaki-clad men—some with the King's commission maybe, and others from the ranks—met together once again to enjoy the pleasures so differently regarded in peace-time. These parties are more or less adept rock-climbers, and one hears the clink of their nailed boots, their calls and signals in many a rugged recess and on many a lofty spire of the mountains.

Indeed the furlough-man, with or without previous experience, finds in rock-climbing and scrambling up steep and rugged slopes a sport to his heart. His fine physical condition makes him delight in the labour: his nerves are also at their best so that the haunting gulf just past his right toe—that terrifying vertical view which upsets so many aspirants—is merely an added pleasure. Why indeed worry about the consequences of a fall when hands and feet are at sound grips with the crags.

Recuperative Value

Another set of men appreciate their furloughs among the fells. These are the convalescents from wounds received in action. What a change the clean air and homely food of the fells from the monotonous army rations and the choking dust of Northern France. What a pleasure in casting aside the trammels of the hospital for the glorious freedom of the hills. And the effect—here is an actual letter:

"You will see from my address that I am back to duty. My splendid holiday in the Lake District worked wonders, and my medical board sent me to my Res. Bn. for two months' light duty. . . . In spite of my injury I managed to "bag" a number of the higher fells. . . . Rock-climbing is still beyond me, but given plenty of time I can manage any amount of fell-walking, and having to go slowly, one has far better opportunities of seeing the fells. I had a wonderful experience of a thunderstorm whilst on Scafell Pike! It was grand!"

Certain incidents in my wanderings warn me that mention must be made of the fells as equally charming to our harassed women folk. They may feel that their particular hero is a private, almost exclusive possession of their own, a jewel in their lives which all too soon will be snatched to a dangerous duty overseas. To such there is companionship, there is solace in the calm majesty of the Eternal Fells.

Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay, who obtained a commission in the new army and was wounded at Loos is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. This was handed to the British headquarters in Mesopotamia by an officer—Sir Walter's son—wounded to death, in obtaining it. Hannay undertakes the mission, his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American gentleman, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who also joins them. On November 17th the three dine together at a London flat, and agree to meet in a café in a back street of Constantinople two months later—on January 17th. Sandy goes to Constantinople, disguised as a Turk, by way of Cairo. Blenkiron drops into Germany by way of Scandinavia. Hannay, who in South Africa was a mining engineer, and can speak Dutch perfectly, enters Germany through Holland as a Boer from Western Cape Colony. Hannay sails for Lisbon where he meets his old Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, to whom he unfolds his plans. Peter agrees to be his companion. They go on to Germany and find their way to Berlin. Here they have an interview with two Government high officials: one, Colonel von Stumm, had been in German South-West Africa, fighting the Hereros. Stumm takes them in charge, leaves Pienaar in Berlin, but brings Hannay to a big house in the country, where he is introduced to Herr Gaudian, "one of the biggest railway engineers in the world." Stumm takes him on to his castle in Bavaria. On the way Hannay has an interview with the Kaiser. In the evening Stumm grossly insults Hannay who knocks him out and makes a bolt for it. He hides in the forest, and stricken with malaria lies perdu for some days in a woodcutter's hut. Finally he reaches the Danube and gets taken on as an engineer on board a steamer that is tugging barges of munitions from Essen to Rustchuk. On the journey down the Danube Pienaar, having escaped from a prison camp, rejoins Hannay on the boat, and on arrival at Belgrade Hannay sees Blenkiron on the quay in company with a group of German and Austrian officers.*

CHAPTER X.

The Garden House of Suliman the Red.

WE reached Rustchuk on the 10th, but by no means landed on that day. Something had gone wrong with the unloading arrangements, or more likely with the railway behind them, and we were kept swinging all day well out in the turbid river. On the top of this Captain Schenk got an ague, and by that evening was a blue and shivering wreck. He had done me well and I reckoned I would stand by him. So I got his ship's papers, and the manifests of cargo, and undertook to see to the transhipment. It wasn't the first time I had tackled that kind of business, and I hadn't much to learn about steam cranes. I told him I was going on to Constantinople, and would take Peter with me, and he was agreeable. He would have to wait at Rustchuk to get his return cargo, and could easily inspan a fresh engineer.

I worked about the hardest twenty-four hours of my life getting the stuff ashore. The landing officer was a Bulgarian, quite a competent man if he could have made the railways give him the trucks he needed. There was a collection of hungry German transport officers always putting in their oars, and being infernally insolent to everybody. I took the high and mighty line with them, and as I had the Bulgarian commandant on my side after about two hours' blasphemy got them quieted.

But the big trouble came the next morning when I had got nearly all the stuff aboard the trucks.

A young officer in what I took to be a Turkish uniform rode up with an aide-de-camp. I noticed the German guards saluting him, so I judged he was rather a swell. He came up to me and asked me very civilly in German for the way-bills. I gave him them and he looked carefully through them,

marking certain items with a blue pencil. Then he coolly handed them to his A.D.C., and spoke to him in Turkish.

"Look here, I want those back," I said. "I can't do without them, and we've no time to waste."

"Presently," he said, smiling, and went off.

I said nothing, reflecting that the stuff was for the Turks, and they naturally had to have some say in its handling. The loading was practically finished when my gentleman returned. He handed me a neatly-typed new set of way-bills. One glance at them showed that some of the big items had been left out.

"Here this won't do," I cried. "Give me back the right set. This thing's no good to me."

For answer he winked gently, smiled like a dusky seraph, and held out his hand. In it I saw a roll of money.

"For yourself," he said. "It is the usual custom."

It was the first time anyone had ever tried to bribe me, and it made me boil up like a geyser. I saw his game clearly enough. Turkey would pay for the lot to Germany, probably had already paid the bill. But she would pay double for the things not on the way-bills and pay to this fellow and his friends. This struck me as rather steep even for Oriental methods of doing business.

"Now look here, sir," I said. "I don't stir from this place till I get the correct way-bills. If you won't give me them, I will have every item out of the trucks and make a new list. But a correct list I'll have, or the stuff stays here till Doomsday."

He was a slim, foppish fellow and he looked more puzzled than angry.

"I offer you enough," he said, again stretching out his hand.

At that I fairly roared. "If you try to bribe me, you damned haberdasher, I'll have you off that horse and chuck you in the river."

He no longer misunderstood me. He began to curse and threaten, but I cut him short.

"Come along to the Commandant, my boy," I said, and I marched away, tearing up his type-written sheets as I went and strewing them behind me like a paper chase.

We had a fine old racket in the Commandant's office. I said it was my business, as representing the German Government, to see the stuff delivered to the consignee at Constantinople ship-shape and Bristol-fashion. I told him it wasn't my habit to proceed with cooked documents. He couldn't but agree with me, but there was that wrathful Oriental with his face as fixed as a Buddha.

"I am sorry, Rasta Bey," he said, "but this man is in the right."

"I have authority from the Committee to receive the stores," he said sullenly.

"Those are not my instructions," was the answer. "They are consigned to the Artillery Commandant at Chataldja, General von Oesterzee."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Very well. I will have a word to say to General von Oesterzee and many to this fellow who flouts the Committee." And he strode away like an impudent boy.

The harassed Commandant grinned. "You've offended his Lordship, and he is a bad enemy. All those damned Comitadjes are. You would be well advised not to go on to Constantinople."

"And have that blighter in the red hat loot the trucks on the road. No thank you. I am going to see them safe at Chataldja or whatever they call the artillery depot."

I said a good deal more, but that is an abbreviated translation of my remarks. My word for "blighter" was *trottel*, but I used some other expressions which would have ravished my Young Turk friend to hear. Looking back, it seems pretty ridiculous to have made all this fuss about guns which were going to be used against my own people. But I didn't see that at the time. My professional pride was up in arms and I couldn't bear to have a hand in a crooked deal.

"Well, I advise you to go armed," said the Commandant. "You will have a guard for the trucks, of course, and I will pick you good men. They may hold you up all the same. I can't help you once you are past the frontier, but I'll send a wire to Oesterzee and he'll make trouble if anything goes wrong. I still think you would have been wiser to humour Rasta Bey."

As I was leaving he gave me a telegram. "Here's a wire

for your Captain Schenk." I slipped the envelope in my pocket and went out.

Schenk was pretty sick, so I left a note for him. At one o'clock I got the train started with a couple of German Landwehr in each truck and Peter and I in a horse-box. Presently I remembered Schenk's telegram which still reposed in my pocket. I took it out and opened it, meaning to wire it from the first station we stopped at. But I changed my mind when I read it. It was from some official at Regensburg asking him to put under arrest and send back by the first boat a man named Brandt, who was believed to have come aboard at Absthafen on December 30th.

I whistled and showed it to Peter. The sooner we were at Constantinople the better, and I prayed we would get there before the fellow who sent this wire repeated it and got the Commandant to send on the message and have us held up at Chataldja. For my back had got fairly stiffened about these munitions, and I was going to take any risk to see them safely delivered to their proper owner. Peter couldn't understand me at all. He still hankered after a grand destruction of the lot somewhere down the railway. But then this wasn't the line of Peter's profession, and his pride was not at stake.

We had a mortally slow journey. It was bad enough in Bulgaria, but when we crossed the frontier at a place called Mustafa Pasha we struck the real supineness of the East. Happily I found a German officer there who had some notion of hustling, and after all it was in his interest to get the stuff moved. It was the morning of the 16th, after Peter and I had been living like pigs on black bread and condemned tinned stuff, that we came in sight of a blue sea on our right hand and knew we couldn't be very far from the end.

It was jolly near the end in another sense. We stopped at a station and were stretching our legs on the platform, when I saw a familiar figure approaching. It was Rasta with half a dozen Turkish gendarmes.

I called to Peter and we clambered into the truck next our horse box. I had been half expecting some move like this and had made a plan.

The Turk swaggered up and addressed me. "You can get back to Rustchuk," he said. "I take over from you here. Hand me the papers."

"Is this Chataldja?" I asked innocently.

"It is the end of your affair," he said haughtily. "Quick, or it will be the worse for you."

"Now look here, my son," I said. "You're a kid and know nothing. I'll hand over to General von Oesterzee and to no one else."

"You are in Turkey," he cried, "and will obey the Turkish Government."

"I'll obey the Government right enough," I said, "but if you're the Government I could make a better one with a bib and a rattle."

He said something to his men who unslung their rifles.

"Please don't begin shooting," I said. "There are twelve armed guards in this train who will take their orders from me. Besides, I and my friend can shoot a bit."

"Fool!" he cried, getting very angry. "I can order up a regiment in five minutes."

"Maybe you can," I said, "but observe the situation. I am sitting on enough toluol to blow up this countryside. If you dare to come aboard I will shoot you. If you call in your regiment I will tell you what I'll do. I'll fire this stuff, and I reckon they'll be picking up the bits of you and your regiment off the Gallipoli Peninsula."

He had put up a bluff—a poor one—and I had culled it. He saw I meant what I said, and became sullen.

"Good-bye, sir," he said. "You have had a fair chance and rejected it. We shall meet again soon and you will be sorry for your insolence."

He strutted away, and it was all I could do to keep from running after him. I wanted to lay him over my knee and spank him.

We got safely to Chataldja and were received by von Oesterzee like a long-lost brother. He was the regular gunner-officer, not thinking about anything but his guns and shells. I had to wait about three hours while he was checking the stuff with the invoices, and then he gave me a receipt which I still possess. I told him about Rasta and he agreed I had done right. It didn't make him as mad as I expected, because, you see, he got his stuff safe in any case. It was only that the wretched Turks had to pay twice for a lot of it.

He gave Peter and me luncheon and was altogether very civil and inclined to talk about the war. I would have liked to hear what he had to say, for it would have been something to get the inside view of Germany's eastern campaign, but I did not dare to wait. Any moment there might arrive an incriminating wire from Rustchuk. Finally he lent us a car to take us the few miles to the city.

So it came about that at five minutes past three on the

16th day of January, with only the clothes we stood up in, Peter and I entered Constantinople.

I was in considerable spirits, for I had got the final lap successfully over, and I was looking forward madly to meeting my friends, but all the same the first sight was a mighty disappointment. I don't quite know what I had expected—a sort of fairyland Eastern city, all white marble and blue water, and stately Turks in surplices and veiled houris and roses and nightingales and some sort of string band discoursing sweet music. I had forgotten that winter is pretty much the same everywhere. It was a drizzling day with a south-east wind blowing, and the streets were long troughs of mud. The first part I struck looked like a dingy colonial suburb—wooden houses and corrugated iron roofs and endless dirty swallow children. There was a cemetery I remember, with Turk's caps stuck at the head of each grave. Then we got into narrow steep streets which descended to a kind of big canal. I saw what I took to be mosques and minarets and they were about as impressive as factory chimneys. By and by we crossed a bridge and paid a penny for the privilege. If I had known it was the famous Golden Horn I would have looked at it with more interest, but I saw nothing save a lot of moth-eaten barges and some queer little boats like gondolas. Then we came into busier streets where ramshackle cabs drawn by lean horses spluttered through the mud. I saw one old fellow who looked like my notion of a Turk, but most of the population had the appearance of London old-clothes men. All but the soldiers, Turk and German, who seemed well set-up fellows.

Peter had paddled along at my side like a faithful dog, not saying a word, but clearly not approving of this wet and dirty metropolis.

"Do you know that we are being followed, Cornelis?" he said suddenly. "Ever since we came into this evil-smelling dorp."

Peter was infallible in a thing like that. The news scared me badly, for I feared that the telegram had come to Chataldja. Then I thought it couldn't be that, for if von Oesterzee had wanted me he wouldn't have taken the trouble to stalk me. It was more likely my friend Rasta.

I found the ferry of Ratchik by asking a soldier, and a German sailor there told me where the Kurdish Bazaar was. He pointed out a steep street which ran past a high block of warehouses with every window broken. Sandy had said the left hand side coming down, so it must be the right-hand side going up. We plunged into it and it was the filthiest place of all. The wind whistled up it and stirred the garbage. It seemed densely inhabited, for at all the doors there were groups of people squatting with their heads covered, though scarcely a window showed in the blank walls.

The street corkscrewed endlessly. Sometimes it seemed to stop; then it found a hole in the opposing masonry and edged its way in. Often it was almost pitch dark; then would come a greyish twilight where it opened out to the width of a decent lane. To find a house in that murk was no easy job, and by the time we had gone a quarter of a mile I began to fear we had missed it. It was no good asking any of the crowd we met. They didn't look as if they understood any civilised tongue.

At last we stumbled on it—a tumble-down coffee house with A. Kuprasso above the door in queer amateur lettering. There was a lamp burning inside and two or three men smoking at small wooden tables.

We ordered coffee, thick black stuff like treacle, which Peter anathematised. A negro brought it and I told him in German I wanted to speak to Mr. Kuprasso. He paid no attention, so I shouted louder at him, and the noise brought a man out of the back parts.

He was a fat oldish fellow with a long nose, very like the Greek traders you see on the Zanzibar coast. I beckoned to him and he waddled forward, smiling oilily. Then I asked him what he would take, and he replied in very halting German that he would have a sirop.

"You are Mr. Kuprasso," I said. "I wanted to show this place to my friend. He has heard of your garden-house and the fun there."

He turned on me a perfectly blank face.

"The Signor is mistaken. I have no garden-house."

"Rot," I said, "I've been here before, my friend. I recall your shanty at the back and many merry nights there. What was it you called it? Oh, I remember—the Garden House of Suliman the Red."

He put his finger to his lip and looked incredibly sly. "The Signor remembers that. But that was in the old happy days before war came. The place is long since shut. The people here are too poor to dance and sing."

"All the same I would like to have another look at it," I said, and I slipped an English sovereign into his hand.

He glanced at it in surprise and his manner changed. "The Signor is a Prince and I will do his will." He clapped

his hands and the negro appeared and at his nod took his place behind a little side-counter.

"Follow me," he said, and led us through a long noisome passage which was pitch dark and very unevenly paved. Then he unlocked a door and with a swirl the wind caught it and blew it back on us.

We were looking into a mean little yard, with on one side a high curving wall, evidently of great age, with bushes growing in the cracks of it. Some scraggy myrtles stood in broken pots, and nettles flourished in a corner. At one end was a wooden building like a dissenting chapel, but painted a dingy scarlet. Its windows and skylights were black with dirt and its door, tied up with rope, flapped in the wind.

"Behold the Pavilion," Kuprasso said proudly.

"That is the old place," I observed with feeling. "What times I've seen here! Tell me, Mr. Kuprasso, do you ever open it now?"

He put his thick lips to my ear.

"If the Signor will be silent I will tell him. It is sometimes open—not often. Men must amuse themselves even in war. Some of the German officers come here for their pleasure, and but last week we had the ballet of Mademoiselle Cici. The police approve—but not often, for this is no time for too much gaiety. I will tell you a secret. To-morrow afternoon there will be dancing—wonderful dancing. Only a few of my patrons know. Who, think you, will be there?"

He bent his head closer and said in a whisper:

"The Compagnie des Heures Roses."

"Oh, indeed," I said with a proper tone of respect, though I hadn't a notion what he meant.

"Will the Signor wish to come?"

"Sure," I said. "Both of us. We're all for the rosy hours."

"Then the fourth hour after mid-day. Walk straight through the café and one will be there to unlock the door. You are newcomers here. Take the advice of Angelo Kuprasso and avoid the streets after nightfall. Stamboul is no safe place nowadays for quiet men."

I asked him to name an hotel and he rattled off a list from which I chose one that sounded modest and in keeping with our get-up. It was not far off, only a hundred yards to the right at the top of the hill.

When we left his door the night had begun to drop. We hadn't gone twenty yards before Peter drew very near to me and kept turning his head like a hunted stag.

"We are being followed close, Cornelis," he said calmly.

Another ten yards and we were at a cross-road where a little place faced a biggish mosque. I could see in the waning light a crowd of people who seemed to be moving towards us. I heard a high-pitched voice cry out a jabber of excited words, and it seemed to me that I had heard the voice before.

CHAPTER XI

The Companions of the Rosy Hours

WE battled to a corner where a jut of building stood out into the street. It was our only chance to protect our backs to stand up with the rib of stone between us. It was only the work of seconds. One moment we were groping our solitary way in the darkness, the next we were pinned against a wall with a throaty mob surging round us.

It took me a moment or two to realise that we were attacked. Every man has one special funk in the back of his head, and mine was to be the quarry of an angry crowd. I hated the thought of it, the mess, the blind struggle, the sense of unleashed passions different from those of any single black-guard. It was a dark world to me, and I don't like darkness. But in my nightmares I had never imagined anything just like this. The narrow fetid street with the icy winds fanning the filth, the unknown tongue, the hoarse savage murmur, and my utter ignorance as to what it might all be about, made me cold in the pit of my stomach.

"We've got it in the neck this time, old man," I said to Peter, who had got out the pistol the commandant at Rustchuk had given him. These pistols were our only weapons. The crowd saw them and hung back, but if they chose to rush us it wasn't much of a barrier two pistols would make.

Rasta's voice had stopped. He had done his work, and had retired to the background. There were shouts from the crowd—"Alleman" and a word "*Khafiyeh*" constantly repeated. I didn't know what it meant at the time, but now I know that they were after us because we were Boches and spies. There was no love lost between the Constantinople scum and their new masters. It seemed an ironical end for Peter and me to be done in because we were Boches. And done in we should be. I had heard of the East as a good place for people to disappear in; there were no inquisitive newspapers or incorruptible police.

I wished to Heaven I had a word of Turkish. But I made my voice heard for a second in a pause of the din, and shouted that we were German sailors who had brought down big guns for Turkey, and were going home next day. I asked them what the devil they thought we had done? I don't know if any fellow there understood German; anyhow, it only brought a pandemonium of cries in which that ominous word *Khafiyeh* was predominant.

Then Peter fired over their heads. He had to, for a chap was pawing at his throat. The answer was a clatter of bullets on the wall above us. It looked as if they meant to take us alive and that, I was very clear, should not happen. Better a bloody end in a street scrap than the tender mercies of that bandbox bravo.

I don't quite know what happened next. A press drove down at me and I fired. Someone squealed and I looked the next moment to be strangled. And then suddenly the scrimmage ceased and there was a wavering splash of light in that pit of darkness.

I never went through many worse minutes than these. When I had been hunted in the past weeks there had been mystery enough, but no immediate peril to face. When I had been up against a real urgent physical risk, like Loos, the danger at any rate had been clear. One knew what one was in for. But here was a threat I couldn't put a name to, and it wasn't in the future, but pressing hard at our throats.

And yet I couldn't feel it was quite real. The patter of the pistol bullets against the wall, like so many crackers; the faces, felt rather than seen, in the dark; the clamour which to me was pure gibberish, had all the madness of a nightmare. Only Peter, cursing steadily in Dutch by my side, was real. And then the light came, and made the scene more eery.

It came from one or two torches carried by wild fellows with long staves who drove their way into the heart of the mob. The flickering glare ran up the steep wall and made monstrous shadows. The wind swung the flame into long streamers dying away in a fan of sparks.

And now a new word was heard in the crowd. It was *Chinganeh*, shouted not in anger, but in fear.

At first I could not see the newcomers. They were hidden in the deep darkness under their canopy of light, for they were holding their torches high at the full stretch of their arms. They were shouting, too, wild shrill cries ending sometimes in a gush of rapid speech. Their words did not seem to be directed against us, but against the crowd. A sudden hope came to me that for some unknown reason they were on our side.

The press was no longer heavy against us. It was thinning rapidly, and I could hear the scuffle as men made off down the side streets. My first notion was that these were the Turkish police. But I changed my mind when the leader came out into a patch of light. He carried no torch, but a long stave with which he belaboured the heads of those who were too tightly packed to flee.

It was the most eldritch apparition you can conceive. A tall man dressed in skins, with bare legs and sandal-shod feet. A wisp of scarlet cloth clung to his shoulders, and, drawn over his head down close to his eyes, was a skull-cap of some kind of pelt with the tail waving behind it. He capered like a wild animal, keeping up a strange high monotone that fairly gave me the creeps.

I was suddenly aware that the crowd had gone. Before us was only this figure and his half-dozen companions, some carrying torches and all wearing clothes of skin. But only the one who seemed to be their leader wore the skull-cap; the rest had bare heads and long tangled hair.

The fellow was shouting gibberish at me. His eyes were glassy, like a man who smokes hemp, and his legs were never still a second. You would think such a figure no better than a mountebank, and yet there was nothing comic in it. Fearful and sinister and uncanny it was; and I wanted to do anything but laugh.

As he shouted he kept pointing with his stave up a street which climbed the hillside.

"He means us to move," said Peter. "For God's sake let's get away from this witch doctor."

I couldn't make sense of it, but one thing was clear. These maniacs had delivered us for the moment from Rasta and his friends.

Then I did a dashed silly thing. I pulled out a sovereign and offered it to the leader. I had some notion of showing gratitude, and as I had no words I had to show it by deed.

He brought his stick down on my wrist and sent the coin spinning in the gutter. His eyes blazed and he made his weapon sing round my head. He cursed me. Oh! I could tell cursing well enough, though I didn't follow a word; and he cried to his followers and they cursed us too. I had offered him a mortal insult and stirred up a worse hornet's nest than Rasta's push.

(To be continued)



The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land & Water," Empire House, Kingsway W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

A Chance in Furs



Black lynx fur at summer prices presents an excellent investment, of which full advantage should be taken before it is too late

English Doeskin Gauntlets

Circumstances have forced English-made gloves into the forefront, and some doeskin gauntlets are a product of which our manufacturers have every right to be proud. Made from reliable well-chosen skins, they are beautifully cut, while their hard wearing qualities are prodigious. These gloves are of slip-on sacque shape, a strip of elastic holding them in position at the wrist.

A feature is the becoming fullness in the gauntlet part of the glove, which coming well up the arm gives an air of workmanlike smartness. The gloves are in two shades of covert colour, one being several tones darker than the other, and the most reasonable price is 3s. 11d.

The same people are selling some rather noticeable heavy suède fabric gloves in many different colourings for half a crown.

Gardening Aprons

The shortage of gardeners has led numbers of women to lend a far more active hand in their gardens than they have ever done before, and incidentally to the success of a certain gardening apron. It has been designed by a clever lady who for some time past has made this kind of thing her special study. In common with all she submits the apron is as practical to wear as it is pretty to see.

Some inexpensive aprons are in art linens or crêpes in various colours. In front is a huge pocket where all manner of things can be stowed, and a small protective bib fastens with a strap round the back of the neck. The main decorative feature, however, is the bordering of gaily patterned

It is said on all sides that the advent of winter will see a sharp rise in the cost of furs, and this opinion makes the set our artist has sketched trebly interesting. Many other points also single it out for notice. In the first place it is of black lynx, a fur promising to have a big future on account of its resemblance to black fox. In the second the stole and muff are now being offered at a special summer price, the set complete costing £8 19s. 6d. and the price a sensationally cheap one.

Black lynx possesses many good qualities, but foremost in its favour is the way it wears. Lynx wears better than either fox or wolf, and in appearance far outclasses the latter.

It is becoming as black furs usually are, and should be secured without fail before its price is considerably augmented.

The same firm, also, are doing well in the way of clever renovation work, their skill being undeniable. They are excellent at remodelling out-of-date furs and give a new lease of life to discarded garments.

chintz, making the apron a truly fascinating affair. For people who kneel much, sometimes on damp ground, a showerproof apron is opportune. This is earth coloured but the same gay chintz borders prevail and the roomy pocket is once again a feature.

A Capital Toothwash

So many toothwashes commonly used in this country were German, and are not now procurable, that one ably taking their place is welcome. This is the Regesan toothwash, very refreshing, reliable, and economical into the bargain, for it is so strong that a few drops in the tooth-glass are amply sufficient.

The comfort and value of using this mouth-wash the last thing at night is worth experiencing.

Special Silk Stockings

Some new and guaranteed silk stockings may be hailed as a novelty. They are specially made for a famous London shop, and though at the first glance they look the usual kind of fine quality silk stocking there is a distinct difference in wear. Everybody knows the unlucky tendency silk stockings have to ladder; these are warranted not to, and they last infinitely longer in consequence.

The secret lies with a fine perforated line a short distance below the suspender top. This absolutely does away with the possibility of laddering, and is a notion upon which all concerned deserve congratulation. It is no wonder that these stockings are being warmly welcomed, and that a new era in silk hosiery is marked by their appearance.

They are kept in black, white, and a wide gamut of exquisite evening colourings amongst others.

Featherweight Sports Coats

Every woman will be delighted with some sports coats in Shetland stitch weighing a bagatelle, but delightfully

cosy. As sports coats go now-a-days their price is also a bagatelle, for they cost from 19s. 6d. upwards. At the first-mentioned sum, pretty coats in many art shades fastening with quaintly carved buttons can be bought. They are quite charming and more than useful as an additional wrap.

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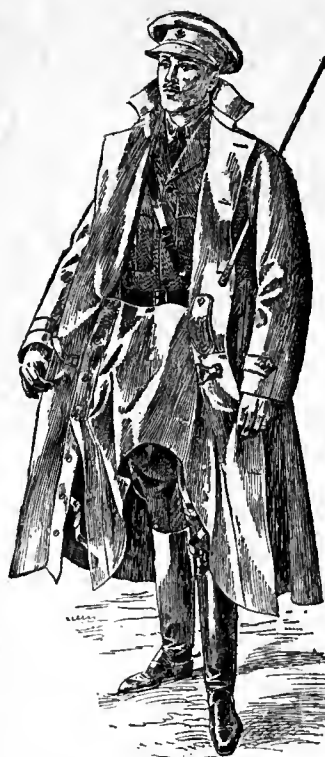
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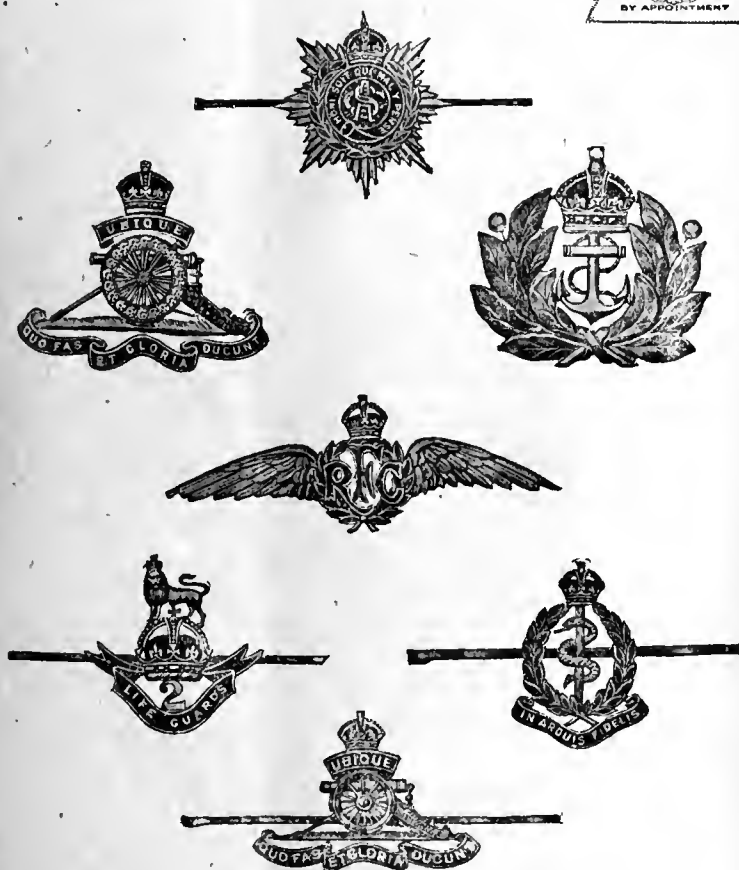
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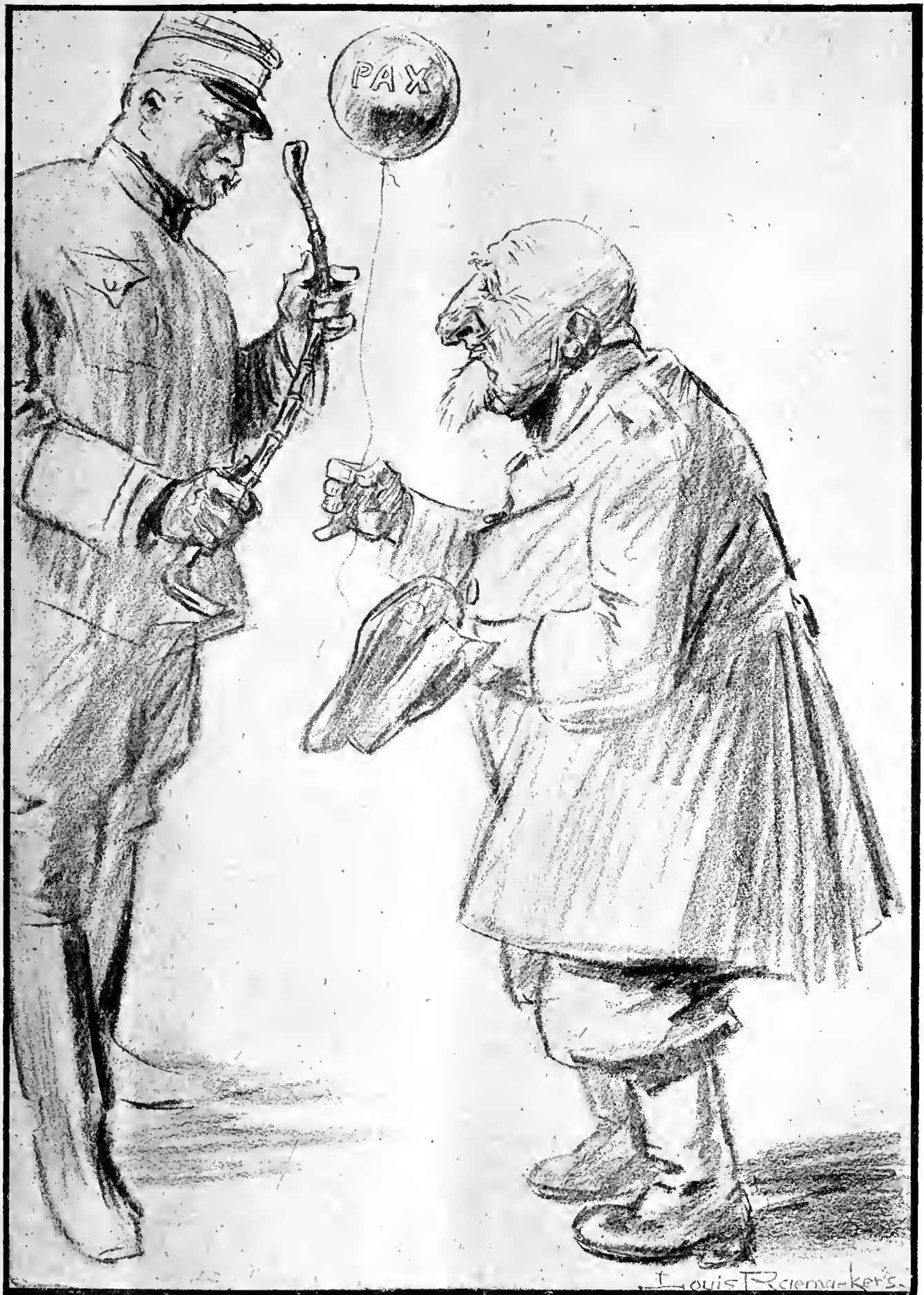
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1916

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY



By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

The Peace Kite

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1916

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UNITY OF THE ALLIES

IT came with dramatic effect—Roumania stepping out from the company of the Neutrals and joining the ranks of the Allies in their fight to the death against Teuton barbarism. The fashion has been to decry the diplomacy of the Entente in the Balkan States, but at Bucharest at all events there has been no failure. Not an effort has been spared by either Berlin or Vienna to win this ancient Latin province to the side of the Germanic Powers; both promises and threats have been employed freely, and if it could not be active friendship, at least it was felt that neutrality was assured, with a Hohenzollern Prince upon the throne. Not ten days ago it was telegraphed to the United States by an American correspondent in Berlin that the neutrality of Roumania was perfectly safe. But King Ferdinand of Roumania is both a constitutional monarch and an honourable man; neither bribes nor menaces from Potsdam availed to deflect him from the straight path. At his accession he had promised to give precedence to the welfare of his people; he has abided by his word, and he left to his responsible ministers and statesmen the decision, which, now taken, must exercise a tremendous influence on the future of the war.

The strategical consequences likely to ensue from the intervention of Roumania are explained by Mr. Hilaire Belloc in the ensuing pages. All the world realises that a crisis has occurred which is entirely favourable to the cause of the Allies. It followed closely on Italy's declaration of war against Germany, and as Germany has declared war on Roumania, there exists now complete unity of purpose between the Allies in their struggle with the Central Empires. Up to the present Roumania and Bulgaria are not at war, and no doubt the wily Ferdinand hopes even at this hour that he may be able to make a separate peace, after the manner Raemaekers depicts on the preceding page.

Roumania has had a hard rôle to play during the past four and twenty months. Of herself she was powerless to withstand an invasion in force. The quarrel was not of her seeking, nor, apart from the abstract question of civilisation, had she any vital interest in the war. While the sympathy of most of her leading statesmen and the majority of her people were with the Entente, there was no inconsiderable section that was openly and actively on the side of Germany, which had substantial commercial and financial interests in the country. Her responsible ministers had therefore to exercise the greatest prudence and circumspection in their dealings with the

belligerent powers. It is everywhere recognised that Roumania's entry into the war signifies the certain belief that complete victory at no distant date will rest with the Allies, or to put it in a different way, it bears testimony to the fact that all fear of German domination of Europe has passed away. There is not a Neutral Power anywhere in the world who can fail to comprehend the meaning of Roumania's action; the Kaiser must read the hand-writing upon the wall and require no Daniel to interpret it for him.

The grandiose German scheme of a Middle-Europe about which we have been hearing so much in recent weeks dissolves into thin air, for a Middle-Europe always contemplated a broad highway to the Mediterranean and the continent of Asia through subservient Balkan States. Roumania has never permitted the Kaiser to cast his shoe over her. With Transylvania wrested from Austria, and her peoples reunited under their own Government, she will stand more securely than ever as the great Eastern outpost of Latin civilisation, dwelling in sympathy and friendship with the Slavs but bitterly opposed to Teuton aggression and interference. A strong Roumania, with rectified frontiers, should be a guarantee in the future of settlement and peace in the Balkans. It is a region of enormous natural wealth, as yet hardly touched; let racial animosity be allayed and a period of prosperity is possible which would seem all but incredible to those not familiar with the natural conditions of that much troubled corner of Europe.

Italy by her declaration of war upon Germany has now finally and for ever dissevered herself from the Triple Alliance and enters the Quadruple Entente, an active partner. The Allies have never been more united in purpose than at this juncture; all attempts to breed dissensions between them have failed ignominiously; they move forward shoulder to shoulder as the champions of liberty and justice. Victory is inevitable sooner or later, but no sacrifice will deter them from making it final and complete. Already they are studying problems that will become urgent directly the guns are silent and human blood ceases to be outpoured. Germany defeated in the field will at once begin a new campaign in the council chamber, and we may yet discover her to be a more dangerous foe in peace than in war. But we have had our warnings. We have been taught with horrid iteration the true character of the Teuton, and we must never allow the Hun to assume that old mask behind which he posed as the good friend of all the world and which served him so well during the forty years of preparation for this fight that was to secure for him the domination first of Europe, then of the world.

The war is bringing about a better understanding between the Allied peoples. Never, for instance, in the long history of the two nations, have the English and the French entertained so high an appreciation of each other's national characteristics. It is the same so far as this country is concerned in respect to Russia and Italy. The Great War will, we believe, prove the death of those insular prejudices which undoubtedly in the past have exercised a restricting influence on the development of British institutions in accordance with modern ideas. Humanity is yet a long distance from the universal brotherhood of man, but the comradeship of the battlefield, and multitudinous self-sacrifices for a common ideal carry forward mankind towards that desirable and long desired goal. Even now many misunderstandings have been cleared away, and the Entente, which has stood so strongly the strain of war, should have no difficulty in withstanding the still more powerful test which peace will exert. The enemy would be quick to turn to his advantage any weakening on the part of any Power, but the events of the last few days must shatter his hope to find salvation thus when the end comes.

The Intervention of Roumania

By Hilaire Belloc

THE intervention of Roumania is a matter of such great moment that one is almost tempted to abandon for its general consideration the merely military analysis which is the proper subject of these papers.

All military action reposes upon some civilian policy. It is necessarily directed to the achievement of political ends. It ultimately is dependent upon the judgment not only of soldiers but of statesmen. And the intervention of Roumania means upon this *political* side that the approaching defeat of the Central Powers is now everywhere accepted.

To appreciate the magnitude of such a revolution, to see *in scale* what it means, one must appreciate how those countries stand which have for their immediate neighbours upon either hand the Central Empires and Russia: not only the countries which have a place upon the modern map but the races, the true politics of Eastern Europe.

To the Roumanians as to the Poles, the Ruthenians and the various Southern Slavs also—to the Magyars even with their great quasi-independent power—the whole world seems to be in balance between Russia eastward and the two reigning houses of Central Europe, the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns on their west.

The effect of proximity upon judgment—geographical proximity and that mental or moral proximity which comes of familiarity through commerce or a common language or what not—is inevitably an effect of distortion. Thus, we in the West are full of Belgium and the submarine outrages, and stand surprised at the way in which the Polish question, say, or the division of races in Galicia, or the boundaries of Roumanian language in the Bukovina, are discussed elsewhere as prime matters in the war. But we ourselves also see out of scale our own Western matters which occupy our minds. To Eastern Europe the fortunes of the great war throughout 1915 and the early part of this year seemed little more than a duel between the Russian Empire and the Central Powers. From this we may conclude what the effect was upon Eastern European opinion of the Austro-German advance through Poland which terminated last October!

The decision of Roumania and the action her government took last Sunday night in declaring war upon the Hapsburgs meant that the final issue of that duel was now no longer in doubt even in Eastern Europe. It is a moral revolution of the utmost significance, and that aspect of it, I say, overshadows all the rest.

But we are concerned in this paper chiefly with the military side, and it is to this that I would now propose to turn in some detail.

We must first of all consider numbers—the basis of every calculation.

Roumania is to-day conscript with a complete system of conscription upon the model of all the other Balkan States and of France. The Balkan States and the French Republic alone in Europe had reached a complete system of this kind. All other conscript nations were content to enrol but a portion of their adult efficient male population upon its coming of age, and to exempt a considerable proportion under a system which left this exempted part to receive either a partial training or none, and to postpone its full training till after the outbreak of war.

With a population of about seven and a-half million this system meant that Roumania could at her fullest strength, and without any abnormal forms of recruitment (such as the calling of inefficient or immature classes) ultimately develop a strength in the field of three quarters of a million men. But her normal military organisation did not envisage any such strain. She has as a fact enrolled at this moment, equipped, established in their formations and depots something over 600,000 men: How much over we shall not precisely know until official statistics are available after the war—for the last details of these matters are always kept as secret as possible.

Roughly speaking, the disposition of this considerable force is as follows:

To each of five regions into which Roumania is militarily divided, one active army corps of two divisions is attached. On mobilisation these are brought up to strength, and behind each is immediately formed a twin reserve corps of two divisions.

Some twenty divisions, therefore, organised in ten corps, five active and five reserve, form the army that will take the field. This accounts for a trifle over 400,000 men, a Roumanian division being a little more numerous in its personnel than are our Western formations—but the excess is negligible when we are only stating round figures.*

When we say "take the field" we do not mean that these twenty divisions will be occupied at once; a large proportion, perhaps over a third, will at first stand as a strategic reserve. But twenty divisions is the figure we must keep in mind for the organised striking force of the nation.

There remain, under the present state of the formations, about another 50 per cent,—the equivalent of another ten divisions—trained and in depots to be used as drafts, for filling up wastage as it occurs in the fighting units and keeping them up to full strength. In other words there is provision behind the armies to replace as wastage goes on one man for every two engaged: The attrition of the armies by war must have eliminated *half* their original effectives before the Roumanian organisation as at present established feels a strain or has to fall back (in order to maintain its effectives) upon abnormal recruitment; that is, upon the immature classes and the first groups of inefficient.

We shall do well at this point to note the value of this quality at the present moment. It is true that Roumania is bringing in but twenty divisions upon lines which, counting east and west and south alike, are certainly occupying twenty times as many—or more. The mere numerical addition seems small. We shall see in a moment that it is a very considerable and even momentous addition to the *particular field where it will be used*: and this point of quality has, therefore, great weight.

The Central Empires are, as we know, long past the stage in which abnormal recruitment has become necessary. The immature classes were called out by Austria first; next by Germany. Austria-Hungary began to "comb out" the inefficient more than a year ago, the German empire eleven months ago; men who had originally failed to pass the doctor were called in Austria and Hungary as early as May and June, 1915; in Germany by September and October. The first groups of inefficient were at these dates already encroached upon by the Central Powers. To the first two immature classes 1916 and 1917 already summoned in the summer of 1915 Austria-Hungary was compelled to add some months ago the class 1918, and the German Empire began last June to follow suit; the first German recruits of 1918 being summoned in Saxony during the course of that month. The fresh Roumanian forces not only enter with mature classes only but with a very large reserve of drafts behind the field armies, which reserve is *also* composed of mature classes alone and of efficient.

There is another point about the quality of a fresh army which must not be neglected at this stage. Its proportion of officers and non-commissioned officers, that is the trained and professional leaders, the framework or *cadre* of an army, is, in the case of Roumania, entire. The strain which modern war has put upon this framework among all the original belligerents we know by experience to be enormous. The replacing of professional officers by new commissions, the holders of which have necessarily received only an imperfect and

* It is, at the most, an excess of some 5 per cent.

THE ROUMANIAN ORGANISATION for WAR

Ten First Line Divisions Organised in 5 Army Corps of 2 Divisions each.



A division from 20,000 to 21,000 men with from 12,000 to 13,000 bayonets.

The Army in Formation

Ten Reserve Divisions



Men in the Depôts and in reserve



for Drafts the equivalent of 10 more Divisions in Number

ARRANGEMENT of THE ABOVE

Armies at the Front - say Three Armies of some 4 or 5 divisions each



Strategic Reserve some 7 divisions



Men Kept behind for drafts - The equivalent of some 10 more divisions



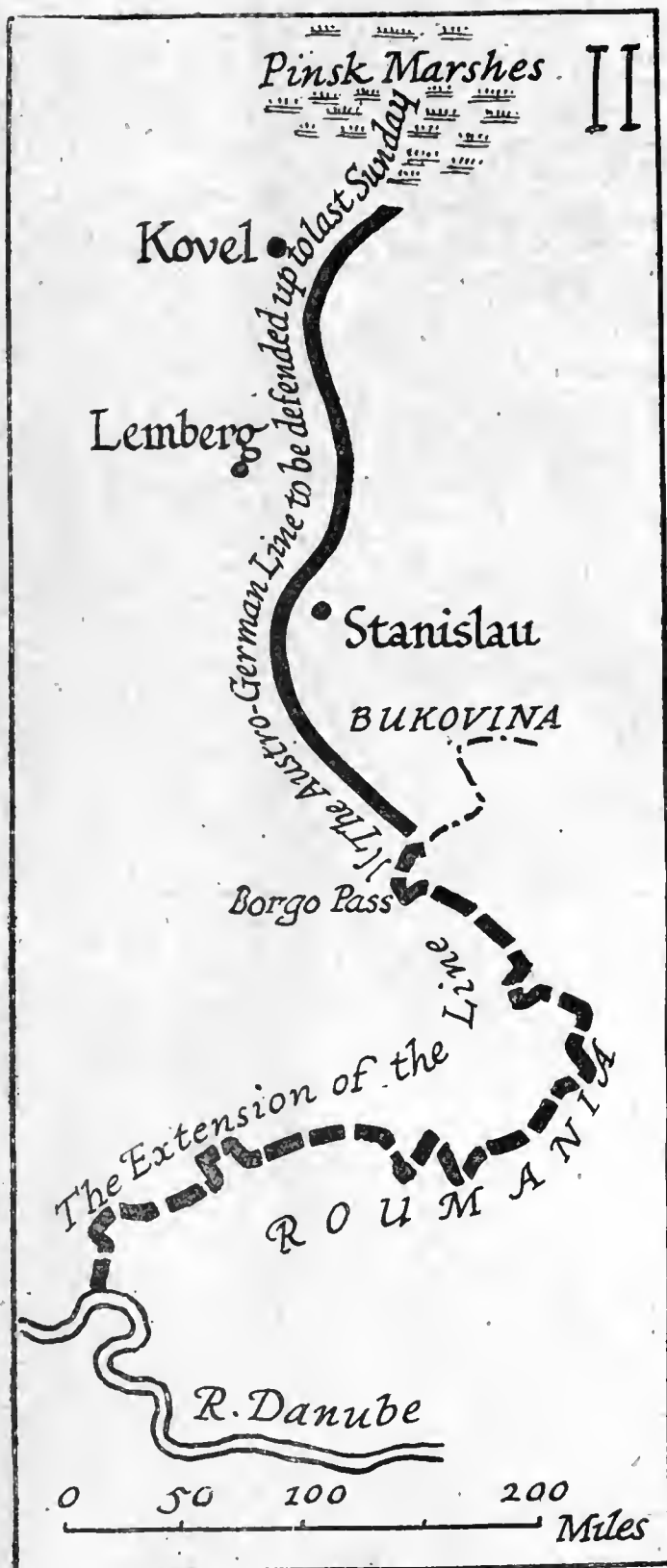
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rapid instruction, is a necessity of war which inevitably lowers the quality of a force as time proceeds. It has affected most of the conscript belligerents fairly equally so far and affected them profoundly, but Roumania comes in at this moment with all that professional framework intact. I said just now that though the addition of forces obtained by the intervention of Roumania looked small in proportion to the full Allied power, yet it was very considerable for the field in which it appeared.

In order to appreciate this, let us compare it with the numbers recently engaged in that field. The field in question may roughly be called the South-Eastern front. It is the front which, until last Sunday, stretched from the Pinsk Marshes to the southern border of the Bukovina and which now stretches on nearly another 350 miles to the Danube.

We know to within a very small margin of error in what strength the enemy stood upon that front upon the 1st of last June. He had at the least 44 and at the most 47 divisions. The tremendous Russian victories of June and July obliterated a vast proportion of this original defending force. Much more than one-third of it was actually taken prisoner. Anything from one-half to two-thirds had ceased to exist as effectives within the first eight weeks of the great Russian offensive.

The gaps were ultimately filled. The remaining German strategic reserve was entirely exhausted in the necessity of filling those gaps and all that Austria-Hungary could summon of reserve man-power at the moment was also sent forward. The depôts were emptied and the line, longer than before, tortuous, and only just patched up, was reformed: but not reformed in a stable



fashion; for, as we know, it is still in movement and spasmodically and locally still in retreat.

Now the intervention of Roumania is equivalent to the bringing up to swell the pressure against that sorely tried line, or rather upon its flank (or wherever it may be decided to use the Roumanian army) *new forces equivalent to half its own*, for so we must reckon the perfectly fresh Roumanian divisions compared with the depleted and worn-down units of the remaining Austro-Hungarian armies in the field.

Another way of looking at it is to compare the Roumanian numbers with the Russian numbers in this field, to which they will form an addition, and of which they are but a prolongation. The Russian forces were more numerous, of course, than the defence which they attacked last June. The Roumanian addition does not represent one-half, therefore, of the Russians acting in this field, but it represents probably something like one-third or very little less. If we say that the Russian army from the Lower Stokhod in front of Kovel on the Kovel-Sarny railway down to the Borgo Pass have received an addition now upon their left flank of another 30 per cent., we shall not be far wrong.

It is, therefore, as a merely numerical addition, a very considerable event in the war, for it adds upon quite

a new scale the factor of weight in this field. But, more important than the numerical addition, even with its freshness, is the strategic effect of the Roumanian intervention in the matter of *position*.

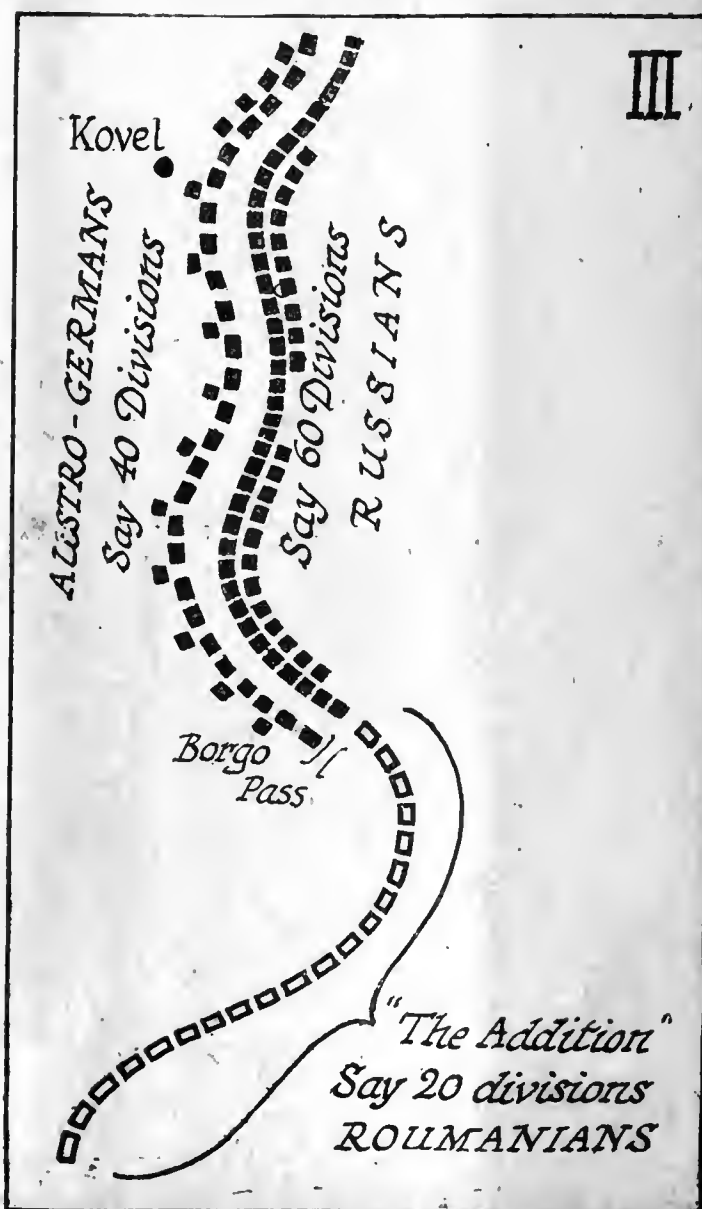
We are all, or we ought to be by this time, familiar to weariness with the fundamental strategic issue of the war. The war has long been one great siege and its duration, like its issue, has depended upon the power of the Central Empires to hold the lines within which they are contained by the Allies.

These lines cannot be shortened by retirement save upon one sector: the Western sector. It is essential to remember this. That portion of the enemy's line which runs from the North Sea to the Alps (about a quarter or rather more of his total lines, and excluding the Asiatic field), would be shortened by retirement. It happens to be precisely the sector upon which he is, for political reasons, most reluctant to retire; and the proof of this is that he has massed upon this short portion more than 120 divisions out of some 240 to 250, and those of his best. Rather than give up any portion of the occupied alien soil, rather than let his population see the approach of hostile armies towards their frontiers, he will risk, as he is now risking, an extreme tenuity of defensive line upon either side of the two great concentrations of Verdun and the Somme. He is gambling, and he knows that he is gambling, but he evidently thinks the stakes worth while. He evidently dreads, above all things, what at last he may be compelled to, a retirement towards German soil.

But, at any rate, he can somewhat shorten the line in the West.

Elsewhere every retirement of his lengthens the line. In the East he cannot fall back save at the price of invasion, and even so his line necessarily lengthens as it retires. The same is true of the Italian front (though that can be held more easily, being for the most part so mountainous in character). The same is true of the Balkan front.

The lines the enemy now holds, then, are extended



almost beyond his powers. It is their extension which has led to the present certitude of his defeat.

Well, the intervention of Roumania adds to these gravely extended lines something like another 350 miles.

If the reader will look back at the sketch Map II., he will appreciate what this extension means in mere length. The Roumanian frontier between Roumania and Hungary is from the Bukovina to the Danube, nearly as long in general plan, and, in all its sinuosities, actually longer than the old front in this region from the Bukovina to the Pinsk Marshes.

It more than doubles (in mere mileage) the task imposed upon the defensive in this field.

We must be careful, however, not to exaggerate this advantage and to see it in its true light.

We have not here an open frontier. It is not an addition of between 300 and 400 miles of country such as is the Western field of operations, nor even of country as open as the Galician field. It is a country of mountains—in themselves a considerable obstacle though not very high save at the southern end of the line—and also, what is more important than the gradients, of vast forests and of very poor communications.

You can only get guns along roads and you could only feed a large advancing army with the petrol traffic of roads, and the use of a railway behind it as a communication.

Now there are in all this great stretch of wooded mountain line only eight roads capable of taking wheeled traffic from Roumania into Transylvania and Hungary at the present time. Two more, making ten in all, had, I understand, been surveyed before 1914, but there is no information of the work having been continued.

These eight roads pass at the points marked 1 to 8 upon Map IV. No. 1 is the pass from the Roumanian rail-

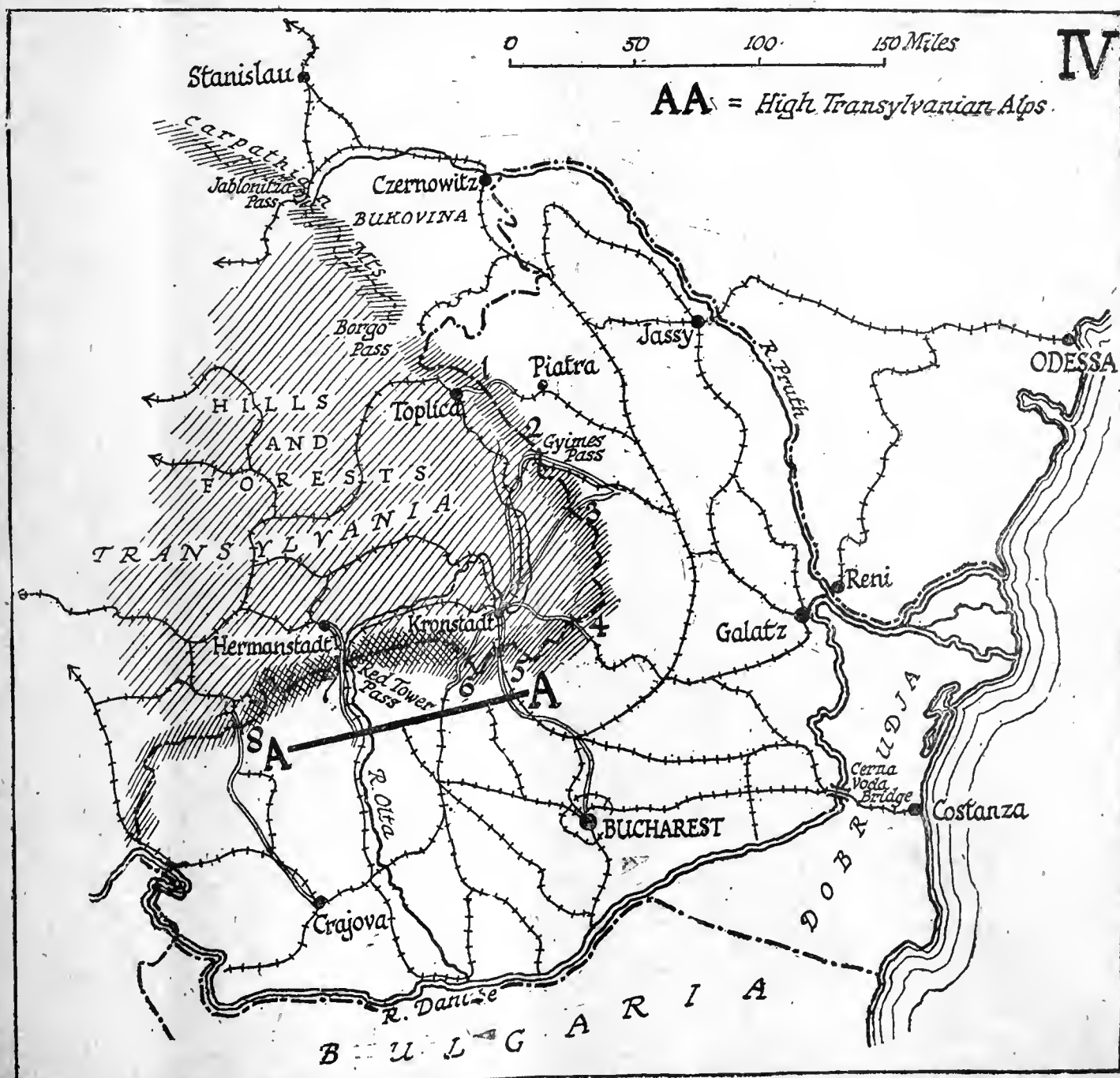
head at Piatra to Toplica. This is little more than 30 miles from the Borgo Pass and would, used by a Roumanian army, be of the greatest service on the Russian flank. No. 2 is the Gyimes Pass, about 1,200 feet about the sea and of an easy gradient. A railway accompanies this road the whole way, and with the road forms the second link of main communication between the Roumanian and Hungarian side of the mountain. It is remarkable that there is no railway communication across the Carpathians between this pass and the Jablonitz, more than 130 miles away.

To find a second good combined avenue of communications (road and rail) one has to sweep right round the great bend of the frontier to point 5, which is the Tomos or Predeal Pass, 80 or 90 miles away. It is between 1,400 and 1,500 feet above the sea, uniting by road and railway the mountain encircled plain of Brasso (or Kronstadt), and the Roumanian Plain beyond the mountains to the south. In all that sweep there is but one good road at (3) and one indifferent one at (4).

This Predeal or Tomos Pass is flanked by a road pass in its immediate neighbourhood, (6), the Torzburg Pass.

In this neighbourhood of Brasso, the mountains, which have hitherto been low and flattish and of easy gradients, reach peaks of over 5,000 feet, and also begin to be of a steepness which makes them a formidable obstacle. The further east you go the higher they get, until in the region marked with the letters A-A you have a sort of Alpine crest with summits of 8,000 feet.

This portion of the range forms a very serious impediment to all military operations, remotely comparable to the impediment existing on the Italian front, but it is spanned at one point by a very curious natural formation which has afforded for centuries a highway between the Plains of the Lower Danube and the small mountain



circled isolated Plain of Transylvania, at the point marked (5) on Map IV.

This natural formation is the gorge of the river called by the Germans the Alt and by the Roumanians the Olta.

This stream runs right through the mountain mass, cutting it like a knife from north to south in the famous gorge called that of the "Red Tower." It is generally, though improperly, called a "pass," conveying by that name the idea of a saddle over the hills. The road and the railway both use this gorge, running southward from the old Roman town of Cibinium, which commands its northern gate, and which is called in modern Roumanian Sibiu. The official German name is Hermanstadt.

The Great Transylvanian Salient

Now let us consider what this extended line probably means for the future operations of the war.

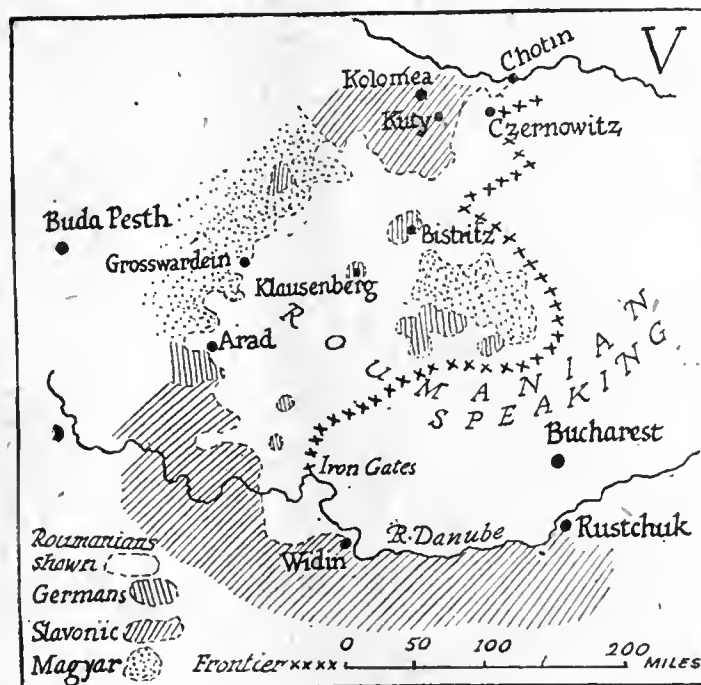
The first thing that the eye seizes even upon such a general sketch map as Map I, is the curiously profound salient formed by the frontier; the bulge between Pass 1 and Pass 7.

The frontier can hardly be called an artificial one geographically, because though it does not everywhere follow the watershed of the Carpathians it normally does so.

Politically, it is artificial because the Roumanian race extends (with the exceptions to be noticed in a moment) far beyond to the west; and it is the national desire of the Roumanians to possess a united country, which has been one of their chief motives of sympathy with the Allies during the course of the war and of their present intervention.

We in the West have, as a rule, no conception of the very great territory occupied by Roumanian-speaking folk compared with the purely political boundaries of the Roumania we know upon the map.

I add here a sketch showing the magnitude of this



extension. The line of crosses upon this Sketch V. is that of the political boundary established between the Hungarian kingdom and the Roumanian; compare with that politically artificial line the actual extent of the Roumanian language westward. It only just misses Grosswardein. It includes Arad. It runs up the Danube far west of the Iron Gates and it even crosses the Danube into the hilly and wooded area south of that point. The reader may note upon the same sketch the anomalies I am about to allude to of population within this area for, compact as it is and vastly exceeding the purely political boundaries to which Roumania has hitherto been subject, it is not homogeneous. And there lie actually towards the eastern edge of it and towards the present frontier the chief exceptions. In the dense part of the woods a considerable area of Magyar speaking people, and round their edges the colonies of German-speaking people settled here long ago.

We should then be in error if we thought of this political point as a simple one. In the first place, there is a

religious problem. The Roumanian population, subject to Hungary upon the western side of the hills in Transylvania is, for the most part, in communion with Rome, though using an Oriental rite.

The religious problem, however, is not here an acute one, as it is in other parts of the eastern field of war. More important is the presence of German colonies scattered throughout these countrysides. They were planted as a deliberate policy by the Empire in the Middle Ages, forming urban centres in the small enclosed plains which lie between the tortuous foothills of the Carpathians. The official German name of "Siebenbürgen" denotes this character, standing for the seven towns "Hermanstadt" (Sibiu); "Kronstadt" (Brasso), and the rest, which the German colonists did not indeed found but were granted to rule.

Their numbers are not considerable. They form, perhaps, in the whole of Transylvania, less than ten per cent. of the population, the Roumanian race accounting for much the largest part and the next most numerous being the Magyar and their kinsfolk the Szekely.

The country is not only thus complicated racially but geographically as well. Any attack upon it from the east must be conducted through a perfect maze of falling foothills covered with immense forests.

The first interest of the campaign would seem to be whether the Roumanian effort will be made against this salient and with the political object of its mere occupation of it and if so in what form.

I will discuss this and then turn to the second problem of the Danube and Dobrudja frontier against Bulgaria; which is not yet an actual problem because, at the moment of writing (Tuesday evening) Roumania and Bulgaria are not at war.

There are two motives which compel the Roumanian army to attack Transylvania as a special local object and attempt an occupation of its great salient.

The first and strongest of these motives is political. After all, Roumania has come into the war as we have seen in order to affirm her national unity and to acquire that vast territory to the west to which she is morally entitled and from which nothing but the conventions of diplomatists have excluded her.

The whole national effort must as a political thing tend to the recapture of Transylvania. On this account it is probable that the new army which has joined the Allies will make a great effort to enter Transylvania directly.

It is not wholly a military advantage, because the Austro-Hungarians, if they abandon the salient, shorten their line suddenly and greatly. But even as a purely military problem there are arguments in favour of such a course. The salient which the existing frontier presents is exceedingly tempting. The northern and southern edges of its neck are hardly 100 miles apart, and the use of the new great numbers in the field to frighten the dwindling Austro-Hungarian forces out of such a salient is a task which the map apparently imposes upon the Roumanian commanders.

To strike in from the south while at the same time threatening from the north, and thus to compel the Austro-Hungarians to abandon the salient is a plan which, if Roumania were only considering herself in his campaign, would become politically almost imperative. Imagine Alsace Lorraine thrust as a great salient in the midst of France and ask yourself what the French commanders would be tempted to do at the beginning of a Franco-German war?

* * * * *

The last alternative is an attack upon Bulgaria: The Roumanians to stand upon the defensive along the Carpathian line and to turn their strength southward.

Let me repeat that the discussion of this plan of campaign is for the moment purely academic. Roumania is not, or was not, by the last telegrams upon Tuesday evening when this is written, at war with Bulgaria.

An attack upon the Bulgarian belt which now alone prevents the whole of the Allied front, from the Baltic to the Aegean, from forming a united line would have results plain to all. The Allied armies at Salonika are more than sufficient to contain all the Bulgarian armies; to hold, to occupy and probably to defeat them. The north is open. And between runs



the vital artery connecting Turkey—that is the Dardanelles—with her necessary munitionment and supply from the Austro-German factories. It is a neck only waiting to be cut.

It may be that political elements give a different value to the whole affair. It may be that Bulgaria, finding her position hopeless, is ready to accept the consequences of defeat—I know nothing of that. But as a merely military problem the thing is quite clear. With the great forces acting from Salonika to the south, the north is open.

This creation of and attack on a new Bulgarian front in the first place extends the total enemy line by yet another 200 miles from the Iron Gates to Silistra and from Silistra by the new frontier acquired in 1913 to the sea: the southern edge of the Dobrudja (Dobrogea).

The Danube is indeed a formidable obstacle. It is unbridged during all these 200 miles. It is, even at low

water, half a mile broad upon an average (though frequently interspersed with and made broader by islands). It is flanked upon nearly the whole of its course with marshy land. But there are no effectives for holding that obstacle, and even if there were, it is turned in a fashion with a description of which I will conclude this study.

The Cerna-Voda Bridge

The Port of Constanza upon the Black Sea, has lately risen again to great commercial importance. The international line uniting it with the centre of Europe was, with that leading to Salonika, one of the great objects of the "middle European" aggression. Roumania as a vassal state of Middle Europe—a situation taken for granted a year ago in the German scheme and now impossible of attainment—would have provided the second of the great avenues to eastern seas; the first to the Aegean by Salonika; the second to the Black Sea by Constanza. For Odessa was beyond hoping for.

Now cutting the trajectory of this great international line and some 40 miles from Constanza came the Danube with its broad belt of marshy land, 5 or 6 miles across. Elsewhere as I have said, there was no bridge across it. The six Bulgarian railway lines which come down to the neighbourhood of the stream or to its banks cease there, and even when there is a corresponding terminus upon the further shore, communication between the two is only by ferry boats, which cannot transport a railway carriage. But at Cerna-Voda the feat of bridging the stream and its marshy surroundings was accomplished. A series of viaducts between them more than two miles long bridged the worst gaps in the marshes and a great bridge more than half a mile in length crossed the stream itself 100 feet above the water. This is the bridge of Cerna-Voda, and by it troops can always turn the obstacle of the Danube to-day, so long as they are Roumanian or in alliance with Roumania, and so long as the Dobrudja is safely held. Indeed, it was with the object of safeguarding the Dobrudja that the new frontier was insisted upon in 1913 and obtained.

H. BELLOC

[Certain omissions have had to be made from Mr. Belloc's article at the request of the Press Bureau, just as we are going to press. There is therefore a break in the latter part of Mr. Belloc's argument.]

Campaigning in Arabia

By Gerard Shaw

THE other day we had a dreadful dust storm; for a long time it was very hot and stuffy, not a breath of air. Sweat trickled down one in streams even while one lay still, then the sun was clouded over, and a faint breeze rustled the palm leaves, and a brown cloud came up over the horizon, slowly growing and rising up, up, till it reached right overhead, threatening, with whirlings and eddies of yellow-brown in the centre, long trailing curtains of a livid brown colour and ragged wisps reaching out across the clear part of the sky.

Suddenly it broke. A shrieking wind, a dull red twilight (just the colour of light red paint), almost dark, rivers of dust and gravel rushing in straight lines along the ground, so fast that it made one giddy to watch them. One couldn't see two yards; inside the hut was a dense suffocating fog, everything was thickly powdered. The Arabs looked very weird with their hair and eyebrows pale dust-coloured!

We had to go out on column in the middle of it, the gravel and sand stung one like whips. I tied a handkerchief over my nose and mouth. After an hour or more it got brown, then yellow, finally whitish, and then clear, and the moon came out shining quietly through white clouds floating on a cool strong breeze and no dust anywhere, a great relief.

The next day I saw a real sacred scarabeus beetle—large, black, something like a dor beetle, but not so stout. It walked backwards with its front legs, holding in its hind legs a ball of dry mud, or hardened sand, as

big as a very large marble; he simply rushed backwards with it. When I very gently took it away from him and let it roll down the hill, he wasted no time looking for it up the slope, but hurried to the bottom, almost at once, and picked it up again! Then he buried it and himself in a bit of soft sand.

I saw a nice little picture the other day, an Abyssinian girl, or young woman. She had a tiny black baby astride her hip; she was in front of her house, a little stick and mat hut. Soon she sat down and began shelling some little things like dried peas. All her hens and goats came round her, piebald and mottled goats and kids; some reddish brown, some black and white, or grey, and very playful, to try and steal the peas. A young camel tied up near by craned his long neck yearningly, and then began to console himself with an old basket which he contentedly chewed up and swallowed!

The young woman was quite nice and pretty. That race of people are the ancient Ethiopians, whom the Egyptians drove south from Egypt. Their features are not negroid at all, though they are as black and smooth as coal itself. The women have their hair in a big bun on their necks, held in a coarse net, tight and hard. This one was very fat, but clean and quite pleasant; her arms and shoulders were bare, and she had great amber beads round each arm above the elbow; her robe was white, covered with little purple and red and black patterns. She sat and smiled, showing snow-white teeth.

Some of the little hens made a rush at her peas; she drove them off with a cry, and a sweeping gesture of

shining black arms, the same gesture and cry that one has often seen and heard English farm girls use. It was the same picture in black and brown and dull reds and yellows that one sees in Cornwall in greens and pinks and whites and pearly greys.

The other day I saw some new soldiers from England, I believe. Their arms and faces and knees were really astonishingly white. I can hardly believe that everyone at home would be like that; it made one realise that one really is very burnt, though it is a yellowish, more sickly colour than English seaside sunburn.

Out last night on column. Got back all right, had a bath at the well, four buckets poured over oneself; it was fine. A good sleep—nearly full moon rising up as I went to sleep, very large and bright.

I have just been to the bath houses. There is only one lot; they are used by natives and Indian soldiers as well as by us. Somali negroes, Arabs, Asiatic Jews, and mixtures all flock there. The water is drawn up out of a deep well by camels, a special steep-down path is cut for them. They go up to the top one at a time, then turn round; the Arab hooks the rope on to their harness and they walk to the bottom of the path, thus pulling up a huge black dripping leather skin, full of water. This is emptied into a tank, and one has one's bath in a little cubicle place, under a large tap, so at least each customer has fresh water. I rather liked it. The people who wait are very interesting. It costs a half-penny!

The streets are straight and wide. Square, flat-roofed houses with every window iron-barred, no glass, but strong wooden shutters inside the bars. The roofs have wooden water spouts which jut out, to take the water away when it does rain, which they say is once in every seven or eight years, but we had a fearful rainstorm two days ago.

This is what you see as you walk along the street—in front of a white house with blue and yellow streaks of paint round door and windows, sit three camels. Their heads inside the open door, where sits an old man on a stool. He twists camel grass into bundles about a foot long, very neatly, and pushes them into the camel's mouths, one by one, time after time till they have had enough. This is the method of camel feeding!

Through the door, behind the old man, is a mysterious dusky interior, with a back door opening into an inner courtyard, a peep of blue sky above, and an earthenware pitcher with a group of flies, light against the shadow, lazily weaving a dance in the still air. Next door an old Arab woman in a long red garment, like a nightdress, one line from arms to feet (usual dress, in various colours) washes a camel with yellow liquid, smearing it methodically with her hands, dipping it up from a bowl on the ground; the camel is dyed a deep orange (perhaps it kills the ticks on them). Camel carts stand round, of old silver-grey unpainted wood; tiny fowls, bantams, scratch in the dust, and run in and out of the houses, roosting where they like. Flocks of pretty brown and dappled goats and kids swarm in the street, and fawn-coloured, fat-tailed sheep with hair instead of wool; their horns have grown long and up-curved through lack of exercise; they are periodically taken to the shoe maker who cuts the long toes with a chisel (not painful for them). A little black girl, just a pretty little, fat, black animal, smooth and shiny, with hair in tiny parallel braids about two feet long, with large amber beads round her arms, sits and sings a plaintive little song on a doorstep; her red and purple dress glows very brightly.

Then there is a sick man, fat and light skinned; he lies all day in the shade of his house, his bed is close to the wall at the side of the road. There he lies, propped up with piles of bright cushions, an enormous silver and brass hookah standing beside him. A group of friends sit round him on stools. They have coffee brought out on a little three-legged table. It is in a long-necked jug with no handle. The friends are desert people, wearing little white cotton jackets, small black turbans, and bright loin cloths reaching to the knees. They have very thick waistbands with two or three silver-handled hooked daggers stuck in them; they have no horses, camels always.

Close to us is a place where a group of negresses, two old, four young, fat and shiny, with snow-white teeth, sit on the ground and sort tobacco leaves. They usually

have white gowns on with black and purplish pink patterns, big yellow beads on their arms, and bare feet. I pass them always on the way to the bath-house. They are always cheerful and smiling, sitting in the dust, their dark little grass hut behind them, and their little goats frisking round them, trying to steal tobacco leaves to eat! Fat little nude babies of all shades of brown and black toddle round, and suck their fingers at one, salute (like soldiers), and often fall down in the effort!

When that downpour of rain came we were drenched. Our huts don't keep a drop out. There was 3 feet of water on the floor; my boots floated away! It came at 2 a.m. I had lent my overcoat, and was soaked and cold, but am none the worse for it. There, I have described the place as well as I can, but it is so hot, and the flies are so bad that I can't write with any ease or comfort. I have found the top of a shell fuse and an empty cartridge case that the Turks fired in the last scrap; star and crescent on them, quite good little relics. I hope to bring them home.

Sea Scouting and Seamanship for Boys. By W. Baden-Powell, K.C. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 1s. 6d. net), is not only the official manual of the Boy Scouts Association for sea scouts, but is also a highly interesting work, apart from the great amount of technical instruction that it conveys. Such items of the sea as pirates, slavers, and their kind exercise a permanent fascination on the mind of a boy—and they are all here, in their true colours, while there is enough of sea history to make even an adult read and enjoy the book. There is, also, a great deal of practical information on the way to handle a boat, both with oars and sail; how to send and read sea signals; how to use the rocket apparatus—and, on the whole, how to become efficient in the craft of the sea. Well arranged, and written in non-technical form, the manual is to be unreservedly commended both for use and interest.

The many readers of LAND & WATER who remember with pleasure Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole's serial story, *Chaya*, will welcome the publication of that story in volume form under the title *The Reef of Stars*, (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.). Mr. Stacpoole got together a notable company of adventurers for this story, and the recital of their doings gains by presentation in volume form, for the story is one which, having once begun, the reader is reluctant to put it down before the last page is turned. Here is an opportunity, of which many will avail themselves, to read the whole at one sitting. Especially in his presentation of South Pacific life, Mr. Stacpoole is a master of the art of vivid presentation of both character and incident, and in this book he has carried that art to a point truly Stevensonian. As a serial, the story brought him many new readers, and in volume form it will bring him many more.

A little volume that Mr. Erskine MacDonald has in active preparation should be of unusual interest and importance. This book is a collection under one cover of the work, hitherto unpublished in volume form, of a dozen or more soldier poets—including Capt. Julian Grenfell, D.S.O., Major Sydney Oswald, Lt. Dyneley Hussey, Capt. Sorley, Lt. Geoffrey Howard, Corp. Streets, Pte. Sinallay-Sarson of the Canadians, and others who represent most vividly the feelings and outlook of our fighting men, as well as depicting battle scenes.

Gilded Vanity (Heinemann, 5s. net) was, as is stated in a note opposite the title page, first published in volume form some twenty years ago, before the "Dop Doctor" had come to render such a step with regard to any work of this author unnecessary. It forms a distinctly different type of novel from that which one is inclined to expect from this author's pen; the style and the plot are so simple that the interest depends mainly on the manner in which the plot is handled, and it may be said that this is so witty and engaging that the republication is fully justified. There are misunderstandings and heartbreaks in the plot, but these are treated at times with a note of almost Shavian mockery, yet not in such a way as to destroy the reader's sympathy—there is depth in the work in spite of the light touch. Hilary Warr, "petrified bachelor," finds that his lady-love Elizabeth Colquhoun, a girl of good family, is not inclined to love him unless he can assure her of a good income—or rather, is not inclined to yield to her love for him—she explains frankly that she means to marry for money. So she chose "gilded vanity" with another man, and, of course, Warr attained to such a position as would have satisfied all her wishes. The author's skill is shown in the way in which the reader's sympathy with such a girl as Elizabeth is maintained, as well as in a delightful irony not unlike Hichens' in "The Londoners."

Development of German Agriculture

By Sir Herbert Matthews

IN the course of his work as President of the Board of Agriculture Lord Selborne became aware that so far as Germany was concerned, "the war was being fought just as much on an agricultural as on a military organisation of the nation." He therefore asked Professor Middleton, one of the Assistant Secretaries of his Department, to report upon the development of German Agriculture during the last 40 years. This report has now been published,* and is one of the most important documents issued by the Board in recent years. Its peculiar value lies in the fact that here is no *ex parte* statement, issued in support of any Party programme, or to bolster up the theories of any political creed, but facts and figures are given in the cold and unimaginative print of officialism.

The criterion of good farming in this country at the end of the eighteenth century was success in food production. Early in the nineteenth century von Thaer published his first work: "An introduction to the knowledge of English Agriculture, containing the latest Practical and Theoretical Intelligence with a view to the Improvement of German Agriculture." Unlike us Hans is always anxious to improve his methods, and a hundred years after the publication of von Thaer's work we are told that on each 100 acres of cultivated land the British farmer feeds from 45 to 50 persons, while on the same area the German farmer feeds from 70 to 75. These 100 acres produce:

	British Farmer:	German Farmer:
Corn	15 tons	33 tons
Potatoes.. ..	11 "	55 "
Meat	4 "	4½ "
Milk	17½ "	28 "
Sugar	— "	2¼ "

Concurrently with this revolution in her agriculture Germany has been expanding her industries of every kind at an astounding rate, and has kept up an enormous standing army by conscription. Most of our own theorists have told us that industrial development must be alternative to agriculture. They have further tried to make us believe that compulsory military service meant economic loss, and a diminution of productive output. Yet we now find that in spite of theorists Germany has become great in all three directions, industrially, agriculturally, and as a European military power. May not the solution of this mystery be that it is *because* of this triple development and not *in spite of it* that Germany was able to hold Europe in thrall?

German Economic Policy

The organisation of German agriculture is intimately associated with her general economic policy. Mr. Middleton does not accept, without qualification, the oft-repeated statement that progress in German agriculture and retrogression in British farming may be explained by the fiscal policies adopted by the respective countries. He says: "That the fiscal policy has affected the conditions is undoubted, but the precise manner in which tariffs have contributed to its prosperity are difficult to discover." But further on we are told: "It was not the tariff but the policy of which the tariff was an expression that vitalised German agriculture, and if the German farmer had not been assured 20 years ago that the nation was behind him Germany could not now have maintained her people for twelve months."

A brief history of German fiscal policy is given. "Soon after the Franco-Prussian War foreign competition began to affect corn growers, and small protective duties were resolved upon." Mr. Middleton might have quoted Bismarck here, who, in 1879, said:

"Low corn prices are an economic evil. The position of the farmer depends upon the revenue he obtains from the sale of his produce, and the better his position the more prosperous is the nation's economic life as a whole. If the time should come when corn could not be profitably cultivated—not only agriculture but the Prussian State and the German Empire itself would go to ruin."

Six years later again Bismarck, when urging higher duties, remarked:

"There is a limit below which the price of corn cannot fall without the ruin of our entire economic life. That point must not be reached, for when it is it will be too late. Decay may be deferred by the use of the capital we may have laid up, but we create an untenable situation. This is the position of British agriculture to-day; they have been feeding the nation mainly out of their capital for years past, and unless this downward course is promptly stopped it means national ruin and anarchy as the result."

In 1880 the first tax was imposed on wheat, rye, oats and barley, and this was increased in 1885 and again in 1887. Caprivi endeavoured with temporary success to reverse this policy, but his apparent success created the Agrarian Party, and brought about his resignation in 1894. The great German Tariff Law was passed in 1902, and between these dates a prolonged controversy, Protectionists versus Free-traders, raged, when most of the arguments with which we have been made familiar in recent years were used by the respective parties. In his book, *Imperial Germany* (1914) von Bulow says: "I was persuaded that vigorous agriculture is necessary for us from the economic, but above all, from the national and social points of view. . . . Without great and flourishing agriculture by its side industry would soon use up the best forces of the nation." Von Bulow had no misconceptions as to his country being *either* industrial or agricultural. He knew that they were complementary, and he intended if possible to prevent Germany adopting the suicidal course that Britain had elected to follow.

Education

Germany is more than a generation ahead of us in education; not merely in elementary, but also (perhaps especially) in technical training. The result has been that the German farmer not only reads, but is ready to profit by what he reads, and to adopt any improved methods of cultivation brought to his notice. As evidence of this we find that the German uses double the quantity of artificial manures per 100 acres that the British farmer uses, and "the chief factor in developing the use of artificial manures in Germany was unquestionably a well organised system of technical education." On the other hand we use 11.5 tons per 100 acres of imported feeding stuffs against their 8.5 tons. Theoretically, as Mr. Middleton says, this ought to compensate for the smaller quantity of manure used by us, but owing to the heavy losses which occur in farmyard manure through improper storage this deficiency is not made up.

This different procedure is due to a cause, not perhaps apparent to all our economists. The German has only 32 per cent, of his 100 acres under grass: we have 69 per cent. Consequently the German grows a larger proportion of his own feeding stuffs, and keeps a larger head of stock per 100 acres than we can. This gives him a larger quantity of farmyard manure with which to fertilise his land, and this in turn helps to produce more luxuriant crops. That is why the conversion of arable land to grass is a national disaster.

Education has not only taught the German to increase his use of artificials, but also how to purchase them, and how to apply them to the land with the least waste, and therefore to his greatest advantage. A considerable proportion of the money spent on artificials in this country is wasted, first because many farmers buy without knowing the value of what they are purchasing, and secondly because it is wastefully applied.

Ownership v. Occupancy

"Ninety-three per cent of the land of Germany is owned by the men who cultivate it; in England and Wales only eleven per cent. of the occupiers are owners." That is a startling fact, but one that goes a long way towards explaining German success. Count von Schwerin-Lowitz, President of the German Agricultural Council.

*Cd. 8305. By T. H. Middleton. C.B. Price 4d.

is quoted as saying, "Fortunately, however, the love of the German farmers for their ancestral fields and their tenacity even in a time of greatest depression enabled them to withstand the economic and political views of the wise men of that day." Tenants would not have exhibited that same tenacity. In this country they fell back on the generous help of their landlords when the depression was most acute; and Mr. Middleton only accords bare justice to that class when he says: "Nor is it possible for the tenant farmers of the country to reckon a second time on the assistance from landowners which prevented the ruin of many farmers of arable land between 1880 and 1900." Ownership creates an amount of enthusiasm and energy which is impossible under any other conceivable system of tenure. Would anything short of ownership induce the wives and other relatives of the French peasant farmers to begin the restoration of their little farms actually within reach of German shells?

Two other points must be mentioned, though space only allows a passing reference. The first is the very considerable rise in the wages of agricultural labourers that has taken place generally throughout Germany in the period under review. The second is the immense importance in the general economy of farming of the sugar beet crop. "The beet growers have been the pioneers of improved farming in many parts of Germany; animal industry has flourished where sugar beet is grown; finally it is recognised as *the* crop which produces most human food per unit of area. . . . Without it the

high level to which German agriculture has attained in recent years would have been impossible."

Germany's Economic Doctrine

Between 1880 and 1900 a marked change took place in the doctrines taught at the German universities. This was not because of any sympathy with the policy of the "Party of the Plough," whose actions were generally deemed selfish; nor was there any wish to enrich the agrarians. German economists, and the majority of the people, though well aware that Protection had disadvantages, supported tariffs on agricultural produce because they were convinced that their first endeavour must be to ensure—not a cheap—but a certain supply of food. Having thus taken time by the forelock Germany has been able to feed her huge population through two years of war, and she is now securing the third harvest, which will feed her for a further period of unknown duration.

When war broke out Britain might conceivably (owing to the fact that harvest was just beginning) have had at the utmost six months' food supply in hand. Had it not been for the mobilisation of the British fleet in July, 1914; had the German submarine fleet been stronger; or had but a few regrettable accidents occurred, and our imported supply of food been obstructed for only a few weeks between October 1914 and February 1915, the war would have been ended twelve months ago, and Germany would have dominated the world.

Side Lights on a Side Show

By Semsto

HUN-HUNTING in Equatorial Africa is not to be recommended as a pastime. In a land where the bush is thick, and the bush-tracks few, where maps are non-existent, and intelligence inaccurate, the task of pursuing, capturing, or obliterating a determined and desperate foe is not one to be undertaken with a light heart.

The X column had been at the game for fifteen months, including two rainy seasons. Their base was several hundred miles to the rear, and for all supplies they were dependent on the country. Both officers and men were in rags, and in an extremely irritable condition, due as much to the climate as the actual trials of a campaign. On the present occasion the column had camped for the night in a ruined village—a mere clearing in the bush—through which the Huns had passed two days before, leaving the usual relics of "Kultur" in the shape of the bodies of three of the local inhabitants, festering by the path, and that of the unfortunate chief himself hanging to the cotton tree in the middle of the village, under which he and his elders had been wont to sit and administer justice.

It had been raining heavily, and the forest reeked of damp. Water dripped from the rafters of the ruined houses, formed pools in the miserable village street, and filled the shallow trenches which had been hastily dug by the column over night. In these the men were sleeping while the carriers lay huddled together in the spot where they had sat down the night before, too tired to cook their food, and careless of the rain which fell upon their unprotected bodies, and rose in dank malodorous steam. Few surroundings could have been more depressing, when at 3 a.m. the whistle blew, and one by one the officers crept from the rough grass shelters beneath which they had been lying.

The plan of operations for the day was strategically quite a simple one. The main body of the Huns was reported to be holding, in force, a village situated in the bush, and on rising ground some six miles away. The Intelligence Officer had spent most of the night sifting what he imagined to be the facts from amidst the cloud of fiction contained in the stories of such of the local inhabitants as had emerged from their hiding places, when satisfied that it was the British and not Germans who were in possession of their village. It appeared that, contrary to all precedent, the tracks shown on the Intelligence maps did undoubtedly exist: that guides

familiar with local topography were available; and that this time there was really a chance of circumventing the elusive Hun.

By 4 a.m. the Subaltern was on the march with his Company, and by the time dawn broke had made good progress along the path which was shown on the sketch map previously handed to him by the Intelligence Officer. Three hours marching should have brought him to the village whence the path branched off; but by 8 a.m. no signs of it had been seen, and the sun was getting high. "Village lib for front" was the only information obtainable from the guide who, soon after the start, had evidenced signs of extreme panic, and had made more than one effort to escape from the Corporal in charge of the point, to whose tender care he had been entrusted. The advance, necessarily cautious as the prospect of running into enemy posts became more likely, was still further delayed by the numerous streams and swamps which necessitated frequent halts for the benefit of the ammunition and machine gun carriers, and to prevent gaps in the long file of marching men. By nine, the heat was intense, and still no sign of the village.

It became more and more difficult to keep a sense of direction, owing to the constant windings of the path, now reduced to a mere track. Only an hour remained before the main attack was timed to begin, and it became painfully clear to the Subaltern that he had lost his way, and had now small hope of reaching the position for which he was aiming. The Subaltern had decided to call a halt and make a last effort to elucidate his whereabouts, when a sudden burst of firing on his right front brought matters to a climax. As the bullets began to whistle through the trees, the point came running back along the path, and the whole Company, throwing themselves prone among the undergrowth beside the track, awaited the orders of their officers. The situation was an unpromising one. The heaviest firing appeared to proceed from a thick clump of palm and plantain which lay on the right front; but after the original outburst, it appeared to spread along a line almost parallel to that on which they had been marching, and to increase in volume when a few answering shots were fired. It was impossible to see more than a few feet into the bush, while the windings of the path made it equally difficult to tell what was happening at different parts of the line. The point reported that on emerging into a small clearing, some 300 yards in front of the advance guard, they had

been heavily fired upon from their right flank, but had seen nobody. They had fired a few shots in reply, and then returned to report, leaving one of their number to watch the clearing. There was nothing to tell the Subaltern either the strength of the opposition or how it was disposed, but something had to be done at once, for though the men were as invisible to their opponents as the latter were to them, there had already been several casualties, and the men were getting restive. So the Subaltern, calling up the machine gun, ordered it to be turned on to the plantain grove, while he himself, with the leading section, pushed on along the path in an endeavour to locate the enemy, and ascertain his strength. Accordingly, as the stream of bullets from the machine gun spattered through the trees, and was answered by rapid volleys from the unseen enemy, he sprinted down the path, followed by the men, and reached the clearing from beyond which the firing had commenced. Fortunately the ground sloped somewhat, and though the bullets whistled through the bushes, and among the branches of the trees, no casualties occurred, and he was able to throw himself behind a tree, in a spot whence a plain view of the clearing could be obtained.

No Sign of the Enemy

There was no sign of the enemy; but a path was plainly visible which, emerging from the far side, joined the one which he had been following, and led away into the forest on his left front. Evidently the enemy were on that path, but a couple of volleys in that direction brought no reply of any sort. The firing elsewhere had meantime died away, and the Subaltern had come to the conclusion that the enemy had withdrawn, when a small Union Jack appeared among the trees on the edge of the clearing, followed by an unmistakably British officer.

It was the main column, and the path which they had been following was the direct road to the enemy's position. The point of each party had emerged into the clearing at almost the same moment; that of the main column, which was expecting the enemy, had opened fire at once, and retired on their supports. The latter, imagining that they were up against the main body of the enemy, had joined in, and the engagement had become general.

The Subaltern was wondering how on earth he had reached his present position, in front, instead of in rear, of the enemy, when a heavy burst of firing once more broke out, this time on his left front, and in the direction whither the two paths led after their junction in the clearing. At the same moment a little group of German soldiers appeared, cautiously advancing down the path and evidently somewhat at a loss to know what was happening. They were quickly spotted, but dived into cover before they could be accounted for. But their supports were evidently close at hand, for a hail of bullets suddenly swept the path, and half a dozen men were hit before they had realised that the firing was now coming from a different direction. To add to the confusion, the officer commanding the advance guard of the main column, thinking that another mistake had occurred, blew the "cease fire," which was taken up by the main body of the Subaltern's company some distance in the rear. The Germans meanwhile, having brought a machine gun into play, and knowing the direction of the two paths enfiladed each in turn with very effective results. The bush was too thick to permit of an advance in extended order, and neither of the two British detachments could tell the exact whereabouts of the other. The Subaltern took the only possible course. Rushing the machine gun to the edge of the clearing, he commenced to fire belt after belt across in the direction whence the German soldiers had appeared, ordering his men meantime to sweep the bush on either side. Under cover of the fire, he succeeded in crossing the clearing with a few men, and taking up a position on the other side, whence he could see some way down the path which evidently led to the main German position. The officer commanding the advance guard of the main column had now sized up the situation, and detached two sections to assist the Subaltern, while at the same time making an effort to cut a way through the bush to his right with a view to encircling the enemy.

But the Huns had no intention of making a stand. As

soon as they realised the intentions of their opponents, their fire slackened, and gradually died away, save for an occasional shot from snipers posted in trees.

A Cautious Advance

Pushing cautiously along in the direction to which the enemy had retired, our advance party presently came in view round a bend in the road of what was evidently the enemy's position. The path dipped down to a stream, spanned by a bridge which had obviously been recently destroyed. On the far side the ground rose sharply, and the roofs of a native village could be seen in the distance, scattered among a grove of bananas near the summit of the rise. The belt of bush between the stream and the village had been roughly cleared for three quarters of the distance, but the remaining portion, in which undoubtedly the enemy trenches were situated, afforded cover sufficient for an army, and enabled the occupiers completely to command the bridge and its approaches. Through glasses, signs of movement could be observed in the village, but an immediate advance was impossible, as the enemy was evidently in strength, and occupying a carefully prepared position. It was well on in the afternoon by this time. The men had been on the move since 4 a.m., and the heat was intolerable. Any sign of movement was greeted from the other bank by a storm of bullets, and the list of casualties was now considerable. Three Europeans had been hit and the remainder were quite exhausted. So there was nothing for it but to withdraw slightly, dig in, and endeavour to find a way round through the bush.

Nothing happened during the night. But in the morning the discovery of a ford some three miles upstream was reported, and arrangements were at once made for an attack. The Huns, however, had quietly departed under cover of the darkness. The trenches were empty, and the village deserted. The enemy had had at least twelve hours start, and it was useless to think of catching them that day. So it was decided to camp and wait news of the detachment which had been sent off in the morning of the day before, about which some anxiety had begun to be felt. However a message was received about midday, reporting that, more by luck than judgment, they had made their way through the bush to the position assigned to them, but had seen no sign of the enemy, who had retired by the path which the Subaltern was intended to block. The disgust of the latter was intense when it was ascertained that the path which he had followed, and which had brought him so inopportunistically into conflict, not only with the enemy, but also with his own side, was in reality merely a farm track, and that the village shown on the Intelligence map, was in fact the village where the Huns were in position, though known locally under a different name. This explained the guide's reluctance to proceed, and exonerated the Subaltern from blame, but it was an exasperating episode, typical of warfare in tropical Africa. And the feelings of the column were by no means soothed by the discovery in the village of a typically Hunnish communication, nailed to a tree, and written in execrable English, and unprintable terms, which ended with a scurrilous gibe on the subject of recent casualties.

During a "side show" campaign, in which only the officers and a few of the N.C.O.'s are Europeans, and the total forces engaged are infinitesimal compared with those fighting in Europe, it usually happens that the characters of the respective leaders soon become common knowledge on either side. In fact, however inaccurate and defective is the Intelligence concerning vital matters, there is seldom any lack of information concerning the character, the methods and even the personal peccadilloes of the leading personalities among the combatants.

Familiarity with the characteristics of their opponents by no means bred contempt, but it whetted the keen desire of the X Column to come to a final reckoning. When at last the occasion came, it was an extremely sanguinary affair which deserves—though it is unlikely to receive—a full description and a meed of praise to all concerned, officers and men alike. Let it suffice to say that after a miniature battle lasting for two days and nights, the enemy were finally worsted, and the survivors, some 25 Europeans, and 300 native soldiers, surrendered unconditionally.

Some Seaports of Syria

By Eden Phillpotts

MEMORY, stimulated by the luminous exposition of Mr. Hilaire Belloc in a recent issue of *LAND & WATER*, has brought back very vividly to my mind certain places of paramount interest at the moment. I see again the Syrian coastline and the little ports that may ere long, awaken and assume increasing significance in the history of Asia Minor. One of them, according to an Admiralty report, has already witnessed the destruction of certain enemy petrol stores, and, presumably, of a British armed patrol vessel as well; all are potential if not actual bases for enemy submarine supply.

A ruby light, perched on a ruined fortress under the silver of the moon, marked the landing place of Latakia, as we steamed hither from Syrian Tripoli, and at dawn, conspicuous on the wooded shore, stood a slant European roof that surprised one amid the Eastern housetops. It belonged to the American Mission, and the exiles, engaged there upon their life's work, presently extended a friendly welcome. The Mission schoolmaster was under no delusion. "We educate the Moslem children, no more," he said. "It suits the parental purpose to send the youngsters to us, that they may get education and learn to read and write and cast figures. But Christianity gains no ground whatever. When they leave us, the young people go back to their own traditions, their own marriage customs, and their own faith." A little Syrian read to us in school and wrote Arabic with his reed pen.

Dirtiest Town in the East

The town, half-an-hour's walk from the harbour, was the smallest and dirtiest I remember even in the East. Pipes and cigarettes were out, for the fast of Ramadan reigned and the people were snappy and irritable while under their self-denial. As for the Turks, their masters, they appeared more than usually aggressive and offensive in this place.

One remembers the soap factory, with its piles of white olive-scented merchandise, and the fine Genoese ruins—pillars and fragments of a triumphal arch from the far past. The bazaar was mean and had little to offer of great interest, or worth. There were goldfinches in cages and porcupine quills and beetles, fabrics and glass jewellery of bracelets and beads. The trade was in nutgall, wool, camel hair, sponges, silk, and, of course, Abu Riha, "the father of perfume," that celebrated tobacco for which the vilhayet is famous.

This is *Laodicea ad marem* of Biblical history, and stands somewhat inland from the sea, behind a buttress of coastline on the site of the Phœnician Ramitha, that Tancred conquered during the Crusades. It formed a part of the Frankish country of Tripolis and fell with Tripoli in 1289. Latakia lies only fifty miles from the railway that connects Aleppo and Homs, but is separated therefrom by the chain of the Lebanon.

More important, however, in Mr. Belloc's judgment is Iskanderûn, or Alexandretta, on the Gulf of that name. The place is dangerous to shipping, for tremendous storms roll in upon the land-locked shallows, leaping with amazing speed out of the Mediterranean and calling for stout cables and anchors if the gales are to be ridden out, and for powerful steaming when shipmasters decide upon escape to blue water. Even such a storm sprang upon us in that land-locked bay, and our captain, trusting to his engines, fought out through a mountainous sea and a gale of wind that sprang without warning from the north at sunset time. Lighters laden with cargo had just come alongside, but they fled to land again while they still might make it; slight craft threw out their heavy anchors; we turned nose to the storm and fought out to safety with a struggle. There was a green Greek brigantine, past which we crept, so close that one might have thrown a hat aboard. The terror of the master and his crew was extreme, for every moment they expected us to sink them. We ran for twenty miles and anchored under the lee of the land presently, hard by those low plains where Darius and Alexander fought.

Returning to our moorings upon the day after the storm,

sunshine and blue waters had taken the place of turbid, foam-capped seas, and only one casualty marked the event, where a belated lighter had failed of safety on the previous night. Her broken ribs and the wreckage of her skeleton littered the shore.

Alexandretta, as the port of Muslimje, Aleppo and Antioch, enjoys some note, though itself a mean Syrian town, indeed little more than a village. A wide and marshy plain extends about it, hemmed in by the northern flanks of the Lebanon, whose escarpments and ridges rise green and jagged to the last of the winter snows. In the lap of the mountain lies the far-spread and pestilence-breeding marsh without the town.

A Monument to Jonah

Northward, under the foothills, there stands a fragment of masonry at the edge of the surf, where tradition records that the whale parted from Jonah. If this be so, then never prophet had a more awkward landing; but Tripoli also claims the site of his adventure.

The little bazaars of Alexandretta were rich in good rugs and carpets; the garb of the people struck one as peculiarly quaint—a mingled dress of hill folk and sea folk. Through a pass in the mountains streamed down a noble caravan from Aleppo—one thousand laden camels and their company. The beasts were Bactrians—magnificent woolly creatures of great size and majestic mien—the very aristocracy of the camel race. They swung through the narrow streets, and passers by fled before them, or escaped into the doorways, because a Bactrian waits for nobody. Their drivers wore sheepskins and were as hirsute as the camels themselves.

Upon the plains some of our party wandered, to catch the little tortoises that abounded there; but they were warned to go not far afield and return before sundown should liberate the fever spirits that haunt the place. Ibrahim Pasha drained it and improved it, but during the summer months Alexandretta continues a den of malaria, and one would little like to think of British troops beneath these hills, while gladly welcoming the thought of a few divisions on top of them.

Where Alexander Fought

It was at the head of the Gulf, on the Plain of Issus, that Alexander fought, and near the site of existing Iskanderûn rose the original town of Alexandria ad Issum, Little Alexandria. Only one of all the Alexandrias he left behind him is better known. To-day Christian Greeks compose the bulk of the population and suffer exceedingly under the heel of the Turk and from disease. The Aleppo "button" is a common sight. But here remains the finest harbour which Syria possesses, and here exists a place of immense future importance in connection with the railway above and with the valley of the Euphrates beyond.

At this moment in the world's history the Bay undoubtedly presents problems and possibilities of such a nature that the fate of all Turkey in Asia may be influenced by action in the district. "The nodal point upon which the enemy army in Mesopotamia turns is the junction of Muslimje just north of Aleppo," writes Mr. Belloc. Again he says, "A blow delivered from the sea against Aleppo would obviously settle the business (of the Mesopotamian campaign) at once. To deliver it upon the Gulf of Alexandretta has been suggested twenty times from as many quarters since Turkey entered the war. To deliver it south of the range of mountains covering Aleppo and a march upon that district from Latakia to Antioch would be decisive. The reasons against such an undertaking are not open to debate at this moment. But they are not conclusive."

One remembers Iskanderûn as a hamlet beside dim green and grey and yellow marshlands of grass and tamarisk ringed with huge hills and fronted by treacherous seas. Thunder woke on the mountains and rolled over their snowy heads by night, and lightning often flickered upon their austere foreheads.

The Establishment of Poland.—III

BY the time that the Christian religion, and with it civilisation, came to the Poles from the south and west, it was already completely established in all the German tribes. This chaotic mass of barbarism stretching from the North Sea and the Baltic in a sort of corridor or street down to the Alps, and penetrating all the valleys of that mountain system up to and beyond the watershed of the Mediterranean, was not one in race and origin.

The scientific observer to-day notes many different tribes, and especially a broad distinction between the Southern mountain German and the Northerner from the marshes, heaths, and forests of the Plain. The sole common characteristic whereby this mass of warring and hitherto half nomadic tribes was given some sort of unity was the bond of language. Even here the conception of one standard form such as has always arisen in nations of classical culture was lacking. These German tribes which were perpetually coalescing and separating again into various fluid forms, spoke innumerable dialects. Among them all, however, there was a similarity which distinguished the local dialects sharply from the Latin speech to the west of them and the Slav to the east.

The western fringe of these barbarians had been, for many centuries before the conversion of the whole, subject to the influences of civilisation. The left bank of the Rhine where a belt of population from twenty to a hundred miles broad was German, had been under the control of the Roman Empire ever since the conquest of Gaul. And from this belt the conversion of the Eastern Germanies behind had proceeded mainly as the effect of military conquest conducted by the armies whose leaders had their palaces in the Roman towns of Metz, of Aix la Chapelle, Laon, Rheims and Paris.

"The Empire"

The fact that the Germanies were now Christian and were the immediate neighbours of a new Slav community also Christians, and Christians of the same type, made some intermixture between the two inevitable upon their frontiers. But there was another influence at work, which not only added to such intermixture, but also had the effect of slightly pushing back eastward the boundary of Slav speech and of extending the boundary of German. This was the institution called, in the Middle Ages, "The Empire."

An artificial bond had arisen between Italy and certain of the German Kings almost at the moment when Poland was baptised. A theory was erected convenient at first both to the church and to the now Christian tribal Kings in Germany, and consonant with the remaining traditions and memories of Charlemagne, that a German tribal King admitted by the Pope in Rome as "Emperor" was a sort of constitutional descendant of the real Empire, that is, the real European unity which Charlemagne had reconstituted, and which had fallen to pieces again within a century of his death. The thing was not a theory, it was a fiction and a conscious fiction. The rapidly consolidating French nation would have nothing to do with it. Britain was outside its orbit.

This so-called "Empire" was in practice nothing but the claim of some one of the German dynasties to interfere periodically in Italian affairs, and to lead armies through the mountains to the south. It had, however, a powerful effect upon the German tribes themselves, who could not but regard the local dynasty thus crowned at Rome as being a sort of general overlord over themselves, and it correspondingly affected the Christian Slavs to the east, those of Bohemia and those of Poland. Unlike the older Western Christianity a certain hierarchy between them and this fictitious "Emperor" of the Dark Ages and early Middle Ages was not absurd or unthinkable. They had entered Christendom together; they were close neighbours, and the Slavs were cut off from south and west by territories which the so-called "Imperial Power" did in some sense rule.

It was largely under the pressure of this institution with its strong spiritual backing of Papal acknowledgment

and its Latin titles that the boundaries of the German speech were somewhat extended towards the east throughout the later Dark Ages and the whole of the Middle Ages; not only were they extended towards the east, but a certain further spread of German language among those who were Slav by race took place.

Expansion toward the Sea

There was another quite different force at work tending to the same general end. This new Christian State of Poland was not maritime. It was destined to reach the sea and to have a port upon the Baltic, but it did not look to the sea, nor live by the sea at all, and right away from the mouth of the Vistula to beyond the Gulf of Riga (where a Finnish race began) Pagan Slavs for whom the best general term is Lithuanian, but to whom modern religious changes have given separate titles to-day, stretched along the shores of the sea and thence down southward in that Pagan belt or corridor of which we have spoken in previous articles, which cut off Poland with its Latin religions from the Russian principalities with their Greek rite and doctrine.

The conquest, the civilisation and the baptising of these tribes was not undertaken by the Poles. It was undertaken by Orders of Chivalry wholly German in composition and coming by sea and along the seacoast. These established themselves gradually as overlords from the mouth of the Vistula for one hundred miles to the east of that point and southward some fifty miles or so to the district of marshes and lakes which is called the Masurian. Later the efforts of these Teutonic knights proceeded still further northward and their descendants and the merchants following them acquired vast estates and founded commercial towns right up to the further shores of the Gulf of Riga. But this further extension to the north does not greatly concern our present subject. What we have to note is the foundation by these Teutonic knights during the Middle Ages of a sort of island State in the centre of which was the town where their kings were crowned, Königsberg.

We call it an "island," because it was everywhere isolated by alien speech from the rest of the Germanies. There was and is a belt of Polish-speaking people to the west of it beyond the Vistula mouth along the seaboard, and the whole mass of Slavonic speech to the south and to the east of it as well, while, on the north, it stretched to the sea. This singular and to Europe disastrous experiment in the fusion of the races took on and continued the old local name of the principal Pagan tribe-land the Teutonic knights had conquered, and was known as Borussia, of which the modern form grew to be "Prussia." The Prussians were that strange race Slav in basis, but chemically changed by the dominating minority of Teutonic blood intermixed with the Slav. This peculiar product it was which, developing a spirit quite different from that of the other German-speaking tribes, organised for war and by a succession of later accidents united with its Crown many purely German States, lay at the root of all that modern military tradition which we call Prussia.

Here, then, is the situation. Poland, more and more of a conscious and united Christian people as the Middle Ages proceeded, was geographically anomalous; not only because upon her eastern borders there had appeared an inevitable admixture of German speech with Polish speech, but much more because a whole slice of what would have been normally Christian Slavdom had, through the crusade of the Teutonic knights and the geographical accident of the marshy lake belt to their south, been cut off and carved out of what might have been the united body of Poland. This historical exception more than anything else threatened the future of the Polish people, and was destined much later to destroy, for now more than a century, their independence. If we take the border of Polish speech as it now stands, we find upon the edges of that border a varying proportion of German admixture, and cut right out from the midst of it upon the north the German-speaking exception

of Prussia with its centre at Königsberg.

There was a third factor of confusion which ultimately proved of the greatest weight.

Jews in Poland

The kingdom of Poland was, during the Middle Ages, the refuge of the Jewish people. They here enjoyed a universal toleration which elsewhere in Europe was exceptional. They were here not subject to those occasional but violent persecutions which everywhere else have left upon their national traditions so deep a tradition of wrong. The Jews flocked to Poland, establishing themselves not, as in the rest of Europe, in little town communities living their own life, but in regular colonies, and before the process was completed with the end of the Middle Ages, something like half of all the Jewish race was to be found established within the kingdom.

Had these very numerous Colonies, this vast immigration grown to be Slavonic in speech, the result would have been very different from that which we see to day. As a fact, coming mainly eastward from the Germanies these immigrant Jewish Colonies for the most part retained a German dialect as their speech and many customs of German civilisation in their culture.

This was the third anomaly destined to warp the unity of the Polish State, although it was not until many centuries had passed that its effect became apparent. To day it is true to say that one of the chief problems presented to the statesman in the re-erection of Poland will be the settlement of the friction between the very large, separate, and foreign speaking Jewish element and the Polish element in the midst of which it lives.

The reader is now possessed of the main facts which between them have rendered so difficult the task of defining with true geographical boundaries and of restoring in stable fashion the Polish State. It remains to be added that this State, in the centuries when it flourished most, was of a social constitution peculiar in Europe and by a sort of necessity leading to grave weakness in the crisis of the national fate. The Polish State had grown to be in the Middle Ages an aristocratic Republic. The nobles were not, as elsewhere, a very small proportion of the whole population, distinct as elsewhere from the commercial middle classes of the towns and reposing upon a vast majority of agricultural labour, which in the West and South of Europe passed through all stages from mere serfdom to the complete freedom of a Christian peasantry. In Poland the nobler class was very numerous, a tenth or an eighth of the Polish speaking people. That class was in actual possession of the land; a possession not modified by the complex feudal relations which had arisen elsewhere, and the majority which tilled the land beneath it were serfs only. Of a true middle class there was hardly any. Its place was supplied by the Jews who fulfilled those functions of commerce, finance and the flux of travel which the bourgeoisie and the clergy provide in the older states in Germany, France, Italy, England and Spain. In a word, Poland, thus lying far upon the Eastern boundary of Latin Europe, and in some sense cut off, had remained simpler and more primitive in its organisation than the older States to the west of it, and at the same time had suffered quite peculiar anomalies in its development. The monarch was but a crowned noble, proceeding and holding power from the body of nobles. When the Reformation, or rather the later consequences of that movement had introduced here, as elsewhere, chances of national divisions and civil wars, the loosely organised State could barely stand the strain. We know how the duelism between the new reform and the older religion was settled elsewhere. We have in England the triumph of the one principle, in Spain of the other; in France the segregation of a large and important minority which remained ex-centric to the mass of the State, and when the religious wars were ended, not disturbing the unity of that State. In the Germanies by the middle of the seventeenth century men settled down upon the famous formula: "Let each region have its own religion," and the Catholic and Protestant States lived side by side at last in peace. In Poland the quarrel was not so much between the Reformers proper and the Conservatives in Church matters as between those who leant to a national establishment which would still preserve rights and doctrines intact but would re-act

against Papal supremacy, and an opposing body largely supported by the Jesuits who stood for the full effect of the counter-Reformation. The latter superficially triumphed, but not completely nor fundamentally, and this spiritual schism in the State was accompanied by a general disintegration, by the arising of various factions, which soon were hopelessly confused and early lost their simple religious distinction, becoming purely political in aim, and varying with chaotic rapidity. In the 18th century this state of affairs had produced no social anarchy indeed but a sort of political anarchy, or at any rate an *impasse*. And, in general, by the middle of the eighteenth century, excuse was afforded to the two powerful neighbours, Prussia now grown to a great State upon the North and West, Russia, now grown to a vast organised despotism upon the East, to interfere with what they might plausibly represent to be a neighbouring centre of disturbance dangerous to their own borders.

Between such an attitude, however, and a positive policy of interference, there was a gulf. The doctrine of nationality was fundamental in the morals of Christendom and was symbolised by the rights of the national and regional Crowns. To subject a people and to suppress its national unity and destroy its throne was everywhere thought a crime. That crime was none the less committed, and the prime mover in it was Frederick of Prussia. He it was who supported and inflamed the existing ambition of the Russian monarchy in the matter until, supported by that Monarchy, he compelled the reluctant acquiescence of the third party, the Empress at Vienna, the ruler at once of Hungary, of German-speaking Austria and of Bohemia. Persuaded that if Russia and Prussia between them divided Poland, Austria could not stand without a balancing share, Maria Theresa reluctantly put her hand to the infamous compact, but said as she did so that the enormity would have consequences for which her children's children would bleed.

She was right. It is from the partition of Poland that the Great War of to-day ultimately proceeds. It was the common necessity of keeping Poland in subjection which bound in unnatural interdependence the Prussian with the Russian autocracy, the German speaking Monarchy with the Slav. It was the necessity of governing a great portion of Poland, mildly indeed, and more justly, but still against its will and to the destruction of its nationality, which has always brought civilised Austria sooner or later back into the orbit of Prussia. It was the fear of Poland which led the one great statesman modern Germany has had to lay it down as a fundamental rule that friendship with Russia should be at all costs preserved. When modern Prussia, neglecting that advice, determined upon her war of aggression, her excuse and opportunity was the pretension of her Austrian ally to do to Serbia much what Prussia had originally done to Poland. The Slav feeling was aroused as it was intended to be aroused, and Prussia had once again for the second time in a generation made war inevitable because she thought that the war could not but be one of a facile and rapid conquest over her neighbours. The various chances of that war had, by the autumn of its second year, by October 1915, put the armies of the Central Empires into occupation not only of what they themselves had originally carved from the body of Poland, but also of nearly all that portion under the domination of Russia. It was in their power—that is in the power of Berlin, which now controls Austria as a vassal—to dictate a re-establishment of Poland upon any model they chose so long as their armies should still be in occupation of the whole of its territory. Conversely, the defeat of the Central Empires when it should come would leave Poland as a whole a clean sheet, and the Allies might, if they would, devise a policy of their own. Because Prussia and her Allies had by the advance of their armies thrown all Poland again into one, for that same reason a re-advance of the Allies as the power of the Central Empires ebbed away in the third year of the war, could enter into, speak of and define a new united Poland. Therefore the war to-day is, more than anything else, a war for the victory of the one Polish policy over the other. That will be its test. That will be the stamp which will mark the final success of the one party over the other, and what that re-establishment should best be if the final ends of the Alliance are to be preserved, will be the subject of the last of these articles.

Verhaeren and His Lesson

By J. W. Scott

WHEN we speak of Belgium's greatest living writer, the name which at once springs to the minds of those who know the field is Emil Verhaeren. His title to fame, we may say, is this: that he has tried to make his generation fall in love with the modern world. And his position is interesting because it shows a way of meeting a problem which presses very urgently upon us at the present time.

The problem is that of mechanism—of Prussianism, if you will, in its spiritual shape. To many thinking minds this is the most serious thing that the past two years have brought before us. There are those in our midst who are more troubled about the Prussianism which is in ourselves, and which is all about us, than they are about Germany. They feel that Prussianism is a side of modern life, that it is the source of all the unloveliness of modern life, and that it is perhaps ineradicable. Prussianism to them is not a thing of flesh and blood. It is a spirit; and a spirit which seems to have settled over all the modern world. They would call it the spirit of the machine.

Where do we find this spirit? Spirit-like it is apt to elude us. It is very apt itself to remain unseen and to be visible only in its effects. Yet it is not very hard to detect if we know what to look for. Wherever you have irresponsiveness, inadaptability to new circumstances, there you have the spirit of machinery. A machine is a structure which works in just one way, takes its own time, and follows a self-repeating law. This spirit of the machine has invaded our life.

Political Mechanism

Many things, we make bold to say, are mechanical besides the Prussian mind. Our own political life is mechanical. Parliaments are machines in that they do not react to the circumstances they are addressing. People urge a measure of reform. After incalculable speaking, writing and agitating, Parliament at length takes it up, debates about it for a quarter of a century, and passes it into law only when the situation which called it forth is all changed and the need for it is gone. The trouble is that you are dealing with a machine, and you have to wait on it working, even if the measure is meanwhile becoming useless. It would not be so bad if the thing would even stop, but it won't. It has been adjusted to this move, and on it must go, no hurry and no pause.

All modern life is shot through with organisations which work in this way. The German military system is there; it is a machine all furbished up for action; turn the button which starts it, and thereafter all control is taken out of your hands. It starts itself, it starts all the other machines, and nothing can stop them except a breakdown somewhere.

The modern world is full of things which, once started, go of themselves. A trades-union leader decides upon a strike. He cannot stop it next day if he likes, any more than the Kaiser could have stopped the German war-machine the day after he let it loose. He can stop the strike when it is ready to be stopped by such as he, and not an hour sooner. It is the same story everywhere. There is freedom of action at the beginning, but none is to be seen at the end. As a free individual you make the first little move; you touch the spring; but after that things take their own course, deaf to all vows, supplications and prayers.

We have had many counsellors who have urged us to fight this spirit of machinery, in the name of all that we hold spiritually dear. What harm is there in it? Well, at any rate, it is inimical to beauty. Being the death of freedom it is the death of art also. For the soul of art is freedom. But surely of all attitudes to this phenomenon, that of Verhaeren is the most courageous and inspiring. For his plan is nothing less than this: To confront the monster, draw the mask from off his face and show him to have been no such monster after all.

Verhaeren would compel the machinery-ridden life of

the modern world to supply the very beauty it would stamp out. His attitude is a quiet and firm reversal of the method of most champions of the spirit of beauty. Go up to modern life boldly, he says in effect, and look at the play of its forces and the sweep of its movements. You will see much beauty, of the pale pathetic anti-quarian type, being trampled and crushed; but also you will see all the sublimities. There is a strange and persuasive note of hope here whose force, if we pause for a moment, we shall feel; a hope for the modern world on its artistic side, and not on that side only.

The Beauty of Individualism

The machinery in our midst is undoubtedly fitted to deprive us of something; of a beauty which we want to preserve; because at bottom it is more than beauty, it is life itself. Beauty is not a conscious necessity of life to everybody. Not all men are possessed, like Verhaeren, of the pure artistic spirit which lives on it. Even if beauty were threatened with extinction in their time, few perhaps would feel as he did that their very soul was like to perish; and practically none would reach the point that he reached, that of being shattered in their physical frame and literally brought nigh unto death. But there is a kind of beauty, the loss of which would be a calamity to all; and the machinery in our midst is calculated to deprive us of it.

We refer to that accidental, undesigned and wholly unconscious beauty which Nature has. It enters into many of the objects made by man. It is the source of the charm of old things produced by the hand before machinery was known. An old cathedral has this undesigned beauty. It is naive before us. It is like nature in that it does not *mean* to be beautiful, any more than a mountain or a crag does. A beauty of exactly this sort—visible to those who had the eye to see it, but felt even by those who did not see—resided long ago in the commonest things made by hand in an environment which was machinery-free. There was an element of beauty and of interest in hand-made tools, hand-made ornaments, hand-hewn stones, which was quite accidental. It was a point on which neither the buyer of the article nor the seller probably set any store. But all the same as William Morris has said, it was there; and it regularly made its appearance in such work as if by some natural law.

This is the beauty which is slipping from our grasp. It is more than mere beauty. It is really a life in the material object; to which the touch of machinery at once puts an end. The machine-made structure has no delights of surprise for us. There is no undesigned balance and counter-balance of parts in it, none of the accidental unevennesses of surface or touches of originality which attach to hand-made things; none, in short, of those features in which the author leaves the imprint of his character on his work. And all this is loss to us—dead loss, even to the uninstructed mind which could not tell us of it. For the trace of the maker's hand in the object is what made its dead material glisten with a little touch of real human life. Machinery may make a more efficient article. It can never infuse these associations. The article coming from machinery's dead hand has no story in it. There is no record of human thought and skill guiding the tool to fair or faulty execution. It suggests nothing but the monotonous beat of a self-repeating process, turning out things of uniform quality on an unchanging scale day after day *ad infinitum*.

Acceptation of Mechanism

Where, then, shall we seize again this lost thing, and how preserve it from decay? especially as this which we are on the point of losing is no mere connoisseur's plaything, is no less indeed than the life which is in our surroundings, and is at root the same life without which no act is morally good and no thought is significant.

The machine in our life is what is doing the mischief. There seems no way finally to get the better of it except,

like Verhaeren, we can bring ourselves to accept this machinery-driven life of ours and turn it to account. We must have the discipline freely to yield up that small-scale beauty and humanity which time seems to be taking from us, and frankly to face this mechanical-looking life which the future seems to have destined to be ours. Let us acknowledge it frankly to ourselves: *the machine is here*. Modern politics are here; so is the trade-union; so are electricity and steam. And we cannot catch again the human which it has displaced, in the old charming child-like shape which once it wore.

The trade-union workman cannot have again the old sweet human relations with his master. He must strike when the union says so; he must submit to let it prescribe his rate of work and rate of wages, fix his hours and even have a say as to whether he is to do an odd job for his neighbour in his spare time. Precisely similarly the manufacturer's machine is there. It is turning out articles in thousands a day, every one of which, perhaps, ought to have provided a skilled artizan with work for a week. But we cannot help it. We cannot go back and catch the beauty of the hand-made article even if we would. There is no inducement, for one thing. The enterprise would not repay the trouble. And that is not all. Even if we defied the manufacturer's machine, as we occasionally see a workman defy the union, we should meet with precisely that man's trouble. Neither of us can get peace. We cannot carry out our designs unmolested. Therein both of us fail to get back to the dear old-time conditions.

The old conditions were accepted by everybody, and a man got peace to live in them; and that was in the essence of their nature. The old-time hand-worker worked in peace and so produced a beauty of which he didn't need to think. It was an *accidental* beauty. It was struck out by the way while the worker was wholly taken up with what to him were far more important matters—efficiency, practicability, the making a handle that would hold, or a blade that would cut. Had he been for ever thinking about the charm which surrounded his work he would have lost it. But while *we* are making the article, *we* can never be unconscious of its beauty as the old-time worker was. We live in a different day. We cannot be unconscious because the machine over the way will not let us. It is rattling away there, turning out our week's work every few minutes. We cannot forget it. And it forces us to be for ever calling to mind those "points of interest and beauty" which we know are in hand-made things, and for whose sole sake we are persevering in our laborious methods. We must be for ever thinking and talking about the very things which thinking and talking kills. No more can the trade-union man behave as though there were no union. And at bottom the reason is the same. He cannot do it naturally, unthinkingly and undisturbed. He may work the wrong hours for the wrong pay, but his neighbours will whisper about it. He may refuse to strike, but he will suffer for it. In a word, the old human relationship, like the old beauty, is gone, and we may as well let it go. Not that we cannot improve things; for we can. But for that very reason we must let the old go, face forward and not attempt to face back.

For there *is* hope in the situation. At least there is hope in it if we take Verhaeren's lead. It is the machine, we have said, which is working the havoc. The principle, then, is: advance to the machine and bid it disclose to you *its* beauty. The beauty we have lost was accidental? Well, there is an accidental beauty still. There are still things which we do frankly and without self-consciousness. We build bridges, we make guns. And—we make social-political machines too. It is quite true, the machine has undone the old-time beauty. But let us not forget. We created the machine. And whilst we were doing that in unconsciousness, much beauty flashed out by the way as fire from the flint. We have not yet taken much account of that. To take account of it, and go in and enjoy it, is the lesson of Verhaeren. We cannot build a Gothic temple again. But may there not be architecture in our ships and grace in our steam-hammers? There may not be much of the human, perhaps, in our Parliament. But cannot we make a Parliament?

The human cannot be killed except by the human. Art cannot be killed except by art. In America, I

understand, they have carried it so far that a machine now turns out fifteenth century carved-oak panels "indistinguishable except by an expert." Truly, these panels are not art. Carved-oak panels were art in the fifteenth century. But art—the art of modern America—most surely resides in the brain which made that machine.

Shells

Young mother, little son,
Playing upon
A Sussex beach.
As in a trance
She watches waves that reach
His grave in France—
Her husband's, of whom records tell
That he was shattered by a shell
In the advance.

And now, *his* child and hers
Brings, with a glance
That triumph tells,
Bright ocean-wares;
"O mother, I love shells—
Had father shells in France?"

That evening, by his bed
She bows her own young head;
Says prayers in faltering snatches
Since grief at utterance catches:
"Forgive us, God, as we
Forgive our enemy!"

Then he, from under pillows,
Brings bric-a-brac of billows,
She turns wet eyes askance—
His word she sure foretells:—
"O mother, I love shells—
Had father shells in France?"

See, Heaven, how one hard throne,
And he who sits thereon,
Hath parodied Thy thunder;
Thwarted Thy scheme of Love
Put man and wife asunder;
Peopled with phantom faces
Each nook and cove
Of pleasant sunshine places;
Made even the sea
A misery,
And a child's chatter
Cruel with shells that shatter.

There is a fine intimacy in Mr. J. Middleton Murry's study, *Fyodor Dostoevsky* (Martin Secker, 7s. 6d. net), an intimacy which reveals the Russian genius to this student of his work as more than novelist, and as the creator of a new form. Mr. Murry shows us Dostoevsky through his work, takes the really great books of the Russian and through them visualises the man.

He admits that Dostoevsky was "a sick soul, a mind diseased, a man corrupted by his own thought," and the whole of this book is devoted to justification of such a sick soul and the productions of such a mind. Many who know Dostoevsky's work almost as intimately as does Mr. Murry will part company with him early in this study, refuse to admit that the novelist's work was in its purpose the assertion of rebellion against life, for—to take an example—in his chapter on *The Idiot*, Mr. Murry sets Rogozhin before Myshkin, displaces the one whom many would deem the central figure in order to set up the devil of the book as its hero. Dostoevsky "did not fit into the forms of general life, and he cannot be defined by his relations to them," says Mr. Murry, and he sets to work to define his hero by means of other forms.

His work, which will raise a host of contentions, may be defined as brilliantly explanatory of Dostoevsky; the effect of reading it will be to send the reader back to Dostoevsky himself for refutation or confirmation of the views set forth. It is a brilliant study of a genius, and it is valuable in that it will help to awaken interest in the great Russian.

Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay, who obtained a commission in the new army and was wounded at Loos is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. This was handed to the British headquarters in Mesopotamia by an officer—Sir Walter's son—wounded to death in obtaining it. Hannay undertakes the mission, his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American gentleman, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who also joins them. On November 17th the three dine together at a London flat, and agree to meet in a café in a back street of Constantinople two months later—on January 17th. Sandy goes to Constantinople, disguised as a Turk, by way of Cairo. Blenkiron drops into Germany by way of Scandinavia. Hannay, who in South Africa was a mining engineer, and can speak Dutch perfectly, enters Germany through Holland as a Boer from Western Cape Colony. Hannay sails for Lisbon where he meets his old Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, who agrees to be his companion. They go on to Germany and find their way to Berlin. Here they have an interview with two Government high officials: one, Colonel von Stumm, had been in German South-West Africa, fighting the Hereros. Stumm takes them in charge, leaves Pienaar in Berlin, but brings Hannay to his castle in Bavaria. On the way Hannay has an interview with the Kaiser. In the evening Stumm grossly insults Hannay who knocks him out and makes a bolt for it. He hides in the forest, and stricken with malaria lies perdu for some days in a woodcutter's hut. Finally he reaches the Danube and gets taken on as an engineer on board a steamer that is tugging barges of munitions from Essen to Rustchuk. On the journey down the Danube Pienaar, having escaped from a prison camp, rejoins Hannay on the boat, and on arrival at Constantinople they are saved from a Turkish rabble by a weird individual who regards the offer of a sovereign for his services as an insult.*

CHAPTER XI (continued)

PETER and I, with a common impulse, took to our heels. We were not looking for any trouble with demonsiacs. Up that steep narrow lane we ran with that bedlamite crowd at our heels. The torches seemed to have gone out, for the place was black as pitch and we tumbled over heaps of offal and splashed through running drains. The men were close behind us and more than once I felt a stick on my shoulder. But fear lent us wings and suddenly, before us was a blaze of light and we saw the debouchment of our street on a main thoroughfare. The others saw it too, for they slackened off. Just before we reached the light we stopped and looked round. There was no sound or sight behind us in the black lane which dipped to the harbour.

"This is a queer country, Cornelis," said Peter, feeling his limbs for bruises. "Too many things happen in too short a time. I am breathless."

The big street we had struck seemed to run along the crest of the hill. There were lamps in it, and crawling cabs, and quite civilised looking shops. We soon found the hotel to which Kuprasso had directed us, a big place in a courtyard with a very tumble-down looking portico, and green sun shutters which rattled drearily in the winter's wind. It proved, as I feared, to be packed to the door, mostly with German officers. With some trouble I got an interview with the proprietor, the usual Greek, and told him that we had been sent there by Mr. Kuprasso. That didn't affect him in the least, and we would have been shot into the street if I hadn't remembered about Stumm's pass.

So I explained that we had come from Germany with munitions, and only wanted rooms for one night. I showed him the pass and blustered a good deal, till he became civil and said he would do the best he could for us.

That best was pretty poor. Peter and I were doubled up in a small room which contained two camp beds and little else, and had broken windows through which the wind whistled. We got a wretched dinner of stringy mutton boiled with

vegetables and a white cheese strong enough to raise the dead. But I got a bottle of whisky, for which I paid a sovereign, and we managed to light the stove in our room, fasten the shutters, and warm our hearts with a brew of toddy. After that we went to bed and slept like logs for twelve hours. On the road from Rustchuk we had had uneasy slumbers.

I woke next morning and, looking out from the broken window, saw that it was snowing. With a lot of trouble I got hold of a servant and made him bring us some of the treacly Turkish coffee. We were both in pretty low spirits. "Europe is a poor cold place," said Peter, "not worth fighting for. There is only one white man's land, and that is South Africa." At the time I heartily agreed with him.

I remember that, sitting on the edge of my bed, I took stock of our position. It was not very cheering. We seemed to have been amassing enemies at a furious pace. First of all, there was Rasta, whom I had insulted and who wouldn't forget it in a hurry. He had his crowd of Turkish riff-raff, and was bound to get us sooner or later. Then there was the maniac in the skin hat. He didn't like Rasta, and I made a guess that he and his weird friends were of some party hostile to the Young Turks. But, on the other hand, he didn't like us, and there would be bad trouble the next time we met him. Finally, there was Stumm and the German Government. It could only be a matter of hours at the best before he got the Rustchuk authorities on our trail. It would be easy to trace us from Chataldja, and once they had us we were absolutely done. There was a big black dossier against us which by no conceivable piece of luck could be upset.

It was very clear to me that unless we could find sanctuary and shed all our various pursuers during this day we should be done in for good and all. But where on earth were we to find sanctuary? We had neither of us a word of the language, and there was no way I could see of taking on new characters. For that we wanted friends and help, and I could think of none anywhere. Somewhere, to be sure, there was Blenkiron, but how could we get into touch with him? As for Sandy, I had pretty well given him up. I always thought his enterprise the craziest of the lot, and bound to fail. He was probably somewhere in Asia Minor, and a month or two later would get to Constantinople and hear in some pothouse the yarn of the two wretched Dutchmen who had disappeared so soon from men's sight.

That rendezvous at Kuprasso's was no good. It would have been all right if we had got here unsuspected, and could have gone on quietly frequenting the place till Blenkiron picked us up. But to do that we wanted leisure and secrecy, and here we were with a pack of hounds at our heels. The place was horribly dangerous already. If we showed ourselves there we should be gathered in by Rasta, or by the German military police, or by the madman in the skin cap. It was a stark impossibility to hang about on the offchance of meeting Blenkiron.

I reflected with some bitterness that this was the 17th day of January, the day of our assignation. I had had high hopes all the way down the Danube of meeting with Blenkiron—for I knew he would be in time—of giving him the information I had had the good fortune to collect, of piecing it together with what he had found out, and of getting the whole story which Sir Walter hungered for. After that I thought it wouldn't be hard to get away by Rumania and to get home through Russia. I had hoped to be back with my battalion in February, having done as good a bit of work as anybody in the war. As it was, it looked as if my information would die with me, unless I could find Blenkiron before the evening.

I talked the thing over with Peter and he agreed that we were fairly up against it. We decided to go to Kuprasso's that afternoon and to trust to luck for the rest. It wouldn't do to wander about the streets, so we sat tight in our room all morning, and swapped old hunting yarns to keep our minds from the beastly present. We got some food at mid-day—cold mutton and the same cheese, and finished our whisky. Then I paid the bill, for I didn't dare to stay there another night. About half-past three we went into the street, without the foggiest notion where we could find our next quarters.

It was snowing heavily, which was a piece of luck for us. Poor old Peter had no greatcoat, so we went into a Jew's shop and bought a ready-made abomination, which looked as if it might have been meant for a dissenting parson. It was no use saving my money when the future was so black. The

snow made the streets deserted, and we turned into the long lane which led to Ratchik ferry and found it perfectly quiet. I do not think we met a soul till we got to Kuprasso's shop.

We walked straight through the café, which was empty, and down the dark passage, till we were stopped by the garden door. I knocked and it swung open. There was the bleak yard, now puddled with snow, and a blaze of light from the pavilion at the other end. There was a scraping of fiddles, too, and the sound of human talk. We paid the negro at the door, and passed from the bitter afternoon into a garish saloon.

There were forty or fifty people there, drinking coffee and sirops and filling the air with the fumes of latakia. Most of them were Turks in European clothes and the fez, but there were some German officers and what looked like civilians—Army Service Corps clerks, probably, and mechanics from the Arsenal. A woman in cheap finery was tinkling at the piano, and there were several shrill females with the officers. Peter and I sat down modestly in the nearest corner, where old Kuprasso saw us and sent us coffee. A girl who looked like a Jewess came over to us and talked French, but I shook my head and she went off again.

Presently a girl came on the stage and danced, a silly affair, all a clashing of tambourines and wriggling. I have seen native women do the same thing better in a Mozambique kraal. Another sang a German song, a simple, sentimental thing about golden hair and rainbows, and the Germans present applauded. The place was so tinselly and common that, coming to it from weeks of rough travelling, it made me impatient. I forgot that, while for the others it might be a vulgar little dancing-hall, for us it was as perilous as a brigand's den.

Peter did not share my mood. He was quite interested in it—as he was interested in everything new. He had a genius for living in the moment.

I remember there was a drop scene, on which was daubed a blue lake with very green hills in the distance. As the tobacco smoke grew thicker and the fiddles went on squeaking, this tawdry picture began to mesmerise me. I seemed to be looking out of a window at a lovely summer landscape, where there were no wars or dangers. I seemed to feel the warm sun and to smell the fragrance of blossom from the islands. And then I became aware that a queer scent had stolen into the heavy atmosphere.

There were braziers burning at both ends to warm the room, and the thin smoke from these smelt like incense. Somebody had been putting a powder in the flames, for suddenly the place became very quiet. The fiddles still sounded, but far away like an echo. The lights went down, all but a circle on the stage, and into that circle stepped my enemy of the skin cap.

He had three others with him. I heard a whisper behind me and the words were those which Kuprasso had used the day before. These bedlamites were called the Companions of the Rosy Hours, and Kuprasso had promised great dancing.

I hoped to goodness they would not see us, for they had fairly given me the horrors. Peter felt the same, and we both made ourselves very small in that dark corner. But the newcomers had no eyes for us.

In a twinkling the pavilion changed from a common saloon, which might have been in Chicago or Paris, to a place of mystery—yes, and of beauty. It became the Garden-house of Sulimán the Red, whoever that sportsman might have been. Sandy had said that the ends of the earth converged there, and he had been right. I lost all consciousness of my neighbours—stout German, frock-coated Turk, frowsy Jewess, and saw only strange figures leaping in a circle of light, figures that came out of the deepest darkness to make big magic.

The leader flung some stuff into the brazier, and a great fan of blue light flared up. He was weaving circles and he was singing something shrill and high whilst his companions made a chorus with their deep monotone. I can't tell you what the dance was. I had seen the Russian ballet just before the war and one of the men in it reminded me of this man. But the dancing was the least part of it. It was neither sound nor movement nor scent that wrought the spell, but something far more potent. In an instant I found myself reft away from the present with its dull dangers, and looking at a world all young and fresh and beautiful. The gaudy drop-scene had vanished. It was a window I was looking from, and I was gazing at the finest landscape on earth, lit by the pure clear light of morning.

It seemed to be part of the veld, but like no veld I had ever seen. It was wider and wilder, and more gracious. Indeed, I was looking at my first youth. I was feeling the kind of unspeakable light-heartedness which only a boy knows in the dawning of his days. I had no longer any fear of these magic-makers. They were kindly wizards who had brought me into Fairyland.

Then, slowly from the silence, there distilled drops of music. They came like water falling a long way into a cup, each the essential quality of pure sound. We with our elaborate harmonies have forgotten the charm of single notes. The African natives know it, and I remember a learned man once telling me that the Greeks had the same art. These silver bells broke out of infinite space, so exquisite and faint and perfect that no mortal words could have been fitted to them. That was the music, I expect, that the morning stars made when they sang together.

Slowly, very slowly it changed. The glow passed from blue to purple, and then to an angry red. Bit by bit, the notes spun together till they made a harmony, a fierce, restless harmony. And I was conscious again of the skin-clad dancers beckoning out of their circle.

There was no mistake about the meaning now. All the daintiness and youth had fled, and passion was beating in the air, terrible savage passion which belonged neither to day nor night, life nor death, but to the half-world between them. I suddenly felt the dancers as monstrous, inhuman, devilish. The thick scents that floated from the brazier seemed to have a tang of new-shed blood. Cries broke from the hearers, cries of anger and lust and terror. I heard a woman sob, and Peter, who is as tough as any mortal, took tight hold of my arm.

I now realised that these Companions of the Rosy Hours were the only thing in the world to fear. Rasta and Stumm seemed feeble simpletons by contrast. The window I had been looking out of was changed to a prison wall—I could see the mortar between the massive blocks. In a second these devils would be smelling out their enemies like some foul witch-doctors. I felt the burning eyes of their leader looking for me in the gloom. Peter was praying audibly beside me, and I could have choked him. His infernal chatter would reveal us, for it seemed to me that there was no one in the place beside us and the magic-workers.

Then suddenly the spell was broken. The door was flung open and a great gust of icy wind swirled through the hall driving clouds of ashes from the braziers. I heard loud voices without and a hubbub began inside. For a moment it was quite dark, and then someone lit one of the flare lamps by the stage. It revealed nothing but the common squalor of a low saloon—white faces, sleepy eyes and frowsy heads. The drop-scene was there in all its tawdriness.

The Companions of the Rosy Hours had gone. But at the door stood men in uniform. I heard a German a long way off murmur "Enver's bodyguards," and I heard him distinctly, for though I could not see clearly, my hearing was desperately acute. That is often the way when you suddenly come out of a swoon.

The place emptied like magic. Turk and German tumbled over each other, while Kuprasso cringed and wept. No one seemed to stop them, and then I saw the reason. Those Guards had come for us. This must be Stumm at last. The authorities had tracked us down, and it was all up with Peter and me.

A sudden revulsion leaves a man with low vitality. I didn't seem to care greatly. We were done and there was an end of it. It was Kismet, the act of God, and there was nothing for it but to submit. I hadn't a flicker of a thought of escape or resistance. The game was utterly and absolutely over.

A man who seemed to be a sergeant pointed to us and said something to Kuprasso, who nodded. We got heavily to our feet and stumbled towards them. With one on each side of us we crossed the yard, walked through the dark passage and the empty shop and out into the snowy street. There was a closed cab waiting which they motioned us to get into. It looked exactly like the Black Maria.

Both of us sat still like truant schoolboys with our hands on our knees. I didn't know where I was going and I didn't care. We seemed to be rumbling up the hill and then I caught the glare of lighted streets.

"This is the end of it, Peter," I said.

"Ja, Cornelis," he replied, and that was all our talk.

By and by—hours later it seemed—we stopped. Someone opened the door, and we got out, to find ourselves in a courtyard with a huge dark building around. The Prison, I guessed, and I wondered if they would give us blankets, for it was perishing cold.

We entered a door, and found ourselves in a big stone hall. It was quite warm, which made me more hopeful about our cells. A man in some kind of uniform pointed to the staircase, up which we plodded wearily. My mind was too blank to take impressions, or in any way to forecast the future. Another warder met us and took us down a passage till we halted at a door. He stood aside and motioned us to enter.

I guessed that was the Governor's room, and that we should be put through our first examination. My head was too stupid

(Continued on page 22)



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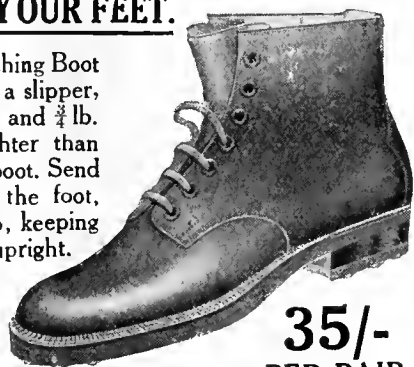
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(Continued from page 20)

to think. I made up my mind to keep perfectly mum. Yes, even if they tried thumbscrews. I had no kind of story, but I resolved not to give anything away. As I turned the handle, I wondered idly what kind of sallow Turk or bulging-necked German we should find inside.

It was a pleasant room with a polished wood floor, and a big fire burning on the hearth. Besides the fire a man lay on a couch, with a little table drawn up beside him. On that table was a small glass of milk and a number of patience cards spread in rows.

I stared blankly at the spectacle, till I saw a second figure. It was the man in the skin-cap, the leader of the dancing maniacs. Both Peter and I backed sharply at the sight and then stood stock still.

For the dancer crossed the room in two strides and gripped both of my hands.

"Dick, old man," he cried, "I'm awfully glad to see you again!"

CHAPTER XII

Four Missionaries See Light in Their Mission

A SPASM of incredulity, a vast relief, and that sharp joy which comes of reaction chased each other across my mind. I had come suddenly out of very black waters into an unbelievable calm. I dropped into the nearest chair and tried to grapple with something far beyond words.

"Sandy," I said, as soon as I got my breath, "you're an incarnate devil. You've given Peter and me the fright of our lives."

"It was the only way, Dick. If I didn't come mewing like a tom cat at your heels yesterday, Rasta would have had you long before you got to your hotel. You two have given me a pretty anxious time, and it took some doing to get you safe here. However, that is all over now. Make yourselves at home, my children."

"Over!" I cried incredulously, for my wits were still wool-gathering. "What place is this?"

"You may call it my humble home," it was Blenkiron's sleek voice that spoke. "We've been preparing for you, Major, but it was only yesterday I heard of your friend."

I introduced Peter.

"Mr. Pienaar," said Blenkiron. "Pleased to meet you. Well, as I was observing, you're safe enough here, but you've cut it mighty fine. Officially a Dutchman called Brandt was to be arrested this afternoon and handed over to the German authorities. When Germany begins to trouble about that Dutchman she will find difficulty in getting the body, but such are the languid ways of an Oriental despotism. Meantime the Dutchman will be no more. He will have ceased upon the midnight without pain, as your poet sings."

"But I don't understand," I stammered. "Who arrested us?"

"My men," said Sandy. "We have a bit of a graft here, and it wasn't difficult to manage it. Old Moellendorff will be nosing after the business to-morrow, but he will find the mystery too deep for him. That is the advantage of a Government run by a pack of adventurers. But, by Jove, Dick, we hadn't any time to spare. If Rasta had got you, or the Germans had had the job of lifting you, your goose would have been jolly well cooked. I had some unquiet hours this morning."

The thing was too deep for me. I looked at Blenkiron stuffing his patience cards with his old sleepy smile, and Sandy, dressed like some bandit in melodrama, his lean face as brown as a nut, his bare arms all tattooed with crimson rings and the fox skin pelt drawn tight over brow and ears. It was still a nightmare world, but the dream was getting pleasanter. Peter said not a word, but I could see his eyes heavy with his own thoughts.

Blenkiron hove himself from the sofa and waddled to a cupboard.

"You boys must be hungry," he said. "My duo-denum has been giving me hell as usual and I don't eat no more than a squirrel. But I laid in some stores, for I guessed you would want to stoke up some after your travels."

He brought out a couple of Strassburg pies, a cheese, a cold chicken, a loaf and three bottles of champagne.

"Fizz," said Sandy, rapturously. "And a dry Heidsieck, too! We're in luck, Dick, old man."

I never ate a more welcome meal, for we had starved in that dirty hotel. But I had still the odd feeling of the hunted, and before I began I asked about the door.

"That's all right," said Sandy. "My fellows are on the stairs and at the gate. If the Metreb are in possession, you may bet that other people will keep off. Your past is blotted out, clean vanished away, and you begin to-morrow morning with a clean sheet. Blenkiron's the man you've got

to thank for that. He was pretty certain you'd get here, but he was also certain that you'd arrive in a hurry with a good many inquiries behind you. So he arranged that you should leak away and start afresh."

"Your name is Richard Hanau," Blenkiron said, "born in Cleveland, Ohio, of German parentage on both sides. One of our brightest mining-engineers, and the apple of Guggenheim's eye. You arrived this afternoon from Constanza, and I met you at the packet. The clothes for the part are in your bedroom next door. But I guess all that can wait, for I'm anxious to get to business. We're not here on a joy ride, Major, so I reckon we'll leave out the dime-novel adventures. I'm just dying to hear them, but they'll keep. I want to know how our mutual inquiries have prospered."

He gave Peter and me cigars, and we sat ourselves in arm-chairs in front of the blaze. Sandy squatted cross-legged on the hearthrug and lit a foul old briar pipe, which he extricated from a pouch among his skins. And so began that conversation which had never been out of my thoughts for four hectic weeks.

"If I presume to begin," said Blenkiron, "it's because I reckon my story is the shortest. I have to confess to you, gentlemen, that I have failed."

He drew down the corners of his mouth till he looked a cross between a music hall comedian and a sick child.

"If you were looking for something in the root of the hedge you wouldn't want to scour the road in a high-speed automobile. And still less would you want to get a bird's eye view in an aeroplane. That parable about fits my case. I had been in the clouds and I've been scorching on the pikes, but what I was wanting was in the ditch all the time, and I naturally missed it. . . . I had the wrong stunt, Major. I was too high up and refined. I've been processing through Europe like Barnum's Circus, and living with Generals and Transparencies. Not that I haven't picked up a lot of noos, and got some very interesting sidelights on high politics. But the thing I was after wasn't to be found on my beat, for those that knew it weren't going to tell. In that kind of society they don't get drunk and blab after their tenth cocktail. So I guess I've no contribution to make to quieten Sir Walter Bullivant's mind, except that he's dead right. Yes, sir, he has hit the spot and rung the bell. There is a mighty miracle-working proposition being floated in these parts, but the promoters are keeping it to themselves. They aren't taking more than they can help in on the ground floor."

Blenkiron stopped to light a fresh cigar. He was leaner than when he left London and there were pouches below his eyes. I fancy his journey had not been as fur-lined as he made out.

"I've found out one thing and that is that the last dream Germany will part with is the control of the Near East. That is what your statesmen don't figure enough on. She'll give up Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine and Poland but by God she'll never give up the road to Mesopotamia till you have her by the throat and make her drop it. Sir Walter is a pretty bright-eyed citizen and he sees it right enough. If the worst happens, Kaiser will fling overboard a lot of ballast in Europe and it will look like a big victory for the Allies, but he won't be beaten if he has the road to the East safe. Germany's like a scorpion. Her sting's in her tail, and that tail stretches way down into Asia."

"I got that clear, and I also made out that it wasn't going to be dead easy for her to keep that tail healthy. Turkey's a bit of an anxiety, as you'll soon discover. But Germany thinks she can manage it, and I won't say she can't. It depends on the hand she holds, and she reckons it a good one. I tried to find out, but they gave me nothing but eyewash. I had to pretend to be satisfied, for the position of John S. wasn't so strong as to allow him to take liberties. If I asked one of the highbrows he looked wise and spoke of the might of German arms and German organisation and German staff-work. I used to nod my head and get enthusiastic about these stunts, but it was all soft soap. She has a trick in hand—that much I know, but I'm darned if I can put a name to it. I pray to God you boys have been cleverer."

His tone was quite melancholy, and I was mean enough to feel rather glad. He had been the professional with the best chance. It would be a good joke if the amateur succeeded where the expert failed.

(To be continued)

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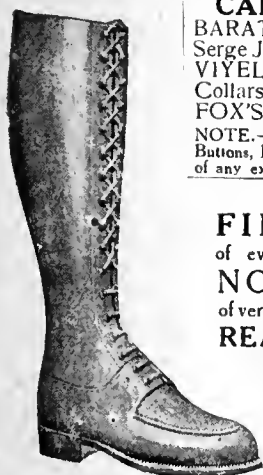


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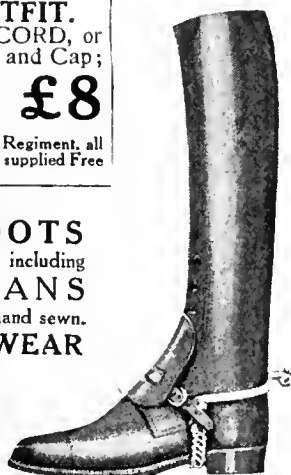
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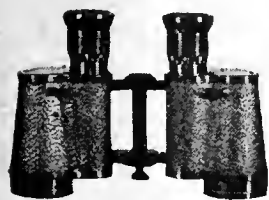
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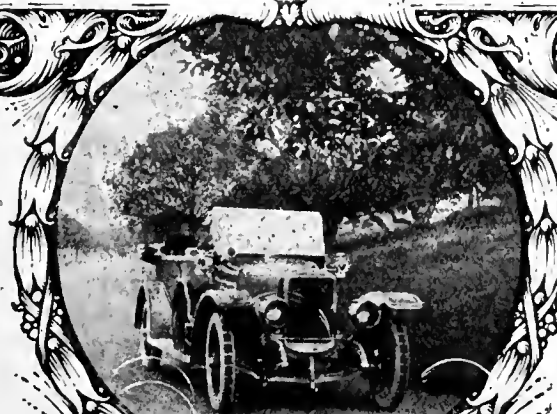
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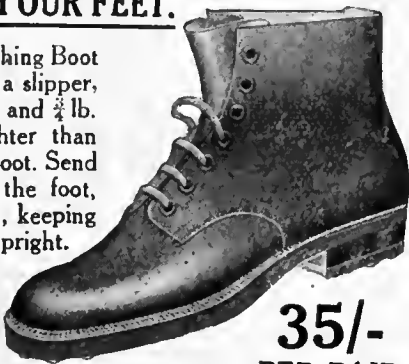
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Vol. LXVII No. 2835 [54TH YEAR]

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1916

[REGISTERED AS
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MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING

A WEEK or two ago, writing on work after the war, we expressed the opinion that the key to the whole industrial situation is confidence and good-will between capital and labour. "We cannot solve the industrial problem except by moral forces. Unless we can create a mutual understanding between employer and employed, no material reforms will be of permanent benefit." The same belief was expressed in different language by the President of the Trades' Union Congress in his address at Birmingham, when he stated, "that we shall never get any lasting industrial peace except on the lines of industrial democracy." Mr. Gosling made his meaning yet more clear by the remarks which preceded this statement. They are cited here because they sum up in a small compass the views of Labour on this most important question:

We workmen do not ask that we should be admitted to any share in what is essentially the employer's own business—that is, in those matters which do not concern us directly in the industry or employment in which we may be engaged. We do not seek to sit on the board of directors, or to interfere with the buying of materials, or with the selling of the product. But in the daily management of the employment in which we spend our working lives, in the atmosphere and under the conditions in which we have to work, in the hours of beginning and ending work, in the conditions of remuneration, and even in the manners and practices of the foremen with whom we have to be in contact, in all these matters we feel that we, as workmen, have a right to a voice—even to an equal voice—with the management itself.

To what extent such co-operation in management is possible is bound to lead to differences of opinion, but the same idea was present in the mind of the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, himself a large employer of labour, when he suggested that Trade Union leaders should be occasionally admitted to the councils of employers and allowed to see a little bit more of the game from the inside. Both turn to the new spirit which has been engendered by the war as a good omen of greater harmony in the future. A very different and a vastly wider view of life has been given to practically the whole population of these islands during the last two years. Here and there may exist small sections of selfish and stupid persons—selfishness and stupidity are nearly always synonymous—who have resisted the ennobling influences, but they hardly count. Never has an occasion been more favourable for placing on permanent foundations better relationship between employer and employed. The regimental spirit is not unknown in industrial life, but we should like to see it much more common. Every man who has served in the army

for however short a period and in whatever rank, is aware it is a spirit to which all must contribute equally and in which discipline and self-sacrifice play their full part. Whatever else may be the outcome of the war, at least we shall be a far better disciplined people than ever before, and as every soldier knows, the basis of discipline on active service, of the discipline which wins victories is—mutual understanding.

One aspect of this question which is too often overlooked is that the struggles and troubles of industrial life concern every unit in the nation. No one can rightly stand aside and say: "This is no concern of mine," any more than he can speak of the war not concerning him because he is neither making munitions nor in the fighting-line. Take the insensate fetish of Cheapness, to which we have all bowed the knee in the past—a fetish in whose worship more human lives have been sacrificed than to any Moloch or Dahomey idol. By insisting on cheapness, without thought of how it has been effected, a premium is too often placed on bad employment; and the master who desires to improve conditions of labour, is prevented in practice by the thoughtless act of the consumer. In other words, mutual understanding must not be confined to employer and employed, but must extend to the consumer, that is to say, to the whole community.

We now recognise that commerce and industry are as important in preserving peace or waging war as bayonets, bombs, and battleships, and that failure to organise and develop them on modern lines and in accordance with the ideas and circumstances prevailing in other countries is to invite defeat not only in peace but in war. We can never revert to the old convention that trade was only the business of the person following it, for we have seen how mighty and far reaching are the issues involved in it. The demand for a Ministry of Commerce has been insistent for some time past; now arises a cry for a Ministry of Labour. Both of these Government departments exist in a shape at the moment, one in the Board of Trade, the other in the Ministry of Munitions. How near to absolute downfall the feckless and haphazard constitution of the Board of Trade has brought the Empire, it would not be politic to say. There is no personal blame beyond that no man in the last thirty years has arisen who was strong enough to destroy the old ramshackle structure, and build on its foundations a modern department provided with the necessary powers to deal with modern questions. We should like to see a close examination instituted at once into the future organisation of these two departments which must always be most closely related one to the other, for we take it for granted that the Ministry of Munitions will continue in one form or other. Most of our Government Departments as a matter of fact have sprung into existence in this chance manner.

One result of this earnest endeavour on both sides to draw closer, will be, we trust, an end of recrimination. In the period immediately preceding the war, there was an outburst of class abuse, which all realise to-day was not only grossly offensive, but most unjust. Since the war began, offence has been caused by strictures passed upon other classes of the community by those who too often misunderstood the essential causes in dispute. It is purposeless to disinter the facts, but we would urge on publicists the wisdom of withholding censure upon any class of the community until the full circumstances are known. It is a common weakness in the British character to sit in judgment on his neighbour and to pronounce sweeping *ex parte* decisions. The British workman has shown up splendidly in the war; but let us remember his good qualities which we praise so highly to-day existed before the war began and will continue when it is over. An appreciation of this truth will go far towards that mutual understanding for which we plead.

The Roumanian Operations

By Hilaire Belloc

THE absence of a censorship in this country has permitted a certain section of the Press to indulge, if not in advice to the Higher Command of the Allies in the East, at least in criticism; and the public has been given to understand that the vital strategy following upon the entry of Roumania into the war required a combined attack upon the artery which feeds the Turkish Empire and which passes through Bulgaria. Criticism of this sort is valueless, because it cannot have the slightest effect upon the operations—saving in one case, which is when it breeds a panic and thus reacts upon the Government of the country.

What we have to do, therefore, is to follow with as much accuracy as may be the movements now taking place in the East and to show what opportunity the enemy has of meeting them. There are at present three theatres connected with the Roumanian entry into the war. A fourth may come into existence at any moment.

The three theatres directly concerned with the Roumanian entry into the war are:

(1) The operations in the Bukovina, in Eastern Galicia, just to the north of it, and in Northern Roumania just to the south of it.

This field has for the thesis of its Higher Command either the piercing of the obstacle presented by the Carpathians or so strong a feint upon them as to compel a large enemy concentration there and a corresponding enemy weakness elsewhere. Which of these two plans it is pursuing we do not know. It is pursuing one of the two.

(2) The second field of operations is in essence separate from this first, and has for its thesis the Roumanian occupation of Transylvania. It regards the central and Southern Carpathians, particularly that south-eastern high portion of the chain which stands in front of and covers Kronstadt and Hermanstadt, and is called the "Transylvanian Alps."

Although operations are taking place along the whole length of the chain from the Bukovina right down to the Danube, yet we must not confuse this second field with the first.

The Higher Command here has a different objective and is working on a different thesis. That objective is undisguisedly the occupation of Transylvania and the thesis is a containment of the Austrian forces on the centre and north of the frontier, and an advance from the south: the two movements between them compelling the Austro-Hungarian forces to evacuate the bulge or great salient which eastern Transylvania makes upon the map and to fall back westward.

It is this field of operation, this objective, this thesis which most concerns us, for the campaign is in being and is developing before our eyes.

The first field remains so far what it was before Roumania came in, and so far is concerned with Russian effort alone. There is no sign of a Roumanian concentration specially devised to turn the Carpathians and acting as an extension of the Roumanian line and thus immediately to threaten the plains of Hungary proper.

It might be argued that the occupation of Transylvania alone would anyhow turn the Carpathians, and that such an operation in itself thus turning the Northern Carpathians and occupying in Transylvania what is Roumanian land killed two birds with one stone.

This is not the case. The second field with its second thesis and second objective—the occupation of Transylvania alone—does indeed turn the mere crest of the Carpathians. But it is not the crest which is the soul of the obstacle. The Carpathian region is an obstacle because of its few communications, its dense forests and its earlier winter; and the Northern Carpathians covering the plains of Hungary proper—that is the district the threat to which is of such violent political effect upon the Hungarian people and Government—

the plain of the upper Theiss—could remain intact even though Transylvania were occupied by the Roumanians right up to the neighbourhood of Klausenburg.

The reason of this is that the further south you go in the Carpathian system, the wider grows the belt of hill and forest, and that the partial occupation of the eastern part of this broad belt only does not turn the whole of it as an obstacle. If an army were trying to force the Piedmontese Alps in order to threaten the plains of Italy, that obstacle would not be turned by the presence of another allied army behind the Isonzo or in the Trentino; although both these districts are on the Italian side of the watershed. The Piedmontese obstacle would only be turned when or if the allied army to the east had actually reached the plains of Italy.

It is exactly the same with the Carpathians. The high northern wall which covers the plain of the Theiss is not turned by mere invasion of the very broad mountain and forest district the eastern half of which is the salient of Transylvania.

We must then in following the Transylvanian campaign treat it as something separate from the Russian action on the north.

(3) The third field directly connected with these eastern operations is, of course, that in which the Bulgarian army is operating against the Expeditionary Forces of the Allies which are based upon Salonika and are under the command of General Sarrail.

A fourth field of operation may come into existence with the advance southward of the Russian force against the Bulgarian frontier, the beginning of which has been officially announced.

The first field we can neglect, for as I have said it has not yet become a principal theatre of activity.

I will deal this week, therefore, with the second and third.

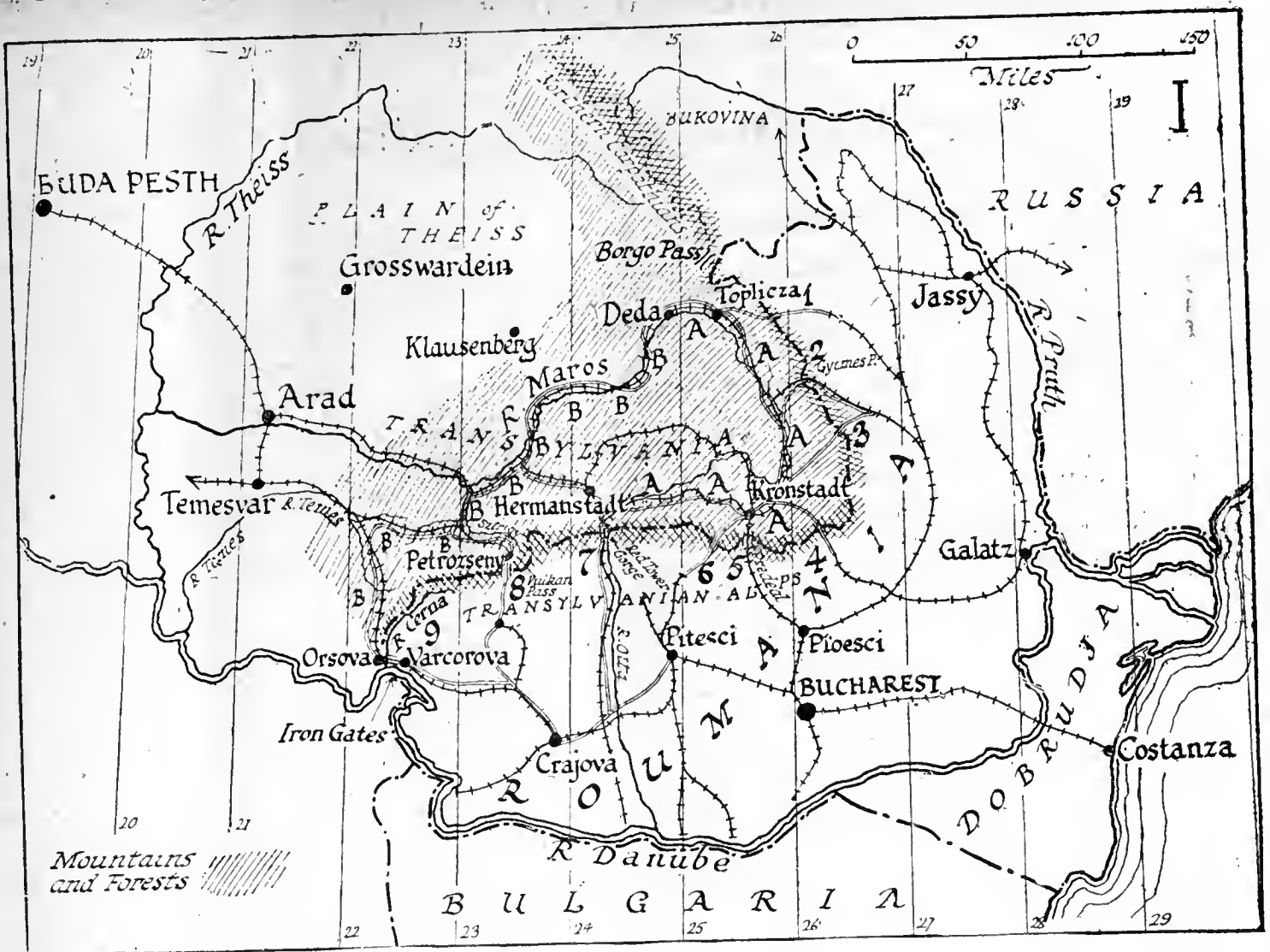
The Invasion of Transylvania

The Roumanian operations for the occupation of east Transylvania have taken the form of a seizure by advanced guards of all the passes—road and railway—from the northern Gyimes Pass right down to the Danube: the narrow passage served by road and railway between which river and the end of the Carpathian chain near the Iron Gates between Varciova and Orsova may be regarded as the ultimate or ninth pass over the chain.

I say "advanced guards" or "covering troops," because it is clear that Roumania—which only began mobilising a week ago—has not yet put her full armies in the field.

If we mark on the map the positions of the Roumanian heads-of-columns last Sunday and Monday, we find them everywhere in possession of these passages. On the Danube they hold the western slope of the frontier hills; they have Orsova under their guns and the Austro-Hungarians have retired behind the river Czerna. This gives the Roumanians control of the "Iron Gates" of the Danube and therefore closes all the lower river to the enemy—a most important point. The next passage, with a road sixty miles and more to the north-east is, the Vulcan Pass, which is marked No. 8 on Map 1. Here the Roumanians are in occupation of Petro Zseny. Next comes the road, railway and pass marked (7), the Red Tower Gorge, and beyond this the Roumanians have reached and occupied Hermannstadt. The two next passes marked (6) and (5) (the second a road and railway pass of Predeal, the first a convenient flanking road close by), have both been seized, and Kronstadt, which is their junction, has been occupied. Passes 4, 3, 2 and 1 are all in the same situation. The Roumanians have passed them all and hold them all.

The first thing we notice in this opening of the campaign is that there has been no serious Austro-Hungarian resistance upon the actual frontier. There has been a



general retirement only. The total number of enemy prisoners taken by the Roumanians up to last Sunday was no more than 1,800. This means that the fighting had until then been against enemy rearguards only, whilst the mass of the enemy retired northward and westward, or concentrated new forces which were being brought up.

Had the enemy determined to stand upon the extended line of the frontier, it is clear that he would have offered the greatest resistance upon the crests, as he is, in fact, actually doing against the Roumanians in the Northern Carpathians.

Such a resistance upon the crest, were his effectives numerous enough to permit it, was obviously suggested by the trace of the railways which the Hungarian Government had constructed here. If the reader will look at the map he will see that all the way from Deda and Toplicza, A A A right round to Brazzo (Kronstadt) and Hermannstadt, there is continuous railway communication close entwined with a continuous road, and that hence there is everywhere an excellent lateral communication to support an army defending the frontier crest. The road and rail are designed with that object. It is clear, therefore, that the enemy command has found its present effectives insufficient for the defence of the long extended curved line of the frontier crest, and has determined to fall back upon a shorter line immediately.

Now what is this shorter line? That is the puzzle of the moment. If there were an obvious one like the parallel rivers of Galicia or the line of the Meuse in Northern France, one would not have to seek; but there is here nothing of the sort. The tangle of hills and woods enclosing occasional more open spaces, and fruitful plains each with its town, goes on march after march from the extreme eastern point of the Transylvanian salient in longitude 26.30 east till you come down upon the Hungarian plain itself at Grosswardein, Arad and Temesvar, no less than 5 degrees of longitude to the west.

I suggest—and it is no more than a suggestion—that the sole tenable line, cutting across the Transylvanian salient and shortening the mileage to be held by the now dangerously reduced Austro-Hungarian effectives, and affording lateral communication sufficient to the supply

of an army—is the line formed by the road and railway which follow the Maros river and so come to Deda—then a line cutting across the hills to the Bukovina frontier and the Borgo pass (where very considerable forces of the enemy have long been stationed against the Russians), would complete the chain. The full line would be that of the upper Maros river, of a portion of its tributary the Sztrigy and of two small streams beyond, the valleys of which carry one to the Temes and the main Orsova or Danube road and railway. Such a line might be called without too much generalisation “the line of the Maros B B B,” and I suggest that on this as his lateral communication the enemy intends to repose.

The posts that he will fight to hold will be perhaps far to the east of such a line, or some of them, will be ; but the Maros valley, road and railway will necessarily be his continuous road and railway lateral communication which will support him. It will shorten his line by something like 150 miles. It will mean the sacrifice of East Transylvania as the price of what he hopes to be the secure power of holding permanently further west. He cannot coincidentally use the Maros as an obstacle for the road and railway perpetually cross and recross that stream. Moreover, the Maros is not a serious obstacle save in its lower course.

We can do no more than guess at the forces which Germany and Austria will scrape up to stand in front of the Maros lines, if they retire so far. Shorter though it is by far than the frontier lines, they will not and cannot hold it with less than ten divisions. How they will get that force together without dangerously weakening some vital sector east or west in the 2,500 miles of front is their affair.

The Bulgarian Operations

In what may be called the "Salonika" campaign, the Bulgarian offensive, undertaken upon a scale altogether too large for the forces at its disposal, has come to a halt.

At the moment of writing the counter-offensive action of the allied armies has not begun. We might do worse



during such a pause than acquire some rough general idea of what is here opposed to us by the enemy.

We have here against us about ten divisions; at least, that is the number hitherto identified, apparently, by the Allies. But contact has not everywhere been thoroughly established, nor are we everywhere certain of the number of the divisions opposed to a particular sector or front.

The Bulgarian line runs (somewhat disconnectedly) from the front of Monastir, or to be accurate, from the neighbourhood of Banitsa, north-west of the Petrsko and Ostrovo Lakes, to the Struma River upon the east, which it follows from the bridge of Demirhissar (so-called—the bridge is between four or five miles from the town) to the mouth of that river.

On the way the big crescent of positions passes by Lake Doiran and between Lake Doiran and the eastern lakes runs parallel to, but as it goes westward nearer to, and, just north of the western lakes, crosses, the new frontier line of Greece.

There is here a good deal more than a hundred miles—nearly 120—to be held upon the defensive, let alone to be used for offensive purposes. With what does the enemy here threaten us? Starting from the eastern end along the Struma to the Demirhissar Bridge round Lake Doiran, we have a full half of the forces opposed to us; five divisions.

From Lake Doiran to the Vardar River with its road and railway line, and a little beyond them the line is held by a division which would seem to be mixed and to contain Austro-Hungarian as well as Bulgarian units.

To the right or west of this again another Bulgarian division holds the mountainous region, which stretches from the Vardar Valley westward. It is this division, I think, which the Serbs have lately pushed back to the frontier line.

Finally on what may be called "the Monastir front," that is the sector covering the north of the two lakes, Petrsko and Ostrovo, we have three remaining divisions, one the number of which has not been (apparently) yet identified; on its right another division. Lastly, completing the line, on the west of the Monastir railway and road stands a third division, the last or westernmost of the units upon this front.

It will be seen that the weight of the Bulgarian forces lies heavily to the east, that is to their left, one-half of all their effectives being in this region on the Struma or between the Struma and Lake Doiran.

We must not under-estimate the strength of the total force. These ten divisions that have been actually identified are certainly in full strength, and the Bulgarian division is a larger unit than the French or the British or the Serbian. There are certainly a quarter of a million men, probably somewhat more, facing us from the Struma Valley to the approaches of Monastir.

But over and above these units on the Salonika front there is some considerable force watching the new front against Roumania, which is now a true front through the declaration of war by Bulgaria in the course of the present week.

So far as is known five divisions are here present. There is certainly an admixture of German and Austrian troops in this region, but in what proportion we do not know. We cannot here talk of divisions identified (for contact is not yet established), but information has been received which has permitted the communication to the French public of certain numbers. Thus the 1st, 4th, 6th and 12th divisions are reported upon this front, and the weight of them massed in front of the open Dobrudja frontier. These four are not all the troops in line on the north, a fifth division, or the equivalent of one, has been noted, but we are not certain of its number or composition.

Appointment of General von Hindenburg

THE dismissal of General von Falkenhayn from the supreme command of the German Armies, and his replacement by General von Hindenburg is, of course, a purely political matter. Its significance has been everywhere appreciated, and there has been no divergence of view upon the motives which led to the change.

The defensive strategy of the Central Empires was taken over entirely by Berlin after the bad blunders of 1914 (terminating with the German defeat at Ypres by the British upon November 11th) had rendered the victory of the Central Empires impossible, in spite of their still enormous numerical superiority, and had left nothing for them to hope for in the future (for the instructed judgment) but the chance of an inconclusive peace. This defensive strategy was connected with the name of General von Falkenhayn, who had succeeded the defeated Moltke in the supreme command.

The whole of the year 1915 and half the year 1916—that is, all the time during which the enemy was successively still (a) superior in numbers, next (b) superior in munitionment, then (c) still overwhelmingly superior in munitionment *over one isolated sector* of his enemies (the Russian)—was filled with this defensive strategy and superficially (or immediately) it was successful. For it maintained the war on enemy soil and occupied a great belt of new territory upon the east, where it still had the advantage of an overwhelming superiority in munitionment. But, fundamentally, it was a failure, because the object of all defenses is a later offensive. There can be no such thing as an indefinitely prolonged defensive, and it was clear that the moment was approaching when the advantage of the Central Empires in men and munitions (their sole advantage, for neither in discipline, military spirit, nor type of armament did they surpass the Allies—and least of all in strategy!) would end.

Verdun and the Trentino were the two desperate efforts to obtain a decision somewhere upon the immense line before things should change. The Trentino failed, and Verdun turned out a bloody defeat. It was thought a bold thing when the title "The Battle of Verdun is won" was printed in these columns by the present writer, whose function it is rather to analyse events than to express opinion, but to tell the truth that phrase was not only amply justified (as events have proved), but used if anything tardily. The Germans had clearly lost the game upon this sector after the failure of their great attempt of April 9th; that is, at the end of the first six weeks.

Already there was in the German army, though not among civilians, a mass of disappointment and complaint. There were critics who said that the West had been too much reinforced at the expense of the East, and that trouble would follow.

The unexpected and tremendous success of Brussilov in June gave colour to such criticism and the launching of the great offensive on the 1st of July added weight to it. By the first days of August it was clear that the whole defensive scheme with which the name of Falkenhayn was associated had fallen in ruins, and that the Central Empires were now in that most gloomy of situations, attendants upon Time.

They could never recover their former superiority of numbers and munitionment. They could not prevent a corresponding superiority arising against them and increasing with every day that passed.

All this was perfectly clear long before Roumania declared war. But Roumania's declaration of war was a glaring proof of how the situation was now everywhere appreciated outside the Central Empires and, as it were, taken for granted. There was no one in the Central Empires so stupid or so remote but was affected by the news; and the mechanical policy of repeating a lesson to the populace with the certainty that it would be accepted, broke down. Certain papers were instructed to talk nonsense about Roumania being one more captive added to the conquering Central Powers, but such a folly could not last 24 hours. There are limits to stupidity, even when it is purely mechanical, and the situation was understood at last in North Germany as it had already long been understood in the more intelligent south.

The Press, the sole means by which we can obtain information on their general state, was not allowed to express what had evidently been clamoured upon every side, but the event has been enough to betray to us what the uproar must have been among the public in Germany, Austria, and Hungary. The Emperor summoned Hindenburg simply because his name was the name long idolised by the civilian population of Germany. He did what—paradoxically enough—all military governments do when military affairs go badly: Turned his back on the army and expert judgment: appealed or succumbed to the civilians and the towns: for such governments can always depend upon the obedience of their armies and at the same time are always very much dependent upon popular illusions.

The presence of Hindenburg in nominal command of the German Armies would mean nothing but for the very able man who is his Chief of Staff—Ludendorff.*

It was Ludendorff who first of all pointed out Hindenburg as the right man to deal with an invasion of East

Prussia. It was a judgment well formed and it immediately bore fruit. Hindenburg had a very intimate knowledge of one particular district—the Masurian lakes—and had studied in detail the particular strategic and tactical problems presented by it. This special knowledge working in a highly restricted field achieved the great victory of Tannenberg in the first days of the war.

Tannenberg relieved that panic, which the North German is peculiarly susceptible to when his territory is invaded, and which is always potentially present when a Russian army is on the move. Vast numbers of refugees had rushed westward from East Prussia, spreading terror and prophesying a profound Russian invasion of all Eastern German territory. Tannenberg, though subsidiary to the general course of the war and in no way deciding its general form (as did the Marne) relieved all that tension. It had the further effect of being a clean cut and decisive victory which everybody could grasp, and which gave immediate fruit in the shape of vast numbers of prisoners and guns. This is the foundation of the Hindenburg legend, and on this foundation the legend has securely reposed ever since. Nothing has happened to add to it in military opinion. It is a purely civilian legend.

So long as Hindenburg was primarily concerned with the Eastern operations they conspicuously failed. He was the General who wasted himself in the Bzura lines and lost the action in front of Mława. It was Falkenhayn who designed and Mackensen who carried out the great drive through Poland. But the Hindenburg legend remained. It continued to be what it had always been, a sensation of the great industrial towns. It was harmless on the military side, and politically valuable to the Government because it provided a permanent source of enthusiasm for the war.

The putting of Hindenburg, therefore, in nominal command at this moment is, as I have said, merely political. What is militarily important is the real power given to his Chief of the Staff, Ludendorff, a man whose high value is everywhere recognised. And it is to be presumed that Ludendorff will do whatever remaining work has to be done in attempting even at this eleventh hour to obtain an inconclusive peace.

But the really essential thing we have to remember is that *no difference in personalities, no changes in command, or even policies, can now seriously affect the situation.* If you had put at the head of the army of Paris in December 1870, any genius you might name, if you had put there Napoleon or Marlborough, the issue would have been the same as it was under Trochu. To organise such sorties from the siege as that of Buzenval, and Champagne, for instance, was a matter as much within the ability of a tenth rate as of a first-rate commander, and the defeat of such a sortie under such conditions of enemy superiority and of siege, was equally certain whoever might be in command.

The Central Empires have massed upon the West about half of their effectives. They have seen the line which they with difficulty hold upon the East suddenly increased by 700 miles, and the number of formations immediately opposed to them further increased in that field by several divisions.

Though blundering so as to allow themselves to be besieged, their prolonged defence hitherto has depended entirely upon superiority in number and in munitionment. That superiority is gone. No regrouping and no changing of direction can affect so simple a situation. The siege will now run its course—saving political diversions—normally and perhaps rapidly.

* He bears a new title—as does Hindenburg. But in practice Hindenburg has been made Generalissimo, and Ludendorff is Chief of Staff.

The Somme Offensive

THE meaning and value of the uninterrupted Allied offensive on the Somme front is grasped less continuously by the public at home than it is carried on by the armies in Picardy. Its alternation of territorial gains and preparations for each such stroke correspond to a similar rise and fall in the interest it excites on the supposed progress of its action. But the operations on the Somme ought not to be judged in this fashion. It is not their object to acquire narrow and long belts of ground alone, nor even to reduce one by one successive lines as the enemy construct them.

It is their object to maintain an unbroken superior pressure upon a certain chosen sector of the enemy's front, and to keep this pressure at such a high "potential" (to borrow a term from physical science), that the enemy shall be compelled to concentrate here a very large fraction of his available effectives, that his loss shall give him increasing anxiety. That the perpetual necessity of resting and replacing men under such a strain shall exhaust his numbers, and that he shall be prevented altogether, or perilously hampered, in his attempt—which must come sooner or later—to save his

diminishing resources by a retirement that would shorten his line.

Superficially this is "Verdun all over again." Fundamentally it is very different. For Verdun was a desperate "staving off" by diminishing against increasing forces in men and material. The Somme is part of a general increasing and culminating squeeze exercised by a waxing set of military against a waning set of opposed energies.

This week-end the British forced Guillemont and half Ginchy and took over 1,000 prisoners; the French to their right forced all Le Forest and Clery and took more than 6,000 prisoners and thirty-six guns (up to Monday at noon). But such trophies are not an end in themselves. They are indices of a whole situation. They are proofs that the pressure is maintained at a maximum against the enemy, that each successive stroke deliberately prepared can, at the chosen moment, be driven right home; that the concave the enemy has to hold here can be, and is methodically extended by the Allies and that the process of time finds the Allied energy unabated by the heavy artillery, which is the great organ of this work, always dominating, the observation from the air (and now from the crest of the ridge also), mastering the enemy's counter-power of observation, and the enemy always and progressively yielding and suffering under each new blow. He has already had to pass nearly fifty divisions through this fire; he must always keep some twenty in the burning of it; and with every week that passes the strain of such a task—in view of all the new work imposed upon him in the East, and of the increasing thinness of his Western line elsewhere than at Verdun, and on the Somme—brings him nearer and nearer to his fate.

Test of Unwounded Prisoners

One very practical and just way of seeing how the thing goes, is to note the regular methodic way in which each swing of the hammers on this front may be measured in the unwounded prisoners taken *after* the first "breaking of the crust," which filled the first ten days of July and accounted for an initial "foundation," so to speak, of some seven thousand men. Mark at once the apparent exiguity of each day's announcement and—what is far more important—the unceasing rate and persistence of the work.

I would particularly call the attention of the reader to the way in which a detailed following of the thing contradicts the false impression of a rapid rush followed by something resembling a stalemate. Upon the contrary, the whole thing is like a series of blows in a boxing match, delivered by a superior against an inferior opponent and gradually acquiring accumulative effect.

On July 11th in the Wood of Mametz 296 more unwounded prisoners were reported; and near Contalmaison 189. On that same day the whole of Contalmaison fell into the hands of the British. They counted a further capture of a heavy piece and three field guns.

The 12th of July, Wednesday, was a day of German counter-attack—which achieved nothing decisive—and the following day, Thursday the 13th, was a day of heavy artillery fire marked only by the capture of a few pieces, where and how the despatch did not tell us.

Upon Friday, July 14th, came the second main launching of the infantry. The attack opened before dawn, at half-past three in the morning, and was vigorously pursued all day. By the Saturday evening at half-past 7 Headquarters could report another 2,000 prisoners. A considerable belt of ground was taken in this second of the main attacks, but I am particularly calling attention not to ground, but to attrition, and to the way in which the British sector of the Somme offensive has been week after week a series of successful blows.

On Monday, July 18th, *some hundreds*.

As the month proceeds, you get the items day after day:

126 wounded prisoners. Next, on the 18th an uncounted batch which appears in the future total. On the 19th 60; on the 20th another uncounted small batch, and on the 21st another.

Then came the "lull" of an artillery preparation, and uncounted batches of prisoners day after day, of

which we have exact numbers only upon the 24th and the 28th—151 and 200 respectively. Though to each of these precise figures, which relate only to a portion of the field, must be added batches under the title of "a few"; "a number" continually repeated.

Upon July 30th an exactly enumerated 450 are mentioned.

Upon Monday, July 31st, another lull of artillery work and consolidations. So ended the first month of the business. And judged by that single criterion of prisoners taken alone something close upon 4,000 were already in British hands over and above the large initial captures of the first days.

Wearing Down German Numbers

It is indeed a sound criticism to say that this criterion is most imperfect. The business of all these actions is the wearing down of German numbers. There will be days in which very few men will fall unwounded into the hands of the force which is securely pressing its superiority against an inferior enemy, and yet during which the losses may be exceptionally heavy through enemy reinforcement being caught in the open, through the exceptional success of the heavy artillery work against communications and billets, points of concentration and batteries behind the enemy's front.

Nevertheless, rough and very imperfect as the criterion is, this daily tale of prisoners is the only precise numerical guide we have, and we may usefully follow it.

We come to August.

Upon August 5th came another considerable infantry action, the attack north of Pozières, in which the Australians and three other regiments did the work. The advance in the line we neglect, but we note the capture of another batch of prisoners called in the despatch "several hundred" and enumerated in private correspondence at something between 400 and 500.

The next two days were days of unsuccessful counter-attack by the enemy. August 9th gave another "small batch" of prisoners. August 10th 72. Sunday, August 13th, after another lull, gave "a small batch," but these days were full of a very strong German counter-attack in which there was a local temporary loss of a sector of trenches near Pozières.

The 17th, a day of exceedingly heavy German losses when a considerable body of the enemy's troops were caught in the open, is not mentioned in the despatch as furnishing prisoners, but the next day yielded 200, and upon Saturday the 19th, the morrow, the official despatch talks of "several hundred" prisoners, and private advices of a *thousand*; 796 had passed through up to 4 o'clock of that day.

Tuesday, August 22nd, gave 164 more, including some captured, but not mentioned upon the day before.

Thursday, the 24th, gave another batch unenumerated, and an additional 62 from some part of the field where there had been delay in making the returns.

Friday the 25th, accounts for over another 100, and the total to date approaches or perhaps passes the 14,000.

August's Record

With the end of the month a full total is rendered. It shows the daily work of August on almost exactly the same curve as that which marked the preceding month after the initial capture of the first line, and by the last day of August nearly 16,000 valid prisoners are in the hands of the British alone.

Now we are in the third month—September. We have advices of what has happened in the first four days. The losses in prisoners—since we are following that test—we have seen. It is an exact continuation upon the same curve "some hundreds," over "1,000 have been passed through so far."

That is the way to look at the operations in Picardy. The test of prisoners is, I repeat, a most imperfect one. The artillery accounts for much more, the first line fighting for much more. Even the combined attrition is not all the meaning of the thing. But even the imperfect test here chosen is exceedingly significant.

It proves the regularity, the persistence, and the success of but one of now *eight* intensive sectors of effort that are deciding the war.

H. BELLOC

End of German Power in Africa

A Survey of the Past and a Vision of the Future

By Lewis R. Freeman

WITH practically all of the central railway of German East Africa passed into the hands of the invaders, with the whole coast at the mercy of the British Fleet, with the capital, Dar-es-Salaam, captured, and with the provisional Government no more than a hunted thing dodging about the dwindling area not yet conquered, the imminent collapse of all military resistance in the last of Germany's foreign colonies makes apposite at this time some discussion of the significance of an event which, no matter how much it may be overshadowed by still greater events nearer at hand, is still destined to stand as a mile-stone in the progress of the British Empire, as a final clinching of the last nail in the coffin of the vaulting "übersee" ambitions of the Teuton.

This greatly-to-be-desired consummation—assuming, of course, as was inevitable, that the conquest of this carefully-defended region must in any case have taken many months of hard campaigning—could not have eventuated at a better time. From the very first the German people—and, indeed, many of the more fanatical and less broadly informed of her higher officials—took the conquest of their overseas possessions with the greatest equanimity. In fact, it was a German official in Washington who assured me only last February that the Allies, in pouring out their blood and treasure in the conquest of Germany's African colonies, were only playing into his country's hands.

"Nothing more to our liking could have been done if we had had the ordering of the Allies' military movements ourselves. They—and especially Britain—are expending men and money and shipping (all of which could be turned to incalculably greater advantage in pushing the war in Europe), to conquer regions which can give them nothing they do not have already in abundance, and which we will take from them—in Paris, or wherever the Peace Treaty chances to be signed—by a stroke of the pen. The effort we expend in resisting attack in these colonies was, so far as this war is concerned, lost to us already; that which Great Britain expends could actually be applied in strengthening their weakening resistance to our advances in all parts of Europe, where their ultimate fate must be settled in any event."

This thesis—like so many other specious arguments that the Germans have advanced—was all right in itself, and only faulty in the matter of the premise—a German military triumph in Europe—upon which it rested.

Colonial Possessions

The colonial possessions of Great Britain, France, Spain, Holland, Portugal and even the United States, have been the more or less fortuitous results of time and chance; that of Germany was the outgrowth of the same cold, calculating deliberation which formulated its foreign trade policy. Time has already shown that both were a menace to the peace, and even to the existence, of less cynically inclined nations, and if a certain amount of "calculating deliberation" enters into the policy by which the Allies put an end, once and for all, to that menace, Germany has only itself to blame. That a large part of Germany's artificially built up foreign trade will go the way of Germany's artificially reared colonial Empire becomes more and more probable with every day that goes by.

It has been Germany's persistent plaint, both at home and abroad, that she attained to national power, or rather world-power, too late to secure the foreign colonies, and especially the tropical colonies, that are an absolute *sine qua non* to the "fullness" and self-sufficiency of a modern Empire. This is largely true so far as Asiatic possessions and strategic positions on the great trade routes of the world are concerned, though it is no justification of the methods Germany has employed in her endeavours to secure them. But as regards Africa it is *not* true. The partitioning of a very large part of this great

and incalculably rich continent, so well called the "Colonial Annex of Europe," has almost entirely been carried out since Germany began her intrigues in Weltpolitik following the defeat of France in 1870.

And never did a nation have a fairer, a more "sporting," chance than that which England, who was already established in that field, gave Germany in Africa. Both England and France—the latter country was gamely trying to develop colonies in north and north-west Africa, to offset the loss of Alsace-Lorraine—figured that there was enough, and more than enough, new territory to go round, and felt that another shoulder under a corner of the "White Man's Burden" might make it lighter for all of them. In the middle 'eighties the German camel thrust its head "under the tent" by founding the colonies of Togoland, the Kameruns and Damaraland, all on the west coast, and from that time down to the outbreak of the war, thirty years later, she never ceased to push herself further in at every opportunity.

The Caprivi Agreement

At that time neither England, France, Portugal, or any other nation cared especially to occupy the fever-infested swamps of the Guinea Coast, or the sun-baked deserts of the south-west coast, where Germany established her first footholds, but in relinquishing the Zanzibar hinterland to Germany by the Caprivi Agreement of 1889, England gave up the rights not only to an extensive territory of great potential richness, but also—at least so far as any one could have seen before Germany committed colonial suicide by forcing the present war in 1914—to the right-of-way for Rhodes' imperially conceived scheme for a railway from Alexandria to Capetown running in British territory all the way—the famous "All-Red Cape-to-Cairo" route. It was hardly set down in a treaty, but these concessions were made to Germany on the implied understanding that her "sphere" was to be confined to South and Central Africa, and that North Africa in particular should be avoided.

In how frank a spirit of unsuspicion these concessions were made, how thoroughly sincere were England's sentiments of welcome to Germany as a colonial power and neighbour, may be judged from the fact that Mr. Gladstone stated in the House of Commons that he thanked God for sending Germany to help to fulfil "the great purposes of Providence for the advantage of mankind." It may be illuminative to bracket with this statement a remark made by Bismarck several years later in commenting upon the coup by which Germany received so much in return for so little: "If I had done as much mischief to Germany as Gladstone has to England, I should never dare look my countrymen in the face again." Even so long ago as the early nineties, therefore, we have evidence of the way German national gratitude expressed itself.

The Kaiser—for Germany's colonial policy was now his—devoted much attention and energy to the development of his incipient colonies during the next decade and a half, and it was not until his covetous desire for Morocco, which dominates both the Cape and Mediterranean routes to Australia and the East, and also the routes to South America, overcame him that the world had evidence that he was not prepared to carry out the original German agreement and stick to the "sphere" that had been allotted to that country. His announcement, early in the present century, that in the future he would refuse to recognise the authority of any but the native ruler of Morocco, came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, and was one of the principal causes hastening the Entente between France and England.

The Agadir bluff was only a further development of the Kaiser's insidious North African policy, and thenceforth the arrogant cynicism of his foreign policy was written clear for all those who cared to read. England's prompt rally to the side of France—a straw which should have

made plain to even so bungling a politician as the War Lord, how the wind would blow in 1914—forced the Kaiser to withdraw from the extreme position he had taken, but how far his backdown was rated from being even a diplomatic defeat by the Germans, may be gathered from the words of an officer of the German South-West African forces whom I encountered in Damaraland a couple of years before the war. His remarks were occasioned by my rather warm commendation of the work I had recently observed the French doing in North Africa, in the course of which I had implied that France's problems in Algeria and Morocco had been simplified by the settlement of the Agadir incident.

A German Bargain

"I suppose you think that Germany suffered a setback in the Morocco affair," he sneered. "That's what most of the world appears to think. But what did Germany have in Morocco? Not a kilometre of territory, not a special right. So. Well, we renounce what we have in Morocco—nothing—and receive in return many thousands of kilometres of the French Kameruns. That was a bargain of which even you Yankees might be proud. Moreover, when the time comes for Germany to take what she wants in Morocco—or in any other part of French Africa—we will take it—in Paris."

One can readily see how a nation which regards treaties as scraps of paper, primarily designed to blind their rivals and mask their own machinations, would hold that it had really received "something for nothing"; that in giving promises—which could at any time be broken—for real territory, it was actually winning a clean-cut diplomatic victory. Thus this German "officer and gentleman," in assuring me that his country had really given "nothing" in Morocco, fully prepared me—two years before the mask was finally thrown aside at the invasion of Belgium—for the way this pariah among governments would treat international obligations at the first occasion that suited its purposes.

Still Britain and France continued to manifest an unexampled tolerance in the face of the Kaiser's now fully revealed ambitions, and it is a thoroughly established fact that they were willing to allow Germany—by purchase and exchange from Belgium and Portugal—to increase its African holdings to nearly as much again as was already held, or something like 2,000,000 square miles. Sir Harry Johnston stated this fact unequivocally at an address before the Royal Geographical Society last year. "From 1910 to the outset of the present war," said this African authority, "we viewed with actual favour a much enlarged German Africa provided only that Germany left the Mediterranean regions alone."

Few outsiders knew very much of what was going on in Germany's African colonies during the last ten years; few had any chance to find out, even had they desired. I visited Dar-es-Salaam in 1905, and, in the limited time at my disposal, was unable to secure permission from the authorities to hunt in the regions I desired to. Seven years later—in the course of an extended tour of Africa, I made to collect data bearing on railways and railway building—I crossed both German East and German South-west Africa. My feet were entangled in red tape at every turn, however, and as for getting facts about the railways, it was almost out of the question.

It is no exaggeration to say that the alien visitor was more carefully watched in Germany's African colonies in peace time than he is in England to-day, with a war going on. The reason for all this I fully understood when I found several of the railways built through deserts of no commercial possibilities whatever—purely strategic lines—and saw the fortified bridge-heads, magazines and block-houses with artillery emplacements.

Practically all news from Germany's African colonies underwent a censorship scarcely less strict than that which is in force in England at the present moment. From what I saw and was told, I learned that the treatment of the natives at certain regions of East and South-west Africa transcended, on the score of brutality, anything that went on in Belgian territory, and yet—thanks to the freedom with which a certain band of sentimentalists were allowed to gather data in the latter region, while no chance was given for similar investigation in the former—the world heard much of "Congo Atrocities," and nothing whatever of the indescribable

inhumanities practised by the Germans. Even the details of Germany's unspeakable campaign against the Hereros did not find their way to the outside world until Botha discovered archives bearing on them when he captured Windhóek, and the worst revealed here is said not to have been published yet.

But even had this latter data never come to light, von Trotha's terrible proclamation against the Hereros—which somehow managed to escape the censorship—would brand the nation which was responsible for it with infamy till the end of time. "Within German borders," read the manifesto of this precursor of von Bissing, "every Herero, with or without rifle, with or without cattle, will be shot. I will take no more women or children. I will drive them back or have them fired on."

The total lack of friction between the British authorities and the natives in occupied regions of German South-west and East Africa—details of most abhorrent atrocities during German rule in the latter colony, have been prevented from reaching the outer world by the censorship—is the best evidence of where the true responsibility for these troubles should be placed.

Perhaps I cannot give a better summary of the way the respective efforts of Germany, France and Great Britain impressed me—two years before the war, and at the conclusion of 25,000 miles of travel in all parts of Africa—than by quoting these paragraphs which I wrote shortly afterwards in an American magazine:

Nine-tenths of the railway mileage of Africa is included in the British systems of the Nile Valley and South Africa, and the French systems of Algeria and Tunisia. The work of the Germans, which ranks third in magnitude, is confined to ambitious beginnings in the jungles of the east and west coasts of the tropics. The energies of each nation have been characteristic. The Briton, responding to the present need and ever zealous for the material uplift of his subject races, has built railways to help him carry The White Man's Burden. The Frenchman, eager, imaginative, his eyes alight with dreams, has pushed his railway projects in order to rivet together with bands of steel an African empire which dwarfs in size the area laid under tribute by the first Napoleon. The German, stolid, confident, one-purposed, sword in one hand and theodolite in the other, fights his way and runs his levels through the pestilential jungles of the tropics as a part of the day's work in winning the Fatherland its implacably-resolved-upon "place in the sun."

Present results of these widely diverse policies are about what one would expect. The British lines—even the most impossibly located of them—are paying handsomely the French systems are paying in spots, and the German beginnings not at all. This is to-day's "balance sheet," and, if commercial considerations only are to be taken into account, to-morrow's will hardly show great changes. Events in Europe will have much to do in determining to what extent the various policies will be vindicated on political grounds.

"Events in Europe" have indeed given the answer. What the British and French have built—not only railways and other physical things, but ethical and spiritual things as well—have stood the acid test, while what the Germans built—both railways and other things—have failed in the very work for which they were primarily designed.

As to the future of what were once German African colonies, every consideration, both of humanity and expediency, would seem to dictate their retention by the Powers that have conquered them. The state of the native in the British and French colonies, on the one hand, contrasted with that of those in the once German colonies, on the other, is sufficient to weigh down the humanity scale. As for expediency, no one—after seeing what Germany will do with her submarines if given the chance—can seriously believe that it would do to allow that nation to establish a strong naval base at a point dominating the trade routes to South-east Africa, Australia and even India. Another consideration to throw into the material scale is the fact that the clearing out of the Germans will not only make it possible to realise Rhodes' dream of an "All Red Cape-to-Cairo" Railway, but will also make practicable the building of a line across French North Africa, by way of Lake Tchad to the region of Victoria Nyanza, that would cut down by several days the time between South Africa and Europe, even over the "Cape-to-Cairo" itself.

Another Problem in Strategy

By Colonel Feyler

IN a recent article we examined the theories of General von Bernhardt and it would now be interesting to revert to the essentially military part of his work and especially to see whether the present war has consisted of a close application of his programme, and, if that has been so, to note how far his foresight has been justified in events. Such an examination will consist in a review of results accomplished and will, perhaps, explain why the German Staff, after abandoning their plan in the West at the end of 1914, resumed it with such violence before Verdun in 1916. To start with, let us quote some of Bernhardt's general principles:

War is the conflict of two opposing forces, represented by armies. Victory belongs to the State whose army shall crush that of its adversary. The army which combines superior mobility with a numerical superiority will have most chance of effecting the said crushing. The first of these factors is more important than the second. Numerical superiority is indeed only necessary at the point where it is desired to obtain a decisive result. It is, therefore, necessary to be able to operate as rapidly as possible in order to effect this greater concentration of force. This is also necessary in order to obtain an initiative which shall upset the enemy's plans, as well as to obtain the effect of surprise which increases the advantage of the initiative. Thus mobility increases the effect of mass.

Taking these principles for granted, let us examine Bernhardt's comparison of the position of Germany, France, Russia and Great Britain, as viewed thus:

France can, at the start, put into line as many men as Germany, but only by immediately exhausting all her reserves. The only possible increase would be from 100,000 to 120,000 indigenous soldiers from Algeria and Tunis, good enough to be used in Europe.

Russia has, it is true, great superiority in numbers, but these cannot all be used in Europe. The Siberian and Turkestan corps would have to be left on the Eastern Frontier to watch China and Japan. To maintain order in the interior of the Empire troops would have to be left in Finland, at Petrograd and at Moscow, and the army of the Caucasus could not be taken away from that district. Notwithstanding these deductions the considerable total of at least 2,000,000 men would remain. The Russian people, however, is hardly capable of understanding foreign politics, and it is hardly conceivable that it would support a war with much enthusiasm.

As for Great Britain, her land forces do not enter into consideration. Months would pass before the figure of 150,000 men (the regular army) could be exceeded, and, in addition, this regular army supplies the reserve for the Colonial Troops which would render their use on the Continent very dangerous in case of unrest in the Colonies. At all events British troops could only serve as auxiliaries and Britain's great effort would be limited to sea warfare. This sea warfare, however, could only be subsidiary to land warfare, and the best way for Germany, in her acknowledged inferiority at sea, to gain a sea victory would be to obtain a crushing victory on land.

The above general premises form a basis for the Austro-German plan of action.

The enemy on sea is to be avoided by a victory on land and every effort must be strained to obtain this victory. Bernhardt realises, however, that victory on land will not be a mere walk-over despite numerous advantages, and will only be obtained if Germany, while striking very rapid blows, prepares for a durable resistance should these blows fail. It is essential, however, that they should not fail, and to this end every effort was made to obtain superior mobility.

These are, roughly, the fundamental principles of Bernhardt's teaching. It is noticeable that they underlay all recent military reform in Germany; essentially they amount to the principal of having a peace army as nearly as possible equal to the war army and ready to strike the decisive blow. The reserves, especially those of the second ban, would provide the necessary resisting force should the said blow not succeed. It is further noticeable that the general plan of campaign followed these fundamental principles. An attempt was made to destroy promptly the French forces, as being the

most formidable of Germany's enemies but under the disadvantage of not having sufficient reserves. It was not thought that Britain, practically without an army, would be able to supply this deficiency. After this blow Russia was to be attacked and it was calculated that a Russian offensive would soon collapse owing to lack of national enthusiasm.

After two years of war there is no room for doubt that the above plan of campaign was closely followed. During the first year especially no variation from Bernhardt's programme was apparent. The campaign was conducted just as a study of German organisation proved that it would be conducted, and victory was sought just where this organisation had prepared to find it. Let us now examine the results of the plan, and compare each separate intention with its execution.

First Intention: "To destroy, by means of the perfectly prepared active army, the French forces which were lacking in reserves."

Result: The French army was not destroyed and sufficient reserves are still in existence at the present time to carry on with the war. The perfectly prepared German forces obtained no decisive victory and it was necessary to support them, not only by the first reserve, but, in some cases, by hastily prepared formations from the second reserve (cf. Battle of Flanders).

Second Intention: "To destroy the French army before Great Britain could supply the French lack of reserves, or, prepare an army of her own."

Result: Great Britain had time to prepare a land army which now occupies in France a front considerably larger than the original British front and has plenty of reserves. A great error of appreciation on the part of the German Staff was proved by the fact that the British Colonies moved only to support and not to hamper the Mother Country. Not only was it unnecessary for the 150,000 men to act as reserves for the Colonial army, but the Colonies themselves provided large contingents for the armies in France, etc.

Third Intention: "To transfer the first line troops to the East, to repulse the Russian offensive, and to break the moral of the Russian people."

Result: The Russian offensive was indeed repulsed, but the Russian moral was unbroken. Russia regained her strength assisted by Japan before whom it was not necessary to immobilise a Siberian corps.

Fourth Intention: "To gain the mastery of the sea by means of a victory on land."

Result: Neither France, Russia, nor Great Britain have been sufficiently vanquished on land to create the slightest impression upon British command of the sea. Rather, the balance of naval power has gone against Germany since the battle of Jutland.

The reader can conclude whether these statements are correct or not. He will see that Germany for many years prepared an army whose superior mobility was to compensate for the enemies' superior numbers. He will see that the programme failed of realisation, that the carefully prepared army obtained no decision, and that the numerical superiority of the Allies was not brought to naught by the superior German mobility.

The German leaders must have been the first to realise these facts, more especially when the taking of Erzerum by the Russians definitely put Turkey on the defensive and set a limit to the long prepared turning movement against British power. It must have been evident to them that the programme of conquest would now have to be replaced by the scheme of durable resistance in defence of the national soil. They did not, however, wish to substitute this new programme without a last great effort. To proceed against Russia could not have produced sufficiently rapid results, for, however exhausted the Russians might be, it would have been necessary to push too far into the enemies' country before peace could be obtained. To crush France and, through France, Great Britain offered more favourable prospects. For this reason was recommenced the scheme which in 1914 had failed of accomplishment and which was once again to astound the world by its renewed vigour. It was resolved to storm the fortress of Verdun.

Welfare Work in Factories

By The Editor

SOcial work may be said to be the fashion of the hour. But it is a good deal more than that. There is a genuine desire among all classes of the community to become better acquainted than heretofore with the conditions under which their neighbours live and work. The King and Queen gave expression to this feeling even before the war by their visits to factories, collieries, pit-villages, etc. It has grown so strong among educated women that at the present time the great majority of girl-undergraduates in Women's Colleges who look forward to making their own way in the world, elect of their own free-will to go in for social work.

Among the firstfruits of this spirit of adventure is this *book. Miss Dorothea Proud, the author, who is

Australian by birth and a B.A. of the University of anelaide, was the first Catherine Helen Spence Scholar in Sociology. In her preface, she mentions that being free to select any branch of that science, she decided to study Welfare Work, as she had seen its beneficial results in one or two instances in Australia, and desired to find out what was being done in England and with what results. The harvest of her labours is contained in this volume, which is modestly designated a thesis. Be this as it may, the work will, we believe, be accepted as a standard book on Welfare Work at its present stage. We venture to predict it will be the starting point for other books on factory conditions, and also prove a strong stimulant to a closer study of the conditions of industrial England.

There are two obvious ways for a reviewer to handle a work of this nature. He may either confine himself to the technical side and criticise favourably or adversely the manner in which the facts have been collected and collated, or leaving aside this narrow view point he may simply concern himself with the broad lessons to be learnt from the facts and deal with the book itself as a chapter on an important section of national life. It was in the latter spirit that the present writer read Miss Proud's illuminative volume.

Trades Unions

It has been said that the very existence of Trades Unions is the most damning indictment of the brutality of industrial England in the Victorian era in that they were only called into existence to safeguard men, women and children from conditions of labour little short of slavery. There is truth in this saying, but there is equal truth in the fact that it was the employers themselves who initiated factory reforms, and that the origin of improved conditions in modern factories can be traced clearly back for more than a century to the good employer who realised even then that workmen were not soulless mechanics but neighbours towards whom he had a duty to discharge. It is an instance of a little leaven leavening the whole lump. But the point we wish to make here, for it is so clearly established by this author, is that there has never been an unbridged deep-cut chasm between capital and labour. The dividing gulf has existed as it always must exist between any two bodies of men whose interests, identical up to a point, then diverge and in a sense conflict, but from the earliest factory days the gulf has always been bridged, very slightly and frailly at the first, as it were a hanging bamboo trestle across a Himalayan torrent, but each generation of good employers took care that the bridge was strengthened and improved. There is still ample room for further broadening, and for increased stability, if the dividing gulf is to be rendered in the future a less dangerous scission in the body politic than it has been hitherto.

It is not an easy task. We read of a managing director of a cloth factory who wrote down that "he thought it possible, *without hurt or loss to the texture*, to humanise and Christianise the hands." That was sixty years ago, and we should like to think that the smug spirit

these words signify was entirely dead in England to-day. We are afraid it is not; and it is this mental attitude, that is inclined to regard "the hand" as of lower value than the manufacture which is not infrequently at the root of labour troubles.

The Good Employer

But at the same time, the employer who takes the exactly opposite view and tries to do his best for his workmen does not find the way easy. The sincere champions of the working classes fear two things—an easy content and charity. "They suggest that Welfare Work at its best tends to make individuals content with their lot and callous as to the lot of their fellows; and so weakens the social instinct which is humanity's natural safeguard." But, adds Miss Proud, "industrial content is so far off that such a menace is but dimly recognised and excites little public sympathy; but the employer who would really promote the welfare of the workers cannot afford to ignore their gropings towards a corporate ideal."

Reading this work and perceiving the immense and complex difficulties of the modern industrial world, one is apt to forget it is composed of human beings. One seems to be standing upon a tall cliff above the sea. Smooth though the surface of the ocean may be at the moment, there is ever the ebb and flow of its waters; one hears the little waves groping through hidden channels and moaning and sighing along an unseen shore, always restless, always in the mass moving backward or forward. One knows what a small thing, a gust or two of wind miles away, may move them into fury. As with the unresting waves of the ocean, so with these masses of eager never satisfied humans. There must always be movement so long as there is healthy life, and that the life of industrial England is healthy, splendidly healthy, has been proved again and again on battlefield, in trench and in workshop during the last two years. When these waters are troubled, there is only one thing that can smooth them—the chrisom of sympathy. This springs from a knowledge of primal facts even more than from kindness of disposition. And from this point of view, a work such as Miss Proud's thesis is beyond price. No intelligent being can read it without rising with a fuller conception and a clearing understanding of the multitudinous difficulties which confront the honest and sincere man, be he employer or workman, who desires to elevate and render happier the lives of his fellow-beings.

It is to be hoped that this book will attract a large circle of readers. It is written in a pleasant and easy style, and gives chapter and verse for its statements and facts. Many of the suggestions it contains are valuable, and welfare workers will find much useful information in its pages, while the multiform endeavours to improve the conditions of factory workers in recent years will be a revelation to those who have never seriously considered the industrial problem, though always ready to talk glibly about it.

In her introduction, the author defines welfare work as "consisting of voluntary efforts on the part of employers to improve within the existing industrial system, the conditions of employment in their own factories." If this definition be accepted then the fact that welfare work has become so common points to kindlier and more sympathetic relations between capital and labour. It may be, as we are told some maintain, that it is due to "enlightened selfishness"—a phrase which contains a silly sneer, for we have yet to discover how to eliminate self from any action; unselfishness is only a form of enlightened selfishness. But the motive which the sneer is intended to suggest is that employers improve the lot of the employed in order to improve their work and increase its pecuniary value. Let it be so. If by augmenting the bulk of happiness we can by the same process magnify and better the output of work, who would not join in the crusade with joy? No wonder educated woman is eager to enter into welfare work.

*Welfare Work: Employers' Experiments for Improving Working Conditions in Factories. By E. Dorothea Proud. With a Foreword by Mr. Lloyd-George. (G. Bell and Sons, 7s. 6d.)

A Cellar at Nouex-les-Mines

By Patrick MacGill

IN the village of Bully Grenay the houses were fractured by high explosive shells, the windows were paneless, the doors latchless, and the chimneys were hurled to the ground where they now lay, mere heaps of broken bricks, piles of rubble which had lain there all the spring. It was now summer, the days were soft with sunshine, glorious days when men whispered to themselves secretly, "How good, how very good, to be alive."

The mad vitality of life exulted in itself amidst scenes of demolition and decay. Young blood pulsed warmly. The quick walked through the barren streets of the village with an idle mien, and an abject chimney stack which a million furious shells had gashed and lacerated, pleased with their vigour and their calling, stood moodily in air. Man values existence in haunts where he holds insecure purchase of life.

A solitary violet peeped coyly out from between two bricks which topped a heap of rubble by the roadway near the mine. The heap of rubble had once been a home. The cataclysm of continents, the hatred of kings, the mustering of armies, the thunder of guns were all needed in the making of this—a mean little nook on a rubble heap where a modest violet blossomed by the street of Bully Grenay.

Like cats to their accustomed haunts the natives clung to their village and braved danger and death in preference to exile. But now, fearing a big German offensive, the authorities removed the villagers and sent them back to localities further away from the firing line. The villagers left the place without a moan; placid fatalists, they lived or died midst the thunder of a thousand guns; they accepted the change mutely and in silence left their native place when ordered to do so. They took away much of their portable property and left much of it behind. On the eve of Lammas Day my friend, Bill Teake, a Cockney with a little white potato of a nose and an unflinching store of good humour, caught two homeless chickens fluttering despairing wings outside the Estaminet La Concorde in Bully Grenay.

"Ow am I to kill these 'ere hanimals?" he asked his mate, Jimmy James.

"Put a bullet through them," answered Jimmy.

"That'll blow 'em to blazes," said Bill.

"Then wring their necks."

"Ow?"

"Like this," said Jim, getting hold of a water bottle by the neck and swinging it round his head.

"I've a better plan," said Bill, gazing at the door of the estaminet. "You open that there door and I'll 'old the neck of the 'en against the jamb. I'll say One! Two! Free! and at the word Free! you swings the door wiv a bang against the post and you'll snick the neck of the 'en like winkin'."

The operation was performed with great success, the chickens were decapitated and Bill's thumb was bashed to an ugly purple.

"That's a go," he muttered. "Not much of a gyme killin' chickens like this."

"Not much of a 'gyme' indeed," said Jimmy. "But they'll make a good meal, these fowl."

"An' there's a bloomin' dawg, too, as was left be'ind," said Bill, pointing his finger at the top window of the estaminet. It was looking down at the two soldiers, a lean dog with plaintive eyes and a queer crooning cry which said as plainly as any doggie can say, "Take me away from this place."

"Why doesn't it come down the stairs?" asked Jimmy James.

"Why?" said Bill. "'Cos there ain't no stairs; they've been blown away by a shell."

"Then we've got to get the animal down," said Jimmy.

"Ow?" asked Bill, then, without giving Jimmy time to answer, he said, "Oh, I knows 'ow. There's a ladder round the corner. We'll put it up and take the pore thing down."

Finding the ladder they placed it against the window sill; clambered up and rescued the dog which they placed

on the street. Then Jimmy James and Bill Teake clambered up the ladder again and entered the room.

"They didn't take much away wiv 'em," said Teake, gazing at the furniture in the room. "A perambulator, umbrella, a bed, a chest of drawers, a cradle. But it ain't much good, is it? A bundle of five franc notes would be more to my likin'. Ah! here's a basket of taters," said Bill, lifting a basket from the corner. "This will do well with the chickens."

"What's that thing under the bed?" asked Jimmy James.

Teake peeped under and drew back his head as suddenly as if someone had given him a blow on the face.

"It's a dead bloke," he said. "Let's get out."

They reached the street to find the dog lying on the pavement wagging its tail.

"It's so pleased with us," said Jimmy James.

"Pleased!" echoed Bill. "The damned ungrateful swine. Take that, and that!"

The two kicks were neatly delivered, and the dog rushed off, howling.

"Ate our two blurry chickens, an' us rescuin' 'im! Damn the French!" said Bill. "If they leave anything be'ind its for their dogs. Anyway, we've the taters. We'll get back to the trench and cook 'em."

Now, Jimmy James, who was a stretcher bearer, had to escort a sick man back to Nouex-les-Mines when he reached the trench, and Bill's friend, whose name was Dudley Pryor, had just finished a good dinner of fried potatoes and onions.

"Blimey, I've got taters—lots of 'em—an' if you give me some honions, I'll make myself a bit of a feed," said Bill to Pryor. "I do feel empty inside."

"Yes, I've got some onions to spare," said Pryor. "Are you going to cook now?"

"I'm goin' to cook now," said Bill. "But I want some lard or somethin' greasy for fryin'."

"Good idea," said Pryor.

"What did you fry the taters in?" asked Bill.

"Oh, I fried them in—in vaseline," was Pryor's reply.

"Git out!"

"Yes, I did."

"Truth?"

"Oh, it's quite true," Pryor lied. "You should try it."

"So I will," said simple Bill, and so he did. He used a whole box of vaseline, frying his "taters" on a mess tin lid placed over a little fire at the base of a traverse. He ate his meal with great zest, vowing that he never had a better repast in all his life.

Pryor, delighted with the little joke, told Felan, an Irishman in the section, how Bill Teake had used vaseline in frying potatoes. Felan came up to Bill as the latter sat smoking a Woodbine in the corner of the dug-out.

"Bill Teake," he said. "What's wrong with ye?"

"Wiv me?" asked Bill. "There's nuffink wrong wiv me."

"Ye're lookin' very pale," said Felan. "I never saw a man look as bad. Have ye had no dinner?"

"No dinner!" exclaimed Bill. "I 'ad the best meal I ever 'ad."

"It can't have agreed with you," said Felan. "You look as white as a ghost."

Felan looked away and Pryor poked his head through the door.

"Good God, Bill!" he exclaimed. "What has happened to you?"

"'Appened to me!" said Bill. "Nuffink man. Wot gyme are yer up to?"

"No game at all," said Pryor. "But you look bad. You should go and see the doctor this evening."

Bill looked in the little mirror which he always carried about with him (he was a devil for the girls). And he thought that he *was* looking white.

"But I don't feel bad," he said to Pryor.

"You mayn't feel bad," said Pryor, "but, by heaven! you look bad. Are your nerves giving way?"

"I've no nerves," said Bill.

Stoner, the youth with the brown eyes and the guileless look was the next to pass a remark on Bill's condition.

"What has happened to you, matey? You look like a dead man."

"I'm orl right," said Bill, but there was a note of concern in his voice. "I 'ad the best dinner I ever 'ad a moment ago."

"Has it disagreed with you?" asked Stoner. "What kind of dinner was it?"

"Taters and honions fried in vaseline," was Bill's reply.

"Vaseline!" Stoner repeated. "Vaseline! Vaseline?"

"Wot's wrong wiv vaseline?" Bill enquired.

"What's wrong with it, man," said Stoner. "Everything's wrong with it. It's poison, pure poison. No wonder you're looking white."

Bill cast an imploring look on Stoner. He was now evidently frightened.

"I do feel somethin' wrong wiv me, inside," he said.

"I'll see the M.O. this evening."

* * * * *

Bill had a temperature that evening, whether due to fright or the ill-effects of potatoes fried in vaseline it was impossible to say. The doctor sent him back to the hospital in Nouex-les-Mines. Wrapped in blankets, Bill went to sleep on the floor, and about one o'clock in the morning he woke up and looked around him. A candle stuck on the cold ground burned timidly, and big black shadows lurked in the corners of the apartment.

Opposite Bill an R.A.M.C. orderly sat on a biscuit box dozing, the unlighted stump of a cigarette between his fingers.

Near Bill another patient lay asleep, his mouth wide open and his knees hunched up so that they formed a little hill that dominated the cold, clammy floor of the cellar.

Bill looked up at the roof where the light played in little ghostly ripples. As he watched a spider slipped out of a hole directly overhead and dropped slowly down towards his face. In the half light the spider looked an enormous size and its legs spread out as if endeavouring to clutch something. Fascinated, Bill watched it draw nearer, nearer, until it almost touched his face.

"Git out, ye lobster!"

He raised his hand as he spoke and aimed a blow at the insect and missed. The spider clambered up again and disappeared.

"Blast the bloomin' thing!" he muttered, and turned on his side.

"Oh, blimey! . . . Good mornin'."

A large toad was sitting on the corner of his blanket, a mere hand's breadth away, and looking at him with a pair of glistening eyes. For a moment the man and the toad looked fixedly at one another, then the toad hopped away and disappeared round the corner of the bed.

"Well, blimey!" said Bill, cuddling up in the clothes and trying to sleep. He was unsuccessful, for his mind followed the toad.

"Where 'as it gone?" he muttered. "Spiders as big as lobsters, and toads as big as helephants. This 'ere place is 'aunted. Now where 'as that 'ere vermin gone?"

He turned round on his side and again his gaze fell on the toad. The thing had ascended the hill formed by the knees of Bill's mate, and there on the eminence it sat, its eyes fixed on the open mouth of the sleeper.

"Blimey! it's goin' ter jump in," said Bill. "I Raise the foresight a little, you bounder, and oh! . . . Ten to one you miss it."

Moodily contemplative, the toad sat silent, its big shining eyes fixed on the cavern in front.

"Jump, you beggar!" yelled Bill, shouting at the top of his voice. "One good 'op an' you'll serve a tall."

He fell into a paroxysm of mirth; the R.A.M.C. orderly awoke and rubbed his eyes, lifted the cigarette end which had fallen to the floor, and came across to Bill.

"What's amusin' you, chummy!" he asked.

"The spider and the toad," said Bill. "A big lobster of a spider and then the toad. It's tryin' to jump into the man's mouth. Look there! Ten to one it misses."

"That's all right," said the orderly with a bland smile

of understanding. "You must lie down quietly and try and have a little sleep."

"But the toad," Bill remonstrated. "It's just goin' ter jump."

"I know, I know," said the orderly. "I see it myself, but try and compose yourself, chummy."

"But man, it's real," said Bill, sitting up. "Look yourself and you'll see it. Don't think I'm off my napper."

"I don't think anything of the sort," said the orderly, smiling. "I often see things 'ere myself. You lie down again and you'll be as right as rain in the morning."

He put his fingers on Bill's pulse, held them there for a moment, then pressed the boy gently back into the blankets.

"I tell you there's a toad," said Bill, struggling to get up again. "Look at that man lying there and see the toad on 'is knees. It's going to 'op into the bloke's mouth in a minute."

To humour the patient, the orderly looked as he was directed, and sure enough there was a toad, a real one, not a phantom, perched on the knees of the sleeping patient.

"So there is," said the orderly. "I thought you were delirious, matey. Well, we'll put the thing out," he said, and shoved it off the blanket on to the floor.

"Ye're not a sport," said Bill, and his voice was charged with contempt. "Why didn't yer let it 'op. I was bettin' on it. Now my bloomin' toad 'as gone. Bet yer it'll not come in again, either," said Bill sadly.

"I'll bet you it doesn't," said the orderly, but in a different tone.

Bill Teake returned to his regiment three days later, a healthy and wiser man. He has cultivated a hearty dislike for French dogs; he has, through much practise, made perfect a new manner of killing looted chickens; he never now takes part in a conversation wherein vaseline is mentioned, but the sight of a frog always brings memories of toads to Bill's mind, and all conversation is cut dead until Bill narrates for the hundredth time the tale of a toad in a cellar at Nouex-les-Mines.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the two British airmen who have brought down Zeppelins should both have been born in India. The late Lieutenant Warneford was connected with Kuch Behar; Lieutenant Robinson was born in Coorg and spent several years of his boyhood there. Coorg is a peculiar little province in South India at the edge of the Western Ghats, with an administration of its own. Polibetta, Mr. Robinson's home, is the centre of a prosperous coffee district. When it was first opened up by British planters, it was pestiferous and the death-roll very heavy, but it is now a healthy region, at an altitude of 4,000 feet, and the climate delightful. A boy brought up amid such surroundings develops great keenness in shikar, but a Zeppelin at night is big game few have the luck to bag.

A little book which gives a new insight into the work of British airmen, has just been published. It is entitled *In the Royal Naval Air Service* (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d. net.). It consists of the war letters of the late Harold Roshier to his family. Mr. Roshier, who did many brave feats and was a most gallant airman, was killed while testing a machine. These letters are written in a simple and direct style and give a very vivid description of the life with its constant risks and its thrilling adventures in mid-air.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's last book, *With the French*, (Duckworth and Co., 3s. 6d. net.) is a cheery record of travels up to the firing line in France and at Salonika, and it proves that all Americans are not neutral. One gathers that Mr. Davis was not proud of the attitude of his country toward the war, and that, having seen the things of which the common enemy is capable, he held views with regard to that enemy which would have done credit to any soldier of the Allies.

The *Report on Austro-Hungarian Atrocities in Serbia*, (Simpkin Marshall and Co., 5s. net) is probably the most gruesome document of the war. Professor Reiss, who compiled the report, has done so in a precise and statistical fashion that adds weight to his terrible indictment, and, if one requires a touch of realism to add to the documents, there are appended some horrible photographs of the victims of the Austrian version of "Kultur." The book is not one for general circulation, but it is a record of proved cruelties that ought to be kept in mind against the day of settlement.

How Aeroplanes are Used in War

By a Correspondent

[In a previous article our correspondent, who has exceptional knowledge of the working of aeroplanes in war-time, described the different kinds most generally in use and the way in which they worked. In the present contribution he explains the working of aeroplanes in action]

IN the previous notes I dealt with the "little" aeroplane in its two uses of "defender" and high speed "bomber" for short ranges. The "defender" as the term (which is not entirely a happy one) implies, is a stay at home; the "bomber," equally obviously goes abroad. But lest it be thought that the "defender" has nothing but the fun of life, it is as well to indicate that its peculiar activity makes it useful for other special services—for example, the extinction of "dragon balloons," those ugly yellow sausages of monstrous size which float, tethered 5,000 yards back of the line and from their point of vantage, some 2,000 feet up, enable a man, as intrepid an aeronaut as the flyer proper, though less heard about, to telephone to the gunners the effect of their fire and correct their aim.

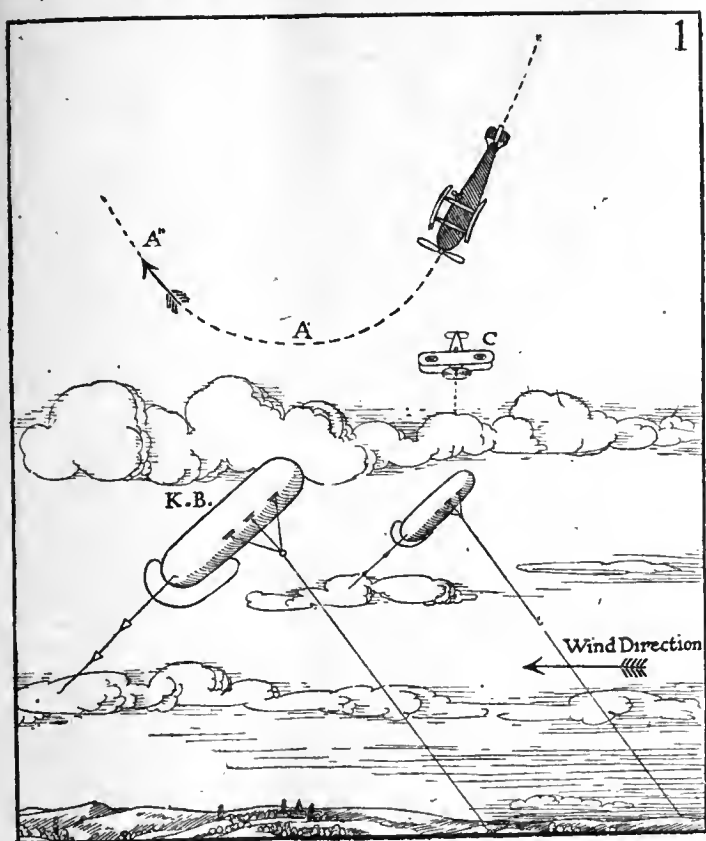


Diagram I.—The aeroplane at A is attacking the kite balloon K B. A is moving down wind into K B, and after will take the upwardly curved path A A' A''

The way we proceed is no secret from the German and need be no secret to us. The lightest, swiftest and most mobile of craft are needed for this venture. They rise till they get over the balloons at a great height after taking a suitable equipment for each aeroplane. With this they dive down at an exceedingly steep angle so that the aeroplanes are aimed at the kite balloon. The balloon, if its attendants are on the alert, is hauled down by engine power at lightning speed, but the path of the aeroplane is so steep from the clouds to its prey that from time to time a success is registered and the balloon, the man, and the tangled tail of ropes rush with a wail of flames and beating ribbons to the ground, never to rise again.

Whether the balloon is hit or not a part of our purpose is achieved in the disturbance of their artillery control; but like other military acts, this is not effected without payment. Though the descent, approach, and retirement from proximity to the enemy's anti-aircraft guns below, is as brief, and the manœuvre as sudden as possible; though the attack is made in the same direction as the wind is blowing; though the movement over the ground is therefore as rapid and the change of range and altitude as puzzling as possible to the ground

gunners, there are hits and sometimes losses. In diagram I. the path of the aeroplane A is shown in a dotted line; its swerve upwards (indicated by an arrow) occurs after firing; the wind direction is shown by another arrow on the right hand side.

Had the attack been made against the wind instead of with it, the same or greater facility for aiming would be obtained, but the aeroplane would present a less rapidly moving target to the earth, and the risk of punishment to the raiders would be *pro tanto* greater.

It would be difficult, save when the wind is very slight indeed, to make the attack across wind [as shown by the aeroplane C, in the same diagram I], because it is well nigh impossible for the airman to estimate the amount of his leeway, and the leeway is one of the resolved components of his aim direction.

Sudden Swerve

Notwithstanding this, all methods may be used according to the predecision of the Squadron Commander, who knows that it is most important to mislead the enemy's artillery as to the exact movement to be expected on the swoop.

One of the main dangers of the manœuvre lies in the stress imposed on the aeroplane by taking the curved path A A' A''—that is, recovering from the descent and turning the movement into one of ascent. British airmen rather unexpectedly call this the act of "flattening out," though it would have been at least equally appropriate to call it "curling up." The speed on descent may come up to 150 or more miles per hour, and special caution must be observed to restrain the violence of the "control," if the collapse of the structure of the machine and the consequent disaster is to be avoided. As has been well pointed out by Mr. Graham White and Mr. Harper in a recent article, it has been found safer in war to keep the aeroplane light and mobile, though weak, than to make it sluggish and heavy but strong, owing to the intolerable risks from gun fire involved by the sluggishness which may be imported by providing too full a margin of strength and weight. This is one of the matters concerning which a very specious, but ill-advised attitude was struck in time of peace, by the ignorant.

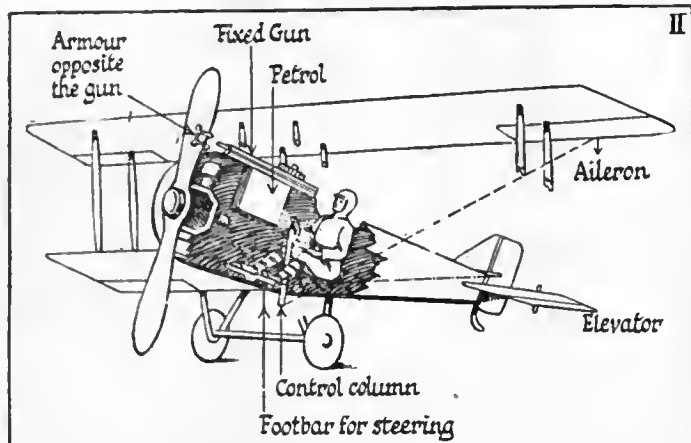
Limited Swerve

Some thoughtful reader will probably observe that since the breakage is induced by the pilot's rapid or violent use of the control surfaces, safety can be got without much weight by limiting the controllability—by retarding or impeding the quickest rate of turning—this device, too, has been employed; indeed, it was almost impossible to break up certain machines in the air, but here again the sacrifice of handiness was felt and the muscular effort called for to effect many of the evolutions became fatiguing with the longer flights on which these craft are used. The pilot prefers to have the full control, and for the rest to trust to his skill and experience. It is early yet to say where exactly the line should be drawn in balancing "gun fire risk" against "aeroplane risk," beyond observing that as pilots become more skilled and experienced their protection by mechanical means from their own rashness becomes less imperative. It would appear that this has been the line adopted, a certain gain of speed results, and it should prove a safe line unless some new and terrific emergency should again force into action as many fresh pilots as did the beginning of the European war.

Attack in Numbers

Reverting for one moment to the raids on dragon balloons—in these as in almost all other evolutions of the kind—the work is best conducted by numbers of machines *simultaneously*, not only because numbers increase the chances of success and the number of shots, but because they diminish the danger of the act by distracting the enemy's fire. I give in diagram II., an indication of the inside of a tractor "defender" fitted with 100 H.P. radial engine. The machine gun is shown

above the bonnet, over the petrol tank, and firing forward through the circle swept by the propeller blades. On one of the blades is shown a patch of armour steel arranged to deflect the chance bullets which fail to pass between the blades. [I notice that the photograph from which the sketch was made has lent to it a very exaggerated perspective and caused the near wing to look much larger than the far ones. This must be forgiven me since it has no importance in relation to the explanatory character of the sketch in question.] Sometimes the patch of armour is omitted altogether from the propeller and the same security is got by timing the trigger action of the gun to fire only in the interspace between the blades



Defender type of aeroplane shown with one wing removed and part of body cut away to show footbar connected to the rudder by chain line and control column or "joy stick" in the airman's hand with wire to the aileron. This same stick is connected by a wire not shown to the elevator situated behind the tail plane

in accordance with a suggestion believed to have been made by Mr. C. Gray in 1912 or earlier, and used by the Germans, the French, and ourselves only since the war.

Zepp Attacks by Day and Night

The difficulties about bagging "Zepps" by day are (1) they can, for all their size, climb abominably fast; (2) they have so many folks on board that their lookout in the air is many times more effective than that of any one, two, or say six aeroplanes, also supposed in the air, but unable to discuss the looking out business with one another; (3) Zepps are, strange as it may seem, extraordinarily hard to find from an aeroplane; (4) if the Zepp finds the aeroplanes first, its eminently great air endurance enables it to take refuge over the sea; since any known aeroplane light enough to climb quickly over it cannot be carrying many hours' fuel, and must retain such a stock in hand as to be able to fly back to land after the assault.

From the last condition it will be seen that an ordinary "defender" with three hours' fuel, say, would have to do the whole of the "catching up" in 1½ hours, including a prodigiously fast climb to some 15,000 feet. There have been two cases, justly celebrated, when Zepps have been bombed by British airmen, the one by day, and the other by night—the one on a French aeroplane, the other on a British. The difficulties of attack on a Zepp by night are of a different order in some respects.

If the chase takes place in the dark, and lasts say, two hours, or 100 miles, the aeroplane pilot will be that distance from his illuminated landing ground. It is the merest chance if any other landing ground is handy, is known to him, and is illuminated. It would be fatal to illuminate every probable aerodrome on his track; it would amount to warning the Zeppelin where not to go. Accordingly the safe re-alighting of the aeroplane is a dominant consideration by night—if aeroplane attacks on Zepps are to be made by night in present circumstances [which I seriously doubt, in spite of the very vocal Mayors—stout fellows—who always write to the papers after a Zepp raid. They seem to feel that they pay for flyers and ought to get value.] By night, the rigid airship covers up its ostensible defect of being a large target and retains all its manifest advantages of long range, rapid rising, multiplicity of engines, its buoyancy independent of engines save it from dependence on the source of power; its numerous guns in defence, its organised look-outs, its ability to go dead slow, to drift silently down wind; and it retains above all, in a

superior degree at night, its quality of being practically as hard to find from an aeroplane as is another aeroplane.

Lieut. Warneford's Feat

By day the most successful aeroplane for Zepp attack is the light, fast "defender," since its high alighting speed introduces no additional risk beyond that normal to alighting on such machines. A monoplane should be specially useful for finding the quarry, the monoplane having the quality of a free view of all the sky above the pilot. The only competitor for freedom of view is the "pusher"—time may show which is the more useful as experience is gained, but at present it is to a Morane single seater with rapid engine that we owe our first Zeppelin bag by day, and there is no stronger proof of utility than actual achievement. For this Lieut. Warneford was decorated with a V.C., to his lasting fame and honour.

Lieut. Brandon's Feat

By night, the most successful aeroplane proved to be—what might have been expected—an aeroplane of exceptionally slow alighting quality and of great strength, thereby giving to the airman that confidence in his eventual landing which freed him to leave the immediate neighbourhood of his aerodrome to career off into the blackness at 9,000 feet height after the airship, and take his chance of alighting where fortune might lead him. In this case the aeroplane was a two seater, a "BE2C" relieved of the weight of the passenger, and to that extent still better for slow alighting, it was a typical "multi-purpose" aeroplane, and as I have something to say against "multi-purpose" aeroplanes on principle, I am only too glad to admit that they have their good points, and have in fact, the only Zepp bagged by night to their credit, besides being the only British aeroplane to have brought down an airship raider at all. Lieut. Brandon gained the D.S.O. for this feat.

Aeroplane Nomenclature

There is nothing more symptomatic of the progress of flight than the utter inadequacy of the names by which aeroplanes of various types are still known. They are worse than inadequate, they are inappropriate. For some years, at any rate since Col. Sykes's lecture on the subject before the Aeronautical Society, all single-seated aeroplanes were called, and were regarded, as "scouts." They were specifically called for by this military authority to scout, and their arming was scarcely considered. I do not blame him, on the contrary I note that no one in any land or clime, not even the stimulating critics of the R.F.C. suggested that he was mistaken. No one presaw that single seaters would mainly be used for purposes other than fast scouting, and that all aeroplanes must be armed. The term "scout" as distinctive of the single seater survives, but is doomed. The absurdity of calling a "bomber" a "scout," is sufficiently evident, and the term "fighter scout" is almost comic.

The business of bombing, though entertained by the Naval Service, was little regarded by the army at the beginning of the war. In neither service was any substantial provision made for bombing as a definite branch of operation. If we are to believe each of the combatant armies' accounts of the other's bombing (and it is the country in receipt of the bombs which best knows what their military effect is), we may conclude that in relation to the expenditure, the effect is insignificant. Bombing is like artillery fire without "fire control" or "spotting"; the aim is worse, the weight of metal thrown is less, the expense of throwing it is greater, and so is the risk. The quality which gives value to the bomber aeroplane is that its range of action is greater than that of the guns. Intense study is being put into the aiming problem, and it may perhaps bear its sinister fruit before long. The serious use to us is the attack on railways, centres and depots, just behind the fighting area, so as to hinder concentrations of troops and munitions, notably at the time of a "push." Its political use is that it gives the populace a degree of satisfaction and stimulation quite beyond what is warranted by results, accordingly when there is a lull, or when affairs have not moved as well as the authorities might have wished, bombing raids are resorted to and reported on the one hand, and disparaged on the other.

Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay, who obtained a commission in the new army and was wounded at Loos is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. This was handed to the British headquarters in Mesopotamia by an officer—Sir Walter's son—wounded to death in obtaining it. Hannay undertakes the mission, his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American gentleman, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who also joins them. On November 17th the three dine together at a London flat, and agree to meet in a café in a back street of Constantinople two months later—on January 17th. Sandy goes to Constantinople, disguised as a Turk, by way of Cairo. Blenkiron drops into Germany by way of Scandinavia. Hannay, who in South Africa was a mining engineer, and can speak Dutch perfectly, enters Germany through Holland as a Boer from Western Cape Colony. Hannay sails for Lisbon where he meets his old Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, who agrees to be his companion. They go on to Germany and find their way to Berlin. Here they have an interview with two Government high officials: one, Colonel von Stumm, had been in German South-West Africa, fighting the Hereros. Stumm takes them in charge, leaves Pienaar in Berlin, but brings Hannay to his castle in Bavaria. On the way Hannay has an interview with the Kaiser, and also with a Herr Gaudian, a great engineer. Stumm grossly insults Hannay, who knocks him out and makes a bolt for it. Reaching the Danube he gets taken on as an engineer on a steamer tugging barges of munitions to Rustchuk. On the journey down the Danube Pienaar, having escaped from a prison camp, rejoins Hannay, and on arrival at Constantinople they are saved from a Turkish rabble by a fanatic. The next day, January 17th, they go to the café where they are arrested, only to find themselves ushered into the presence of Blenkiron and Sandy who was the fanatic in disguise. Blenkiron tells his story, and Sandy continues.*

CHAPTER XII (continued)

I LOOKED at Sandy. He filled his pipe again, and pushed back his skin cap from his brows. What with his long dishevelled hair, his high-boned face, and stained eyebrows he had the appearance of some mad mullah.

"I went straight to Smyrna," he said. "It wasn't difficult, for you see I had laid down a good many lines in former travels. I reached the town as a Greek money-lender from the Delta, but I had friends there I could count on, and the same evening I was a Turkish gypsy, a member of the most famous fraternity in Western Asia. I had long been a member and I'm blood brother of the chief boss, so I stepped into the part ready made. But I found out that the Company of the Rosy Hours was not what I had known it in 1910. Then it had been all for the Young Turks and reform; now it hankered after the old régime and was the last hope of the Orthodox. It had no use for Enver and his friends and it did not regard with pleasure the *beaux yeux* of the Teuton. It stood for Islam and the old ways, and might be described as a Conservative Nationalist caucus. But it was uncommon powerful in the provinces, and Enver and Talaat daren't meddle with it. The dangerous thing about it was that it said nothing and apparently did nothing. It just bided its time and took notice.

"You can imagine that this was the very kind of crowd for my purpose. I knew of old its little ways, for with all its orthodoxy it dabbled a good deal in magic and owed half its power to its atmosphere of the uncanny. The Companions could dance the hearts out of the ordinary Turk. You saw a bit of one of our dances this afternoon, Dick—pretty good, wasn't it? They could go anywhere and no questions asked. They knew what the ordinary man was thinking, for they were the best intelligence department in the Ottoman Empire—far better than Enver's *Khafiyyeh*. And they were popular, too, for they had never bowed the knee to the *Nemseh*—the Germans who are squeezing out the life-blood of the Osmanli

for their own ends. It would have been as much as the life of the Committee or its German masters was worth to lay a hand on us, for we clung together like leeches and we were not in the habit of sticking at trifles.

"Well, you may imagine it wasn't difficult for me to move where I wanted. My dress and the pass-word franked me everywhere. I travelled from Smyrna by the new railway to Panderma on the Marmora, and got there just before Christmas. That was after Anzac and Suvla had been evacuated, but I could hear the guns going hard at Cape Helles. From Panderma I started to cross to Thrace in a coasting steamer. And there an uncommon funny thing happened. . . . I got torpedoed.

"It must have been about the last effort of a British submarine in these waters. But she got us all right. She gave us ten minutes to take to the boats and then sent the blighted old packet and a fine cargo of 6 in. shells to the bottom. There weren't many passengers, so it was easy enough to get ashore in the ship's boats. The submarine sat on the surface watching us, and we waited and howled in the true Oriental way, and I saw the Captain quite close in the conning tower. Who do you think it was? Tommy Elliot, who lives on the other side of the hill from me at home.

"I gave Tommy the surprise of his life. As we bumped past him, I started the 'Flowers of the Forest'—the old version—on the antique stringed instrument I carried, and I sang the words very plain. Tommy's eyes bulged out of his head, and he shouted at me in English to know who the devil I was. I replied in the broadest Scots, which no man in the submarine or in our boat could have understood a word of. 'Maister Tammy,' I cried, 'what for wad ye skail a dacent tinkler lad intil a cauld sea? I'll gie ye your kail through the reek for this ploy the next time I forgaither wi' ye on the tap o' Caerdon.'

"Tommy spotted me in a second. He laughed till he cried, and as we moved off shouted to me in the same language to 'pit a stoot hert tae a stey brae.' I hope to Heaven he had the sense not to tell my father, or the old man will have had a fit. He never much approved of my wanderings, and thought I was safely anchored in the battalion.

"Well, to make a long story short, I got to Constantinople and pretty soon found touch with Blenkiron. The rest you know. . . . And now for business. I have been fairly lucky—but no more, for I haven't got to the bottom of the thing nor anything like it. But I've solved the first of Harry Bullivant's riddles. I know the meaning of *Kasredin*.

"Sir Walter was right, as Blenkiron has told us. There's a great stirring in Islam, something moving on the face of the waters. They make no secret of it. These religious revivals come in cycles, and one was due about now. And they are quite clear about the details. A seer has arisen of the blood of the Prophet, who will restore the Khalifate to its old glories and Islam to its old purity. His sayings are everywhere in the Moslem world. All the orthodox believers have them by heart. That is why their young men are rolling up to the armies and dying without complaint in Gallipoli and Transcaucasia. They believe they are on the eve of a great deliverance.

"Now the first thing I found out was that the Young Turks had nothing to do with this. They are unpopular and unorthodox, and no true Turks. But Germany has. How, I don't know, but I could see quite plainly that in some subtle way Germany was regarded as a collaborator in the movement. It is that belief that is keeping the present régime going. The ordinary Turk loathes the Committee but he has some queer perverted expectation from Germany. It is not a case of Enver and the rest carrying on their shoulders the unpopular Teuton. It is a case of the Teuton carrying the unpopular Committee. And Germany's graft is just this and nothing more—that she has some hand in the coming of this new deliverer.

"They talk about the thing quite openly. It is called the *Kásba-i-hurriyyeh*, the Palladium of Liberty. The prophet, himself is known as *Zimrud*, the Emerald, and his four Ministers are called also after jewels—Sapphire, Ruby, Pearl and Topaz. You will hear their names as often in the talk of towns and villages as you will hear the names of Generals in England. But no one knew where he was or when he would reveal himself, though every week came his messages to the faithful.

All that I could learn was that he and his followers were coming from the West.

"You will say, what about *Kasredin*. That puzzled me dreadfully for no one used the phrase. The Home of the Spirit! It is an obvious cliché, just as in England some new sect might call itself the Church of Christ. Only no one seemed to use it.

"But by and by I discovered that there was an inner and an outer circle in this mystery. There is always an esoteric side to any creed which is kept from the common herd. I struck this side in Constantinople. Now there is a very famous Turkish *shaka* called *Kasredin*, one of those old half-comic miracle-plays, with an allegorical meaning, which takes a week to hear. That tale tells of the coming of a prophet, and I found that the select of the faith spoke of the new revelations in terms of it. The curious thing is that in that tale the prophet is aided by one of the few women who play much part in the hagiology of Islam. That is the point of the tale, and it is partly a jest but mainly a religious mystery. The prophet, too, is not called Emerald."

"I know," I said, "he is called Greenmantle."

Sandy scrambled to his feet, letting his pipe drop in the fireplace.

"How on earth did you find out that?" he cried.

Then I told them of Stumm and Gaudian and the whispered words I had not been meant to hear. Blenkiron was giving me the benefit of a steady stare, unusual from one who seemed always to have his eyes abstracted, and Sandy had taken to ranging up and down the room.

"Germany's in the heart of the plan. That is what I always thought. If we're to find the *Kasba-i-hurriyeh* it is no good fossicking among the Committee or in the Turkish provinces. The secret's in Germany. Dick, you should not have crossed the Danube."

"That's what I half feared," I said. "But, on the other hand, it is obvious that the thing must come east, and sooner rather than later. I take it they can't afford to delay too long before they deliver the goods. If we can stick it out here we must hit the trail. . . . I've got another bit of evidence. I have solved Harry Bullivant's third puzzle."

Sandy's eyes were very bright and I had an audience on wires.

"Did you say that in the tale of *Kasredin* a woman is the ally of the prophet?"

"Yes," said Sandy. "What of that?"

"Only that the same thing is true of Greenmantle. I can give you her name."

I fetched a piece of paper and a pencil from Blenkiron's desk and handed it to Sandy.

"Write down Harry Bullivant's third word."

He promptly wrote down "V. I."

Then I told them of the other name Stumm and Gaudian had spoken. I told of my discovery as I lay in the woodman's cottage.

"The 'I' is not the letter of the alphabet but the numeral. The name is Von Einem—Hilda von Einem."

"Good old Harry," said Sandy softly. "He was a dashed clever chap. Hilda von Einem! Who and where is she?—for if we find her we have done the trick."

Then Blenkiron spoke. "I reckon I can put you wise on that, gentlemen," he said. "I saw her no later than yesterday. She is a lovely lady. She happens also to be the owner of this house."

Both Sandy and I began to laugh. It was too comic to have stumbled across Europe and lighted on the very headquarters of the puzzle we had set out to unriddle.

But Blenkiron did not laugh. At the mention of Hilda von Einem he had suddenly become very solemn, and the sight of his face pulled me up short.

"I don't like it gentlemen," he said. "I would rather you had mentioned any other name on God's earth. I haven't been long in this city, but I have been long enough to size up the various political bosses. They haven't much to them. I reckon they wouldn't stand up against what we could show them in the U-nited States. But I have met the Frau von Einem and that lady's a very different proposition. The man that will understand her has got to take a biggish size in hats."

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Why, that is just what I can't tell you. She was a great excavator of Babylonish and Hittite ruins, and she married a diplomat who went to glory three years back. It isn't what she has been but what she is, and that's a mighty clever woman."

Blenkiron's respect did not depress me. I felt as if at last we had got our job narrowed to a decent compass, for I had hated casting about in the dark. I asked where she lived.

"That I don't know," said Blenkiron. "You won't find people unduly anxious to gratify your natural curiosity about Frau von Einem."

"I can find that out," said Sandy. "That's the advan-

tage of having a push like mine. Meantime, I've got to clear Dick, you and Peter must go to bed at once."

"Why?" I asked in amazement. Sandy spoke like a medical adviser.

"Because I want your clothes—the things you've got on now. I'll take them off with me and you'll never see them again."

"You've a queer taste in souvenirs," I said.

"Say rather the Turkish police. The current in the Bosphorus is pretty strong and these sad relics of two misguided Dutchmen will be washed up to-morrow about Seraglio Point. In this game you must drop the curtain neat and pat at the end of each scene, if you don't want trouble later with the missing heir and the family lawyer."

CHAPTER XIII

I Move in Good Society

I WALKED out of that house next morning with Blenkiron's arm in mine, a different being from the friendless creature who had looked vainly the day before for sanctuary. To begin with, I was splendidly dressed. I had a navy blue suit with square padded shoulders; a neat black bow tie, shoes with a hump at the toe, and a brown bowler. Over that I wore a great coat lined with wolf fur. I had a smart malacca cane and one of Blenkiron's cigars in my mouth. Peter had been made to trim his beard, and, dressed in unassuming pepper-and-salt, looked with his docile eyes and quiet voice a very respectable servant. Old Blenkiron had done the job in style, for, if you'll believe it, he had brought the clothes all the way from London. I realised now why he and Sandy had been fossicking in my wardrobe. Peter's suit had been of Sandy's procuring, and it was not the fit of mine. I had no difficulty about the accent. Any man brought up in the colonies can get his tongue round American, and I flattered myself I made a very fair shape at the lingo of the Middle West.

The wind had gone to the south and the snow was melting fast. There was a blue sky over Asia, and away to the north masses of white cloud drifting over the Black Sea. What had seemed the day before the dingiest of cities now took on a strange beauty, the beauty of unexpected horizons, and tongues of grey water winding below cypress-studded shores. A man's mind has a lot to do with the appreciation of scenery. I felt a free man once more, and could use my eyes.

That street was a jumble of every nationality on earth. There were Turkish regulars in their queer comical khaki helmets, and wild-looking levies, who had no kin with Europe. There were squads of Germans in flat forage caps, staring vacantly at novel sights, and quick to salute any officer on the side-walk. Turks in closed carriages passed, and Turks on good Arab horses, and Turks who looked as if they had come out of the Ark. But it was the rabble that caught the eye—a very wild, pinched, miserable rabble. I never in my life saw such swarms of beggars, and you walked down that street to the accompaniment of entreaties for alms in all the tongues of the Tower of Babel. Blenkiron and I behaved as if we were interested tourists. We would stop and laugh at one fellow and give a penny to a second, passing comments in high-pitched Western voices.

We went into a café and had a cup of coffee. A beggar came in and asked alms. Hitherto Blenkiron's purse had been closed, but now he took out some small nickels and planked five down on the table. The man cried down blessings and picked up three. Blenkiron very swiftly swept the other two into his pocket.

That seemed to me queer, and I remarked that I had never before seen a beggar who gave change. Blenkiron said nothing, and presently we moved on and came to the harbour side.

There were a number of small tugs moored alongside, and one or two bigger craft—fruit boats I judged, which used to ply in the Aegean. They looked pretty well moth-eaten from disuse. We stopped at one of them and watched a fellow in a blue nightcap splicing ropes. He raised his eyes once and looked at us and then kept on with his business.

Blenkiron asked him where he came from, but he shook his head, not understanding the tongue. A Turkish policeman came up and stared at us suspiciously till Blenkiron opened his coat as if by accident and displayed a tiny bit of ribbon, at which he saluted. Failing to make conversation with the sailor, Blenkiron flung him three of his black cigars. "I guess you can smoke, friend, if you can't talk," he said.

The man grinned and caught the three neatly in the air. Then to my amazement he tossed one of them back.

The donor regarded it quizzically as it lay on the pavement. "That boy's a connoisseur of tobacco," he said. As we

(Continued on page 20)



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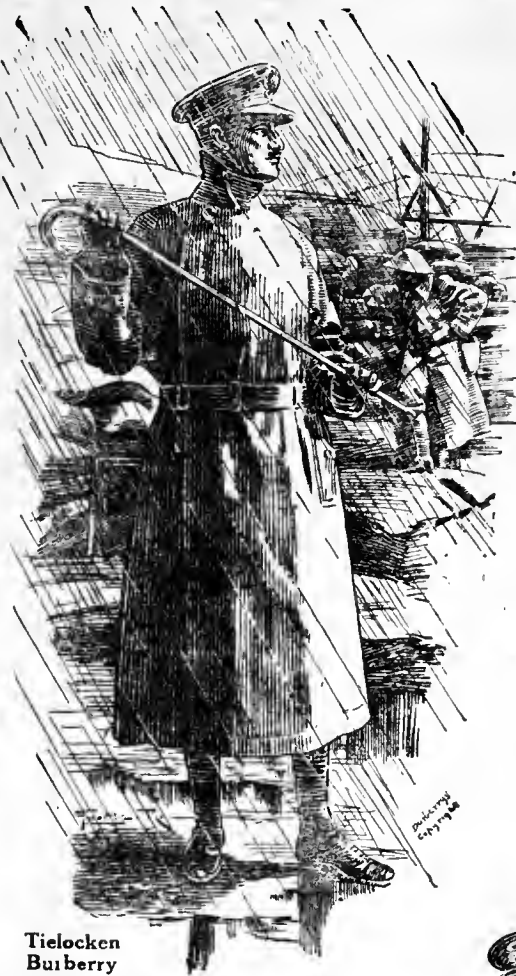
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(Continued from page 18)

moved away I saw the Turkish policeman pick it up and put it inside his cap.

We returned by the long street on the crest of the hill. There was a man selling oranges on a tray and Blenkiron stopped to look at them. I noticed that the man shuffled fifteen into a cluster. Blenkiron felt the oranges, as if to see that they were sound, and pushed two aside. The man instantly restored them to the group, never raising his eyes.

"This ain't the time of year to buy fruit," said Blenkiron as we passed on. "Those oranges are rotten as medlars."

We were almost on our own doorstep before I guessed the meaning of the business.

"Is your morning's work finished?" I asked.

"Our morning's walk?" he asked innocently.

"I said 'work.'"

He smiled blandly. "I reckoned you'd tumble to it. Why, yes, except that I've some figuring still to do. Give me half an hour and I'll be at your service, Major."

That afternoon, after Peter had cooked a wonderfully good luncheon, I had a heart-to-heart talk with Blenkiron.

"My business is to get noos," he said, "and before I start on a stunt I make considerable preparations. All the time in London when I was yelping at the British Government I was busy with Sir Walter arranging things ahead. We used to meet in queer places and at all hours of the night. I fixed up a lot of connections in this city before I arrived, and especially a noos service with your Foreign Office by way of Rumania and Russia. In a day or two I guess our friends will know all about our discoveries."

At that I opened my eyes very wide.

"Why, yes. You Britishers haven't any notion how wideawake your intelligence service is. I reckon it's easy the best of all the belligerents. You never talked about it in peace time, and you shunned the theatrical ways of the Teuton. But you had the wires laid good and sure. I calculate there isn't much that happens in any corner of the earth that you don't know within twenty-four hours. I don't say your highbrows use the noos well. I don't take much stock in your political push. They're a lot of silver-tongues, no doubt, but it ain't oratory that is wanted in this racket. The William Jennings Bryan stunt languishes in wartime. Politics is like a chicken-coop and those inside get to behave as if their little run were all the world. But if the politicians make mistakes it isn't from lack of good instruction to guide their steps. If I had a big proposition to handle and could have my pick of helpers, I'd plump for the Intelligence Department of the British Government. Yes, sir, I take off my hat to your Government sleuths."

"Did they provide you with ready-made spies here?" I asked in astonishment.

"Why, no," he said. "But they gave me the key and I could make my own arrangements. In Germany I buried myself deep in the local atmosphere, and never peeped out. That was my game, for I was looking for something in Germany itself, and didn't want any foreign cross-bearings. As you know, I failed where you succeeded. But so soon as I crossed the Danube I set about opening up my lines of communication, and I hadn't been two days in this metropolis before I had got my telephone exchange buzzing. Sometime I'll explain the thing to you, for it's a pretty little business. I've got the cutest cypher. . . . No, it ain't my invention. It's your Government's. Any one—babe, imbecile, or dotard, can carry my messages—you saw some of them to-day. But it takes some mind to set the piece, and it takes a lot of figuring at my end to work out the results. Someday you shall hear it all, for I guess it would please you."

"How do you use it?" I asked.

"Well, I get early noos of what is going on in this cabbage-patch. Likewise, I get authentic noos of the rest of Europe, and I can send a message to Mr. X in Petrograd and Mr. Y. in London, or, if I wish, to Mr. Z. in New York. What's the matter with that for a post-office. I'm the best-informed man in Constantinople, for old General Liman only hears one side and mostly lies at that, and Enver prefers not to listen at all."

"I want you to tell me one thing, Blenkiron," I said. "I've been playing a part for the past month, and it wears my nerves to tatters. Is this job very tiring, for if it is, I doubt I may buckle up."

He looked thoughtful. "I can't call our business an absolute rest-cure any time. You've got to keep your eyes skinned, and there's always the risk of the little packet of dynamite going off unexpected. But as these things go, I rate this stunt as easy. We've only got to be natural. We wear our natural clothes and talk English and sport a Teddy Roosevelt smile, and there isn't any call for theatrical talent. Where I've found the job tight was when I had got to be natural, and my naturalness was the same brand as that of everybody round about, and all the time I had to do unnatural things. It isn't easy to be going down to business

and taking cocktails with Mr. Carl Rosenheim, and next hour being engaged trying to blow Mr. Rosenheim's friends sky high. And it isn't easy to keep up a part which is clean outside your ordinary normal personality. You have tried that, Major, and I guess you found it wearing."

"Wearing's a mild word," I said. "But I want to know another thing. It seems to me that the line you've picked is as good as could be. But it's a cast-iron line. It commits us pretty deep, and it won't be a simple job to drop it."

"Why, that's just the point I was coming to," he said.

"I was going to put you wise about that very thing. When I started out I figured on some situation like this. I argued that unless I had a very clear part with a big bluff in it I wouldn't get the confidences which I needed. We've got to be at the heart of the show, taking a real hand and not just looking on. So I settled I would be a big engineer—there was a time when there wasn't any bigger in the United States than John S. Blenkiron. I talked large about what might be done in Mesopotamia in the way of washing the British down the river. Well, that talk caught on. They knew of my reputation as a hydraulic expert, and they were tickled to death to rope me in. I told them I wanted a helper, and I told them about my friend Richard Hanau, as good a German as ever supped sauerkraut, who was coming through Russia and Rumania as a benevolent neutral, but when he got to Constantinople would drop his neutrality and double his benevolence. They got reports on you by wire from the States—I arranged that before I left London. So you're going to be welcomed and taken to their bosoms just like John S. was. We've both got jobs we can hold down, and now you're in these pretty clothes you're the dead ringer of the brightest kind of American engineer. . . . But we can't go back on our tracks. If we wanted to leave for Constanza next week they'd be very polite, but they'd never let us. We've got to go on with this adventure and nose our way down into Mesopotamia, hoping that our luck will hold. . . . God knows how we will get out of it. But it's no good going out to meet trouble. As I observed before, I believe in an all-wise and beneficent Providence, but you've got to give Him a chance."

I am bound to confess the prospect staggered me. We might be let in for fighting—and worse than fighting—against our own side. I wondered if it wouldn't be better to make a bolt for it, and said so.

He shook his head. "I reckon not. In the first place, we haven't finished our enquiries. We've got Greenmantle located right enough, thanks to you, but we still know mighty little about that holy man. In the second place, it won't be as bad as you think. This show lacks cohesion, sir. It is not going to last for ever. I calculate that before you and I strike the site of the garden that Adam and Eve frequented there will be a queer turn of affairs. Anyhow, it's good enough to gamble on."

Then he got some sheets of paper and drew me a plan of the disposition of the Turkish forces. I had no notion he was such a close student of war, for his exposition was as good as a staff lecture. He made out that the situation was none too bright anywhere. The troops released from Gallipoli wanted a lot of refitment, and would be slow in reaching the Transcaucasian frontier, where the Russians were threatening. The army of Syria was pretty nearly a rabble under the innatic Djemal. There wasn't the foggiest chance of an invasion of Egypt being undertaken. Only in Mesopotamia did things look fairly cheerful, owing to the blunders of the British strategy. "And you make take it from me," he said, "that if the old Turk mobilised a total of a million men, he has lost 40 per cent. of them already. And if I'm anything of a prophet he's going pretty soon to lose more."

He tore up the papers and enlarged on politics. "I reckon I've got the measure of the Young Turks and their precious Committee. Those boys aren't any good. Enver's bright enough, and for sure he's got sand. He'll stick out a fight like a Vermont game-chicken, but he lacks the larger vision, sir. He doesn't understand the intricacies of the job no more than a suckling child, so the Germans play with him, till his temper goes and he bucks like a mule. Talaat is a sulky dog who wants to go for mankind with a club. Both these boys would have made good cow-punchers in the old days, and they might have got a living out West as the gun-men of a Labour Union. They're about the class of Jesse James or Bill the Kid, excepting that they're college-reared and can patter languages. But they haven't the organising power to manage the Irish vote in a ward election. Their one notion is to get busy with their fireirons, and people are getting tired of the Black Hand stunt. Their hold on the country is just the hold that a man with a Browning has over a crowd with walking sticks. The cooler heads in the Committee are growing shy of them, and an old fox like Djavid is lying low till his time comes. Now it doesn't want arguing that a gang of that kind has got to hang close together or they may hang separately. They've got no grip on the ordinary Turk,

barring the fact that they are active and he is sleepy, and that they've got their guns loaded."

"What about the Germans here?" I asked.

Blenkiron laughed. "It is no sort of a happy family. But the Young Turks know that without the German boost they'll be strung up like Haman, and the Germans can't afford to neglect any ally. Consider what would happen if Turkey got sick of the game and made a separate peace. The road would be open for Russia to the Aegean. Ferdy of Bulgaria would take his depreciated goods to the other market and not waste a day thinking about it. You'd have Rumania coming in on the Allies' side. Things would look pretty black for that control of the Near East on which Germany has banked her winnings. Kaiser says that's got to be prevented at all costs, but how is it going to be done?"

Blenkiron's face had become very solemn again. "It won't be done unless Germany's got a trump card to play. His game's mighty near bust, but it's still got a chance. And that chance is a woman and an old man. I reckon our landlady has a bigger brain than Enver and Liman. She's the real boss of the show. When I came here I reported to her and presently you've got to do the same. I am curious as to how she'll strike you, for I'm free to admit that she impressed me considerably."

"It looks as if our job was a long way from the end," I said. "It's scarcely begun," said Blenkiron.

That talk did a lot to cheer my spirits, for I realised that it was the biggest of big game we were hunting this time. I'm an economical soul, and if I'm going to be hanged I want a good stake for my neck.

Then began some varied experiences. I used to wake up in the morning, wondering where I should be at night, and yet quite pleased at the uncertainty. Greenmantle became a sort of myth with me. Somehow I couldn't fix any idea in my head of what he was like.

We led a peaceful existence. Our servants were two of Sandy's lot, for Blenkiron had very rightly cleared out the Turkish caretakers, and they worked like beavers under Peter's eye till I reflected I had never been so well looked after in my life. I walked about the city with Blenkiron, keeping my eyes open, and speaking very civil. The third night we were bidden to dinner at Moellendorff's, so we put on our best clothes and set out in an ancient cab. Blenkiron had

fetches a dress suit of mine, from which my own tailor's label had been cut and a New York one substituted.

General Liman and Metternich, the Ambassador, had gone up the line to Nish to meet the Kaiser, who was touring in those parts, so Moellendorff was the biggest German in the city. He was a thin foxy-faced fellow, cleverish but monstrously vain, and he was not very popular either with the Germans or the Turks. He was very polite to both of us, but I am bound to say that I got a bad fright when I entered the room, for the first man I saw was Gaudian.

(To be continued)

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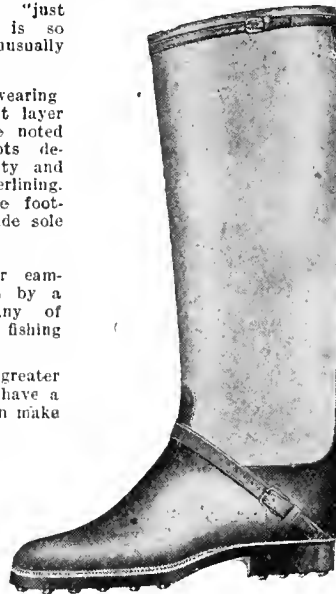
The legs are made of a tough-wearing tan twill, interlined with a stout layer of pure rubber, and it is to be noted that the "life" of such boots depends principally on the quality and substance of this hidden interlining. Special tan leather covers the foot-part, and only seasoned first-grade sole leather is used.

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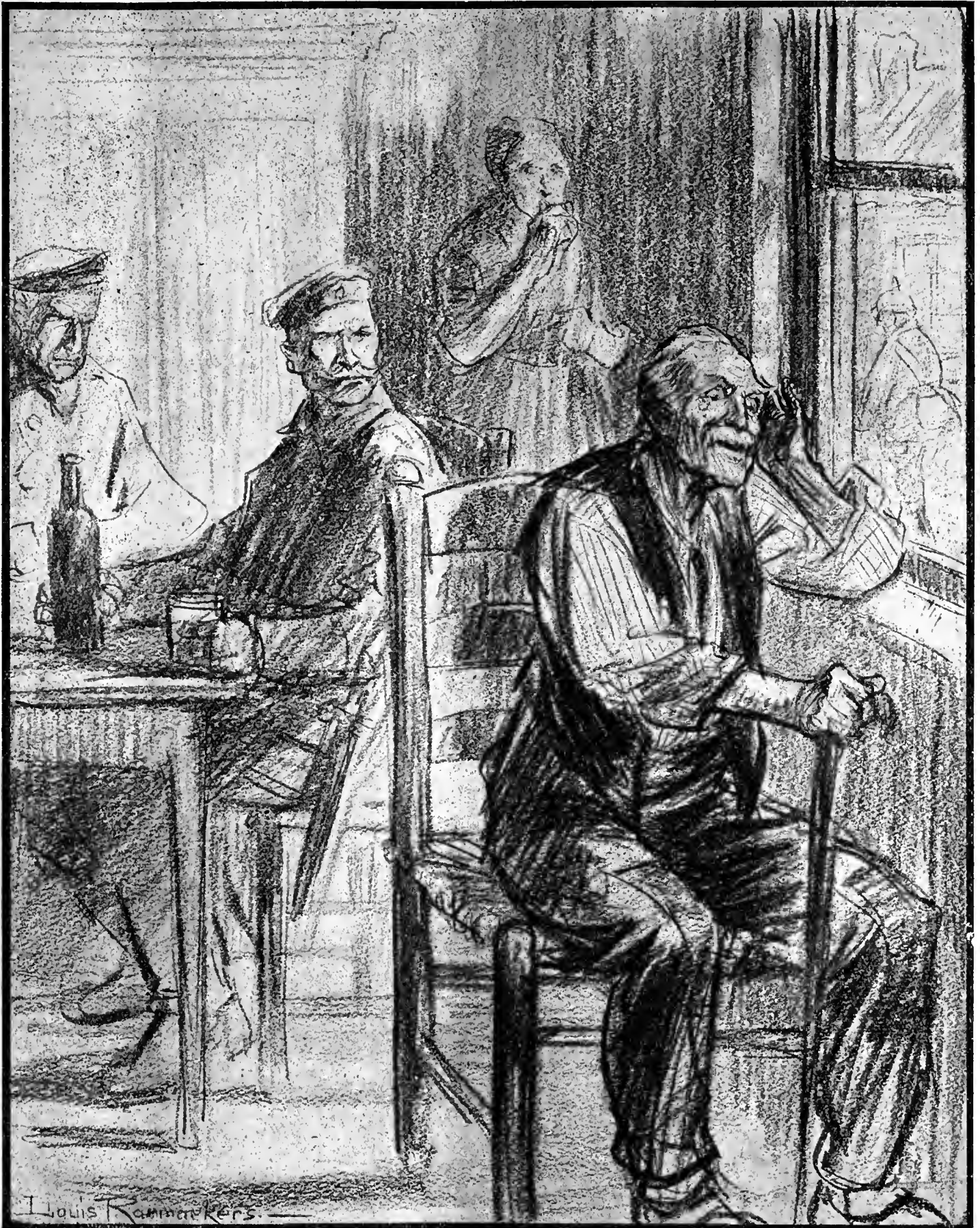
LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1916

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

PRICE SIXPENCE
PUBLISHED WEEKLY



By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

The Advance on the Somme

The Old Frenchman : " Our guns come nearer "

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1916

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LESSONS OF HISTORY

WITH favourable news reported daily from the whole long battle-front of the Allied Armies, except for an occasional set-back of no really vital importance and with all arrangements for the munitionment and maintenance of the fighting lines working smoothly, it is inevitable that the public mind should occupy itself more and more with that welter of problems which are the direct outcome of the war. Many of these questions will arrange themselves, possibly in a manner dimly realised at the moment; others will have to be settled by ourselves after careful deliberation, and the result will depend greatly on the spirit in which they are approached.

The statement is a commonplace to-day that the main reason why so many young fellows from all parts of the Empire flung themselves willingly into the war was "to make the British Empire not only the stronghold of justice and freedom but, as it were, a city whose citizens shall enjoy the power and means to utilise their talents and develop their abilities, each and every one to the highest value possible, and shall be capable of self-sacrifice for the good of the community in peace as in war." This is a high ideal, but not impossible of achievement. The more one studies history the more sanguine one becomes that even if at the outset we do not attain our object, yet we may avoid those deadly mistakes that in the past have first warped and finally ruined the true course of human progress.

There has just been published the first part of *The Commonwealth of Nations* (Messrs. Macmillan, 6s.), which is "an inquiry into the nature of citizenship in the British Empire and into the mutual relations of the several communities thereof," edited by Mr. L. Curtis. That this inquiry should have been actually in progress at the very time when the war broke out is yet further evidence, were it needed, that never was the charge of decadence launched against the British Empire at a less appropriate time. The Imperial idea had assumed a new vitality; it had shed its old self-glorification; it had begun to realise more fully its responsibilities both within its borders and without; and it perceived dimly that something was needed besides mere sentiment to weld the Empire into a mighty commonwealth of free citizens. It is less than twenty years since Kipling in his *Recessional* voiced the thought that was in many men's hearts in an hour of high Imperial triumph; Joseph Chamberlain followed with his plans for Tariff Reform and Imperial

Preference, but until the trumpets of war sounded, we did not really comprehend how deeply the Imperial idea had struck home, and that the Empire was in very truth a single commonwealth and not a congeries of scattered and separate communities. So here the matter stands at present, but our thoughts must travel forward as to how this dedication of multitudinous lives to a single idea shall be made the beginning of a new and more fruitful epoch, not only of Empire, but of mankind.

First it is wise to take a backward survey and behold by what roads we have reached this stage of our development. This work has been splendidly done in the pages of this first volume of *The Commonwealth of Nations*, a book which might profitably be read in all the Colleges and the Secondary Schools of the Empire. In the chapter which is devoted to the earlier relations of East and West, the clash of different civilisations is described graphically and succinctly. And ever and again there come flashes which show how little has human nature altered in the centuries. Consider the reply which the Athenians sent by Alexander of Macedon to Xerxes General, Mardonius. Do we not hear in these words the very voice of the Union of South Africa? The Athenians, approached to betray the cause of Greece, answered:

Attempt not the vain task of talking us over into alliance with Xerxes. Tell Mardonius that as long as the sun shall continue in his present path we will never contract alliance with Xerxes; we will encounter him in our own defence, putting our trust in the aid of those Gods and heroes to whom he has shown no reverence, and whose houses and statues he has burnt. Come thou not to us again with similar propositions, nor persuade us, even in the spirit of goodwill, into unholy proceedings.

The analysis in this volume of the growth of States in Asia and in Europe is of singular interest, and it demonstrates the reactionary nature of German pretensions. "The confidence of the European in his own power to control circumstances has encouraged exercise of the power and led to its development. The Oriental regarding the framework of society as divinely ordained has treated man as though he were made for the law." This is exactly the view Germany takes. When the Kaiser claims to be the Viceregent of God, many in this country are inclined to look on his utterances as the blasphemy of a madman. They are not that; they are an imitation or persistence of Asiatic theocracy. And the danger becomes the greater when the State assumes a Divine character. Now the German State has not only usurped this character but has trained its people to believe that duty to it is above all other laws and ethics. Had Germany been victorious, this ancient Asian form of slavery of body and soul would have been imposed upon Europe. The nearest parallel to the present struggle, if we weigh carefully the actual issues in dispute, is the war between Persia and Greece, and not a man has fallen in the Allied ranks who has not sacrificed his life as nobly in the cause of freedom as did the Athenians at Marathon and Salamis and the Spartans at Thermopylae. And through future ages their example will shine as brightly as the bravery of those old Greeks shines to-day. But we have to do more than they did; when the struggle was over, Athens and Sparta were powerless to develop and render stable the freedom for which they bled. Here we must not fail, remembering always that the dedication of a life to a cause does not begin and end on a battlefield, but continues through the more subtly dangerous ease of peace. Whether we will or not we have to enter into the active service of one State or other, a service that of its very nature demands sacrifice. To quote the eloquent passage with which the chapter on the "American Colonies" in this volume ends: "No true citizenship is possible for men until they have chosen the State to which they belong and know what they choose, and for those who imagine that they can sleep for ever without choosing, a rude awakening is in store."

The Dobrudja

By Hilaire Belloc

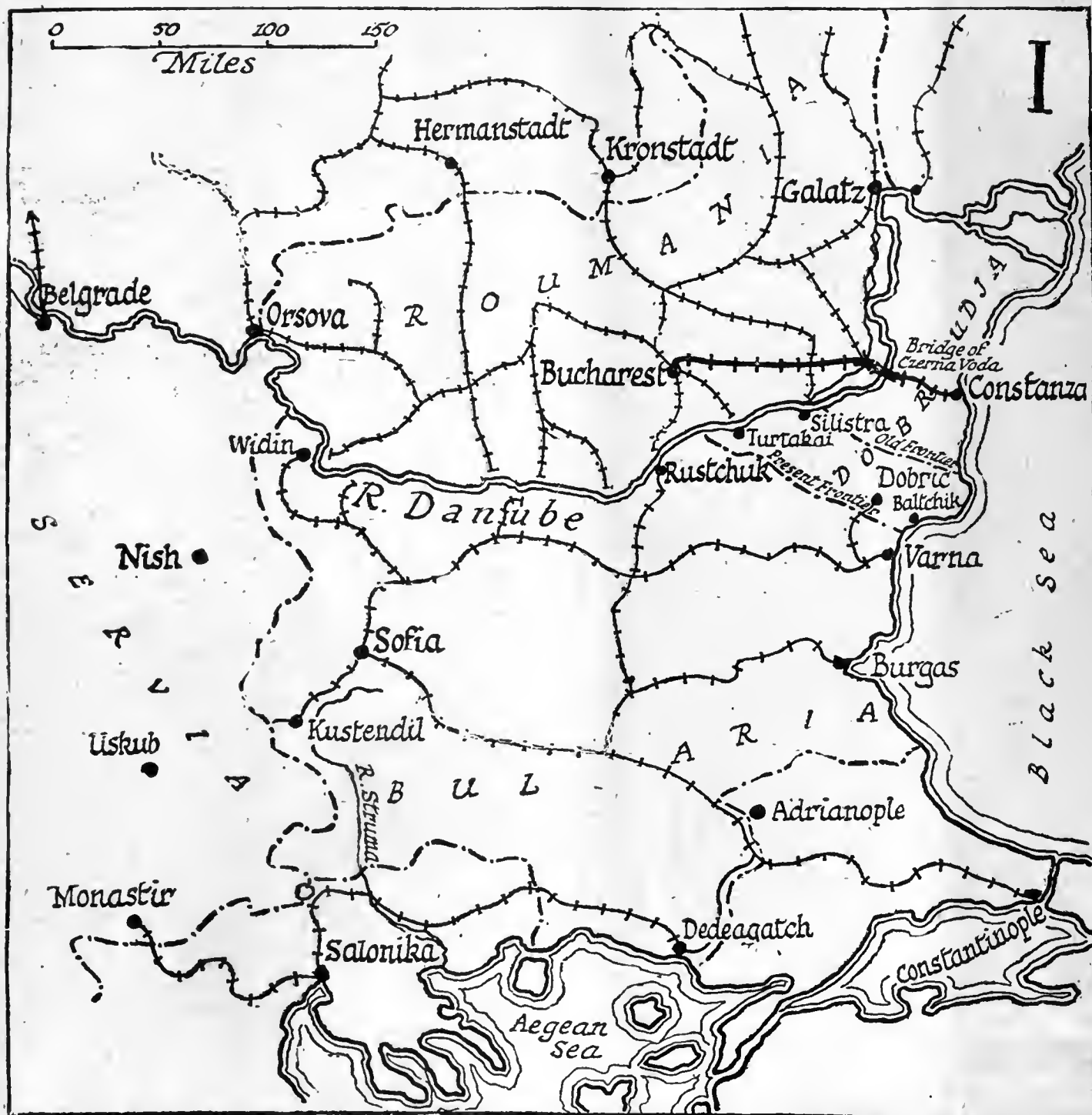
THE interest of the past week, taking the war as a whole, undoubtedly centres in the Dobrudja — an open, undulating parallelogram of land about 100 miles by 200 which lies south of the delta of the Danube, and is contained between that river and the Black Sea.

In other theatres of the war much larger forces have been engaged; in the West the capture of Ginchy has thrown into conspicuous relief the enemy's inability to check the deliberate offensive of the Somme. Some sort of junction (very obscurely described) has been effected between the Russian troops below the Carpathian crest in the Bukowina and certain Roumanian advance guards immediately to the south of them. There has been very heavy fighting round the bridges of Halicz and Jezupol, and those capital pieces of communication have been destroyed. With all this I will deal briefly later. But it is the Dobrudja upon which interest centres in spite of the fact that comparatively small forces have hitherto been in contact here, and in spite of the fact that the exigencies of war prevent our having full information upon the forces present.

At the outset of any study of this region there must be

repeated what was insisted upon here last week; the plain truth that it is the function of the press not to criticise but to explain. Anyone can see upon the map that the great avenue of supply which keeps Turkey going and runs through Bulgaria, is menaced both from the north and from the south. Anybody can see that a Roumanian campaign from the north, coinciding with an Allied advance from the south, is what the map calls for in this region. But that map is not a monopoly of the journalist. It is far better known to the local commands of the enemy and of the Allies, let alone to the Higher Commands, not only in its large elements but in its smallest details. Those whose function it is to follow the events of the war and to analyse them cannot determine more than one general geographical element out of the fifty factors which determine the judgment of a General on the spot. We know nothing of the balance of forces engaged, next to nothing of what they have behind them, little of their opportunities for advance and for supply. It behoves us therefore, merely to describe, to analyse and not to judge.

The commanding fact which gives to the Dobrudja all its importance in this campaign is the fact that the Danube



is a particularly formidable obstacle in these its lower reaches, and that this obstacle is turned at one point and at one point only—the great railway bridge of Cernavoda. All the way from the railway bridge at Belgrade, passing the Iron Gates, all along the 250 miles and more that separate Bulgaria from Roumania, there is no bridge of any kind across the Danube, let alone any railway bridge, until one comes to that great avenue of communications which is called the bridge of Cernavoda.

The lower Danube is an obstacle formidable for four reasons. First, its depth, secondly its width, thirdly its rapidity, and fourthly, the fact that, save at rare intervals, it is flanked, especially upon the northern bank, by great belts of marsh.

Had bridges been established across it at various places in the past we should have seen the beginning of the campaign on the Bulgarian side directed at once to the seizing of a bridge-head if it were possible, just as we have seen the Roumanians seizing the passes across the Carpathians. But there are no such bridges, as I have said, between the great bridge of Belgrade and the great bridge of Cernavoda.

Now let us appreciate what this means under modern conditions.

A river like the Rhine or the Vistula, broad and often rapid, often deep, but with firm banks for the most part, depends for the crossing of it upon a certain volume of fire coupled with the power to feint here and there and so to disperse the resources of an inferior enemy. But such feinting, such crushing of the opposite bank with superior weight of metal, and such secure establishment of a temporary bridge of pontoons or boats depend upon the possession of very considerable forces, the possession of reasonably good lateral communications up and down the stream, and, above all, the presence of good going on each of the opposing banks. The great belts of marsh are fatal to such a scheme. The few gaps between them would be watched and specially guarded. The absence of a lateral road and railway adds to the difficulty.

Even where a pontoon bridge can be thrown there is no possibility of building with any rapidity across such a stream as the Lower Danube a railway bridge, even a temporary one; and it is upon railway communication that any great modern force necessarily depends. Where railway communication has already existed, and where a retiring enemy has had power and time to do no more than to blow up the girders, these can be replaced in a comparatively short space of time. It took the Austro-Germans but a few weeks to restore full communication over the ruined bridge of Belgrade, for instance, and the permanent railway crossing of the Polish rivers after the Austro-German advance of last year was restored even more rapidly. But where there are no approaches upon the two sides, no piers standing in the stream or embankments leading up to it the task—in the case of a deep river—is one of months or years.

It is all this which lends supreme importance to the bridge of Cernavoda to which special attention was called in these columns last week. Through their possession of the bridge of Cernavoda the Roumanians were able, the moment their concentration was fully effected, to turn the obstacle of the Danube.

But meanwhile the Bulgarians already had a great mobilised army fully in being, and ready to act in considerable masses in any direction and at any moment. They used it for marching against the bridge of Cernavoda.

Strategically that is what the Bulgarian advance towards the Dobrudja means, and strategically that is all it means. Their strategical success or failure must be judged by their ability or inability to reach and to hold, or to cause the destruction of, this mighty structure, which turns the obstacle of the Danube in favour of the Allies.

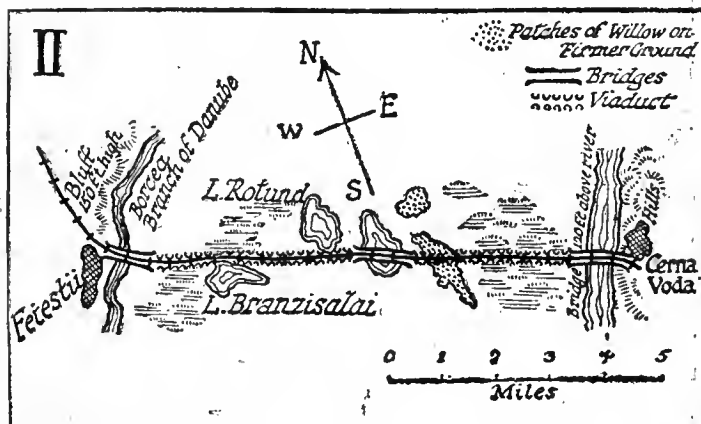
As may be seen from the accompanying map, the way the Bulgarian army is following (I call it the Bulgarian army because, although it has certain German units, probably of artillery, present with it, more Austrians and a few Turkish, I do not believe them to be of the strength vaguely rumoured in our press) is the bank of the Danube. They have taken Turtukai, they have gone on another 35 to 40 miles and have taken Silistra, and the only true strategical object before them, Cernavoda, is but another 40 to 50 miles away.

While we are thus insisting upon the strategical object

of the Bulgarians, it is worth nothing that they further have (as have also the Allies, unfortunately, in this war) a most important political object confusing and traversing purely military plans.

The belt of country the Bulgarian army has just traversed upon its northern side is that territory annexed from Bulgaria by the Roumanians upon the exhaustion of the former after the Balkan War and in the Treaty of three years ago. There is therefore a certain political or moral consequence following upon the reoccupation of such territory, and the Bulgarians are not slow to emphasise this in their bulletins. But strategically a mere advance as far as Silistra means very little. True, the Dobrudja, with its open land, lies to the north of the belt in question beyond Silistra, the northern part of which the Bulgarians are occupying is heavy and wooded country, capable of rather easier defence perhaps than the open prairies of the Dobrudja proper, but not so much more capable as to make a separate occupation of it worth while. No, there can be no doubt upon the problem; there is an attempt upon the part of the Bulgarians to reach the bridge of Cernavoda and an attempt upon the part of the Russians and Roumanians probably by going round their enemy in flank from the south, to checkmate the Bulgarian effort. By their success or failure against the bridge of Cernavoda the Bulgarians will be tested.

The reader may here be interested to follow a rather more detailed description of that great engineering work which is to prove, negatively or positively, of such great importance in this war. I say "negatively or positively" because if the enemy fails to reach it and either to occupy it or cause its destruction, the Cernavoda bridge, though we shall not see its name appearing in the communiqués, will still have a determining effect upon the campaign upon this front. While if it is reached and occupied or destroyed we shall, unfortunately, hear only too much of it in the future.



The bridge of Cernavoda is not one structure, it is three great bridges with viaducts and embankments between, uniting the dry northern bank of the Danube with the dry southern bank: the two standing apart in this region by a distance of about nine miles. The mention of such a distance will at once show the scale upon which the thing has been done.

The international line which leads to the Port of Constanza upon the Black Sea reaches Fetesti upon a bluff, which in places reaches the height of 150 feet and overlooks a branch of the Danube called the Borceia branch. Across this branch, the actual waterway of which is not wider than the Thames at Westminster, is thrown the first bridge. The line proceeds in a perfectly straight trajectory somewhat south of east across the vast district of marsh, only here and there interspersed with slightly harder islands, as it were, which carry growths of willows. It just misses the big shallow lagoon called Branzisalai to the south, and the lake Rotun to the north, and then crosses by a second long bridge, a third, but very shallow mere interrupting its course.

All the way across this marsh it is carried now upon firm embankment, now upon arcades, till the second bridge is reached. There is a mile or so of somewhat firmer soil after the mere has been crossed by the second bridge, grown with willow, and then the marshes begin again and the line slowly rises as it crosses them to approach the main branch of the Danube.



It is at this approach that the magnificence of the work, already striking in the great length which it has attained, becomes most apparent. The branch of the Danube here, opposite the town of Cernavoda, is fully a-half mile across. Its depth is, I believe, when the water is high, 100 feet in the deepest part, or more, and the bridge had to be so constructed that sailing vessels could pass under it. The floor of it is therefore 120 feet above the main level of the water below. To this height the works approaching the bridge have gradually to rise. On the further, or southern, shore, at Cernavoda itself, there is a steep bank, the hills coming down to the stream which receives the high bridge without any great prolongation of viaduct; but all across the northern shore for more than two miles the line has gradually to rise until it reaches the required level. When it has reached it the great girders begin, which form so conspicuous a monument to the eye of the traveller following the Danube stream.

This is the passage which, while it remains intact, will give our Allies, Russian and Roumanian, their strategical advantage in this theatre; but which, if it be broken or occupied by an enemy, renders exceedingly difficult all effort from north to south against the Bulgarian forces, and therefore against the line which feeds Constantinople and therefore against the Narrows and the gate of Russian trade and supply—the acquisition of which by the Allies would at once change the whole war.

When we are well possessed of the fact that the bridge of Cernavoda is the determining point, we may turn to the details of the Bulgarian advance—if that can be called “detailed” of which we have but such exceedingly meagre information.

The Bulgarian advance presupposes the successive occupation of point upon point along or near to the southern Danube shore. Turtukai, Silistra, then south of the three lagoons, 1, 2 and 3 on Map III., the road touching the villages of Lipnita, Cusgun, Marleanu and so to Cernavoda. It is hardly a road, it is little more than a track, and this is true of all the roads parallel with the Danube in this region. But it is hard ground and a little after Lipnita there are parallel alternative tracks to serve the advance leading to the railway, as will be seen upon Map III., the central one leading from Cusgun to Medgidia, a station upon the Cernavoda-Constanza railway and the southern main one crossing the open rolling country to a point upon the railway near Constanza and so on to Constanza itself.

The great difficulty incidental to such an advance, odd as it may seem in such a country, is water. The basis of the rolling, grassy prairie of the Dobrudja is calcareous. The water level upon the Black Sea side is commonly as far down as 200 to 240 feet; upon the Danube side it is lower still, falling in places to the extreme depth of 600 feet.

The sparse nomadic tribes which once occupied this region found a sufficiency of water for their flocks and themselves. The present population finds it also, or it could not remain. But an army marching in cohesion is another matter, and it is upon this account that I believe the Bulgarian advance will be compelled to hug the Danube valley as closely as possible. There is no difficulty in the mere going at this season of the year, and, apart from this difficulty of watering a large force far from the

river, there is nothing to impede a considerable movement of troops.

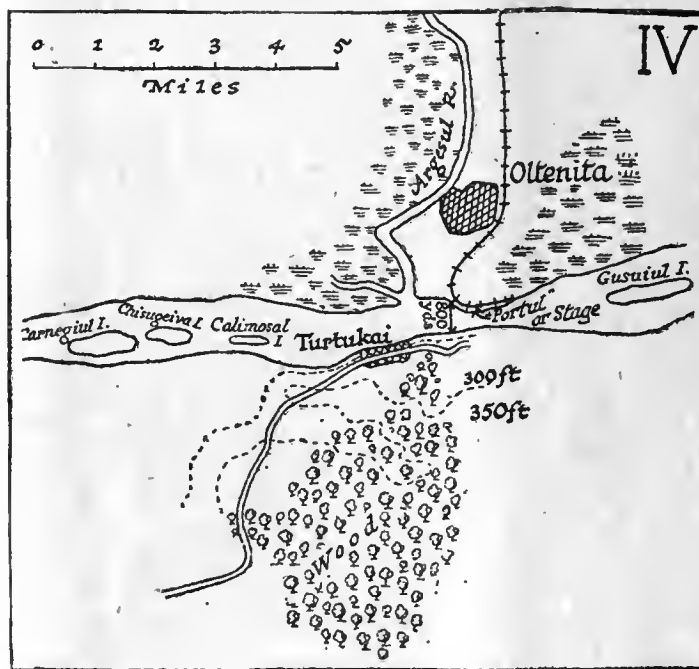
So far as can be gathered from the meagre evidence which has been allowed to trickle through, we may take it that the Russo-Roumanian plan is to strike down southward upon the right flank of the Bulgarian advance. We have statements—not official—that an attack from the sea has compelled the Bulgarian evacuation of Varna, and a rather vague official statement that Bulgarian attacks near Dobrich have been repelled. While similar statements, more detailed and reliable, tell us that our Allies are in Baltich upon the sea coast. It is perfectly clear that any very considerable force thus occupying and advancing southward along the belt towards the Black Sea would prevent a further Bulgarian advance along the Danube side until the menace were successfully dealt with.

Meanwhile the actual progress of the enemy has been as follows:

Early last week a portion of that northern combined force, mainly Bulgarian, which we saw in our last issue to be estimated at about five divisions, but which might be larger and has in some quarters been estimated as high as seven divisions, struck at Turtukai.

The value of Turtukai (the first town upon the Danube in the newly-annexed belt which Roumania took from Bulgaria three years ago) is that it stands at a point where the passage of the Danube can easily be effected.

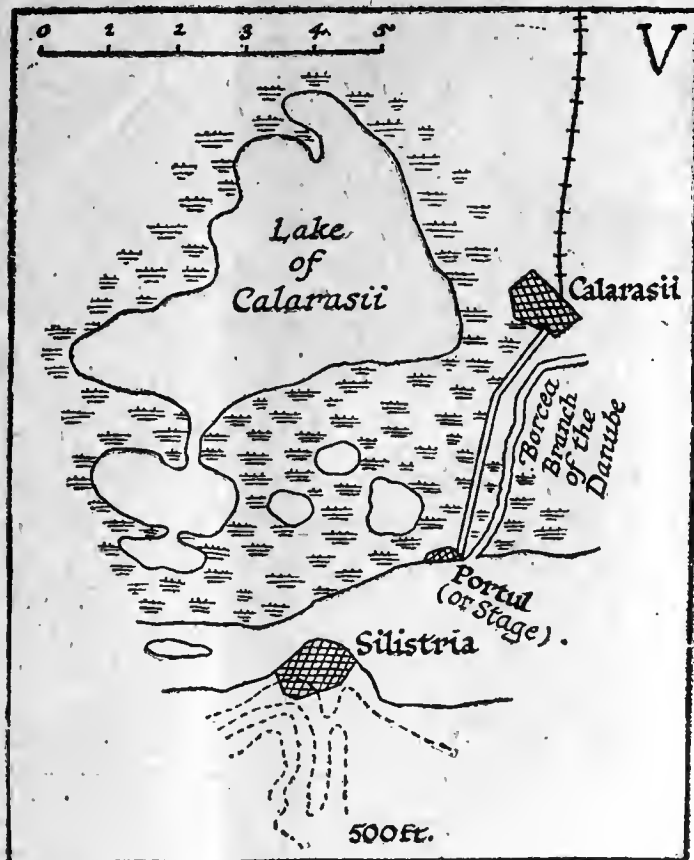
The river is here narrower than in most parts of its lower course, and there is a break in the otherwise con-



tinuous broad belt of marsh upon the northern shore opposite. In this break between the belts of marsh, stands the Roumanian town of Oltenita, connected by a single line railway with Bucharest, the capital, only 36 miles away. This railway goes on past Oltenita to the river bank itself and so runs along sidings on a hard, where goods can be transhipped. To the west of this

dry gate, everywhere beyond the Argesul river, the marsh runs; and immediately to the east of Oltenita it begins again.

Turtukai is a little place, the size of a small English market town, of some 8,000 inhabitants, and its whole strategical value depends upon this crossing. It has a further considerable tactical value from the fact that there is here a high bluff or steep bank coming down to the



Danube on the south from a height of about 300 feet, upon the slope of which the little place is built, and thus the positions now in the hands of the Bulgarians dominate the further Roumanian shore.

So far as one can gather from the very disjointed and incomplete accounts which have reached us, the Roumanians, in the process of mobilisation and long before their concentration was complete, had thrown out upon

this side of the Danube a garrison of a whole division to hold Turtukai, to which division were certainly added certain extra units. When the Bulgarians tell us that they captured six regiments they are not telling the truth. But it is probable enough that they captured men from six regiments, and I see no reason to doubt, at any rate, the lesser of their two estimates, of 15,000 prisoners.

It is clear that the place was surprised and cut off from the east, and surrounded, and it is to be presumed that whatever was within it, save perhaps a quite unimportant fraction which may have escaped, under fire, across the river, was either killed, wounded or taken unwounded.

From Turtukai, which appears to have been completely occupied by the morning of last Thursday, the 7th, the Bulgarian forces, with their Austrian contingents and a certain number of German officers, perhaps a fraction of German infantry, and certainly a big detachment of German heavy artillery, proceeded rapidly down the bank of the stream, though there is (or was) here no true road, and occupied the next place of importance upon its banks, Silistria, two long marches away.

Silistria has been for centuries a place of great military importance, and that because before the days of railways and of long range artillery, its bold projection right into the course of the stream, and its consequent command of navigation there made it a sort of second Belgrade, and a "half back" (if I may use the term) to the Iron Gates hundreds of miles above. A secure possession of Silistria blocked the navigation of the Danube in favour of its possessor.

Silistria to-day has not that importance. The northern bank immediately in front of it is marshy. There is, indeed, a single line leading to the town of Calarasii, five miles away and four miles beyond the north bank. There is a road leading down from Calarasii to a hard or "portul" of small extent upon the north bank. The possession of Silistria has not then the importance attaching to the possession of Turtukai. In the further progress of the enemy down from Silistria towards Cernavoda, the way in which he will deal with the menace approaching him upon the south as the Russian forces grow, as the Black Sea coast is occupied, and his ability to approach the great bridge, are what should occupy our attention in the near future.

Silistria appears to have been held by a single division or important fractions of one, and this force, so far as one can gather, did not suffer the fate of its twin force up



stream at Turtukai, but withdrew in time, and the place which, though of less strategical, is of far more historical and political importance than Turtukai was occupied at the end of last week. There was clearly no effective resistance offered to the enemy's march between the two places.

What will follow?

At the moment of writing (Tuesday evening), the Bulgarian progress down the Danube would appear to be halted. Contact was certainly taken as early as last Sunday evening between the Roumanian and Russian forces upon the south and the main Bulgarian advance. We have even heard of Russian patrols in the extreme south having crossed the new border towards Varna, while it is fairly established that the civilian population has been leaving Varna for some days past. But nothing more definite than this is in our possession at the moment of writing.

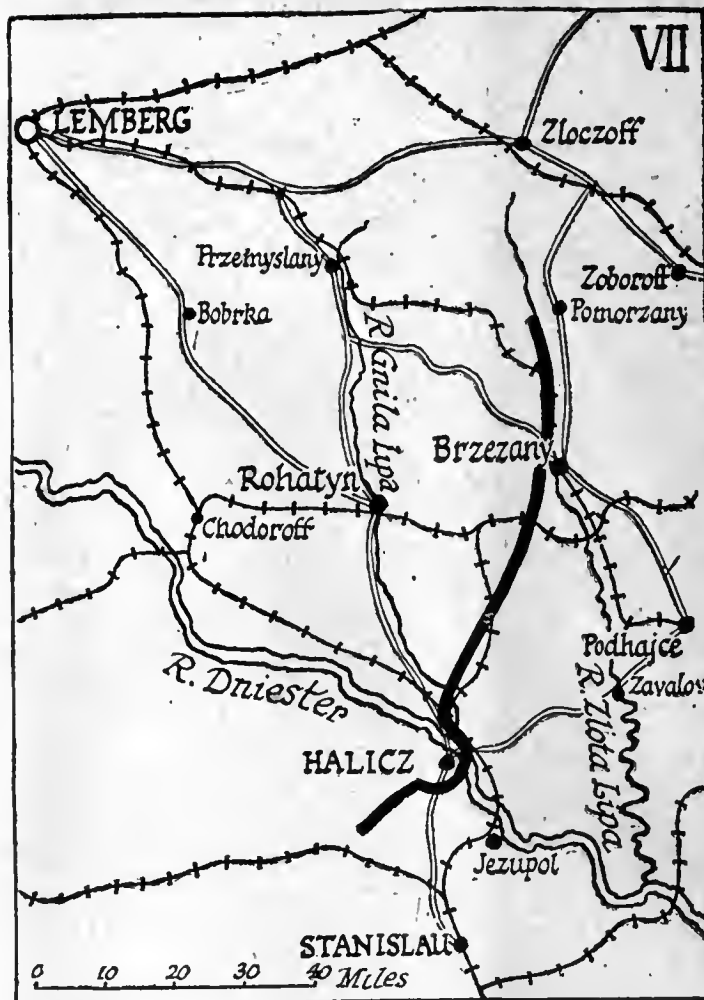
THE SALONIKA FRONT

Meanwhile, a week away to the south, upon the Salonika front there has been movement. There again we are not told in what force, nor whether we are here dealing with purely local objectives, or whether we have the beginning of a general offensive. The despatch received upon Tuesday informs us that the British, upon the extreme right of the Salonika front, attacked the Struma line, crossed that river, apparently upon Sunday last, and during the course of Monday, and established themselves upon the further bank. The attack was in two clearly defined groups, the one just above the mouth of the Struma below the shallow and marshy lake Tahinos at the point where the road along the west bank and the road on the east towards Drama and Kavalla are united by a ferry. Here the British established themselves in and beyond the village of Neohori. The Tahinos Lake itself forbids operations during all its length of over 20 miles, because its further bank, and indeed a great part of its own shallow waters, are marshy, but it was important to clear the road leading down the western shore of the lake.

The British forced the villages of Gudeli and of Baraktar, which stands upon this track leading down along the west of the lake, but we have no evidence of the seizure of the main bridge at A (in Map VI.) upon the Seres road—nor even, for that matter, any evidence of its ever having fallen into the hands of the enemy. Upon that important point there is simply silence, which has been maintained for many weeks past, indeed, since the Bulgarians advanced towards the Struma line. Yet it may be presumed that the bridge is already in British hands because the despatch speaks of the British having seized the Nevoljen, which is well beyond the left or western bank towards Seres and north of the bridge. While this successful British attack on the Struma was concluding, the French, in the centre on the Vardar, made a sharp local attack on a front of a couple of miles or so, carrying all the Bulgarian first line of trenches there.

FIGHTING AT HALICZ

The fighting round Halicz needs no special illustration. The line of the Gnila Lipa, and the importance of the two bridges here, the road bridge of Halicz and the railway bridge of Jezupol, have been insisted upon over and over again in these columns during the past few weeks. Although the bulletin sent out on Monday and dealing with the fighting of Sunday, received in London on Tuesday, did not record the taking of Halicz itself, it is perfectly clear that they are one of them destroyed and the other, it not destroyed, unusable. The capture of Halicz, the full occupation of all this river meeting where the Neva-Dnieper falls into the Dniester, will mean that the extremely advanced centre of Bothmer near Brezan will be in peril. The enemy, who are there heavily massed, are probably fighting a rearguard action preparatory to a further retirement towards the Neva-Dnieper line, but the occupation of Halicz would mean more than another few miles advance along the Bothmer right flank. It would also mean the breakdown of any of those successive points of resistance which the enemy has established upon the way up the Dniester valley



to Lemberg. There must necessarily have been at Halicz or in its neighbourhood a great concentration of munitionment, material and men, and when any one of these nuclei fails, it means another stretch in advance, usually rather rapid, till the next advance "backing" point is reached. Just as Kolomea and the occupation of the country up to the entry of Stanislaw meant the fall of Stanislaw and the immediate advance against the Halicz bridges: the advance unfortunately checked in the necessary attack of August 14th—a check now retrieved.

Certain commentators upon the situation have pointed out that above Halicz there is no bridge until we get to Martinov, quite two days' march further up the river. But the problem of Halicz is not one of bridges. The enemy can throw a pontoon bridge where he chooses, and now that the railway approaching Halicz is lost there is lost with it all the enemy's power of using the third line of retreat of which we have already spoken. The real value of the capture of Halicz is comparable rather distantly to the value of what has been happening upon the Somme front. It means that the enemy cannot permanently check or permanently stand up. It means that the offensive, after each interval of preparation, strikes and succeeds. But it means much more than this. It means that the body struck is losing all equality at a rate which cannot fully be replaced.

THE WESTERN FRONT

That Guillemont should be followed by Ginchy, that we may expect Ginchy to be followed by further blows of just the same character, French and English, that Combles will be their victim in the near future, that the British line now threatens that last very strong bastion heavily from the north, all these successes, which have been the proper subject of minute description of the press during the past week, need no special analysis in the notes of this journal, because their character is widely and generally understood, and the right the Allies have to rely upon that character for the future is equally understood.

What we have rather to guard ourselves against is the recurrent doubt which follows upon each of these recurrent successes, and seems to be a sort of chronic accompaniment to the regularly succeeding periods of preparation.

We have to remember continually what the Somme

offensive is. It is not an advance. Each advance is only an index of its character, not the essence of its character. It is a pounding. It is a compelling of the enemy to concentrate more and more heavily precisely as his necessity increases and his power of concentration declines. And coincidentally, it is a progressive lowering of his power to resist, moral and physical. It is a continual increasing delivery of metal against an enemy whose power to reply, though very formidable, no longer equals the attack upon him and is falling further and further behind in the race. It is a putting to the ordeal, more and more severe, of the enemy's decreasing power to react.

It is a pounding which, as each stage of it is achieved, perpetually advances, and it does so coincidentally and as a necessary consequence increases the length of the concave line the strained enemy has to hold, and at the same time threatens more and more his still distant but vital main communications, by which he nourishes the great salient that his trenches, when he was pinned two years ago, thrust into eastern France.

To say more than that (and even that is little more than repetition) would be redundant. At any rate, for the purpose of this weekly analysis in *LAND & WATER*. But at the same time we must remember that this tremendous battle is far and away the greatest concentration of energy to be discovered anywhere at the present moment throughout all the theatres of the war. The strain that is here being put upon the enemy is a strain which has collected from him upon that one little front of 30 miles, first and last, 50 divisions, and never less at any one time than something close upon a division a mile, to maintain himself at all without breaking.

The Scale of the Somme

There are various ways in which we can appreciate the scale of the thing. The enemy lost in two months as many men by capture as the French before Verdun lost in five. The enemy has had to feed that furnace in just over two months with more men than the French used to feed Verdun in five.

Another way to look at it is to remember that the number of the enemy who have been under fire here on this thirty miles is already much more than half the number of the enemy who were struck by Brussilov in the whole space between the Marshes and Roumania, when he launched his great offensive.

Yet another way of stating it is to point out that the Somme accounts for such a concentration of the enemy—permanently maintained under a strain permanently increasing—as leaves the rest of the western line, save and except before the sector of Verdun, at the very minimum of garnishing. He has perhaps one man to the running yard for the moment along that line. We may note in conclusion that for some reason best known to themselves, the German authorities are now publishing much fuller lists of casualties. But even so I can but repeat what I said some weeks ago in this place, we have a clear opportunity now of proving the value of his lists.

The Allies hold a very great number of unwounded German prisoners. They know their names and their units, and the days on which they were captured. The total number approaches 50,000. Very well: Let the German lists be carefully followed and let us have controlled, once and for all:

(a) The numbers the Germans have allowed as missing to be published compared with the numbers we know we have taken. In other words, the balance of falsehood, or, if there is no falsehood, the admission of the truth. Of course, the number allowed as missing by the Germans should, if it is accurate, far exceed our captures, for it includes the number of dead left behind our advance.

(b) The delay shown in the publication of names.

(c) The proportion between the results arrived at and the earlier results arrived at by the French and the Russians under similar circumstances. This is exceedingly important, for if we find a great discrepancy it will prove that while the Germans are publishing fuller lists now—under pressure—they had published false ones earlier. I verily believe that nothing but some strict work of this kind will convince, at any rate before the end of the war, those who are still the dupes of the enemy's transparent trick in this matter. They know

Illusions

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS.

Le chat s' aiguise les griffes au tronc du vieux pommier,
Une pomme verte tombe sur le gazon;
Rien ne vaut un clair matin d'été
Pour se créer des illusions.

De gros nuages blancs, par-dessus les sapins,
Dressent leurs cimes neigeuses;
Du linge, sur une corde, au bout du jardin,
Bat de l'aile dans la brise rieuse.

Les figues mûrissent contre le mur,
Les roses escaladent le vieux colombier,
Là-haut, un avion passe à folle allure,
Les hirondelles virent autour de la cheminée.

Et, sur l'herbe, une petite fille,
Robe rose, parasol blanc,
Boucles cendrées et mollets bruns, sautille
Autour d'une voiture d'enfant.

Le chien happe une mouche posée sur son museau,
L'enfant rit aux éclats, la tête renversée,
De la fenêtre, une voix de femme lui fait écho.
Tout est paisible, en ce monde, tout est bon!
Rien ne vaut vraiment un clair matin d'été
Pour se créer des illusions!

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that the German communiqués on naval losses are calculatedly false. They know that the fatuous message, "all our airships returned undamaged," was calculatedly false. Yet they accept a third form of statement where there is a far better reason for falsehood!

The German casualty lists are not complete. They never have been complete (save at the beginning of the war when he was following the model of 1870, believing that the result would be that of 1870). It is not to his advantage that they should be complete. He has no interest in making them complete. But if there be a public record of the kind of way in which he is behaving about this concrete test, we have him caught by one of two things. Either (1) knowing that we make such a calculation openly and publish it he will himself begin a true record—in which case we shall at once have startling contrasts between his present figures and his past under similar circumstance, or (2) he will methodically continue his old system of minimising losses, in which case we shall have the proof of his trick staring us in the face. If it be contended that full and exact published lists (of which remember the enemy has already shown us an example), will give him too much knowledge—would, for instance, enable him to tell who were missing and who were dead—then at least let us have the general results. I know it will go hard with those who have so long maintained that the enemy casualty lists were models of accuracy. But this is not the moment to think of saving anybody's face. The one thing the public at home has to get is a sound general view of the war. It is a condition of health, and it is the duty of every publicist and, I may add, of the authorities above all to promote it.

H. BELLOC

The despatches dealing with the battle of Jutland, the greatest naval victory since Trafalgar, have been published in various forms, but the best is the shilling illustrated volume for which *Irish Life* is responsible. The official despatches are prefaced by an admirable article by Mr. Arthur Pollen, which is explanatory of the battle, and also deals with both strategy and tactics. He speaks of the despatch as a "tale of something more than patriotism and courage. We are given an insight into the inner working, the almost hidden soul of a rare order of beings who live a life apart from the rest of us. . . . Each piece of excellence, each glorious act of heroism is the fruit of an individual lifetime of self devotion to duty made possible in a service that exists for no other purpose."

American Naval Criticisms

By Arthur Pollen

ON August 17th LAND & WATER published the text of a report on the Battle of Jutland addressed to the American Secretary of the Navy, by Captain W. S. Sims—probably the most distinguished officer of his standing in the United States Service. Apart altogether from the reputation of the writer, the document is interesting as the first critique of the engagement that has come to us from a member of a neutral navy. Coming from Captain Sims, a recognised authority on naval gunnery, the report is of peculiar interest, so that the validity of his criticisms are well worth discussion.

The Battle Cruisers

Briefly, his points are as follows: Assuming, he says, that the initial position of the fleets was as I gave them in LAND & WATER of June 8th, it was quite easy for the British force to have concentrated and then struck with the whole of its power. Had it done so the German fleet must either have submitted to the humiliation of flight or to destruction. Either would have suited the British book, and had there been a battle there would have been no occasion to use battle cruisers for any except their proper rôle. The contention of British apologists that the battle cruisers were rightly sacrificed in an engagement with ships far more powerful than themselves in order to bring on a fleet action is an unsound argument, because the military situation did not demand one. Great Britain's control of the sea was absolute and must have remained so whether the action was fought or not. There is no reason to suppose that the Germans wanted a decisive action; their only object was to trap and pound the battle cruisers fleet, and this they got the chance of doing. But they only got it because Sir David Beatty gave them the opportunity, fully knowing that he was risking his squadron in sending them against battleships, no doubt thinking he had a just excuse for the sacrifice. There is nothing in all this, he says, to justify any argument against battle cruisers, whose real rôle is to drive in the scouting line to support destroyer attacks, and so forth. It is no more an argument against battle cruisers that three were lost when they were improperly used in fighting battleships, than it would be an argument against destroyers, had these in the same action been sent unsupported against battleships in broad daylight and half of them been destroyed.

This, it seems to me, is a fair summary of Captain Sims's argument.

But it would be hardly fair to Captain Sims to enter on this discussion without first making two points clear to the reader. To begin with, the report was written before the despatches were published. The writer then had as a basis of his criticism nothing but newspaper reports and these contradictory. He was thus left free to adopt whichever version of the facts suited him best. Next, he had extremely good reasons for choosing a particular version. Indeed, it would not be going too far to say that he was compelled to accept the one he chose. For the occasion of the report was an official enquiry asking Captain Sims whether the loss of these cruisers had caused him to modify his urgent request to the House Committee to include some units of this type in the new American programme. It is evident that the opponents of battle cruisers had made a great point—in the American Press particularly—that it was the thinness of their armour that accounted for the British loss of ships that had cost six million pounds sterling, and took with them to the bottom the best part of three thousand men. Captain Sims then, not only had to defend the battle cruiser as a type, but he had to defend it from the accusation of having failed as a warship in action. As he remained as strong an advocate of battle cruisers as ever, he, having rival versions of the facts, chose the one that was thrust upon his notice and gave him the easiest reply. What could have been more convenient for his case than

to brush the whole accusation aside and explain the loss of these cruisers away by the one argument that would be convincing to his auditors? He virtually says, therefore, that Sir David Beatty, in bringing lightly protected battle cruisers into action against more heavily gunned and better protected battleships, was putting the battle cruisers to a use for which ships of this kind were not intended.

As everyone now knows, there is not a tittle of evidence to support this theory. The facts correctly stated in LAND & WATER on June 8th make it altogether untenable. None of the battle cruisers lost fell in an engagement with battleships. *Indefatigable* and *Queen Mary* sank in the course of the first phase of the action when Beatty, with his six battle cruisers, was engaging von Hipper with five.

The action began first, between ships of a similar class; next, with the British with a twenty per cent. superiority in numbers. After the two ships were lost, the British were inferior by twenty per cent. in numbers, but in spite of this the British gun power, as measured by the weight of broadsides, remained the greater. Nor was this all, for before *Queen Mary* sank the German fire had become slower and had depreciated altogether in accuracy. In addition to greater material force, then, it is certain that our guns were shooting at a higher rate and with far greater efficiency. To make the picture complete, let us also remember that the Fifth Battle Squadron was firing at von Hipper's rear with their 15-inch guns, though the range was too great for this fire to be very effective. As to two out of three of the battle cruisers, then, it is quite clear that they were not sunk through any indefensible exposure to ships with which they could not engage on an equality.

Containment and Defeat

Invincible was lost in rather different circumstances: She came into action, in company with *Indomitable* and *Inflexible*, some time after 6.21, while the Grand Fleet was still deploying to the north and Sir David Beatty was driving at full speed due east to clear out of its way. His object was to get ahead of the German squadron and to throw the leading ships into confusion so as to make Sir John Jellicoe's task easier. Precisely when he was wanted, Admiral Hood brought the Third Battle Squadron to reinforce the Vice-Admiral. The whole of the seven battle cruisers closed down on the German line to within 8,000 yards and, as shown in Sir David Beatty's despatch, crumpled it up. Here again the fire superiority was entirely on the English side. *Invincible's* salvoes were falling on the German ships and had turned one—*Lutzow*, which, admittedly, sank—clean out of the line. She was entirely unhurt herself till, just as in the case of her consorts, a chance shell hit her. It is not quite clear from the despatches whether it was possible that this shell was fired from a German battleship. But it looks as if three of von Hipper's battle cruisers were still leading the line, and if this is so, it was more probably a round from one of these that finished her.

The point to remember is this. It so happened that three battle cruisers paid the penalty. It was extraordinary that it should have happened three times. But had the battleships been in as close action and under as effective fire, for the same period, it was a thing that might just as well have happened to any three of them as to these three lightly armoured ships, because the armour had nothing whatever to do with it.

With the facts rightly viewed the whole of the Sims argument naturally tumbles down. But the report contains certain incidental arguments well worth examination, apart from the merits of the case it was written to support. The most interesting of these is the contention that we had no occasion on the 31st May to risk any ships in the endeavour to force an action in which

the German fleet could be destroyed. Captain Sims is, of course, on impregnable ground when he says that, for purposes of the general command of the sea, a fleet that is contained is as innocuous as a fleet that is defeated. But this is not the whole truth of the matter. A little examination will show us that there were other objects to be sought beyond the general command of the sea. There was first the moral of the enemy to be considered which, if the general expert diagnosis of the military position that was likely to be characteristic of the third year of the war was correct, was bound to be a factor of such vast importance as to make it quite indistinguishable from any other military object. Next the military situation, demanding as it did the maintenance of our armies abroad and the supply of ourselves and our Allies with food, raw material, and manufactures from overseas, supplied a strong argument for victory. And, finally, there were direct economic advantages to be obtained by the sinking of the German fleet, that were anything but negligible themselves and were certainly of enormous import in a war that must strain all Allied resources to the utmost.

The relative naval strength in the spring of this year was not such as to afford the Germans the slightest hope for decisive victory if a fleet action were fought with Sir John Jellicoe, nor was there any military advantage to be gained by a temporary control of a passage through the North Sea, such as might conceivably have been won had a portion of the British fleet been defeated. There was then no military reason for the Germans seeking an action. But as we have just seen it is not always purely military reasons that count. Two forces were continuously driving the German seamen to fight. We are not flattering our enemy in supposing that the Admirals and officers who commanded the second largest fleet in the world must have had a burning desire to justify their existence. We may be quite sure that the Higher Command not only saw a good use, but an absolute necessity, for any form of naval activity that could be interpreted as a victory. For, that the Allies were about to strike and strike hard, must in May last have been exceedingly clear.

It can hardly have been less clear that the Central Powers would be in no condition to hit back effectively. Germany and Austria must have known that, in the military sense, it would be the beginning of the end. The only hope was to postpone the end until the resolution of the Allies would weaken, and postponement in turn would depend upon the *moral* of the German people. Perhaps our best grounds for expecting a collapse of Germany to come before the strictly military defeat is achieved is, that the German Government has never trusted its subjects with the truth. From the first they have been fed with the promise and the assurance of victory. But when tales of decisive triumph are not followed by their normal consequences, when the defeated enemy, far from inclining towards the discussion of honourable peace, shows an unlimited capacity to

fight on, and what is worse, to starve their conquerors, it is little wonder if discontent arises. Was it not clearly a situation in which a new sort of victory altogether was wanted? Had not the German Higher Command the strongest of all motives for asking the navy to supply it?

The navy was willing to oblige for two reasons. We can well believe in the first place that their wish to fight was ardent, but we know also that they were quite confident that they possessed the secret of fighting on principles of limited liability. Their experience probably was, that it was the British battle cruisers that were normally nearest to the German bases. They knew for a certainty that, if their fleet came out and Sir David Beatty was on the spot, he would not be slow in giving them a fight. They could not, of course, trap him, because the Germans never possessed more than five ships fast enough to keep up with him, and as Sir David Beatty had ten, and with the fifth Battle Squadron might have had fifteen, there could have been no question whatever of forcing action on him against his will. But if he engaged them it was a different matter, for the moment their fast squadron had joined up with the whole of the German fleet, Beatty would have to fly for his life, and then what a story the Germans would have of having driven the British fleet across the German Ocean! As to the Grand Fleet, Zeppelins, of course, would warn them if it was clear, and if it was misty the smoke screens and torpedo attacks would do for the German fleet, as a whole, what they had done for von Hipper's squadron in the Dogger Bank affair.

Thus the policy of the Higher Command, the natural desire for action of the German seamen, and their confidence that their defensive and evasive tactics, by guaranteeing them against defeat would ensure their having a story of victory, combined to make the naval sortie of the 30th May anything but a harebrained proceeding. Now is it not clear that you have only got to state that the German fleet and the German Higher Command had an object of enormous importance to them in coming out, to prove that our fleet must at almost all costs prevent their achieving it? If their object was only to raise German *moral*, would it not have been worth a great sacrifice to achieve its correlative depression? Is there any train of reasoning by which you can distinguish this from any other clear demand of the general military situation? Obviously, if the length of the war depends on the courage and confidence, and hence the capacity to endure privation of the German people, is it not a very vital matter indeed to make quite clear to them by every means in our power, that their courage is wasted, their prospects hopeless, and their voluntarily endured hardship doomed to be without reward? On this ground alone then it seems to me that Captain Sims, in saying that the military position did not call for a decisive victory, while possibly correct if judged by text book standards, was lamentably out if we judge him by the realities of war. ARTHUR POLLEN

Nature Under Gun Fire

By H. Thoburn Clarke

AT the beginning of the war it was supposed that the long battle fronts, extending across the greater part of the continent of Europe, would seriously interfere with the migration of birds and drive them, affrighted, to seek paths less fraught with the sudden wild alarms of battle. That the battle fronts would be deserted by everything living, except those grim followers of war, the hoodie, raven, vulture, wolf and jackal; but facts have proved these suppositions entirely wrong. Instead of the birds forsaking their ancient migration routes, they still travel along their aerial highways, undeterred by the thunder of guns, the marching of troops, and battles taking place many hundreds of feet below them. Instinct is too strong for the wild creatures of the plain and forest, and some of the most timid are to be found inhabiting the country where they were bred, although now it is that dread space, No Man's Land.

In fact, the behaviour of the wild creatures under gun-fire has been extraordinarily calm and collected.

During one of our most furious artillery duels, a nightingale sang gaily from the shelter of a dwarfed hawthorn, his song sounding strange and eerie between the violent cannonading from our guns. Yet, in spite of the deafening uproar, he never paused in his singing until the red dawn came up, lurid and sullen, over the Eastern horizon, and the rain descended in torrents. Later on, we found that his mate had a nest in the hawthorn, and was sitting upon her eggs, apparently unmoved by the thunders of the guns. She certainly paid no heed to our movements as we passed to and fro close to her nest, busy with our day's work.

At another gun position a blackcap trilled its dainty song night after night, although the guns were often fired during that time. We would lie under the guns waiting for the signal to "strafe" the Germans and listen while the bird sang gaily from his perch in one of the saplings that masked our gun. Lying with close eyes in the dense darkness, it was almost impossible to imagine that one was not lying on the edge of a certain hanging

wood in Blighty, and listening to the birds' waking the woodland echoes. Alas, the boom of a gun punctuating the blackcap's song, recalled one to the present, with all its horrors.

Nests in Extraordinary Places

Throughout the summer that has passed the birds have nested in the most extraordinary places. Wire entanglements have attracted chaffinches, who evidently consider them better than brambles. Skylarks have occupied tiny tufts of grass, and soared with full-throated song to heaven's gate, while below them men fought in deadly conflict. Quails have called to each other while shells exploded close at hand, while on taking up our position on a piece of captured ground, a covey of partridges scattered with a loud outcry. Yet the battle had raged backwards and forwards over the land for many hours, and the dead were still unburied as we unlimbered the guns.

Two kestrels had their nest in a certain historic slag heap, occupying a crack on the British side of the heap. The Germans periodically shelled the place. The kestrels would fly out of their nest when a shell burst too closely, but a few minutes later they would be back again, apparently not in the least bit disturbed by their experience. At another place three kestrels were extremely fond of perching on the posts that held the barbed wire entanglement, and would preen themselves in happy disregard of our presence. Although the British machine guns and artillery kept up a constant din during the greater part of the day, none of the kestrels showed the least sign of alarm, even when the guns suddenly opened fire after remaining quiet for some time. We might jump at the unexpected sound, but not so the kestrels, they would continue preening themselves as if nothing had happened.

Often at night, when the guns are active, the air seems full of numberless bats fluttering about, catching insects; great greyish owls, slip noiselessly past on silent wing, dodging from side to side in a manner peculiar to this bird. It is noticeable that all live creatures who have experienced the blast from a gun appear to avoid passing in front of one. The great owl is no exception to this rule. He flutters from side to side, like a huge moth, and as I move my arm, darts downwards, the swish of his great wings fanning my face. I do not know the reason for this manoeuvre, except that perhaps he mistakes the glimmer of the eyes for some eatable creature. It is, however, a very common one with him, and it is repeated pretty frequently during the night. Just as dawn comes up, this particular owl vanishes in the direction of the German lines, which apparently he crosses on his way home.

Another owl inhabits the ruin of a barn, which also shelters an anti-aircraft gun, and when this is fired the owl rushes out, to be mobbed by all the small birds in the place. The country around our gunpits is alive with animal life during the night. There is a continual rustle of small feet, the squeak of playing mice, mingled every now and then with one of deadly terror, for a black cat that only visits us at night is a mighty hunter, and the mice she captures are many. Her wild untameable kittens, in the barn, are as fat as butter with the produce of her hunting trips to our pits.

The weasels harry the rats night and day, and as a star shell bursts, lighting up the country with a lurid glare, I catch a glimpse of a weasel in close chase of a rabbit. I cannot see the sequel, but the weird sound of a terrified creature crying to the night tells me that the weasel has succeeded in running her quarry down. I think there is nothing so suggestive of real active terror as the last sudden cry of a rabbit. It seems to pierce the night as nothing else does. Another weasel is popping in and out of the rat holes in the gunpit, and the noise in the rats' dwellings is appalling, as the terrified rodents run out seeking to escape from the foe.

There must be hundreds of creatures wounded and killed by bursting shrapnel, but one rarely sees the bodies. I suppose they are immediately eaten by the numberless armies of vermin that swarm about the country. I watched a wood being shelled by the Germans who evidently thought they had got our position. After the strafing was over, I walked through the ruins

of the wood, hoping to see the effect upon the wild life. I found a dead partridge, two rats, and a dove, quite warm, but terribly wounded by shrapnel, and evidently killed outright. A mole, with a great wound in its back, was struggling to cross the path. It was a mystery how it lived at all. I have heard frequent reports of creatures killed by the bursting shells, but have not seen many of them myself.

When I was walking through the same wood, I startled three partridges and several rabbits, while the birds were twittering and singing in the bare branches, and the swallows were circling overhead in a great flock, evidently collecting for migration. Swallows are everywhere, and you see them rise in a body when a shell strikes the tree or roof on which they are perching. They frequently take advantage of the shell holes, and fly in and out of them, carrying food to their young ones. Nearly all of these have left the nest, but there are a few house martins feeding their late broods.

This is an ideal country for bird and animal life. Our position at present is on a slope, and just below are some marshy pools. Several families of moorhens are busy feeding and coquetting as if it was early spring, and the summer before them. The frogs croak incessantly, and make a hideous row both night and day, while when the sun sets the wild duck come home for the night, settling down with a splash on the surface of the pools. They are utterly indifferent to our presence, and the boom of our guns, firing over their heads, does not disturb them in the least. So they have gone to their feeding grounds, somewhere over the German lines, and so returned ever since we came, and during that time the roar and rattle of the guns has been terrific, but nothing has made them leave their sleeping ground, although to reach it they have to cross two immense armies engaged in a deadly fight for a strip of ground. The coots, too, stalk gravely about, jerking their tails for all the world as if peace and sunshine reigned supreme. Herons pass slowly across the golden sunset sky, but they do not linger, and their visits are rather rare. Green plover are also uncommon, but the other evening I saw six, wheeling over the low-lying marsh and then seeking higher ground; a sure sign of rainy weather when peewits sleep away from the meadows near the water.

I have often wondered what happens to the birds during the gas attack. Rats, mice, and beetles are to be found dead by the dozen, but I have not seen any birds, although naturally the nestlings must die. The other day the gas attack was particularly severe. Before the great white cloud drifted upon us the birds were chirping and twittering gaily, the robin trilling his autumn song and the starlings singing in full chorus on a shattered tree. Then, except for the awful crash of the guns, nature was silent. Yet, when the gas cloud dispersed, all the birds were singing just as gaily as ever, chirping and hunting food as if nothing had happened. I suppose they must flee before the gas cloud, just as birds flee before a bush fire, and, when it is over, return.

In writing of the heroic action of Jack Cornwell of H.M.S. *Chester* at the battle of Jutland, LAND AND WATER observed: "England has never lacked heroic souls. They are confined to no class of life. Now it is a private of the Buffs, again a fisher girl, to-day—a first-class boy." We are indebted to *The War Dragon*, the regimental Gazette of the Buffs (East Kent Regiment) for the exact particulars of the heroism of Private Moyse (to quote Sir Francis Doyle's ballad):

Who died as firm as Sparta's King
Because his soul was great.

It was in the China War of 1860 Private Moyse was detailed to convoy some baggage wagons, the escort consisting only of a few Indian Camp followers. While on the march they were surprised by a roving band of Tartars, and the whole party captured. Private Moyse was bound hand and foot, and with the camp followers, taken in triumph to the Commander-in-Chief of the Tartar forces. He ordered Moyse and his party to prostrate themselves before him, in token of submission. The Indians, in fear of their lives, obeyed, but the British soldier indignantly refused, saying "he would rather die than disgrace his country." The Tartar General ordered him to be put to torture. Again, broken in body, but not in spirit, he was dragged before the General, and again refused to sacrifice his honour. The grim tragedy of his death was enacted, and, at the hands of the headsman a gallant soldier gave up his life for the honour of his country.

A Prelude to Reconstruction

By Joseph Thorp

RECONSTRUCTION, as applied to Labour problems, is the new word in the air. It is less vague in content than similar words, such as Organisation and Efficiency, that have been in vogue. It contains the implication not merely that "something must be done," but that radical changes are necessary and immediately necessary if we are to deal with the after-war chaos in the industrial world.

Nor is this all. There is a widespread conviction among employers of labour, both of the more liberal and the more reactionary mould, among the cooler-headed and the extremists in the ranks of the leaders of Labour, among detached bourgeois students who stand in neither camp, that there is something more to be faced than the merely transitory problem of the reconstruction of the industrial world on normal ante-bellum lines. The unprecedented destruction of capital consumed in unproductive work, the depreciation of plant by overspeeding or by hurried and wasteful conversion, the complex problem of reinstatement of the demobilised and the provision for those to be displaced by that reinstatement—these would seem to create a sufficiently desperate situation. That situation is complicated by pledges as to the restoration of Trade Union privileges in the matter of restriction of output and of the "dilution" by unskilled labour of jobs hitherto jealously guarded by the skilled.

And below all this is a very vehement conviction, heightened in many ways by the experiences of the war, a conscious and reasoned conviction on the part of the more long-headed of the leaders, a vaguer but not less real perception on the part of rank and file, and, most significant of all, among the more alert employers a readiness to allow that there are flaws and futilities in our industrial system that must be swept away. It has also been made clear, and may be brought home to labour when it is in a mood to listen, that there are items in its programme that are against not only the national, but its own best interests. But this must wait upon some more fundamental concessions.

It is a current commonplace that the war has made the working man conscious of his importance not as a soldier—as soldier he is no better and no worse, only more numerous, than any other type of citizen—but as a producer. He might be tempted to argue that in any similar emergency he could hold the nation in the hollow of his hand. And it is certain that many of those whose attitude to labour is generally narrow and unsympathetic, have realised with a distinct shock this importance. The sensitive imagination of this type envisages an England ruined by a class which, having been successfully kept out of its inheritance for so long, now comes to its own, and is not likely to let go any too easily.

Certainly in a day when there is practically no unemployment, and when countless families have for the first time enjoyed a tolerable standard of living, many must have begun to realise that what they were assured was impossible—a general "national minimum"—is not impossible. The argument is not unassailable, but the force of it, felt by many other than the underfed, lies in the fact that we shall never again be able to say so glibly that such and such an essential reform, say, in the departments of health, housing or education, costs too much money. And this is substantially true. We shall carry the reform and then cast about for the means to pay for it. Which is by no means to say that a policy of doles is to be the root ideal of the new order.

Nothing seems clearer to sympathetic students of modern labour problems than that what self-conscious labour leadership is striving after is not primarily wages, but status—the status of men not "hands." The reaction against the policy of doles (with regimentation, a necessary accompaniment of doles) is all but complete among the thoughtful labouring men. They see that it is leading to the permanent establishment of an inferior caste, docile, reasonably well-fed (perhaps better than now), but essentially servile. And the revolt against the tendencies manifest in the new benevolent bureaucracy is one of the wholesomest signs to those who care

for liberty and are glad to see their fellow countrymen preoccupied with the safeguarding of it for themselves.

This spirit of revolt, which manifests itself against the doles system, takes the form in the workshops of resentment at the complete domination of the conditions of work by management and capital. "I must be master in my own works," cries the employer. "It depends on what you mean by master," retorts labour. "If mastery means, for instance, 'scientific management,' to the point of prescribing every movement and every pause to be made by your men, then we won't have it. We are men not machines, and the preservation of our manhood is a good deal more important, not only to us but to the nation, than speed of output or higher wages or your increased profits. If we, as partners in production, were generally consulted on these points, if we were interested enough in them to adopt them, or to demand them ourselves, as preventing fatigue and waste, as speeding up production (always subject to more human considerations), and as increasing our share, we might be willing to consider the matter."

Labour's Attitude

Can any one fairly say that such an attitude is unreasonable? Not any one certainly who had taken the trouble to look at the matter from the other fellow's point of view. For labour is emphatically "the other fellow." We may not be in the main captains of industry. But we are investors. And, more subtly, we are steeped in the assumptions and inevitable prejudices of our environment, an environment of employers and managers in the main. The absolutely essential prelude to save reconstruction in the industrial field is understanding of the point of view of the working man. That understanding is notably absent in our current talk. He is commonly assumed to be an ignorant, queer-tempered fellow, perverse for the sake of being perverse, giving as little as he can for as much as he can get. Who troubles to express the action of capital in those terms as extracting as much work and making as much profit as possible by paying as low wages as possible. The plain fact proves on investigation, what it might reasonably be assumed to be on abstract principles, that self-interest dictates a good deal of the actions of both parties. The same fundamental virtues and vices appear in all classes, modified in form not in essence by the environment in which each has developed. And that really is a profound discovery. From its more comfortable altitude capital can often give its self-interest a more enlightened form and genuinely attempt to better conditions and terms of labour. The working man's idealism takes the form of sacrifices for his mates, for his class. Every strike brings out a heroism of determination, or steadfastness in pursuit of a non-selfish ideal which we are apt to miss who see it as an often irrational piece of obstruction, tyranny, or greed. It may have all these unpleasant elements in it. Likely enough. But it has vastly more.

And that more, it is desperately essential for us outsiders to understand. How many look upon the Trade Union as much other than a nuisance, "outside the law," tyrannical in its refusal to admit the right of free labour? Corporations of doctors or lawyers, strict Trade Unions, are by no means so readily understood by us to have the same faults. The simple truth is that the aggressive and inconvenient attitudes of the Trade Unions have been adopted as defences to meet a domineering attitude of capital. Sometimes a false economic theory such as that if more than a certain amount of work is done by one man there will be less work to go round, the assumption being that there is a certain fixed quantity of work to be allotted, may produce an attitude unreasonable in itself, but not seen by the men themselves to be unreasonable. Limitation of output (take piece-work which is obviously against the immediate selfish interests of the worker) is due to the bitter experience that when higher wages are made than seems good to the employer the rate is reduced and the

man finds himself eventually doing more work for the same pay. Why should he, being not a saint but a normal human being? That enlightened policy of a few large-minded employers, hampered by the majority of their order, give as high wages as possible because "low-paid labour never pays," though it has a business not a moral motive behind it, points the way to a more national general attitude in the future. It gives us who help to make public opinion something to think about.

In general may it not be said that we dishonour ourselves and our nation by accepting the servile relation that is so common here and not doing all we can to be rid of it. It is well to note what our overseas folks think of the quiet arrogance of the one caste and the drab servility of the other. This affects more than "labour," so called, but it primarily affects labour. The difference between the eyes of overseas men and our own fellows is enough to make one a wrecker of the old order!

Such thought as these universally circulated as current coin, are the preamble to the rebuilding of a new and better order. There would be little hope of tackling such a problem successfully with anything short of a revolution. But we have the revolution in the war. It has broken so many of our old moulds, and we have made some

astonishing discoveries: that our friend the slack-working man becomes the salt of the earth in the trenches. Did digging a hole ever achieve so much? Or wasn't he rather that before and will be again. Long hours don't mean necessarily greater production says the trained observer watching the workers with a fresh eye, because of the national need. Was there no national need before? Good work is not done on low wages; the general standard of health has been raised by the war in countless families—these are further discoveries. Prussianism is of the devil. Is it less evil if under the form of autocratic direction of industry? It is logical enough if you leave out the human calculation, but it is no system for a free people who have the biggest job of work before them that ever a free people had. And you don't, you really don't get silk purses out of sows' ears.

That is why one of the chief businesses of us of the public is to help clear away all the rubbish we have dumped down between labour and its better destiny. We need "greater production." We shall get it on one condition—contented labour in honourable partnership. We shall get that the more quickly if we understand what is behind the passionate vehemence and the resolute statesmanship of Labour.

The Establishment of Poland—IV

In the next number of this journal there will be published a map, and with it a summary of the arguments and statements advanced in the course of this series of articles. Meanwhile they may well be concluded with a general judgment upon the policy of the Allies in this vital matter.

We have seen that the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland, in some form or another, was the master card to be played by the one side or the other before the conclusion of the war.

We have seen that the Germanic powers—the two Central Empires—being in actual possession of the greater part of Polish soil so far from the accident of war, and knowing very well that they will not retain that soil permanently under the present military conditions, have offered to establish a limited autonomy at most, but to call it an independent kingdom and to establish it over a truncated but still important Polish State.

Their immediate and principal advantage would be the raising of a very considerable Polish Army. Their ultimate advantage would be this:

They could say, "The Allies cannot, consistently with their principles, destroy that independent nation which we have recognised. The Poles had themselves consented to the bargain we made. We will have the portions of Poland which were under Prussian and Austrian rule before the war still under their rule."

Using such arguments the defeated Central Empires would at least be certain of a State possessed of some historical gratitude for their action, of some moral support for their retention of at least a portion of Polish land, and at the same time they would be erecting a barrier between themselves and the Slav power in general, which they so greatly dread.

What is the alternative policy before us?

It cannot be other than a public declaration—and that not too much retarded—that the Allied programme includes the re-establishment of Poland *in its integrity*.

Such a policy is consonant with the whole spirit of the Alliance. It is consonant with the famous declaration of two years ago, and, upon the lowest ground, of mere expediency, it is common sense. If it be the interest of the Germanic powers to retain a portion at least, and if possible the whole of that Polish territory which the Prussians have oppressed and misgoverned, the Austrians more mildly administered for now a century undisturbed, then in exactly the same measure is it to the advantage of the great Alliance to restore to Poland those very provinces, most especially the eastern frontier, we have seen to be by nature and every historical circumstance vague and ill-defined. Upon the western frontier we can be sure enough. We know it to within a few miles from where it leaves the Baltic to where it traverses Silesia and touches the Carpathians in the high Tartara hills. And that part it is—again upon the lowest ground of expediency—the district, the restoration of which to

Poland would undermine the prestige of Prussia.

It goes without saying that a restoration of this kind would repose upon the Russian just as a restoration proposed by our enemies would repose upon the Germanic side. What the nature of the link would be in its details it is for those who negotiate the final settlement to determine. But the broad lines are secure: a Polish nation, autonomous, free in its religion and in its speech and in its whole culture: free to arrange every detail of its educational and ecclesiastical system, and *above all possessed of a freeboard upon the Baltic*. Fail to establish that and you have re-established the Central Germanic influence in Eastern Europe, and so far at least as half the fruits of the war are concerned, you have politically lost the war.

Everyone acquainted with the map, let alone with the complex tangled details of Eastern Europe, will here suggest a real difficulty, which we should do ill to belittle. What of East Prussia?

East Prussia is German speaking. It would differ in long historical tradition, in religion for the most part and in all social habit from a Poland by which it would be completely surrounded. Its centre, Königsberg, is the historical heart of the Prussian monarchy and though Slav in race it is not consciously Slav.

Well, the only solution of the difficulty is boldly to create such an island. It existed similarly isolated for long in the past. Whether it would exist similarly isolated in the present, or whether it would—as is far more probable—be slowly reabsorbed into the Slavic world from which it emerged, it is for the future to determine. But one thing is certain; if you do not give your autonomous Poland free access to the Baltic shore where such a long stretch of the coast is wholly Polish, in sympathies, historical tradition, religion, language, everything—if, to put it plainly, you do not give her the port of Dantzig. German though that port has become, then you are not re-establishing Poland at all. Be sure that the enemy would not be so timid before similar problems. He would not hesitate to make the most artificial boundaries.

If the Allies upon their approaching victory insist upon doing thoroughly here what is to their advantage, the whole future of Eastern Europe and ultimately of the west of Europe will be deflected in the direction that they desired when they undertook this great task of resisting the premeditated and abominable act of aggression which they have now suffered for over two years. If they are not sufficiently bold in this one matter they will throw away half or more than half the fruits of their labours. They will be creating for the moment a chaos, but something which in the near future will prove no longer a chaos but a recrudescence of Germanic influence over the whole of the Vistula basin and from that over all the east of Europe.

How Aeroplanes are Used in War

By a Correspondent

[In the previous articles the uses of one seater aeroplanes in the war have in some measure been dealt with; in the present article two seaters are treated of]

THE uses given to two-seater aeroplanes are too numerous; and at the present, at least, overlap each other too much to allow of a proper and logical subdivision on the basis of these uses nevertheless I will make the attempt, asking my readers to remember that this "double purpose" or "multiple purpose" method of using aircraft is gradually settling down and conducing to the production of sub-types better specialised.

As a counterpoise to the loss of performance, there are great merits from the commanding officer's point of view in having two persons in an aeroplane. They tend to mitigate the extreme loneliness up aloft; the men afford an important moral support to one another, they are witnesses of each other's prowess; their reports confirm or qualify one another, and for specific purposes, such as artillery direction, while one man, say the observer, is concentrating his attention on the ground, the other, the pilot, can keep his eyes about him for the approach of the enemy's fast "defenders" or other foes.

Artillery Direction

For artillery direction, it is obvious that the observer must have the clearest possible view of the ground, must be kept below the clouds, or as we should now say, at the low level of some 4,000 to 6,000 feet, and be freed from other anxieties. All aircraft move extremely fast, as landsmen would say, hence the observation of any one spot involves wheeling and circling

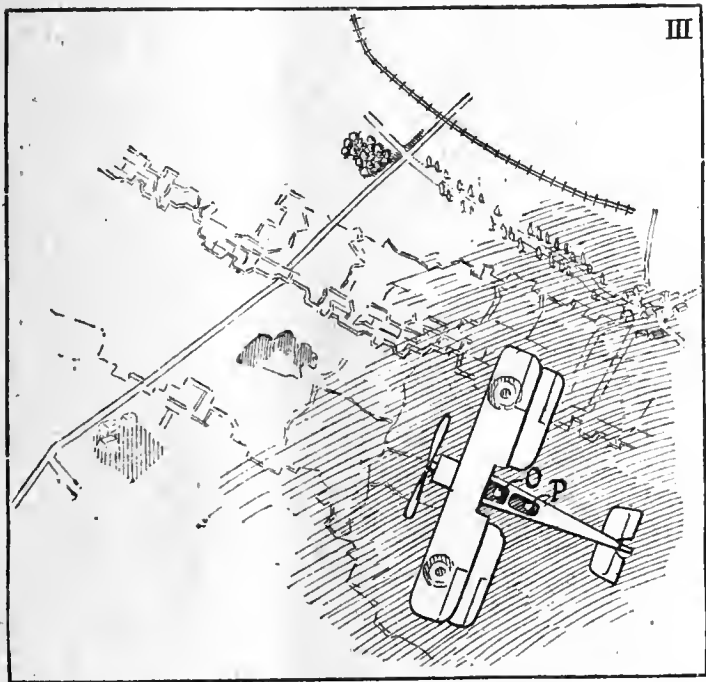


Diagram of a BE2C showing parts of wings cut away to enable the observer O who is in the front seat to look down, and also giving by the removal of part of the top wing a freer field of view upwards to the pilot P

to keep over that spot with the attendant banking or sloping of the aeroplane. In all these evolutions there is a tendency for some part of wings and gear to obstruct momentarily the view—and if the flash of the shell to be spotted is not seen by the official observer, the correction of aim cannot be wired home. To secure a clear view a good deal of the lower wing is often cut away from near the body of the aeroplane, with loss of "performance," of course, if the term "performance" is to be restricted to speed and rate of climb, as has been done lately to a rather exaggerated degree for purposes of political criticism; but this is not of less merit if the object for which the aeroplane is sent out is borne in mind. At the same time, since attack from above is to

be apprehended, a certain part of the top plane, which obstructs the view, is also cut out, giving to the machine the appearance of diagram III, in which I have exaggerated the cut away to show what is meant more clearly.

In the aeroplane shown, the pilot is so situated that he can fire forwards and upwards over the head of his observer who is in front of him, over the top plane through the gap which has been cut away. The observer can fire backwards, past the Pilot P, over the tail of the aeroplane and to right and left backwards and downwards. This is especially useful should the machine be so hard pressed that it must momentarily abandon its task of artillery direction, and though the resistance to the air offered by these guns is considerable, it is considered well worth while to sacrifice an element of speed to secure the better protection. The information as to the precise position in which the shells burst is telegraphed back to the gunners according to a secret code or a "clock" code, either by luminous flashes, or by wireless, or even by the prearranged manœuvres of the aeroplane and by reference to specially marked secret maps. The enemy has little chance of knowing what signalling device is adopted at any moment, so we are then more or less immune from wireless "jamming," and even if the enemy did know the secret at any one time, the damage is already done, and all he can do is to send up one of his "defenders" to interrupt the proceedings as far as he can.

The "defender," being a far quicker climber, tries to move up unseen by keeping himself behind and below the tail of the two seater "director" aeroplane, firing at it from below as he approaches. If the observer catches sight of him he prepares for the attack by getting his gun over the side and facing down.

Hampered with the weight of wireless, of two men, of guns, mountings and camera, of stores of photographic plates, and by its cut-away planes, it will not be expected to escape by simple fleetness, and so the fight is engaged.

If the safety of the men were alone in consideration; that is, if we were not out to fight down the enemy by killing him, a great excess of speed would definitely and always be the greatest element conducing to such safety, both from the ability to out-manceuvre and the facility for escape thus given. As it is, our two seaters have an excellent bag of enemy craft to their credit, including Fokkers and others, largely because of the coolness of the men and in substantial measure because of the stability which British aeroplanes alone enjoy up to the present*. No doubt some measure of success arose in the fights, because we had our "backs to the wall" when escape by showing "a clean pair of elevators" was out of the question. It is not peculiar British or French deficiencies which make the two seater which is out visiting enemy ground slower than the single seater, which is at home on defence. The relation is radical and inherent in the technics of the position, and only susceptible of momentary alteration by a chance which there exists no means of preventing any white enemy (I had almost said civilised enemy) from countering.

Operating in Numbers

It is to be observed that I am treating of the aeroplanes as operating and therefore as fighting in single units, and this is how they were, in fact, handled for some considerable time, but since Mr. Lanchester put forward his "N² law," the normal case to-day is different and the two seaters of to-day have a far less hard pressed time "in company" than they used to have alone.

Fights now occur between twos and threes—patrolling aeroplanes attend on those engaged in "director" duties, and in the case of bombing raids where the handi-

* I find myself obliged to differ from the claims made in this country that the German aeroplanes, Taube, Albatross, Aviatik, etc., were stable. The impression arose from the fact that their period was slow. All German machines which have been tried have been found unstable, and no drawings of German machines have proved them to be otherwise than unstable—while in many cases, notably the Taube, they were in addition very poorly under control.

cap of load is even more seriously against the raiders, bombing is done by squadrons and more; they are given an escort of fighters, and they subscribe to the defence one of another. Under these new circumstances, the enemy's "defender" has not got the odds in his favour as much as he had for a short spell some months ago when we, and the enemy for the matter of that, were learning the business.

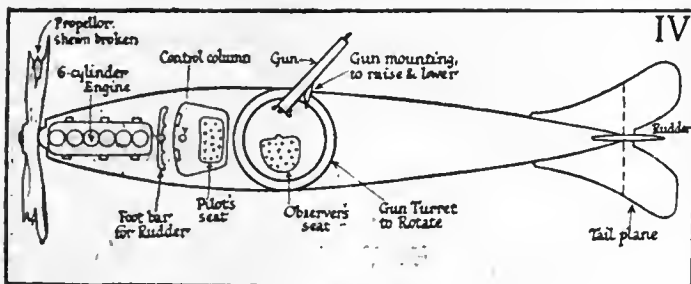
"Dropping" a Spy

A point of interest in the use of two seaters is brought to mind by a recently published (early August) report by the German Headquarters that they had captured an aeroplane engaged in putting down a spy—or as we should say, an intelligence officer on their side of their lines. So long as an aeroplane is always to be flown with the two persons on board, the disturbance of its equipose by depositing one of those persons and returning empty is not under consideration. But if any substantial weight, be it bombs, persons or petrol, is to be sometimes carried, and sometimes dispensed with or dropped or consumed *en route*, then it is universal practice to locate such removable load on the centre of gravity. In this way the minimum disturbance is made to the stability of the aeroplane and its balance. For such purposes as this our original two seater tractors were eminently suited, since they were all with the passenger on the centre of gravity. Here we have an example of the gain arising from multiple-purpose aircraft, and when, later we specialized, of our willingness to learn from the enemy.

No one can doubt but that in the first year or so of war we were wise to employ the most versatile "multi-

maker, one of the earliest of British pioneers, Mr. A. V. Roe, who was making a triplane when the Frenchman, Breguet, was making his first tractor biplane, was unfortunate in being before his time. The dual control was disliked at the Front and often pulled out. These matters are more complex than they seem. It was perhaps a question as to whether the 15 lb. weight which the dual control might involve was better expended in armour plating the seat of the observer, or whether the space taken up by installing the dual control, might not be better employed in making room for other sundries, or whether the saving of 15 lb. weight might not on the whole give more of safety than by affording control levers to a man who had not learnt to fly—or whether (since an observer, untrained in flight, has on several occasions when his pilot was wounded or killed, climbed from his cockpit into the pilot's and steered the aeroplane home, relying on its stability to look after the balancing) it was not better to omit the complication. For myself I give it up as hopelessly unsuited for public discussion.

The merit of the "gunner behind" arrangement was most strongly appreciated when first it was adopted as a change from the previous practice, not only because it was good, but because it was less expected by the enemy. This element of surprise is so valuable, and adds so much to the success of any new design embodying altered features which do not betray themselves to the enemy from mere inspection, that much more might be done in the way of having variants of similar external appearance, than is done at present on any side. No advantage is gained without introducing some corresponding disability, but the enemy will not immediately find out what that disability is, and will therefore be unable to act upon it.



Sketch of a German two-seater aeroplane body with turret to the back seat

purpose" craft; but to-day the uses have begun to settle down. The Germans, in their Albatross two-seater aeroplanes (see sketch IV., where the body work only, seen from above, is shown), placed the observer (who is also a gunner of course), on a back seat which was specially designed to swivel round with him, and provided him with a kind of gun turret—a rotatable loop in the middle of which he sat, and which bore a telescopic gun mounting. The entire turret and mounting rotated with the gunner, who could then face quickly in any direction.

There is, of course, an objection—namely, that the gunner in this position was practically debarred from firing forwards—experience shows that there is a more than adequate compensation therefor; he could fire so much the better aft. We probably began by holding the view—indeed I have heard it expressed in military circles—that it was not well to foster by the very build of the aeroplane any disposition to turn tail, and still less to make it essential for an airman to turn tail in order to show fight. The situation must be admitted to be anomalous; it is one of the thousands of unexpected incidents which a totally new kind of fighting craft introduces. Reluctantly the pundits have bowed to the laws of mechanics and admitted that the larger the load the less the mobility—the two-seater must be, in the long run, slower than the light one-seater which attacks it, since you cannot prevent the enemy from using as large and light an engine in his one-seater as you are yourself using in your two-seater. Hence the two-seater will not be the pursuer. Hence it will have to fight by firing over its tail.

It is to be remarked that very early in the war we possessed and used some aeroplanes which, by reason of the reduplication of the control mechanism in both cockpits, could carry the gunner at will in either. The

A Word of Warning

One outcome of the temporary gain due to surprise at new disposition of parts, is that demands will be made for perpetual variations in structure, in gun supports, in arrangements of seats and sundries; the latest new arrangement being hailed with a degree of positiveness which conduces to the hurried displacement of previous desiderata, only to be again displaced at short notice with equal urgency and no greater permanency. If the rate of change is greater than the rate of production, one lot of "absolutely indispensable" urgent pieces will be "not required" before they are completed. But for the disturbing effect on the production of aircraft at home, no objection would exist to these high-speed changes of demand from abroad—for the airman must be like Odysseus, a man of many ways. If the number of alterations called for be any index, our British airmen have this great quality, and their chief in the field expresses it with a degree of positiveness of diction which leaves nothing to be desired. How far his and their wishes have been met and have been excellently wise, is proved by the success which has uninterruptedly attended our Flying Corps almost throughout the war.

I say this with intention, for there may be anxious folk at home who have believed in the "murder charges" and other completely futile verbiage of self-advertisement and trade jealousy to which we have been treated what the French who have also had it call with a smile our "crise de l'Aviation": the charges against the Royal Flying Corps and against the singleness of purpose of the officers who have seen to its equipment. Let us take comfort, so hurried has been the decamping of the croakers that one speaker three months after he began his dirge, unaware that not a single new squadron could be turned out even if ordered at the first sound of his basso profundo, has been rejoicing at the wondrous effects already wrought by his incursion into that which he does not understand. The fly is very busy at the wheel of the coach.

Enemy of the two-seater "director" aeroplane

In diagram V I have indicated a two-seater aeroplane T engaged on artillery direction, being attacked from below aft by a German G, a "tractor" with fixed gun (a Fokker). The attack pilot in aeroplane T is doing precisely the right thing. He has his gunner in the back seat leaning out and over, aiming at the German.

He has only a remote chance of flying faster than G, which is a single-seater, and that chance turns entirely on his having a much larger engine which is at the same time much lighter for its horse-power. He is over enemy ground, so he cannot "make speed" by descent. Accordingly he does not try to escape by climb or speed; his cardinal business is to turn, and we can see that he is turning by the fact that he is "banked up" on one side. If he wants to make any course, he must do so on a zig-zag path.

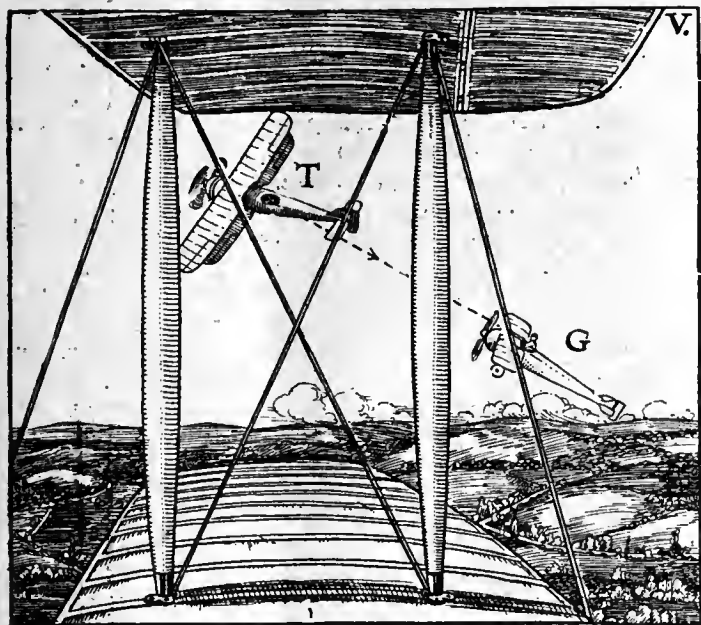
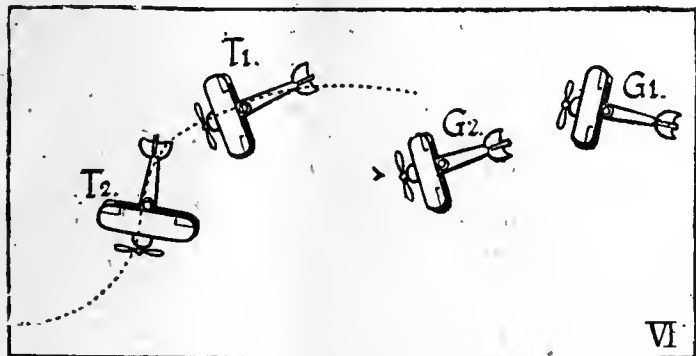


Diagram showing how a flight looks from the pilot's seat of a biplane; and how the wires and struts of one's own machine interfere with the rendering of assistance unless one can manoeuvre into a firing position. The gunner in T can by leaning over cover the approaching aeroplane G; unlike the situation in diagram I

He must on no account keep a straight direction at any time save when he is moving across the path of G. He must by zigzags lure G over our own anti-aircraft guns or shoot him himself. I will explain their tactics.

It is fairly safe to say that every aeroplane, even the most heavily loaded, is a most difficult target by reason of its speed, if moving across the field of fire, and that any aeroplane, even the fleetest, is comparatively an easy target if moving directly away from or directly towards the gun, because in this way it provides an objective which, for short range fire, is almost as easily sighted as if it were stationary. Now look at diagram VI. The Fokker G can only aim his gun by aiming the whole of his aeroplane, and if a moment before the diagram



was drawn the path of G and T were in the same straight line, we see how a curvature of the path of T changes the situation from G 1 and T1 to G2 and T2.

In the new position not only is G, the German, finding that his target T is now a "cross path" target, but he, the German, is making himself into a stationary target for T, by moving in a direct line towards T.

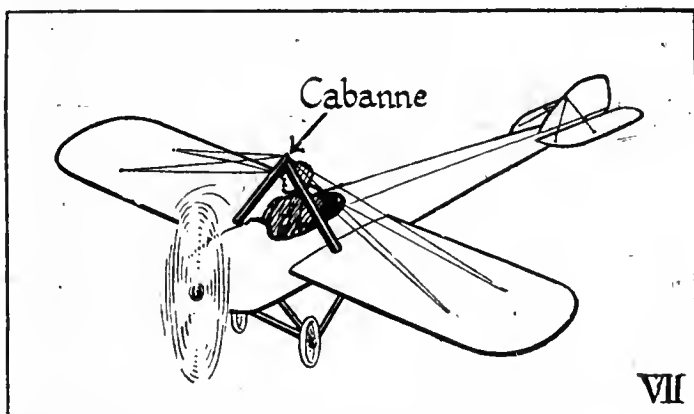
Accordingly, the German's object (to keep the tail of T between himself and T's gun) is defeated if T turns, no matter in which direction. What T's pilot is concerned to do is to work in with his gunner. Listening carefully to the request his gunner makes to him down their speaking tube, or heeding signals; for this harmonious working it is of the greatest value that gunner and pilot should be as close as possible to one another, or at least within easy reach of hand, since open-air

conversation is out of the question against the din of the propellor, even if the engine is silenced.

It has chanced that I have drawn the German "defender" as a monoplane, because the Fokker copied our Morane which was a monoplane, and though the rivalry between biplane and monoplane is not of great importance, I will briefly consider what he gains and what he loses by having a monoplane instead of a biplane, like the majority of our British aeroplanes.

It is an unexpected, but nevertheless an easily realisable fact as soon as it is pointed out, that it is very difficult to find an aeroplane in the air from another aeroplane. Watch a crowd in London pointing out an aeroplane to one another. "There it is at the top of the curly cloud with a point like a tag of ribbon," says one. "I really cannot see anything," says the other, and the argument goes on for many minutes. In the field of war, the aeroplane to be found is 12,000 feet up instead of being 5,000 feet up over London. From being "the size of a gnat," he is "the size of a microbe." During the five minutes of the search, the platform of the looker-on his aeroplane has moved as many miles and the field of view has been repeatedly obscured or obstructed by the structure of the aeroplane. Now look at my sketch No V, and realise what an amount of obstructing clutter a tractor aeroplane provides, when the pilot and passenger are situated, as they are always situated, so that the top plane is above the eye level, and the lower plane below the eye level. The "clutter" is constantly shrouding some parts of the air in which a distant speck is lurking, and that distant speck may be a very dangerous thing to overlook.

A tractor monoplane "defender," which from almost every other point of view offers extensive disadvantage, has this one merit, that upwards the field of view is



The only obstruction to the pilot's view upwards is the cabanne to which the wing wires are attached, and the tubes which make the cabanne can be dodged by moving the head

admirable. See diagram VII I say the field of view, and not the field of fire, because, for obvious reasons, the gun is limited to firing forward through the propellor and is fixed rigidly to the aeroplane. Still, you cannot shoot the target if you cannot find it, and the monoplane helps you to find it, provided the target is above the level of sight cut off by the wings. There is a trifling obstruction produced by the "cabanne," but this may be disregarded at the moment in a light single-seater of great mobility.

The Brow of Courage, by Gertrude Bone (Duckworth and Co., 2s. 6d. net.), is a collection of stories suitable for reading either to or by children, rather reminiscent of the good and moral tales of the Victorian era, but distinctive in that they will really appeal to the junior element for which they are written. The writer has a way of infusing reality into impossibilities which, at times, is decidedly captivating.

The Fleet Annual for 1916, compiled by Lionel Yexley, (Chapman and Hall, 2s. 6d. net.) is an interesting and very informative volume on naval men and affairs. The most noteworthy item of its contents is a naval history of the second year of the war, illustrated with diagram and other sketches of the battle of Jutland, and descriptions of all the actions, important or minor in civilian eyes, in which ships of the Fleet have been engaged. There is a list of Naval honours gained during the year, and also a list of the casualties sustained by the senior service—the "price of admiralty." Mention should also be made of the fine gallery of portraits of naval commanders which the book contains.

What Germany is Thinking

By Hugh F. Spender

IT is always a hazardous and difficult matter to characterise with certainty the temper or mood of a people at any given period of its history. Germany began the war intent on creating a world Empire and a world religion, the religion of valour, reinterpreted by Napoleon and Nietzsche. In the newer "Imperative" according to Prof. Cramb, rang the accents of an earlier greater prime. The youth of Germany assigned to their country a rôle which Hellas or Rome, Israel or Islam played in the past. German literature of the pre-war period led up to this idea which had its spiritual as well as its materialistic side, and although it was conceived in violence explains much that appeared almost insane to us in studying the German Press at the beginning of the war, and its lyrical outbursts on German culture and Germany's mission to cure the world of its decadence by the medicine of war.

A Monstrous Assertion

I recall an article in the *Neue Rundschau* of November, 1914, which is the most monstrous assertion of this point of view which one could conceive outside the pages of Ostwald or Houston Chamberlain. The article glorified the war as one of "German culture against civilisation," and proclaimed that "militarism was the sole ideal of German thought." What a change has come over the scene! In a recent copy of *Der Tag*, which embodies the wisdom of Militarist, Junker and Professor, I find these words in an article on "Our War Aims":

In view of the terrible sacrifices which our people at home and in the field have made in the last two years and more, there is indeed no one of us who does not wish a speedy end to the war.

The writer goes on to say that many people in Germany believe that the wish would come nearer to fulfilment if Germany practised more moderation in expressing her war aims, and approached the "Entente" concerning peace conditions. But this is not the writer's personal view, for he still believes that the enemy can be made to realise the "invincible superiority of Germany."

Such an article is typical of many others which have been written in Conservative papers lately. Even Count Reventlow, although he still demands the utmost frightfulness in the use of submarines and Zeppelins, is willing to consider the Chancellor's plan for "guarantees" in the West, and wonders whether the time has not arrived when Germany ought to make peace with Russia and turn all her strength against England. Another section of Conservative opinion—the Delbrück Rohrbach party—wishes to arrive at a settlement with England in order to crush Russia. There is confusion and doubt in the minds of both War Lords and Professors.

And now the entry of Roumania has awakened an outburst of furious wrath in the German Press, which is a measure of the anxieties of the German people at this stage of the war. The masses are clearly disturbed, and the efforts of the Government to remove the effect of its loud boasting by revealing a little light on the situation has only caused greater alarm, which it is now sought to allay by lying bulletins and absurd tales about the destruction and panic caused by the Zeppelins in England. The appointment of von Hindenburg to the Supreme Command was also intended to inspire confidence, but has apparently failed to do so from the lack of enthusiasm with which it was received by the Press.

The Social Democrats had already revealed the trend of public opinion by their "Peace petition" which has thrown the activities of Prince Wedel's "National Committee for an Honourable Peace" into the shade. This Committee, which was appointed under the authority of the Government, was intended to clear the ground of the more fantastic notions about the war. It has had a troubled career, and is now faced with the determined opposition of an independent Committee led by Professor Schäfer of Berlin, which consists of well-known Pan-

Germans and National Liberals such as Professors von Gierke and Haeckel, Prince Lowenstein, and Edouard Meyer. This Committee demands annexations in Russia and France, and the complete overthrow of England. It is the last stronghold of the extreme Jingoism, but it would be a mistake to suppose that the German people as a whole seriously considers the possibility of defeat.

Professor Schmoller, a well-known Berlin economist, is probably right when he warns the Government that "they would dig their own grave if they did not insist on some increase of power and some sort of indemnity in offering terms of peace"—after the great sacrifices that have been made and the "great victories" that have been won. His description of German opinion, "as divided into three groups," is important.

"The first group, buoyed up by a sense of victory and patriotic enthusiasm, naturally demands," he says, "as great a prize as possible. An almost over-subtle caution, with eyes fixed on the future, would be content with something like the *status quo*. Most intelligent people, including the Government, take the middle line." Thus we see that the intelligent classes realise that Germany cannot now win the war. But after the excessive hopes they have raised, they fear to disabuse the public mind by making moderate demands for peace, and seeing their own position threatened both at home and abroad, stoke up the nation to another great effort.

If this view of public opinion is correct, we must not attach too great importance to the Socialist movement for peace. It is, however, a significant landmark in the progress towards a saner view in Germany, and in spite of the fact that the Government have forbidden the collection of signatures for the Peace Petition, it may be very glad to take advantage of the movement in the future. The authorities have damped it down for the moment and have started a campaign to rally public confidence for a final desperate bid to outwit the Allies. But the Socialist movement, with its moderate but elastic suggestions for peace, is allowed to continue side by side with the attempt to stiffen public opinion.

More Moderate War Views

In the meantime Herr von Heydebrand, the Conservative leader, has made a speech placing the Conservative war views on a more moderate basis. His aim is to pretend that the Chancellor and his "Honourable Peace Committee" really mean what the Chauvinists mean and to treat the Chancellor's phrases about "guarantees" as if they meant "military, economic and political control."

The closing of the ranks is regarded as particularly important, in view of the Socialist agitation. This has alarmed the Militarists, who now appeal in their newspapers to the idealism of the German people. "Shall Germany," they ask, "cease to be a master worker in the temple of Humanity, and is all the blood she has shed to be lost, when it might become the seed of a higher civilisation and of greater happiness for mankind?" There is another and a better idealism in the German people which we see fitfully struggling to find expression in the pages of the "Vorwärts," when it publishes its sketches of life in Berlin during the war; it is the ideal of peaceful home-loving Germany which is sickened and saddened by its losses—the ideal of the "International" which shudders at the patricidal war of the nations. We cannot yet hope for the conversion of Germany's soul, but there are signs that her people have journeyed far from what M. Romain Rolland called the "entêtement criminel" of the ninety-three Intellectuals who signed the notorious address at the beginning of the war.

We have reached a new stage, possibly the preface to that last phase, when the German people may turn on those who have dragged them through orgies of sacrilege and crime.

Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay, who obtained a commission in the new army and was wounded at Loos is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. This was handed to the British headquarters in Mesopotamia by an officer—Sir Walter's son—wounded to death in obtaining it. Hannay undertakes the mission, his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American gentleman, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who also joins them. On November 17th the three dine together at a London flat, and agree to meet in a café in a back street of Constantinople two months later—on January 17th. Sandy goes to Constantinople, disguised as a Turk, by way of Cairo. Blenkiron drops into Germany by way of Scandinavia. Hannay, who in South Africa was a mining engineer, and can speak Dutch perfectly, enters Germany through Holland as a Boer from Western Cape Colony. Hannay sails for Lisbon where he meets his old Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, who agrees to be his companion. They go on to Germany and find their way to Berlin. Here they have an interview with two Government high officials: one, Colonel von Stumm, had been in German South-West Africa, fighting the Hereros. Stumm takes them in charge, leaves Pienaar in Berlin, but brings Hannay to his castle in Bavaria. On the way Hannay has an interview with the Kaiser, and also with a Herr Gaudian, a great engineer. Stumm grossly insults Hannay, who knocks him out and makes a bolt for it. Reaching the Danube he gets taken on as an engineer on a steamer tugging barges of munitions to Rustchuk. On the journey down the Danube Pienaar, having escaped from a prison camp, rejoins Hannay, and on arrival at Constantinople they are saved from a Turkish rabble by a fanatic. The next day, January 17th, they go to the café where they are arrested by a ruse of Blenkiron and Sandy, whom they join. Hannay assumes the character of an American engineer and dines in Constantinople at the house of a German, Moellendorff, where he meets Gaudian.*

CHAPTER XIII (continued)

I doubt if Gaudian would have recognised me even in the clothes I had worn in Stumm's company, for his eyesight was wretched. So I ran no risk in dress-clothes, with my hair brushed back and a fine American accent. I paid him high compliments, as a fellow engineer, and translated part of a highly technical conversation between him and Blenkiron. Gaudian was in uniform, and I liked the look of his honest face better than ever.

But the great event was the sight of Enver. He was a slim fellow of Rasta's build, very foppish and precise in his dress, with a smooth oval face like a girl's, and rather fine straight black eyebrows. He spoke perfect German and had the best kind of manners, neither pert nor overbearing. He had a pleasant trick, too, of appealing all round the table for confirmation and so bringing everybody into the talk. Not that he spoke a great deal, but all he said was good sense, and he had a smiling way of saying it. Once or twice he ran counter to Moellendorff, and I could see there was no love lost between these two. I didn't think I wanted him as a friend—he was too cold-blooded and artificial; and I was pretty certain that I didn't want those steady black eyes as an enemy. But it was no good denying his quality. The little fellow was all cold courage, like the fine polished blue steel of a sword.

I fancy I was rather a success at that dinner. For one thing I could speak German and so had a pull on Blenkiron. For another I was in a good temper and really enjoyed putting my back into my part. They talked very high-flown stuff about what they had done and were going to do, and Enver was great on Gallipoli. I remember he said that he could have destroyed the whole British army if it hadn't been for somebody's cold feet—at which Moellendorff looked daggers. They were so bitter about Britain and all her works that I gathered they were getting pretty panicky, and that made me as jolly as a sandboy. I'm afraid I was not free from

bitterness myself on that subject. I said things about my own country that I sometimes wake in the night and sweat to think of.

Gaudian got on the use of water power in war and that gave me a chance.

"In my country," I said, "when we want to get rid of a mountain we wash it away. There's nothing on earth that will stand against water. Now, speaking with all respect, gentleman, and as an absolute novice in the military art, I sometimes ask why this God-given weapon isn't more used in the present war. I haven't been to any of the fronts, but I've studied them some from maps and the newspapers. Take your German position in Flanders, where you've got the high ground. If I were a British General, I reckon I would very soon make it no sort of a position."

Moellendorff asked "How?"

"Why, I'd wash it away. Wash away fourteen feet of soil down to the stone. There's a heap of coalpits behind the British front where they could generate power, and I judge there's an ample water supply from rivers and canals. I'd guarantee to wash you away in twenty-four hours—yes, in spite of all your big guns. It beats me why the British haven't got on to this notion. They used to have some bright engineers."

Enver was on the point like a knife, far quicker than Gaudian. He cross-examined me in a way that showed he knew how to approach a technical subject, though he mightn't have much technical knowledge. He was just giving me a sketch of the flooding in Mesopotamia, when an aide-de-camp brought in a chit which fetched him to his feet.

"I have gossiped long enough," he said. "My kind host, I must leave you. Gentlemen all, my apologies and farewells."

Before he left he asked my name and wrote it down. "This is an unhealthy city for strangers, Mr. Hanau," he said in very good English. "I have some small power of protecting a friend, and what I have is at your disposal." This with the condescension of a king promising his favour to a subject.

The little fellow amused me tremendously, and rather impressed me, too. I said so to Gaudian after he had left, but that decent soul didn't agree.

"I do not love him," he said, "We are Allies—yes, but friends—no. He is no true son of Islam, which is a noble faith and which despises liars and boasters and betrayers of their salt."

That was the verdict of one honest man on this ruler in Israel. The next night I got another from Blenkiron on a greater than Enver.

He had been out alone and had come back pretty late with his face grey and drawn with pain. The food we ate—not at all bad of its kind—and the cold east wind played havoc with his dyspepsia. I can see him yet, boiling milk on a spirit-lamp, while Peter worked at a Primus stove to get him a hot-water bottle. He was using horrid language about his inside.

"By God, Dick, if I were you with a sound stomach I'd fairly conquer the world. As it is, I've got to do my work with half my mind, while the other half is dwelling in my intestines. I'm like the child in the Bible that had a fox gnawing at its vitals."

He got his milk boiling and began to sip it.

"I've been to see our pretty landlady," he said. "She sent for me and I hobbled off with a grip full of plans, for she's mighty set on Mesopotamy."

"Anything about Greenmantle?" I asked eagerly.

"Why, no, but I have reached one conclusion. I opine that he will soon wish himself in Paradise. For if ever Almighty God created a female devil it's Madame von Einem."

He sipped a little more milk with a grave face.

"That isn't my duo-denial dyspepsia, Major. It's the verdict of a ripe experience, for I have a cool and penetrating judgment even if I've a deranged stomach. And I give it as my considered conclusion that that woman's mad and bad—but principally bad."

CHAPTER XIV

The Lady of the Mantilla

Since that first night I had never clapped eyes on Sandy. He had gone clean out of the world, and Blenkiron and I waited anxiously for a word of news. Our

own business was in good trim, for we were presently going east towards Mesopotamia, but unless we learned more about Greenmantle our journey would be a grotesque failure. And learn about Greenmantle we could not, for nobody by word or deed suggested his existence, and it was impossible of course for us to ask questions. Our only hope was Sandy, for what we wanted to know was the prophet's whereabouts and his plans. I suggested to Blenkiron that we might do more to cultivate Frau von Einem, but he shut his jaw like a rat-trap. "There's nothing doing for us in that quarter," he said. "That's the most dangerous woman on earth; and if she got any kind of notion that we were wise about her pet schemes, I reckon you and I would very soon be in the Bosphorus."

This was all very well; but what was going to happen if the two of us were bundled off to Bagdad with instructions to wash away the British? Our time was getting pretty short, and I doubted if we could spin out more than three days more in Constantinople. I felt just as I had felt with Stumm that last night when I was about to be packed off to Cairo and saw no way of avoiding it. Even Blenkiron was getting anxious. He played Patience incessantly, and was disinclined to talk. I tried to find out something from the servants, but they either knew nothing or wouldn't speak—the former, I think. I kept my eyes lifting, too, as I walked about the streets, but there was no sign anywhere of the skin coats or the weird stringed instruments. The whole company of the Rosy Hours seemed to have melted into the air, and I began to wonder if they had ever existed.

Anxiety made me restless, and restlessness made me want exercise. It was no good walking about the city. The weather had become foul again, and I was sick of the smells and the squalor and the flea-bitten crowds. So Blenkiron and I got horses, Turkish cavalry mounts with heads like trees, and went out through the suburbs into the open country.

It was a grey drizzling afternoon, with the beginnings of a sea fog which hid the Asiatic shores of the straits. It wasn't easy to find open ground for a gallop, for there were endless small patches of cultivation, and the gardens of country houses. We kept on the high land above the sea, and when we reached a bit of downland came on squads of Turkish soldiers digging trenches. Whenever we let the horses go we had to pull up sharp for a digging party or a stretch of barbed wire. Coils of the beastly wire were lying loose everywhere, and Blenkiron nearly took a nasty toss over one. Then we were always being stopped by sentries and having to show our passes. Still the ride did us good and shook up our livers, and by the time we turned for home I was feeling more like a white man.

We jogged back in the short winter twilight, past the wooded grounds of white villas, held up every few minutes by transport waggons and companies of soldiers. The rain had come on in real earnest, and it was two very bedraggled horsemen that crawled along the muddy lanes. As we passed one villa, shut in by a high white wall, a pleasant smell of wood smoke was wafted towards us, which made me sick for the burning veld. My ear, too, caught the twanging of a zither, which somehow reminded me of the afternoon in Kuprasso's garden-house.

I pulled up and proposed to investigate, but Blenkiron very testily declined.

"Zithers are as common here as fleas," he said. "You don't want to be fossicking around somebody's stables and find a horse-boy entertaining his friends. They don't like visitors in this country; and you'll be asking for trouble if you go inside those walls. I guess it's some old Buzzard's harem." Buzzard was his own private peculiar name for the Turk, for he said he had had as a boy a natural history book with a picture of a bird called the turkey-buzzard, and couldn't get out of the habit of applying it to the Ottoman people.

I wasn't convinced, so I tried to mark down the place. It seemed to be about three miles out from the city, at the end of a steep lane on the inland side of the hill coming from the Bosphorus. I fancied somebody of distinction lived there, for a little farther on we met a big empty motor-car snorting its way up, and I had a notion that car belonged to the walled villa.

Next day Blenkiron was in grievous trouble with his dyspepsia. About midday he was compelled to lie down, and havin' nothing better to do I had out the horses again and took Peter with me. It was funny to see Peter in a Turkish army-saddle, riding with the long Boer stirrup and the slouch of the back veld.

That afternoon was unfortunate from the start. It was not the mist and drizzle of the day before, but a stiff northern gale which blew sheets of rain in our faces and numbed our bridle hands. We took the same road, but pushed west of the trench-digging parties and got to a shallow valley with a

white village among cypresses. Beyond that there was a very respectable road which brought us to the top of a crest which in clear weather must have given a fine prospect. Then we turned our horses, and I shaped our course so as to strike the top of the long lane that abutted on the down. I wanted to investigate the white villa.

But we hadn't gone far on our road back before we got into trouble. It arose out of a sheep-dog, a yellow mongrel brute that came at us like a thunderbolt. It took a special fancy to Peter, and bit savagely at his horse's heels and sent it capering off the road. I should have warned him, but I did not realise what was happening till too late. For Peter, being accustomed to mongrels in Kaifir kraals, took a summary way with the pest. Since it despised his whip, he out with his pistol and put a bullet through its head.

The echoes of the shot had scarcely died away when the row began. A big fellow appeared running towards us, shouting wildly. I guessed it was the dog's owner, and proposed to pay no attention. But his cries summoned two other fellows—soldiers by the look of them—who closed in on us, unslinging their rifles as they ran. My first idea was to show them our heels, but I had no desire to be shot in the back, and they looked like men who wouldn't stop short of shooting. So we slowed down and faced them.

They made as savage-looking a trio as you would want to avoid. The shepherd looked as if he had been dug up, a dirty ruffian with matted hair and a beard like a bird's nest. The two soldiers stood staring with sullen faces, fingering their guns, while the other chap raved and stormed and kept pointing at Peter, whose mild eyes stared unwinkingly at his assailant.

The mischief was that neither of us had a word of Turkish. I tried German, but it had no effect. We sat looking at them, and they stood storming at us, and it was fast getting dark. Once I turned my horse round as if to proceed, and the two soldiers jumped in front of me.

They jabbered among themselves, and then one said very slowly: "He . . . want . . . pounds," and he held up five fingers. They evidently saw by the cut of our jib that we weren't Germans.

"I'll be hanged if he gets a penny," I said angrily, and the conversation languished.

The situation was getting serious, so I spoke a word to Peter. The soldiers had their rifles loose in their hands, and before they could lift them we had the pair covered with our pistols.

"If you move," I said, "you are dead." They understood that all right and stood stock still, while the shepherd stopped his raving and took to muttering like a gramophone when the record is finished.

"Drop your guns," I said sharply. "Quick, or we shoot."

The tone, if not the words, conveyed my meaning. Still staring at us, they let the rifles slide to the ground. The next second we had forced our horses on the top of them, and the three were off like rabbits. I sent a shot over their heads to encourage them. Peter dismounted and tossed the guns into a bit of scrub where they would take some finding.

This hold-up had taken time. By now it was getting very dark, and we hadn't ridden a mile before it was black night. It was an annoying predicament, for I had completely lost my bearings and at the best I had only a foggy notion of the lie of the land. The best plan seemed to be to try and get to the top of a rise in the hope of seeing the lights of the city, but all the countryside was so pockety that it was hard to strike the right kind of rise.

We had to trust to Peter's instinct. I asked him where our line lay, and he sat very still for a minute sniffing the air. Then he pointed the direction. It wasn't what I would have taken myself, but on a point like that he was pretty near infallible.

Presently we came to a long slope which cheered me. But at the top there was no light visible anywhere—only a black void like the inside of a shell. As I stared into the gloom it seemed to me that there were patches of deeper darkness that might be woods.

"There is a house half-left in front of us," said Peter.

I peered till my eyes ached and saw nothing.

"Well, for Heaven's sake, guide me to it," I said, and with Peter in front we set off down the hill.

It was a wild journey, for darkness clung as close to us as a vest. Twice we stepped into patches of bog, and once my horse saved himself by a hair from going head forward into a gravel pit. We got tangled up in strands of wire, and often found ourselves rubbing our noses against tree trunks. Several times I had to get down and make a gap in barricades of loose stones. But after a ridiculous amount of slipping and stumbling we finally struck what seemed the level of a road, and a piece of special darkness in front which turned out to be a high wall.

I argued that all mortal walls had doors, so we set to groping

along it, and presently struck a gap. There was an old iron gate, on broken hinges, which we easily pushed open, and found ourselves on a back path to some house. It was clearly disused, for masses of rotting leaves covered it, and by the feel of it underfoot it was grass-grown.

We were dismounted now, leading our horses, and after about fifty yards the path ceased and came out on a well-made carriage drive. So, at least, we guessed, for the place was as black as pitch. Evidently the house couldn't be far off, but in which direction I hadn't a notion.

Now I didn't want to be paying calls on any Turk at that time of day. Our job was to find where the road opened into the lane, for after that our way to Constantinople was clear. One side the lane lay, and the other the house, and it didn't seem wise to take the risk of tramping up with horses to the front door. So I told Peter to wait for me at the end of the back-road, while I would prospect a bit. I turned to the right, my intention being if I saw the light of a house to return, and with Peter take the other direction.

I walked like a blind man in that nether-pit of darkness. The road seemed well kept, and the soft wet gravel muffled the sounds of my feet. Great trees overhung it, and several times I wandered into dripping bushes. And then I stopped short in my tracks, for I heard the sound of whistling.

It was quite close, about ten yards away. And the strange thing was that it was a tune I knew, about the last tune you would expect to hear in this part of the world. It was the Scotch air: "Ca' the yowes to the knowes," which was a favourite of my father's.

The whistler must have felt my presence, for the air suddenly stopped in the middle of a bar. An unbounded curiosity seized me to know who the fellow could be. So I started in and finished it myself.

There was silence for a second, and then the unknown began again and stopped. Once more I chipped in and finished it.

Then it seemed to me that he was coming nearer. The air in that dank tunnel was very still, and I thought I heard a light foot. I think I took a step backward. Suddenly there was a flash of an electric torch from a yard off, so quick that I could see nothing of the man who held it.

Then a low voice spoke out of the darkness—a voice I knew well—and, following it, a hand was laid on my arm. "What the devil are you doing here, Dick?" it said, and there was something like consternation in the tone.

I told him in a hectic sentence, for I was beginning to feel badly rattled myself.

"You've never been in greater danger in your life," said the voice. "Great God, man, what brought you wandering here to-day of all days?"

You can imagine that I was pretty scared, for Sandy was the last man to put a case too high. And the next second I felt worse, for he clutched my arm and dragged me in a bound to the side of the road. I could see nothing, but I felt that his head was screwed round, and mine followed suit. And there, a dozen yards off, were the acetylene lights of a big motor-car.

It came along very slowly, purring like a great cat, while we pressed into the bushes. The headlights seemed to spread a fan far to either side, showing the full width of the drive and its borders, and about half the height of the over-arching trees. There was a figure in uniform sitting beside the chauffeur, whom I saw dimly in the reflex glow, but the body of the car was dark.

It crept towards us, passed, and my mind was just getting easy when it stopped. A switch was snapped within, and the limousine was brightly lit up. Inside I saw a woman's figure.

The servant had got out and opened the door and a voice came from within—a clear soft voice speaking in some tongue I did not understand. Sandy had started forward at the sound of it, and I followed him. It would never do for me to be caught skulking in the bushes.

I was so dazzled by the suddenness of the glare that at first I blinked and saw nothing. Then my eyes cleared and I found myself looking at the inside of a car upholstered in some soft dove-coloured fabric, and beautifully finished off in ivory and silver. The woman who sat in it had a mantilla of black lace over her head and shoulders, and with one slender jewelled hand she kept its folds over the greater part of her face. I saw only a pair of pale grey-blue eyes—these and the slim fingers.

I remember that Sandy was standing very upright with his hands on his hips, by no means like a servant in the presence of his mistress. He was a fine figure of a man at all times, but in those wild clothes, with his head thrown back, and his dark brows drawn below his skull-cap, he looked like some savage king out of an older world. He was speaking Turkish, and glancing at me now and then as if angry and perplexed.

I took the hint that he was not supposed to know any other tongue, and that he was asking who the devil I might be.

Then they both looked at me, Sandy with the slow unwinking stare of the gipsy, the lady with those curious beautiful pale eyes. They ran over my clothes, my brand-new riding-breeches, my splashed gaiters, my wide-brimmed hat. I took off the last and made my best bow.

"Madam," I said, "I have to ask pardon for trespassing in your garden. The fact is, I and my servant—he's down the road with the horses and I guess you noticed him—the two of us went for a ride this afternoon, and got good and well lost. We came in by your back gate, and I was prospecting for your front door to find some one to direct us, when I bumped into this brigand-chief who didn't understand my talk. I'm American, and I'm here on a big Government proposition. I hate to trouble you, but if you'd send a man to show us how to strike the city I'd be very much in your debt."

Her eyes never left my face. "Will you come into the car?" she said in English. "At the house I will give you a servant to direct you."

She drew in the skirts of her fur cloak to make room for me, and in my muddy boots and sopping clothes I took the seat she pointed out. She said a word in Turkish to Sandy, switched off the light, and the car moved on.

Women have never come much my way, and I knew about as much of their ways as I knew about the Chinese language. All my life I have lived with men only, and rather a rough crowd at that. When I made my pile and came home I looked to see a little society, but I had first the business of the Black Stone on my hands, and then the war, so my education languished. I had never been in a motor car with a lady before, and I felt like a fish on a dry sandbank. The soft cushions and the subtle scents filled me with acute uneasiness. I wasn't thinking now about Sandy's grave words, or about Blenkiron's warning, or about my job and the part this woman must play in it. I was thinking only that I felt mortally shy. The darkness made it worse. I was sure that my companion was looking at me all the time and laughing at me for a clown.

The car stopped and a tall servant opened the door. The lady was over the threshold before I was at the step. I followed her heavily, the wet squelching from my field-boots. At that moment I noticed that she was very tall.

She led me through a long corridor to a room where two pillars held lamps in the shape of torches. The place was dark but for their glow, and it was as warm as a hothouse from invisible stoves. I felt soft carpets underfoot, and on the walls hung some tapestry or rug of an amazingly intricate geometrical pattern, but with every strand as rich as jewels. There, between the pillars, she turned and faced me. Her furs were thrown back, and the black mantilla had slipped down to her shoulders.

(To be continued)

Union Jack Club Fund

The following are subscriptions to the Union Jack Club Extension Fund up to Friday, September 8th:—

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	2,625	12	6
"Calcutta"	5	0	0
Capt. Alec. Mason, R.E.	5	0	0
Frank C. Erskine, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. C. E. Anderson	3	0	0
E. W. Hooper, Esq.	1	1	0
"M.A."	10	0	0
	£2,645	3	6

All contributions should be forwarded to:

The Editor, "LAND & WATER,"

Empire House, Kingsway,

London, W.C.

Envelopes should be marked "U.J.C. Fund," and all the cheques should be crossed "Coutts' Bank."

Jade has become fashionable again and jade necklaces and pendants are being worn in preference to other ornaments. The smallest necklace of well matched pale green Chinese jade is costly to buy, so keen has the feeling for it become. Fancy prices are being asked and given for an insignificant row of beads with value apparent only to the eye of a connoisseur in jade and its variations.



The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT "Land & Water," Empire House, Kingsway, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

The Miniature Military Cross



The Military Cross in miniature is the latest adventure in attractive jewellery, and wonderfully pretty, appropriate and inexpensive it is as all who see it testify

Any amount of people will be delighted with the latest departure of one of the cleverest jewellers in town. This is the Military Cross in miniature made up as a brooch or a pendant and a triumph of exquisite workmanship. Women whose relations or friends have won this distinction will value this miniature replica from more than one point of view, and no more acceptable present could possibly be found for them.

The brooches and pendants are made in gold fronted with pure palladium, and the monogram in the centre as well as the whole design is beautifully wrought. The price in each instance is surprisingly inexpensive. A development of the same idea shows the miniature as a brooch pendant mounted on an enamel bar coloured to show the purple and white of the Military Cross ribbon. A more elaborate form has the bar set with diamonds and amethysts, so that the colours are represented through a precious stone medium.

Then there is something very novel and interesting in the way of photograph frames, these being mounted with miniature Military Crosses in silver hung from a piece of the ribbon. The frames themselves are bronzed, and miniatures of the Victoria Cross, the D.S.O., the M.M. and the D.C.M. can all be supplied mounted in the same clever way, so that the brave winner's photos can be more than suitably framed.

Silk and Wool Stockings

in which a mixture of silk and wool is cunningly combined. This mixture makes the stockings delightfully soft and pleasant to wear, besides giving them a nice appearance.

By this means the hiatus between silk stockings and cashmere footwear is happily bridged. The stockings are well made and a satisfactory production from every standpoint. The feet are carefully strengthened, and given a reasonably good laundress they wash uncommonly well.

These stockings are made in black, royal blue, and brown. There is also a capital pepper and salt mixture, calculated to well accompany our autumn tweeds and suittings.

A Great Convenience

Quite the most convenient thing of its kind is the "Penlite" Electric Torch. It is much like a rather large fountain pen, to which it owes its name. Like a fountain pen also it is fitted with a clip so that it fixes into a pocket and is safely held in readiness there.

Electric torches seem to be amongst the few things that have not gone up in price, for the one in question is but five shillings—a most unusually moderate price. Cheap though it is, it is nevertheless capital, and soldiers in particular appreciate it on account of its value to campaigners.

This portable little torch switches on in a moment, giving an excellent light in spite of its smallness, and is useful to almost everybody at some time or another. At the moment, however, when lighting regulations are so stringent and gas or electric light may in case of an alarm be cut off in an instant, its use is enhanced tenfold.

The Ideal Luggage

Everybody knows either from hearsay or from sad experience the difficulty heavy inconvenient sized luggage is now-a-days. Realising this a firm of trunk makers are making a speciality of light easily carried suit cases, on purpose to meet the needs of the moment. As they are actual makers them-

selves and have to pay no middleman's profits their prices are most reasonable.

One of the best suit cases they are making for men is called the "Rack" suit case. This will go easily either on the rack of a railway carriage or underneath a seat. Though it is sold fitted with all the necessary toilet things, it is very light and can easily be carried, a boon to many men.

Ladies' Week End Cases are another feature. They cost from 36s. 6d., and are fitted with various drawn moirette pockets into which the users' own toilet fittings easily fit. This is certainly the cheapest way of owning a fitted suit case.

The New Sports Coat

The latest sports coats are made in Scotland, and are quite the best type of coat that has been seen for many a long day. They are made of Alpaca Yarn in the famous Scotch stitch. Alpaca Yarn wears astonishingly well, never pulling out or unravelling as the softer kinds of wool do.

These coats are in plain colours, in attractive stripes, and also in nearly all the recognised tartans. Being light and warm they are just the thing to wear in the house once days grow colder. Their producer must be congratulated.

A Way to Economise

Clever designing is written in every line of some ninon, chiffon and georgette coats to wear over an evening gown or tea

gown slip. They are delightfully pretty, and with their aid wonders can be wrought. Evening gowns which have passed their first youth take a new lease of life when allied to a coat of this description, while new home-dinner or tea frocks can be run up at a minimum of cost. The coats in themselves are so fascinating that all that is necessary is to buy one, some yards of satin or crêpe de Chine for a slip beneath, and a frock complete is promptly made with no trouble to anybody.

The firm responsible are making these coats in many designs at many prices. Most attractive coatees of georgette, in all colours, finished with a tinsel guimpe edge in silver or gold, and cut with long handkerchief points, are but 29s. 6d. More expensive but far from dear is a coat of sea blue ninon with a wide border of tinselled silver, and a model of silver and grey edged with becoming dark skunk awaits some lucky purchaser.

The coat sketched is of ninon cut on particularly graceful lines. Admirably introduced is a deep border of printed tinsel ninon, and many exquisite colourings are available.

The rise in boot leather seems likely to continue if all one hears is true, and the woman who already has an adequate supply of winter boots and shoes is wise in her generation. The booting of the new armies has made such a formidable demand upon leather that the available supplies have dwindled, and everybody should buy their footwear at once.

Simple French sailor hats only trimmed with a couple of huge hat-pins as ornament and fastening alike are particularly suitable just now. Plain though the hat is, infinite play can be made with the hat pins, and people already possessing beautiful pairs can use them in no better way. A hat of grey straw had two large disc hat pins of powder blue enamel and looked pretty enough for all sorts of occasions.



Ninon coats of a most alluring charm are being well liked for evening wear, helping many a dress of good service to perform yet more

LAND & WATER

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By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

The Old Poilu

The Marne : Verdun : The Somme



THE THRESHER

Outfitters by Appointment to His Majesty the King.



"THRESHER" MEANS TRENCH-COAT

The first "Thresher" set and sealed the standard in trench-coats. The original coat, supplied on recommendation by the British War Office to Officers Commanding Corps in the Winter Campaign of '14, the "Thresher" remains the model trench-coat of to-day—the most widely-imitated military garment of the War.

The first "Thresher" was designed by Chas. Glenny, of this house, in October, 1914. At present over 9,000 are being worn by officers of the British Army.

Great Coat, British Warm, Raincoat—all in one. Such is the "Thresher." Outer shell is hard-wearing waterproof khaki drill. Under this comes a protected oiled silk interlining—the one difficult, the other impossible, of wet-penetration.

Under this again is a sheepskin lining, for warmth in winter; absolutely wind and weatherproof. This is detachable, and may be interchanged with "Kamelcott" lining for autumn; naturally for summer and warm weather the coat is worn without lining.

THE TOP NOTE.

"No praise can be too high for the coat. . . . Keeps out the rain in this wet place. . . . Has about reached the top-note." Major, Sherwood Foresters, Feb. 18, 1916.

DRY IN FOUR-HOUR TROPICAL DOWNPOUR.

"Last night we had a tropical thunderstorm for over four hours, and your coat kept me quite dry."

Lt.-Col., Manchester Regt., May 23, 1916.

PRICES

Trench-Coat, unlined	£4. 14. 6
Trench-Coat, with detachable "Kamelcott" Lining	£6. 6. 0
i.e., Coat	£4. 14. 6
Lining	1. 11. 6
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i.e., Coat	£4. 14. 6
Lining	3. 13. 6

Trench-Coat, Cavalry type, Knee Flaps, and Saddle Gusset, 15/6 extra.

Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid delay enclose cheque when ordering. Payment refunded if coat not suitable.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1916

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INEXORABLE FACTS

HIS MAJESTY'S "Tanks" have surprised and disgusted the German Army; they moved forward slowly and persistently over the most broken ground and refused to be baulked by any obstacle. Now these unwieldy iron centipedes, in a way, symbolise facts. Captured Huns spoke of them as damnable machines, contrary to the ethics of war, and it seems to us that the German General Staff regards facts much in the same light. They appear to think that reality can be moulded to suit the political necessities of the hour, and truths can be twisted and distorted so as to render any position secure against public opinion, overlooking the inexorable march of events which, sooner or later, must render these efforts vain. This mental attitude is well illustrated by a sentence in the report of the war correspondent of the *Lokalanzeiger* on the Western Front, who in writing of the Somme advance observed: "We have no interest in the few miles of ground we have left in the enemy's hands."

This remark is so foolish on the face of it that it would not be worth repeating were it not typical of the falsehoods and misrepresentations with which Germany continues to poison the general mind of her own people, and so far as it is possible the general mind of neutral countries. We know that the German people are suffering from depression owing to the absence of military successes, and that there is also a feeling of uneasiness due to continuous heavy losses. In order to counteract such depression, as Colonel Feyler points out to-day, was possibly one reason why the Verdun offensive was initiated. The remedy was transient, in that it failed, and though failure was partially concealed for several weeks, still at the last facts proved too strong, and in the end the remedy only aggravated the disease. Throughout the world Verdun is to-day recognised to be as decisive a defeat for the German armies as was the battle of the Marne, and not all the oak-leaves in Germany can conceal it. For as we write, the report comes from Berlin that the Kaiser has bestowed on the Crown Prince the Oak Leaves which are the decoration *Pour le Mérite* "as an expression of thanks for what the army has achieved in the fighting before Verdun."

The same logic of falsehood is being pursued by German publicists, from the Kaiser downwards, in regard to the battle of the Somme. Orders are issued that positions must be held at all costs by German entrenched battalions; the positions are lost; then it is bruited abroad that the German army "has no interest in the few miles

of ground it has left in the enemy's hands." The inexorable fact of course is that neither side is fighting for territory; it is siege warfare, and the principle object the attrition of the enemy's armies. Division after division is thrown into the fighting line and withdrawn, crippled and exhausted, having totally failed in its primary object which was to hold up the Allied advance. The various processes through which a German division passes, from preparation for attack to attack, defeat, and withdrawal in order to renew efficiency, were graphically described by Mr. Belloc some weeks ago in his story of the Brandenburg Army Corps, an Army Corps which came into special prominence before Verdun. The same processes are in operation at the battle of the Somme. Ever since July 1st the progress of British and French troops has been steady and inexorable. Every forward movement has succeeded; the advance has been maintained and the losses inflicted upon the enemy both in men and material have been enormous. The Allies have suffered, but to a far less extent; but just as at Verdun the German General Staff flashed the lie round the world that France was being bled white, and it was only a matter of hours before Verdun would fall into their hands, because there were not men left to defend it, so now the story is beginning to be spread that the British losses have been so severe, their gains so slight, that it is only a matter of days before the offensive must stop.

We have put our hand to the plough, and we will not turn back. Why should we? We have counted the cost and are prepared to meet it. The Germany Army is not yet defeated. The victories of July, August and September must be continued, and we are strong enough to continue them, for the Allies' strength is on the upward curve while the enemy's strength descends. Contrast the position to-day with what it was a year ago or even three months ago, and it is obvious that with resolution and perseverance the end is assured. But we look for no miracles. The German Army is not yet defeated. That immense military machine, which has been so carefully and scientifically constructed and tested for forty years and more, will not crumble to pieces of a sudden. It has to be destroyed methodically by repeated hammer blows. But until it is destroyed there can be no certain peace for Europe. That is a fact never to be lost sight of for an instant. The decisive phase of the war only began with the offensive on the Somme, because until then no systematic attempt to smash Germany's war machine was possible, owing to several causes. But at last the Allies were ready and all that has happened since July gives most cheering encouragement for a successful accomplishment of the heavy task. Until the German war machine is shattered into pieces, the German nation, whatever may be their trials, wants or necessities, will endure them. It is idle to look for an internal revolution as long as that one god stands in which they have been taught from childhood to put their trust—the Armed Might of Germany. The work before the Allies is the annihilation of this Armed Might. There can be no other ending to the war, if victory is to be worth the heavy sacrifices we have already paid, to say nothing of those which we shall yet be called upon to pay.

These facts we have not only to recognise but to keep clearly and steadfastly before our minds. They are patent to our fighting-men on land and sea, for they realise definitely that their one duty is to destroy the fighting machine which enabled Germany for years to hold the peace of Europe in the hollow of her hand and to feed fat the ambition of world dominion, until she could choose the hour to let loose the horror of war. Leave that machine in existence, damaged may be, but not broken beyond repair, and the terrible work we are now engaged in will have to be done over again by our children. From this fact there is no escape.

The New Success on the Somme

By Hilaire Belloc

THE advance of the British force upon the Somme towards the end of last week which culminated upon Friday last, has naturally fixed the attention of the public in this country beyond any event elsewhere.

The appearance of a new tactical instrument, the heavy armoured cars, has added greatly to the interest of the news; the number of prisoners taken, over 4,000, and the very considerable belt of territory occupied—all these between them have given last week's operation between the Combes Valley and Thiépval the character of a decided and victorious blow. Its author has justly characterised it as the heaviest stroke yet delivered by the British army. It is impossible, without some measure of repetition, to insist again upon the features which an advance of this sort presents, but that repetition must be borne with because it is essential to our general comprehension of the war to appreciate the character of the offensive upon the Somme; and this week's news particularly lends itself to the illustration of certain separate points which determine that character.

In the first place let us contrast the mere territorial advance made by the Allied armies upon this sector in the course of two months and a half with the corresponding advance of the enemy upon the parallel sector of Verdun in five. This point is capable of graphic illustration. If we superimpose the effect of the Allied blows in mere occupation of ground upon the corresponding effect of the German blows before Verdun we get the following diagram:

The German Army at the beginning of its five months' effort stood in front of Verdun in a great concave arc which ran from Vauquois through Brabant on the Meuse, round by Ornes just East of Dieppe and so down to a point almost due east of Verdun and about seven to seven and a half miles away from the heart of that town. I have expressed that arc in the accompanying map 4 by the dotted line 1-1-1-1. The chord of that arc was some twenty-seven miles across. After about the same expenditure of time as that hitherto devoted to the Somme offensive this arc had taken the shape corresponding to the line 2-2-2, and the territory won by the enemy corresponded to the shaded belt upon Map I. In the second half of the time, the next two and a half months, his total gains gave him nothing more than the extra belt represented by the cross hatching between the line 2-2-2 and the line 3-3-3.

Now superimpose upon this the Allied-advance upon the Somme. It proceeds the other way because the Allies began from a convex line and instead of flattening the line gradually as the German offensive did at Verdun, the Allied advance on the Somme has increased the boldness of the curve. If we take the starting point of the Allied offensive, from in front of Thiépval to Maucourt beyond Lihons to the south of Chaulnes, to be represented by the line A-A, the total advance upon the same scale over the two and a half months alone is represented by something like the line B-B.

So much for the mere contrast in space.

But there is something far more significant, and that is the steadiness of the progression: Its constant potential.

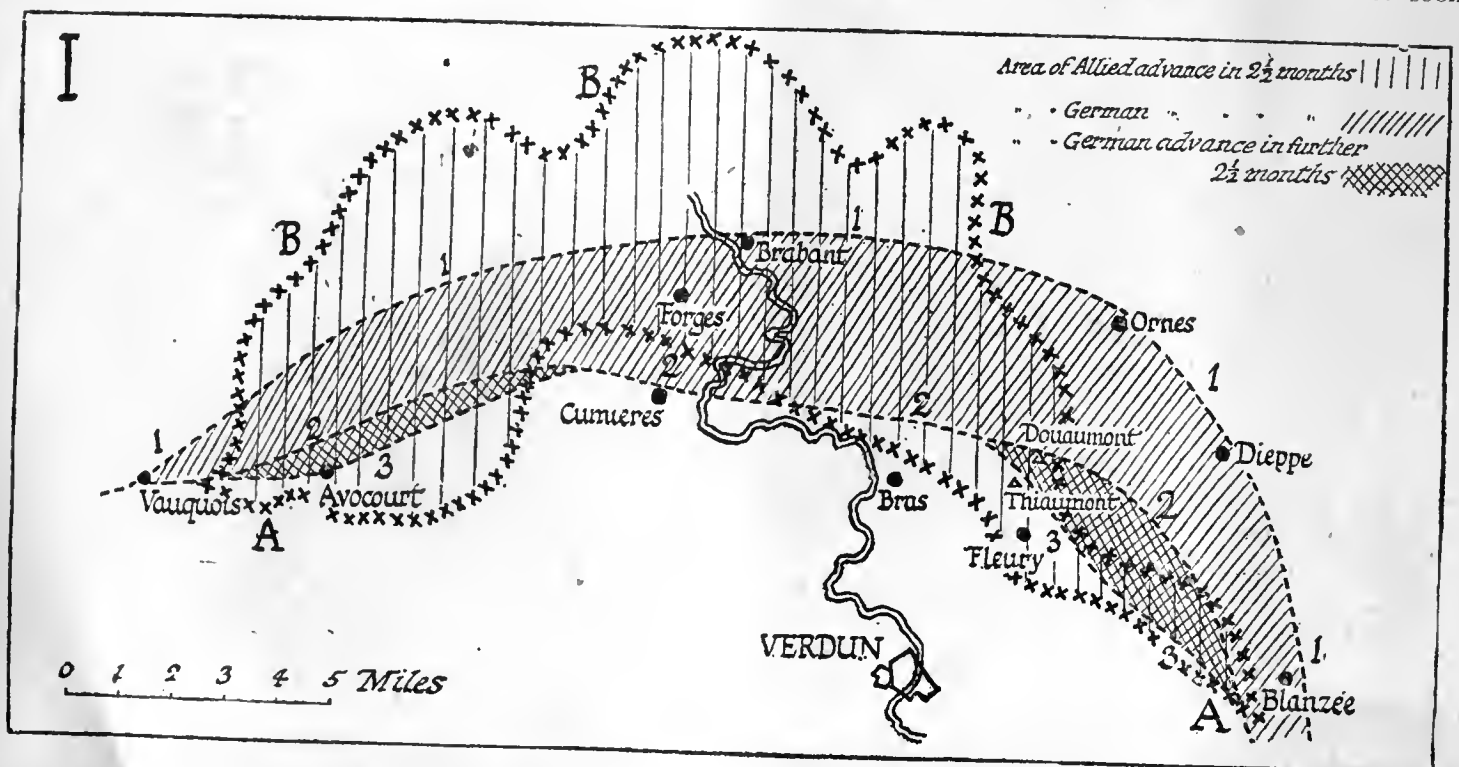
The great German offensive against Verdun was undertaken at a maximum potential, as it were, which rapidly declined. The notes of that decline were two: First, the general assault was succeeded by local assault, the fronts of each local assault getting less and less. Secondly, the belt of territory occupied in each successive wave grew less and less. There was a law of diminishing returns at work. An equal expenditure of effort did not, as time proceeded, produce an equal result, and all the last efforts spread over more than three months, failed to produce a general shifting of the line and only bit into it here and there. The enemy reached the Cote du Poivre, for instance, in the first week of the attack on February 27th. He is still there. He got into the ruined work of Douaumont upon the 26th of February. He is not a thousand yards in front of it to-day.

But the Allied offensive upon the Somme has step by step shifted the line as a whole, and further has at each general offensive had a success always comparable to the last, and lately superior to the last.

There is here a most significant contrast between the two operations that nobody should miss. The first may be compared to a more and more futile effort against a more and more resisting material, or to a rising tide which after the first flood, rapidly loses energy. The second may rather be compared to some normal operation in engineering or commerce in which each step is upon the same scale as those preceding it, and in which there is even a certain gathering of momentum as the effort proceeds.

The reason of the contrast is clear enough.

Verdun was undertaken when the enemy was still at the height of his power but knew that he must soon



decline and it was undertaken against enemies who might conceivably be broken if the attack should immediately succeed, but who were bound to rise in numbers and in munitionment superior to his own if it should fail. The Somme was undertaken against an enemy already declining and by Allies whose total strength in numbers would not wane for a long time and whose power of munitionment and equipment, especially in heavy artillery, was rapidly rising.

Take another point in contrast. The enemy's successive and decreasing belts of advance in front of Verdun were, after the rush of the first week, perpetually fluctuating. Thus they took and held the whole of Vaux village. Then for three weeks lost all the western half of it. Then, about a month later, carried it again. There was ten days of vacillation in the Crows Wood. The horn of Avocourt Wood was lost and re-taken by either side four successive times in six weeks. The work of Douaumont itself, quite on the edge of the first rush and corresponding, therefore, to Flaucourt or Estrees in the Somme offensive, was not permanently held by the enemy. It was re-taken by the French and then lost again. The same was true during no less than *three months* of the Caillette Wood beyond the hollow lane which leads from Douaumont down to Vaux. As for the Work of Thiaumont, it changed hands perhaps half a dozen times in more than as many weeks.

There has been nothing of this upon the Somme. Here and there very small points have fluctuated for a few days. The country house called "La Maissonette," for instance, above Peronne and dominating Biaches, was recaptured and held for, I think, 48 hours by the enemy, and portions of woods (but small portions) upon the British centre and right similarly changed hands in periods of a few days each. But the note of the whole offensive has been that when a forward move was attempted it succeeded, occupied its belt, and held what it occupied.

Here is another point of contrast which the figures we have recently read particularly emphasise. The enemy has been compelled to concentrate in less than half the time many more effectives on this sector than the French were compelled to concentrate in spite of their rapidity of rotation upon the Verdun sector.

The losses of the defensive (estimated only, it is true) form a striking contrast. Measured in time they are far more than double and nearly treble. The *rate* of wastage is on that scale.

Lastly, you have the two technical points, the superior accuracy of artillery work, and this last wholly novel and successful experiment of the heavily-armoured cars.

What would not have been said by those who are perpetually underlining the enemy's resource and perpetually belittling that of their own countrymen if a tactical revolution of this kind had proceeded from the plodding and imitative brain of the North German?

The Bulgarian Position

The Bulgarian position has been treated a little too much perhaps as a theatre of war independent and secondary.

If we examine the thing fully, we shall see that it is not independent at all, but closely connected with the general problem of the campaign, and indeed vital to the enemy's whole position. The Bulgarian operations are minor only in the sense that the number of divisions engaged is small compared with the grouping of forces elsewhere, though it would be very formidable in any other war; but in the sense that their success or failure will be of minor effect, the word would be most improperly used. The success or failure of the Bulgarian armies in the next few weeks will affect the character of the war for many months to come, and will particularly affect the *rate* of the enemy's defeat—surely a capital matter!

Why is this? Is it on account of two great factors which, generally apparent though they are, must be defined again here.

The first is the Dardanelles; the second is the war of movement.

If the Bulgarian commanders have miscalculated and permit the Allied forces to meet upon their territory, the

Quite as remarkable as, perhaps more remarkable than the novelty and originality of this new instrument of war, is the excellence of the discipline which has kept it secret during all these months. We have been deluged with admiration of the enemy's power of springing a surprise even when that surprise had been public talk all over Europe for months before it appeared. The puerile simplicity of embedding a heavy piece and firing a few shots at maximum range against an open town was cried up on the few occasions when the enemy wasted himself upon it as though it were something miraculous. Here, in the case of the armoured cars, is something in which many men were engaged and in respect to which many more had sufficient information. Not a word of it leaked out to the enemy, and when the instrument appeared it was like nothing of which they had themselves attempted a model or of which they could suspect the appearance. What have the German and Austrian factories done, and what have the German and Austrian organisation of secrecy done to equal such a feat as this?

There is the series of lessons which the last week has, it is to be hoped, taught even those most recalcitrant to good news, and to a reasonable pride in the power of civilisation against its opponents.

There are many other points that could be noted did space permit. For instance, the rapidity and exactitude of each clutch; the decline of the ratio of loss as the offensive proceeds, and the rise—so far as we can judge—of the ratio of loss upon the enemy's side. The curiously increasing proportion of officers captured unwounded to men. It would be at once ungenerous and unintelligent to interpret this last feature in the most obvious way and to say that surrender is coming more easily than it did from the commissioned ranks in the enemy's army. But whether it be due to a necessity for changed leadership in the front line or to the effect of artillery domination in forcing the enemy underground, or to whatever other cause, it is exceedingly significant. There is the growth and affirmation of superiority in air work, which has been the strongest visible example of the Allied superiority in general, and which is especially due to the British corps in particular.

It is one of the most astonishing, and at the same time, one of the most humiliating consequences of a bad political system that a triumph of this sort should have been misunderstood and actually denied at the very moment when the organisation of the Flying Corps was laying the foundation of our present success.

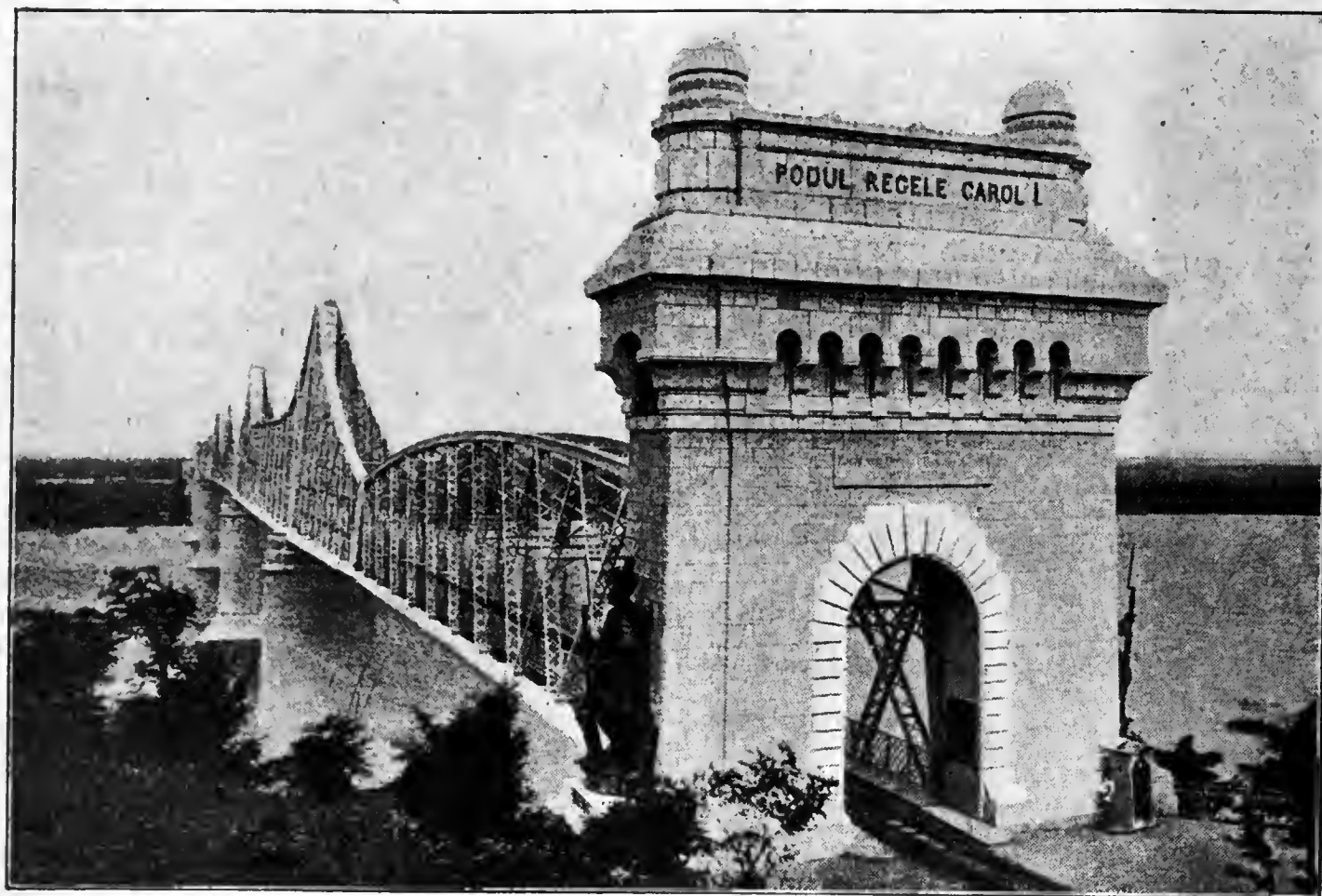
Lastly, not capable of exact measurement or definition but very appreciable to all the commands, French, British and enemy upon this memorable and perhaps decisive field, is what may be called "the curve of moral." It is perfectly clear that confidence and determination are rising upon the offensive side with progressive rapidity. It is equally clear that with less rapidity, but in a manner no less certain, those factors are failing upon the side of the defensive.

Turkish armies are isolated from the Central Powers. That means the Allied armies can seize the capital, Constantinople, and the Straits by land. We must not be misled by the analogy of three years ago. Three years ago no one had dreamt of such a thing as the existing development of an intensive bombardment, and no lines thrown across the Peninsula at the extremity of which Constantinople stands could hold, unless there was something like equal munitionment behind them to that possessed by their assailants.

But the munitionment of Turkey depends almost entirely upon the factories of the Austro-Hungarian and of the German Empires—so for that matter does the munitionment of Bulgaria. On this count, therefore, the defeat of the Bulgarian armies is vital to the campaign as a whole; for the moment the issue of the Black Sea is in the hands of the Allies, the economic position of Russia, and what is far more important, the power of rapidly and continuously munitioning and arming Russia will be changed enormously in our favour.

The second factor is the War of Movement.

A true war of movement is still impossible in the West and upon the Italian frontier, and now even upon the



The Cerna Voda Bridge.

[London News Agency.]

Eastern frontier from the Carpathians to the Baltic, because upon these enormous fronts the enemy is still able to maintain a sufficient number of effectives to compel siege conditions; and this state of affairs will last until his line breaks somewhere.

There was a moment in the early summer when it looked as though a true war of movement could be restored on the Eastern front through the destruction of the Austrian armies between the Roumanian frontier and the Pripet Marshes, but just enough forces were brought up to re-establish equilibrium for a time at least, though it is an equilibrium which the enemy knows to be very precarious, and which upon the southern part of the line is still violently debated in front of the critical point of Halicz. But if the Bulgarian armies are defeated, that is, if the Allies can effect a junction upon Bulgarian territory (for that is what the phrase really means), observe what follows: You have certainly added to the new front of 350 miles on the Roumanian border the whole front of the Austrian Danube and Save, very mountainous country, it is true, but not Alpine, and that addition of line would carry the stretching of the enemy's effectives past the breaking point. There is not the slightest doubt of that. A defeat of Bulgaria by the Allies before the close of the present season would restore the war of movement upon one sector of the great ring, and when such a war of movement begins, it will spread like fire in dry grass along the lines to the right and the left. Conversely, if Bulgaria maintains her position and can keep either opponent at arms' length to the north and to the south, the present position endures in the East for some months to come. The whole Bulgarian effort at this moment is of that nature. The Bulgarian commanders under their German commander-in-chief are occupied in keeping within bounds a threat from the north and a threat from the south.

The plan adopted is now quite clear. Of the original ten or twelve divisions drawn up to watch the mixed army of Sarrail, the greater part were left stretched out from in front of Monastir to the line of the Struma. The mission was given them of receiving the shock of the Allied offensive based on Salonika, and holding firm. For this purpose by much the greater part, of course, of the whole Bulgarian army was needed. But a considerable proportion was detached for the simultaneous

effort to be made in the north. This fragment was, just before Roumania made war, five divisions strong, of which four were the full Bulgarian divisions—50 per cent. larger than our own—and a 5th, a mixed division partly Bulgarian apparently and partly Austrian. In the first days of the war, or possibly just before war was declared, these five divisions had swelled to at least seven; Turkish troops were present and very probably another division had been withdrawn from the south. The talk about numerous German troops being added to the Bulgarian forces here is very doubtful. There are certainly a very large proportion of German and Austrian heavy pieces, for that is the arm upon which the enemy universally depends; his whole theory of action to advance now depends upon it. It is certain that there is a considerable proportion of German officers present, and we are told that the Higher Command here is now wholly German, but the great mass of the infantry which is doing the work is Bulgarian.

That work consists in clearing the Dobrudja and, as we have said at some length in these columns for the last two weeks, reaching the great Cerna Voda bridge. If they hold that bridge and compel its destruction by the retiring Roumanian army, all chance of the Allies meeting on Bulgarian soil is, for this season, at an end.

Had the Roumanians stood strongly upon the defensive along the passes of the Carpathians and used in conjunction with the Russians the unique opportunity which the Cerna Voda Bridge gives of turning the Danube obstacle, there might be a very different story to tell. For reasons of which, of course, we know nothing, but which no doubt were sufficient to convince the higher commands of the Allies, that course was not pursued. Perhaps three, perhaps four, Roumanian divisions at the most, some say only two—the evidence is very conflicting—were entrusted with the duty of holding the Dobrudja, that is, a perfectly open line 100 miles in extent. To these some unknown number of Russians were to be added with very difficult communications behind them: the sea, which has proved insufficient for full munitionment under modern conditions—unless one has quite exceptional tonnage at one's disposal and a very short passage—and a single railway broken in gauge upon the Russian front.

In other words, a numerically inferior force suffering further from inferiority in the calibre of its guns, their

number and their munitionment, had to meet the blow of the rapidly increased Bulgarian force under German command which was advancing against it.

We know what followed. The main part of the forces on the extreme south of Dobrudja against the Bulgarian frontier were shut up in Turtukai, cut off from the north and pressed back upon the river. How this happened, how such superior mobility was developed by the enemy we have not heard a word. But at least the equivalent of a Roumanian division disappeared and the forces of our Allies fell back northward. Silistra was abandoned and the next shock was taken upon a line about twenty miles down the Danube from that point.

The battle, which appears to have lasted about two days terminated in the retreat of the Roumanians and the Russians upon the evening of last Thursday the 14th.

We shall do well to appreciate what the Bulgarian plan was, or rather that of the German commanders and how the Russo-Roumanian counter-stroke failed to upset it.

There was no general attack in line. The mass of the Bulgarian army in dense grouping attacked exactly as Mackensen attacked before on a much larger scale in Galicia a year ago. It had for its artery of communication the road marked upon the accompanying Map II, with the letters A-A. There is no evidence of its having used the single line railway recently completed up the centre of the Dobrudja to Medjidia—presumably because the Roumanians and Russians as they retired had made it unsuitable for a rapid advance on the part of the enemy. When this "phalanx" (to use the rather theatrical term invented last year) struck the Roumanian army it was upon a comparatively narrow front at about the positions B-B upon Map II, and the battle was marked by the villages of Karuorman and Parachioi. That which might have checked Mackensen's operation was the presence far down on the sea coast to the south and up as far as Dobrich of some force, apparently mainly Russian, based upon the sea and of a size of which we have heard nothing. It proved insufficient to deflect the Bulgarian army in the north from its purpose. The blow was delivered along the sector B-B and resulted in the retirement of the whole Roumanian-Russian force to prepared lines farther back.

This success was described in Germany with the usual excessive rhetoric to which the German temperament lends itself. One ought not perhaps to exaggerate this;

telegraphic translation is not always accurate and it is possible that the German rendering of the telegram from the Dobrudja (which was given in our papers as "the destruction of our Ally's army") was less violent in its original phrasing. The word may rather have been "undoing"; but at any rate, the description was excessive and the Emperor's further wild telegram was simply ridiculous. The use of the word "decisive" for an operation of that kind would be monstrous even in a sensational halfpenny paper. Proceeding from the responsible head of a Government it is farcical.

The real decision, so far as the word can be applied to operations in this field, will come further north upon the prepared line to which our Allies have retired

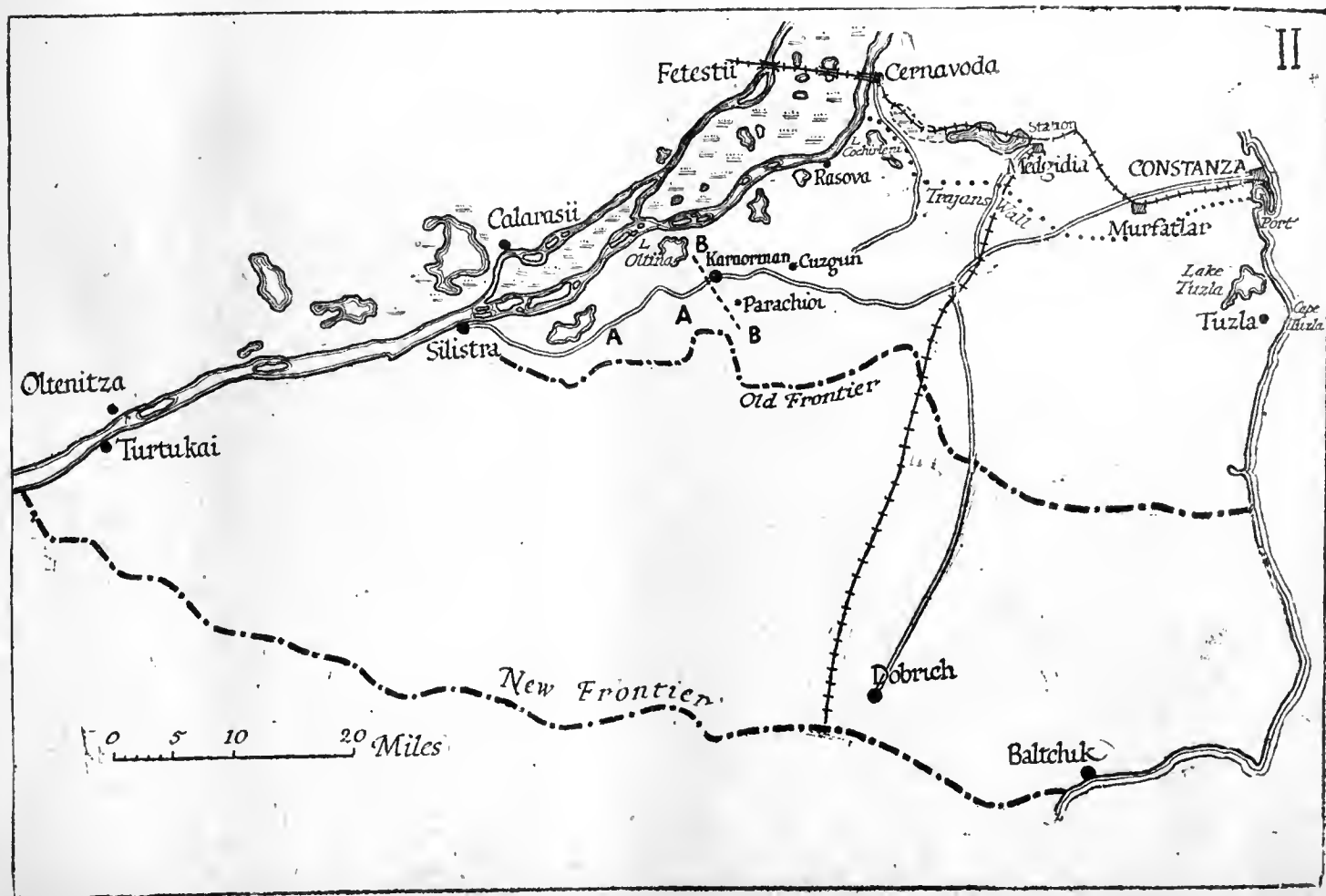
THE SALONIKA OFFENSIVE

Meanwhile, the offensive based upon Salonika is already beginning to produce considerable results. The plan is clear, and has already for some days been appreciated by the enemy.

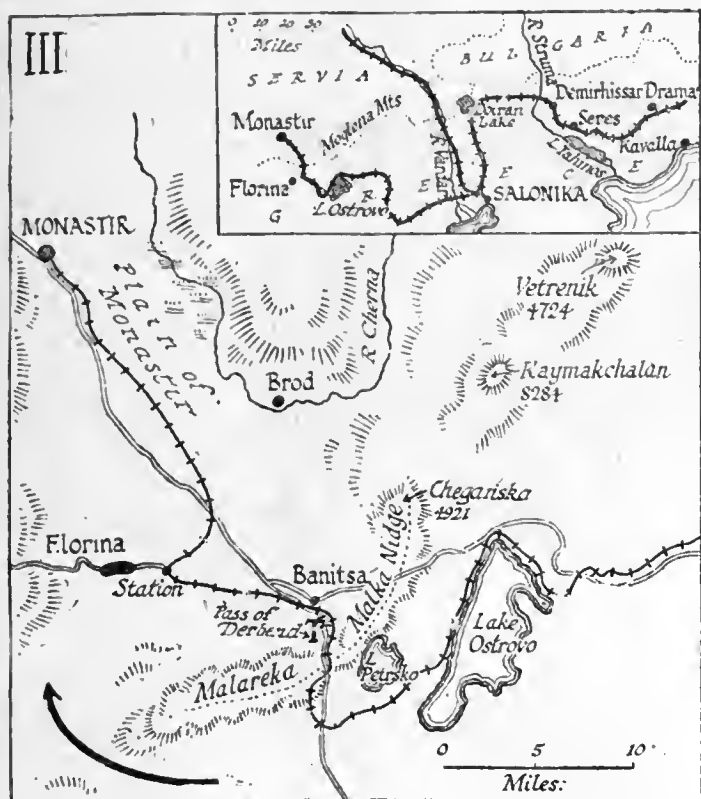
Politically Monastir represents the chief object of Bulgarian ambition. It is to occupy this town and to establish themselves firmly in this district more than for any other purpose that the Bulgarian Government decided to betray the cause of Europe. Were the Bulgarians to lose Monastir, the political effect upon their own people and upon all the Balkan regions, would be very considerable. Strategically, a successful action here would also have considerable results. Monastir is a road centre from which advance is possible towards the north. It is true that the mountain masses, the ruggedness and complexity of which affect all military action in this region, run to the north of Monastir, and that this town and its Plain orographically belong rather to Greece than to the Balkans. But a serious defeat in Monastir Plain, where there is room for considerable armies to act, would leave the defence of the mountain issues to the north much more difficult, for it would leave the enemy badly weakened. There is no other district upon the Salonika front where large forces can deploy with ease.

The advance upon Monastir has passed through the following phases.

At first when the Bulgarians planned their abortive offensive which failed from lack of numbers to cover so broad a front, the Serbian contingents, or rather outposts which had been placed here upon the extreme



west of the Allied line, fell back towards the two lakes Petrsko and Ostrovo. The heights to the north of the lakes were with difficulty maintained. The ridge to the west, the Malareka, which is continued after the Pass of Derbend in the Malka Nidje, was lost. This ridge averages rather more than 3,000 feet above the sea, and about half as much over the lake levels, falling to 2,000 odd feet at the Pass of Derbend and culminating in a flat topped peak of nearly 5,000 feet upon the mountain called Cheganska. In the second phase of the fighting, this ridge was carried by the Serbians mainly, but apparently with the help of French reinforcement, and meanwhile the weight of men on the Allied side upon this western wing was continually growing. The third phase of the operation was the advance of the Russians round the extreme western end of the positions much after the fashion of the arrow in the accompanying sketch Map III. The ridge was not only carried but turned, and the Allied army pursued down the easy slopes which fall upon the Plain of Monastir.



The first point of any importance upon that Plain is the town of Florina, with its station upon the railway, two or three miles to the east. The enemy, perpetually retreating towards Monastir, was driven out of Florina station last Monday by a French column, and there for the moment our news of the operations on this line ceases.

But there is further news of action in the same neighbourhood which shows that Florina may well prove to be not even the temporary halting point of the movement. Florina, as the map shows, is by road, rather less than 20 miles from Monastir, but the heads of the Allied columns just to the east are overlapping the Bulgarian defences more seriously still. A stand was made in the hilly country in the great bend of the Czerna, the centre of which is marked by the Bridge of Brod, well within Serbian territory as defined by the last resistance. The bridge was, of course, destroyed, but the Serbian troops here forded the river and broke the defensive line which that stream formed. Further to the east again, upon the frontier peak of Kaymakchalan, the Serbians forced the Bulgarians down the wooded slopes of the mountains towards the valley and maintained a similar success still further to the east upon the lower frontier peak of Vetrenik.

The characteristic of the whole movement at present is its rapidity and the inability of the enemy so far to check the pursuit. A good deal depends upon the condition of the little tunnel of Derbend marked T upon Map III, where the railway traverses the Pass. It is quite short, but if the enemy has been able to obstruct it that action will have an effect upon supply for some time to come. The culverts and short bridges can be repaired quickly, but the tunnel would be a longer matter. Meanwhile, two good roads aid supply, the one coming round

from the north, the other from the south of the lakes and converging upon the main Monastir road near Banitsa below the ridge upon the Plain.

The description of the operation as far as I can carry it in this article is necessarily imperfect, for it was still in active progress in the early afternoon of Monday, since which hour news has not been received upon the Tuesday which is the date of writing. It is possible that by the time these lines appear the Allied advance will be in the neighbourhood of Monastir.

* * * * *

I would beg my readers' leave to add to my article of this week a personal note to which I am compelled by a recent attack made against me in the London Press. There was published a few weeks ago a book from my pen by Messrs. Nelson and Sons, dealing with the Battle of the Marne. The book was praised in some quarters and adversely criticised in others. One criticism in particular was of peculiar violence and appeared in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*, the thesis of that article being that my view of the Battle of the Marne was erroneous on account of my ignorance of the dates governing the initial action of the Grand Couronne.

I owe it to myself and to my public in this very widely read journal to defend myself from the charges of inaccuracy upon any of the principal matters concerning the war or alternatively to admit such inaccuracy when it has occurred from my insufficient information. I owe the same duty to the public which reads my book work upon the war, and which is in part the same as the public which reads *LAND & WATER*. I therefore wrote to the Editor of the *Daily Chronicle* upon the same day as that upon which the article appeared, saying that all evidence upon the early part of the war was still exceedingly meagre and contradictory; that very possibly my theory of the Grand Couronne was erroneous and even my dates uncertain, and that I would be obliged if the reviewer would give the evidence in his possession, in which case I would at once mark the error in my book and admit it. The thing was of some importance not only to myself but to all those who are attempting to obtain a just judgment upon the greatest event in our history. That letter has remained unanswered from that day to this. No protest of mine has been admitted to the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*, and a further letter sent a week ago complaining of the delay was left unanswered. A daily paper is read by many thousands of people, and if it gives a false impression of a writer's work he is bound, although it is a personal matter, to defend himself by the best means available to him.

H. BELLOC

[It has again been necessary at the last moment to hold back, at the request of the Press Bureau, a considerable portion of Mr. Belloc's article dealing with the Bulgarian position. This interferes with the main argument—EDITOR]

The Poems of M. Cammaerts

Admirers of M. Emile Cammaerts' genius will hear with pleasure that a new volume of his poems is now published (*New Belgian Poems*, by Emile Cammaerts, English translation, by Tita Brand Cammaerts. John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.) There is deep pathos behind these lucid verses, which add greatly to their strength. There are some which one can hardly read without tears coming to the eyes. Heaven be thanked, recent events on the Somme have given a new ring to the poem entitled *Le Dernier Boche* from which we quote these two verses:—

Je songe au grand jour où ils nous quitteront,
Où, entre deux rangées de trembles ou de sapins,
Leurs canons et leurs fourgons
Rouleront vers le Rhin,
Où, par tous les chemins
Des Ardennes et des Flandres,
De la Meuse à l'Escaut, de l'Yser à la Dendre,
De la Meuse à la Lys,
Se traîneront leurs pieds meurtris.

Je rêve du grand jour où l'ennemi
Sortira du pays,
Tandis qu'une tempête de chansons et de cris,
De drapeaux et de fanfares,
Saluera de son joyeux tintamarre
Son départ!

Analogy of the Revolutionary Wars

By Hilaire Belloc

A CURIOUSLY exact contrast exists between the effort of the German Empire to-day, and the effort of the French Republic and Empire in the great wars of a century ago. Such historical parallels are not merely academic history; they have, when they are accurate, a highly practical value, for they enable us to judge the general nature of policies on which the national existence itself depends. They enable us to judge the trend and whole character of a war and to strike its curve.

Leaving out all question of motive and considering only the purely military side of the affair it is astonishing how contrasting and complementary one to the other are the two great military operations I have just mentioned.

The French Revolution set out single handed, and only after many years of war and the gradual appearance of success acquired dependents or Allies. Prussia in this war entered the arena at the head of an immense combination of the other German tribes of Magyars, and of dependent Slavs; outnumbering her chief military opponent, the French by almost exactly three to one; and gravely outnumbering, for many months, all that her opponents action could bring into the field.

Centralised Command

The French Revolution began with grave military disorder; gradually centralised its military government; ended with a complete centralisation. Prussia entered this war with a command as centralised as possible. It is only in quite the last stages that there has appeared the beginning of particularism: Jealousy on the food question between the various States; difficulty in using Hungarian troops on the West when Hungary was threatened; difficulty of using Slavs against Slavs; difficulty of using Bulgarians and Turks as parts of the general scheme.

The French Revolutionary effort began with a very patchy and for the most part very imperfect half amateur infantry; fairly good field artillery, and very bad cavalry. The Prussian effort began with inferior field artillery; infantry upon the whole better trained technically than its opponents; Cavalry, in comparison with its opponents, the best arm of all; I mean for the purposes to which that cavalry was put, for the covering of an advance and the obtaining of information.

The French Revolution began with a voluntary system of recruitment, which turned into a conscript, but was never universal and thorough for many years. The Prussian effort began with the conscript system in full development. It is true that the French were opponents who had developed an even more complete conscript system; but the Russians were not; the Italian system left a very large proportion uncalled; and the English system was wholly voluntary at the beginning of the war.

Again, the exaggerated or inflamed mood in which men misjudge opportunity and are guilty at once of heroism and of inhuman conduct was the characteristic of the early part of the war with the French Revolutionary Armies. With the Prussian system, allowing, of course, for another contrast about to be mentioned, it has been rather the other way. Prussia hesitated to use gas, for instance, for something like three-quarters of a year. It was a little later that she proceeded to the murder of unarmed passengers on merchant vessels; later still that she took to occasional murder of people, sometimes technically, always morally, innocent, who had fallen into her hands and, quite late in the business, that she took to enslaving the populations of occupied territories. All through the war there has been a gradual increase upon the Prussian side of acts opposed to the general conscience of Europe. On the whole we may say that during the Revolutionary Wars the process was the other way. For instance, the Royalist Emigrés taken prisoner were shot in the early part of the Revolutionary Wars on the plea that they were technically deserters. It was

an immoral act because they were not really anything of the kind. But after the victory of Fleurus in the second year of the war the practice was abandoned. It is true that the abuse of power appeared again under the Napoleonic régime in isolated instances. But the great shocks given to the European conscience during those wars were rather at the earlier than the later part. It is true that the Prussians at the very beginning of the war indulged in more than one orgy of cruelty, but the characteristic of their action has been the way in which acts of cruelty with less and less excuse have appeared upon their part as the war proceeded.

National Moral

Lastly, and I think most important of all, you have the contrast between the national attitude towards certitude. The French began the Revolutionary Wars in terror of defeat combined with a very unmilitary exaltation which—chiefly in the mouths of civilians and not of soldiers—rather irrationally, or at any rate mystically, foresaw ultimate victory.

With the Prussians in this war it has been just the other way. They entered the war humanly certain of winning upon a deliberate calculation. It was after the war had gone on for some time and when their position had become more and more imperilled, that they passed into that contradictory state of a rational fear of defeat, and an irrational exaltation, mystically foreseeing victory in spite of facts. And all the material changes of the war support such a contrast. The French resources in the Revolution were terribly strained at the beginning; they were ample in the middle of the effort and on right up to the enormous blunder of the Russian War in 1812. Prussian resources, in comparison with their enemy's, both in food and in munitionment and in men, were greatest at the beginning, and have failed in progressive ratio as the war developed.

I would not lay too much stress upon this historical lesson, but I think it has its value. If Prussia began with a contempt for national feeling while Revolutionary France ended with that contempt, to her own great hurt, it is another example of the same great thing, and we may perhaps conclude that the two curves will show a corresponding contrast in the last stages of this great campaign: The slow rise of the French successes: Their ultimate enormous height—their rapid decline—make a curve which may be compared to a wave curve, slow in its increase, sharp in its escarpment and fall. It would not be surprising if the story of this great campaign showed a curve very nearly the complement of this. There was certainly an immense military effort at the start; a period where the curve was almost flat, though still with occasional rising curves during 1915; in 1916 the beginning of a slow decline. And, though probably the very last phases of the struggle will show a short steep fall in this curve, it will only be after the work has been done and when everybody can see that the defeat of the enemy is inevitable and approaching.

The end cannot be any such cataclysm as was silently approached in 1812, for the defeat of the enemy is already fairly plain to-day, while the defeat of Napoleon was not clear after the retreat from Moscow. The best observers could only just discern it coming after Leipsic. General opinion only saw it in 1814 and even then was subject to a sharp revision of judgment in the Hundred Days.

One might conclude by insisting upon yet another point in that connection. There can be no Hundred Days in this War.

Messrs. Heinemann have just published a translation of Marc Gouvieux's story of the "war of 1920," under the title *With Wings Outspread* (5s. net.) Obviously written before the outbreak of the present war, this work anticipated realities in uncannily real fashion, though, of course, none of the invasion of France by Germans is included. It is a good picture of modern war from the point of view of the aviator.

Captain Sims' Critique

By Arthur Pollen

I DEALT last week with one of three reasons why it seemed that Captain Sims was mistaken in saying that as our general command of the sea was complete enough for our purposes so long as the German fleet was contained, there was no need for the British fleet to have attempted to force a decisive action with the Germans on the 31st May. My first reason for thinking him wrong was that the German fleet came out obviously to raise German prestige and hence to improve the *moral* of the nation. It was clearly a military object of the highest importance to us to turn their adventure into defeat, because by so doing we should depress German courage and resolution more than the High Seas Fleet had ever hoped to raise it. But a real and final destruction of the German fleet would have made certain further naval operations feasible which must have been of a still more direct military importance. And there would have followed, both from the defeat and from the operation that it made feasible, economic results the value of which are quite incalculable. Let us deal with the naval operations first.

One of the things that more than anything else has puzzled lay students of the naval side of the war, is the precise reason why British warships cannot enter the Sound nor German warships the Channel. They know generally that narrow waters can be mined and clearly lend themselves to effective defence by submarines and destroyers. But they also know that mines are not an absolute bar to the progress of a fleet, for the simple reason that they can be removed; and that a fleet, adequately protected by light craft, can face torpedo attack, whether from the surface or from below, with a reasonable chance of protecting itself altogether. Why then, they ask, should we regard the Sound and the Germans the Channel as waters that cannot be entered? The answer is, that the best defence that a fleet has against torpedo attack is its speed. Capital ships cannot hang about where destroyers can attack them from under cover of the land or submarines from the unseen depths. If, then, a mine field has to be removed, which can only be done by sweeping, and even with the best appliances is not a very rapid process, the craft engaged in it must be on the spot, and finish their work before the capital ships come upon the scene to use the channel which they make. How are these craft to be protected? If they are only covered by light cruisers, the heavier ships of the enemy will come down and drive them in and then have the mine sweepers at their mercy. Their own capital ships cannot come to the rescue, except—ex-hypothesis—to fight in very disadvantageous circumstances. Thus the function of mine fields and torpedo-craft disposed for the blocking of narrow waters is not primarily the creation of an *impassable* physical barrier, but the establishment of an obstacle that can only be removed by a lengthy process, during which the craft engaged in it must be supported by the strongest possible naval force. They cannot be thwarted or the barrier removed without the main fleet being involved. If this is a correct analysis, the removal of the enemy's main fleets alters the problem altogether. If there were no German battleships nor battle cruisers, a passage into the Baltic could be forced and a fleet sent in adequately protected against underwater attack. The first result, then, of the total destruction of the German fleet would be that a junction between the British and Russian navies would be feasible. What would be its military value?

Invasion from the Sea

The left of the German line in Russia rests on the Gulf of Riga, which is 100 miles east and about 100 miles north of Memel. There is, therefore, in the rear of the Germans over 200 miles of the coast of Courland open to invasion. If the Baltic were opened, if there was no German battle fleet to interfere with the operations,

transports could be loaded with men, guns, and horses at Reval and Kronstadt, and a force landed north or south of Liban. It would compel the withdrawal of the whole German line, and such a withdrawal might easily be decisive. There is no lack of men in Russia, probably no lack of shipping in Russian ports. With the Sound open, the provision of the requisite shipping would present no difficulties anyway. The point need not be argued in detail, for it is clear that if the Allied control of the Baltic were absolute, as it would be if the High Seas Fleet were destroyed, there would not only be 200 miles of the Russian Courland coast open to invasion, but the best part of 500 miles of German coast as well.

When Sir Ian Hamilton's forces landed in Gallipoli, in the face of the most scientific defences conceivable, there was not wanting those who said that this was a final proof that England would be successfully invaded by Germany. But they omitted from their calculation the governing condition at Gallipoli. It was, of course, that the invading force possessed an absolute command of the sea. But they were probably right in interpreting the event to mean that if defences are military only, they cannot suffice to prevent a properly supported landing any more than the best trenches can resist penetration, if the right kind of force in adequate quantity is brought against them. And at Gallipoli the landing was attempted at a very limited number of points, and those made as impregnable as the engineering and artillery skill of the enemy could make them. Any such preparations would be impossible over the *whole* of the many hundred miles of Germany's Baltic coast. The first, therefore, and the most obvious of the military advantages that the *complete* destruction of the German fleet would make possible, would be an Anglo-Russian invasion from the Baltic.

But, just as mine fields, torpedo defences and so forth, cannot be overcome except by the ultimate backing of overwhelming naval force, so, conversely, if there is no very formidable naval force at the disposal of the enemy, minefields and barriers can be pushed into his own immediate neighbourhood. In other words, instead of maintaining, as we now do, a long-range blockade of Germany, we could, if no German fleet existed, establish a short range blockade. Instead of mining them *out* of the Channel, we could mine the Germans *into* their own harbours. Instead of netting their submarines out of our waters, we could net and blockade them into their own. We cannot do so now because the establishment of barriers of this kind is the work of small craft, because it takes time, and because it has to be done by ships, either largely stationary or moving very slowly. It has to be done by ships that cannot protect themselves while they are doing it. But if there was no fear of their being attacked by very formidable units, the problem of protecting them would be reduced to very simple proportions indeed. There would thus follow, from the final and complete destruction of the German battle fleet, the possibility of relieving British and Allied shipping from the formidable toll which the German submarines take. And that this toll is, in spite of American protests and of German promises, both intrinsically heavy and taken without the least scruple as to safeguarding the lives of passengers and crew, is unfortunately still the most disconcerting feature of the naval position. To be almost altogether quit of it, would then, be an enormous relief to the whole Allied undertaking, which, it must never be forgotten, rests solely on the sea service that British naval supremacy guarantees.

Economic Worth of Complete Sea Victory

But this again does not exhaust the case, for, for nearly two years now, the whole resources of the British ship-building industry, together with a large proportion of the steel makers' capacity, has been devoted—and quite necessarily devoted—to building battleships, battle

cruisers, fast light cruisers, destroyers, patrol boats, and auxiliaries, for the Royal Navy. The total ship-building capacity of the country has in past years shown itself to be equal to producing a million and a quarter tons of merchant shipping and over a quarter of a million tons of war shipping per annum. At war pressure, if the navy had no requirements at all, it could probably produce something between 180,000 and 200,000 tons of merchant shipping per month. It is only the continued existence of the High Seas Fleet, and the continued liberty of the German submarines, that makes it necessary for the Tyne and the Clyde to work almost exclusively for the Royal Navy. If the High Seas Fleet were sunk and the submarines restrained, the merchant ship losses both of the Allies and of the neutrals, could be made good by British builders in less than a year.

The reader may think that I am disputing Captain Sims' criticism with quite unnecessary particularity. The gallant captain, as we saw last week, had this criticism forced from him, not as a considered judgment on British strategy, but as incidental to his defence of the type of ship that he wanted Congress to include in the naval programme. But I have pursued the subject for this reason. This chance observation of Captain Sims illustrates better than anything I can remember the astonishing difference between the point of view of those who only talk and reason about war, and of those who are faced by its realities. It was our own fate before the war to have our naval policy limited by civilian comprehension of our necessities. Such naval officers as were consulted had to limit their arguments to the considerations politicians would understand. Is Captain Sims' report evidence that America is still in the same condition?

Frankly, I find it impossible to believe that Captain Sims, had he been addressing a professional audience, would have used these arguments. For had he given any weight to the very obvious considerations which I have set out above, so far from saying that Sir David Beatty was not justified in risking the Battle Cruiser Fleet to bring on a decisive action—the charge is, as we have seen, quite unfounded, but let that pass for the moment—he would, I think, have gone with me in saying that, could the destruction of the whole Battle Cruiser Fleet have *ensured* the total destruction of the German navy, it would have been Sir David Beatty's obvious duty to take the risk. And I am borne out in thinking this by one of Captain Sims' own phrases. "When for any reason," he writes "they (battle cruisers) are deliberately put against battleships, they must expect to suffer in proportion to the relatively small number of their guns and the relative lightness of their armour. It is the same with all other types of vessels. If in this battle it had been considered necessary to launch *flotillas of unsupported destroyers against the enemy's battleships in daylight*, and half of them had been destroyed, there would doubtless have been some arguments in opposition to building any more destroyers—and *these arguments would have been precisely as sound as the popular arguments* now current as a result of the sinking of the three British battle cruisers." Here, it seems to me, speaks the real sailor. Because, in this very Battle of Jutland, destroyers were launched, unsupported and against battleships, in broad daylight, and it was done by both sides again and again, a certain number of destroyers were lost. But no one squealed about the "rash impetuosity" of those who risked unarmoured destroyers against big guns, a single shot of which could blast them into scrap iron. And the result has not been made the occasion for decrying the building of destroyers, but an excuse for building more!

In the end, then, I find myself in exact agreement with Captain Sims. Destroyers—like all other forms of warships—have to be risked at times in unsupported attacks on vessels vastly more powerful than themselves. And when this occurs, such ships must at times be lost. We must not forget, however, that this is their destiny. And whether it is the two-and-a-half million pound battle cruiser, or the destroyer that represents less than a tenth of its value, the principle is the same.

Battle Honours

At the end of last week was published, three and a half months after the action was fought, Admiral Jellicoe's second despatch, containing the

Mr. Raymond Asquith

THE Prime Minister, who has stood forth as the true representative of the nation from the hour when Germany rejected honour and trampled honesty and good faith underfoot, has now had to make that great personal sacrifice which so many have been called upon to pay. The sympathy of the whole Empire will be with Mr. Asquith in his sorrow. He has never flinched from the heaviest burden of his high office through all these critical months, and grief will only strengthen his resolution and add new courage to a nature that has proved itself in different circumstances singularly courageous.

The nation also feels that in the death of Mr. Raymond Asquith, it has lost one of its most distinguished sons—a man singularly endowed by nature with uncommon gifts. He had abilities which carried everything before him at Winchester and Oxford. The academic honours which had covered his father's early years with distinction were his also, but won with apparently less effort and in shorter time. And at the Bar he at once established a firm place for himself, proving that a clever father is not necessarily a clever son's worst obstacle, as is so often said. He had not entered the political arena, but anticipated doing so just when the war began. Then he never hesitated where his duty lay; he applied at once for a commission; and from the Queen's Westminsters was transferred to the Grenadier Guards; he fell mortally wounded leading his men into action, leaving a young widow and three children.

The life and death of Lieutenant Raymond Asquith has that imperishable glory which only noble character can give. Here was a man who, so far as the world was concerned, could have done his duty as a soldier just as fully and easily in a Staff appointment as in the firing line; he had only to ask for a safe job and it would have been found him; and he could have excused his action to his own conscience by pleading his exceptional abilities which could be so profitably utilised after the war. But that was not the man. Of finely-tempered steel right through, he judged himself as he would have judged others; he refused to take lesser risks than his own men, or to use one of his many advantages to shield himself from danger. He has fallen, but we believe his name will endure, and that he will stand forth for all time as a representative of those noble sons of the British Empire—men who with everything to make life pleasant and easy, cast all on one side, chose their simple duty, and gave their lives freely in the execution of that duty. By his death Lieutenant Asquith consecrated a life of undimmed splendour to the highest service of his race.

THE EDITOR.

names of officers "mentioned" for honours, commendation and promotion. One hundred and six are recommended for honours and ninety-eight have received them. The Commander in Chief, very appropriately, has been included by the King in the Order of Merit. Sir David Beatty is promoted one step in the Bath, so that he now is G.C.B. Admiral Burney, whose Flagship was torpedoed, receives a similar promotion in the Michael and George. Rear-Admirals Sir Evan Thomas and Pakenham receive the K.C.B., Vice-Admirals Sturdee, Jerram and Madden, the K.C.M.G. Thirty-three C.B.'s have been bestowed, of which twenty go to the Grand Fleet, and thirteen to the Battle Cruiser Fleet, the Light Cruisers and Destroyers attached thereto. Two C.M.G.'s also go to the latter force, and forty-two D.S.O.'s and thirteen D.S.C.'s are given, mostly to Sir David Beatty's command—which after all saw most of the fighting. But first, perhaps in order of interest, are the three Victoria Crosses, to Commander Bingham, who is a prisoner of war in Germany, and to Major Francis Harvey, R.M.L.I., and to the boy Cornwell, both of whom died in action. The Petty officers and men get

thirteen Conspicuous Gallantry Medals, and a very considerable number of D.S.M.'s and commendations. The officers' honours list is supplemented by two others, one of officers commended, which is a long one—one hundred and sixty-four—and another of those put forward for immediate or early promotion. The promotion list was published many weeks ago.

One or two comments seem to be in place. First, this honours' list must not be looked upon as a simple reflection of the authorities' appraisal of the merits of those actually engaged in fighting on the 31st May and on the following night. The occasion of distributing honours has been largely used—and no doubt quite rightly—for the recognition of services rendered in the long period of vigilant preparation that preceded the action. That this is so appears very clearly from the text of the despatch. For example, Sir John Jellicoe in recommending a list of Flag Officers for honours, says of Rear Admirals Napier and Goodenough and Commodore Alexander Sinclair, that they *would* have been recommended for an honour for their actions on the 31st May, had they not so recently received the C.B. It is quite clear then that in each case the merits of every officer's whole term of service during the war have been considered, and that in some instances the battle is more the occasion than the direct cause of a decoration being bestowed. Secondly, and bearing the preceding principle in mind, it is to be remembered that this is not the *final* appraisal of service. There may be either another great fleet action, or failing that, more than one partial action, before the Central Empires are forced to unconditional surrender. Reputations are, then, still in the making, and it is not till the story of the war is closed that final adjustments can be made. It is probably these two considerations that have limited

the admissions to and promotions in the two orders of knighthood to forty-three, the total honours to officers to less than one hundred; and have led to many, whose gallantry and achievements in conditions of the greatest danger are notorious, being left with no further reward than commendation. Not everyone who deserved distinction and mention could receive it; and if there are many disappointments, as there must be, the best consolation is, after all, that there are so many. If courage in facing death is a title to an honour, which of the destroyer or light cruiser officers can be excluded? All that can be done is to reward representatives. And this has been done.

In one way it is the representative character of the list that is its chief interest. Thus from amongst the very youngest of all those engaged, we find the hero Cornwell ennobled to the end of time by the highest honour a fighting man can win, and at the other end of the scale a chaplain wins the Distinguished Service Cross, he being by some months the oldest man in either of the Fleets, save the Commander-in-Chief and a couple of Senior Vice-Admirals. The gap of forty years between them is covered by medals, commendations, promotions, Companionships and Knighthoods to members of every rating, and officers of every rank. Admirals, Captains, Commanders and Lieutenants, either as Officers in Command or in charge of the most responsible activities of the ship, quite naturally win distinctions and rewards, but it is interesting to note that engineer officers, a carpenter, a flight lieutenant, nine surgeons, three officers of marines, paymasters, assistant paymasters, all receive decorations. And the officers commended include in addition to these ratings and ranks, chaplains, sub-lieutenants, midshipmen, chief gunners, gunners and gun artificers. ARTHUR POLLEX

Another Verdun Theory

By Colonel Feyler

VARIOUS reasons have been given for the German assumption of the offensive before Verdun. One theory which, although not the only suggestion made, must have had great weight with the German Staff when this offensive was decided upon, has been expounded by a French Officer, Lieut. Louis Madelin (not unknown as an historian), in a recent pamphlet entitled "*L'Aveu-La Bataille de Verdun et l'opinion allemande*." His contention is that Germany's interior conditions forced her to make this offensive and that the battle of Verdun was less an act of strategy than a manoeuvre of home politics, an attempt to obviate the growing dissatisfaction of a people tired of suffering and ready to leave its leaders in the lurch.

The author of this brochure gleans his evidence exclusively from German documents—letters taken from prisoners, letters of soldiers and officers at and behind the front, and letters from parents and friends addressed to soldiers at the front. He is at pains to explain that the examples given in his work are quite a small proportion of those actually available, and that in order to obtain a correct view of the facts these examples must be multiplied by thousands and tens of thousands. He further points out that they must logically be looked upon as only a very moderate expression of the sentiments of their authors to whom general circumstances, and particularly the German censorship, deny full liberty of expression, notwithstanding the letters are very often quite outspoken and would lead one to believe that the censorship is not as strict as it might be, or perhaps that individual employees of the censor are personally not hostile to the diffusion of such opinions.

The first series of documents concern the weeks preceding the battle, and they are published in order to establish a state of affairs in the interior of the Empire which led to the necessity of the Great Offensive, thus justifying the proclamation issued on February the 14th by the Crown Prince to his troops, starting in the following manner: "*Ich, Wilhelm, sehe das deutsche Vaterland gezwungen zur offensive überzugehen*." (Literally "*I William, see the German Fatherland forced to proceed to the offensive*").

Already at Christmas a spirit of doubt and even of dis-

content seems to have been more widespread in Germany than the papers would have us believe. Note for instance a letter addressed by a father at Leipzig to his son expressing the opinion: "As far as we can judge things are always getting worse for us, and we can do nothing but starve, and wait until it may please the criminals to make peace." Similar complaints come from all parts. At Oberschoenweide for instance a policeman, who attempted to make a calming and patriotic speech in the presence of a crowd which was pillaging shops, was so badly beaten that he had to be removed on a stretcher; at Charlottenburg women started smashing windows, crying that they wanted food and their husbands; at Geestemünde a butter merchant had his shop front smashed up by rioters; at Hamburg where "business is getting more and more difficult. At an age when one's strength begins to give out, it is worse than death to lose all that one has spent a life of hard work in order to build up."

So much for the civilians. Soldiers, however, are not all heroes, for suffering and doubt are sometimes harder to bear than the fire of the enemy. "Food is getting worse and worse, fit to sicken one," writes a soldier from a garrison in the interior to a friend at Königsberg. A young woman of Weillburg in Prussia writes to her husband: "Surely you have not arrived at the point of contemplating suicide. . . . It is true that the treatment you receive is cruel and brutal and unworthy of a man. Let your officers do what they like, however scandalous it may be, since you cannot change their conduct." Later in the same letter: "I hear from eye witnesses that German officers have committed pillage in Poland like ordinary thieves. . . . When you are in the trenches, I implore you, dear Willy, not to expose yourself uselessly; try and kill from a safe place just like the others do."

A letter from Cologne dated December 29th, 1915: "You tell me not to believe what the papers write. Do you think we imagine there is much enthusiasm at the front? A year ago we might have thought so, but now . . ." The enthusiasm at the front certainly had diminished if we judge by a letter written on January 4th by a soldier in the Argonne: "I passed the Christmas

holidays in the front line with eight chums; we were four days without food or drink, buried in the ruined trenches. We were up to our chests in mud and water and had to be dug out by pioneers . . . You can imagine, my dear brother, how thin I am after those terrible marches in Serbia and the miserable conditions in which we are now living in the trenches."

Thousands of letters bear witness to this state of mind. "God grant that the war finish soon," writes an inhabitant of Cassel, "otherwise there will be disorder again as in 1848." "Sad things will soon be seen in Germany," writes another. "Will the war continue until all the young people have been killed? Everybody here is very sick at the duration of the war."

The taking of Verdun was intended to set a term to this chorus of doubt and recrimination. One of the most striking phenomena of the war has been the extraordinary ductility of German public opinion. Like a well-trained orchestra, the public has not failed to follow closely the conductor's baton. Spontaneously, starting with similar hopes and similar illusions, the people have accepted the opinions of their leaders with a readiness almost amounting to blindness. A few days before the attack orders were issued to the troops by the Crown Prince, stating amongst other things, that "the trench warfare has lasted long enough and the campaign must now be brought to an end by a great offensive; I therefore order the fortress of Verdun to be attacked." At this waving of the magic wand the whole of Germany took up the refrain and the thousand voices of the Press proclaimed to the world that Verdun was going to be taken and that peace was imminent.

The offensive began on February 21st, and on that same day a soldier wrote to his mother: "The artillery has now been firing for eight hours with the biggest guns and with howitzers of 48, 38, and 30 centimetres. We are beginning a struggle the like of which the world has never seen. Our officers have told us that our Fatherland and our dear families expect great things of us." "If this is successful," says another letter, "peace will soon come, for the enemy will realise that he cannot get the better of us." In many instances, however, scepticism was stronger than the fire of enthusiasm, and, as an examination of M. Madelin's instances will show, as much at the front as at home. As the battle was prolonged, so scepticism gained ground, sometimes becoming transformed into discouragement and even despair. Very soon this feeling spread to the civilians, and a new chorus of disenchantment was heard in the land.

"You advance no longer," wrote on March 6th, a citizen of Strassdor. "The French and the British

are evidently defending themselves to their last gasp." This is also the opinion of a citizen of Ittlingen who grows sarcastic: "You would evidently be on the high road to Paris by now if the French were not in the way!" The realisation of the difficulties encountered began to make the public more sensitive to losses, and we see in numberless instances of opinion that "It is high time to put an end to this terrible slaughter." The economic pinch became again prominent and soldiers complained often of being fed on jam. "We are making war on jam." Wives write to persuade their husbands to desert; others preach revolution. "Of those who started the war, none dies!"

Belief in the taking of Verdun declines and a shortage of men becomes noticeable. A letter from Wiebelsbach says "Young men of 18 have had to draw lots for service . . . things will go on until there are no men left at all." From Wiesbaden: "Young men of 18 are already incorporated; those of 17 have already had to register." From Kl. Ringe (Westphalia): "The lists are being revised and new men being called up!" From Stammham (Bavaria): "You ask if there are any young men left here, unfortunately the 18-year-olds were called up on April 4th, no one is left except the very young or old ones like me." From Hamburg: "All class 1916 is now going to the front; last Saturday more than 4,000 men went; class 1917 are going to-morrow (April 20th); they ought to be given toys to play with instead of fire-arms; even my cousin from Charlottenburg who is literally only a shadow of a man, has had to go. . . ."

Everywhere the impression grows that Verdun cannot be taken with these sort of reserves, and more than one citizen begins to deal out the advice which the young woman above-mentioned gave to her husband. "Lay down your arms." Lt. A. of the 172nd regiment at Offenburg, sums up the situation as follows: "The mass of the public is getting more and more indifferent towards the war and is much more concerned with economic troubles."

Here we may end this study. It shows but one side of the Verdun question, but it is a characteristic side. Viewed in this light the battle appears as a short halt on the downward path towards public demoralisation, a brief flash of rosy illusion between two stages of doubt and discouragement. How far victory could have stopped the growing tide of discontent we cannot tell; but renewed enthusiasm will not replace the armies' losses and many victories must be gained to wipe out their memory. Should these victories fail it will be difficult for the Government to give back to the people that confidence which is surely slipping away.

"Sharks of the Air"

By Lewis R. Freeman

MY first, and incidentally my nearest, glimpse of a raiding Zeppelin was from a yacht on the Norfolk Broads a little over a year ago. We had sailed and poled along a river and canal during the day, and at evening had moored against the bank at a little village but a mile or two from the North Sea. The morning papers contained an official bulletin telling of an air raid on the "Eastern Counties," and later in the day a farmer told us that a place to the south-east had been bombed. A second raid in that vicinity seemed, therefore, anything but likely.

The afternoon closed in one of those characteristic butterfly chases of sunshine and showers so familiar to the August voyageur on the "Broads."

It was a good two hours afterwards that a strange new sound became audible, first distantly, in the puffs of the quickening night breeze, soon more imminent and with steady insistence. It was apparently the booming explosions of powerful gas engines, and presently blending with this, could be distinguished a buzzing clackity-clack that suggested whirring propellers.

"Another aeroplane," suggested one. "A fleet of aeroplanes," hazarded another; "A dirigible thrashing-machine," opined a third; and, judging by the now almost overpowering rush of sound, the latter was the nearest to the truth.

The whole universe seemed to have resolved itself into one mighty roar, and I distinctly recall that the

mainsail halyard by which I steadied myself vibrated to the beat of the pulsating grind from above. For a moment—sensing rather than seeing—I was aware of a great black bulk blotting out the stars above the river, and then, stabbing the darkness like a flaming sword, the yellow flash of a searchlight leapt forth from the dusky void, and ran in swift zigzags back and forth across the marshes and canals beneath. Now a herd of cows could be seen staggering dazedly to their feet, now the startled bridge players on the deck of the house-boat moored above were revealed, and now our own eyes blinked blindly in the yellow glare before the questing shaft darted on down the river to spot-light an eel-fisher's shanty on the dyke and the gaunt frame of a towering windmill beyond.

Now it found the sharp right-angling bend of the river, quivered there for a second or two and then flashed out, leaving a blanker blackness behind. At almost the same instant the "Thing of Terror"—a hurtling mass of roaring engines and clattering propellers—shot by overhead, followed by a confused wake of conflicting air currents. It passed straight down above the middle of the river at a height of not over 300 feet and beneath the dimly guessed bulk of it bright chinks and squares of light, broken by the shadows of moving men, plotted the lines of two under-slung cars. A Zeppelin had passed literally within a stone's throw.

The lights of the car leapt sharply upward almost

immediately the bend of the river was reached, and at the end of a couple of minutes the roar of the engines dwindled to a distant buzz and died away completely. Ten minutes passed, during which the old eel-fisher went on stringing his traps across the river and the house-boaters resumed their interrupted bridge. Then at almost the same moment, clear and sharp, came the sound of furious light artillery fire. This lasted for only a minute or two, and there was another eight or ten minute interval before a still more distant round of gun fire became faintly audible. Drowning the crack of these latest shots suddenly came the roll of a heavy boom, quickly to be followed by another, and another, and another, until a dozen or more had sounded. Then the peaceful silence of the early evening resumed its sway.

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My next glimpse of a Zeppelin was two months later, over London. The night was clear, calm and moonless—ideal Zeppelin conditions—and walking down from my hotel to a music-hall at eight o'clock I noticed that the searchlights were turning the dome of the sky into one great kaleidoscope with their weaving bands of brightness. The warming-up drill was over as I entered the music hall, and, returning home at the end of the "top-liner's" act, I picked my precarious way by the light of the stars and the diffused halos of what had once been street lamps. I was in bed by a quarter to eleven, and it was but a few moments later that the distant but unmistakable boom of a bomb smote upon my unpillowed ear. I was at my east-facing window with a jump, and an instant later the opaque curtain of the night was being slashed to ribbons by the awakening searchlights.

For a minute or two all of them seemed to be reeling blind and large across the empty heavens, and then, guided by the nearing explosions, one after another they veered off to the east and focussed in a great cone of light where two or three slender slivers of vivid brightness were gliding nearer above the dim bulks of the domes and spires.

Swiftly, undeviatingly, relentlessly, these little pale yellow dabs came on, carrying with them, as by a sort of magnetic attraction, the tip of the cone formed by the converged beams of the searchlights. Nearer and louder sounded the detonations of the bombs. Now they burst in salvos of threes and fours; now singly at intervals, but with never more than a few seconds between. Always a splash of lurid light preceded the sound of the explosion, in most instances to be followed by the quick leap of flames against the skyline. Many of these fires died away quickly—sometimes through lack of fuel, as in a stone-paved court, more often through being subdued by the firemen, scores of whose engines could be heard clanging through the streets—others waxed bright and spread until the yellow shafts of the searchlights paled against the heightening glow of the eastern heavens.

The wooden clackity-clack of the raiders' propellers came to my ears at about the same moment that the sparkling trail of the fuse of an incendiary bomb against the loom of a familiar spire roughly located the van of the attack as now about half a mile distant. After that things happened so fast that my recollections, though photographically vivid, are somewhat disconnected. My last "calmly calculative" act was to measure one of the oncoming airships—then at about twenty-five degrees from directly overhead—between the thumb and forefinger of my outstretched right arm, these, extended to their utmost, framing the considerably foreshortened gas bag with about a half inch to spare.

Up to this moment the almost undeviating line of flight pursued by the approaching Zeppelins appeared as likely to carry them on one side of my coign of vantage as the other; that is to say, they seemed not unlikely to be going to pass directly overhead. It was at this juncture, not unnaturally, that it occurred to me that the basement—for the next minute or two at least—would be vastly preferable, for any but observation purposes, to my top-floor window. Before I could translate this discretionary impulse into action, however, a point or two of change was made in the course of the approaching airships. This meant that the swath of the bombs would be cut at least a hundred yards to the north-east and, impelled by the fascination of the unfolding spectacle, I remained at my window. During the next

half minute or thereabouts the bombs fell singly at three or four second intervals; and immediately afterwards a number of sputtering fire-balls—not unlike the wakes of meteors—lengthened downward from beneath each of the two airships. (I might explain that I did not see more than two Zeppelins at any time, though some have claimed to have seen three.)

Immediately following the release of the bombs the lines of fire streamed in a forward curve, but from about half way down their fall was almost perpendicular. As they neared the earth the hiss of cloven air—similar to but not so high-keyed as the shriek of a shell—became audible, and a second or two later the flash of the explosion and the rolling boom were practically simultaneous.

Between eight and a dozen bombs fell, and at a distance of from one to three hundred yards from my window, the echoes of one explosion mingling with the burst of the next. Broken glass tinkled down to the left and right, and a fragment of slate from the roof shattered upon my balcony. But the most remarkable phenomenon was the rush of air from, or rather to, the explosion. With each detonation I leaned forward instinctively and braced myself for a blow on the chest, and lo—it descended upon my back. The same mysterious force burst inward my half latched door, and all down one side of the square curtains were streaming outward from open or broken windows. (I did not sit down and ponder the question at the moment, but the phenomenon is readily explained by the fact that, because the force of the explosives used in Zeppelin bombs is invariably exerted upwards, the air from the lower level is drawn in to fill the vacuum thus created. This also accounts for the fact that all of the window glass shattered by the raiders has fallen on the sidewalks instead of inside the rooms.)

The dominating feature of the climax of the raid was the Zeppelins themselves. Emboldened, perhaps, by the absence of gun-fire, these had slowed down for their parting salvo so as to have been almost "hovering" when the bombs were dropped opposite my vantage point. Brilliantly illuminated by the searchlights, whose beams wove about below them like the ribbons in a Maypole dance, the clean lines of their gaunt frameworks stood out like bas-reliefs in yellow wax. Every now and then one of them would lurch violently upward—probably at the release of a heavy bomb—but, controlled by rudders and planes, the movement had much of the easy power of the dart of a great fish. Indeed, there was strong suggestion of something strangely familiar in the lithe grace of those sleek yellow bodies, in the swift swayings and rightings, in the powerful directing movements of those hinged "tails," and all at once the picture of a gaunt "man-eater" nosing his terribly purposeful way below the keel of a South Sea pearler flashed to my mind, and the words "Sharks! Sharks of the Air!" leapt to my lips.

A star-burst pricked the night in the rear of the second airship, and well on a line with it; a second exploded fairly above it; and then—all at once—I was conscious that the searchlights were playing on a swelling cloud of white mist which was trailing away into the north-east. The Zeppelin had evidently taken a leaf from the book of the squid.

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Many months passed before a Zeppelin was again over us, and so stealthily did it come and go, and so completely was it foiled of whatever its purpose might have been—that hardly one in a thousand of the inhabitants of the metropolis could have known of the swift nocturnal visitation. It was only by the sheerest luck that I chanced to be a witness of it, and the entry in my journal recording the event is as brief and colourless as the raid itself.

"I went to see 'Madame Butterfly' at a theatre last night, and on coming out to the street, a little after eleven, my attention was attracted by the distant sound of small calibre guns. The reports were so faint as to be audible only in the lulls of the traffic, and few of the home-wending after-theatre crowd appeared to notice them. In passing the corner of a little street that broke the even skyline, however, I came upon a knot of men watching a faintly luminous ball of brightness that floundered up and down at the tip of a searchlight

beam as a water-tossed ball bobs on a fountain jet. That was all that appeared to the naked eye, and it was not until I focussed my opera-glass upon the mysterious object that I saw that it was a lone Zeppelin—almost head-on to where I stood—surrounded by a perfect swarm of twinkling shrapnel bursts. Suddenly, the little golden ball seemed to melt upwards and was gone. The searchlight "groped" as blindly and vainly for it with its beam as I did with my glass. The distant and muffled sound of bombs, exploding in quick blended salvos, was heard a couple of minutes later, and that marked the end of the abortive raid."

* * * * *

"Hooked!"

P.S.—By the moon it was just a year from the time of the first great Zeppelin raid on London to the record-breaking attempt of early September, 1916. By an interesting coincidence it was my fortune to view both raids from the same vantage point, and my opportunity for comparing the Zeppelin as master (as exemplified on the first occasion) and the Zeppelin mastered (as exemplified on the latter occasion) could not conceivably have been more favourable.

I have always thought of those arrogant, merciless low-flying airships of the first raid as sharks in their element, sharks nosing indolently around a helpless prey that was powerless to escape them. A year ago the raiders unquestionably knew to a nicety the weakness of London's embryo air defences, and governed their action accordingly. But the hunted thing which zigzagged in erratic flight across the London heavens in this latest raid, relentlessly pursued by ordered searchlights beams and artillery fire, far from suggesting the coolly purposeful "man-eater" in its element, called up rather the picture of a fugitive leviathan that had been left by the receding tide in some land-locked lagoon and was being cornered by fishermen who were so sure of their game that they did not even have to try to hasten the harpooning.

There was no indiscriminate slashing about of the lights this time as in the raids of last year, but only a methodical searching by a score or so of them of what were doubtless definitely allotted areas of the overcast heavens. Flashes of guns and shrapnel were visible to the south-east before the Zeppelin itself appeared; also the blended rumble of what were probably hastily scuttled bombs.

The airship was flying very high—two or three times as high, it seemed to me, as were those of the first raid—when a couple of searchlights waylaid it at the edge of a cloud; but even at an altitude which was hardly less than 15,000 feet it still appeared huge, certainly larger than any I have ever seen before. The ribs were less pronounced than those of last year's raiders, and the nose appeared to be much sharper. The gondolas appeared to be almost entirely enclosed in the body of the ship itself. As for its comparative size, the length of my extended binoculars, held at arm's end, just about blotted it out.

The firing, when it began, was as ordered and methodical as the searchlight work had been. It seemed to come in one great salvo from the guns of a carefully determined area, to which the order had doubtless gone at the same instant. Even before the firing commenced the airship had started emitting clouds of steam or gas in an endeavour to conceal itself, and to this must have been due the fact that a comparatively small number of shellbursts—considering the number of guns in action—were visible. The trailing white cloud was mottled with the bright flashes inside it, however, and from the fact that these were above, below and at both ends of the fugitive gas-bag, there was little doubt that the latter was receiving its full share of the spiteful missiles directed at it. Few of the shots fell far short, or went wide to any length, as had those directed at last year's raiders. The problem of ranging and hitting the Zeppelin had apparently been solved; it was now a question of what effect the hits were going to have.

Partly aided by its own swelling clouds of gas, partly by the lowering fringes of the shifting cumuli, the raider disappeared from sight four or five minutes after the firing ceased, but not before I was able plainly to discern

that there had already been some reduction in its altitude. Twice or thrice swift shadows cutting the shafts of wheeling searchlights had given sure hint of the aerial ambush preparing, and I was somewhat surprised that so much as eight or ten minutes elapsed before a quick red-yellow flash of light in the north-eastern sky told that the *coup-de-grace* had finally been given.

For six or eight seconds this light spread—evidently inside the outer envelope—until the whole body of the Zeppelin was outlined in smouldering fire. Then there seemed to be a great explosion—though I heard no sound of it—a spreading geyser of flame shot skywards, and the frame of the airship up-ended and began to fall, throwing a light strong enough to cast shadows in the rosy glow that played over London. The sheet of flame seemed to have acted somewhat as a parachute, for the descent of the blazing mass took from two to three times as much time as a dead weight would have taken to fall 10,000 feet. When it reached the ground a great fan-shaped red glow played for a few seconds, and then died out so completely that only the faintest blur of luminosity marked the spot on the north-eastern horizon where it had fallen.

When I arrived on the scene shortly after daybreak the thing which struck me as most remarkable was the astonishingly small amount of wreckage; hardly more, indeed, than one would find among the ruins of a burned wooden bungalow. I had expected to find a great dragon-like frame of aluminium writhing across many hundreds of feet of field, where all there was in fact were some compact little engines, the fragments of a big propeller, some battered masses of metal which were once the gondolas, a machine gun or two, some aluminium and copper tubing, the whole inextricably entangled in miles and miles of wire.

* * * * *

Such was my experience of the "receding" Zeppelin. Pondering on how the first one was a veritable "Bolt of Wrath" that nearly swept me from my feet with the wind stirred up in its passage, how others were mere will-o'-the-wisps melting into the mists of the horizon, and how the last was reduced to an insignificant heap of charred wreckage in a country field, the thought comes that perhaps this may be taken to symbolise the dwindling of the Zeppelin menace to England; nay, more, as prophetic of the passing of the Germanic menace to Civilisation.

The diary of Samuel Pepys, junior, has for over three years been a standing treat in our contemporary *Truth*. These witty observations which have caught so well the spirit of the great original, have since the war began gained an historical value; for this reason we commend very warmly this volume (*A Diary of the Great War*, by Samuel Pepys, jun., Illustrated by M. Watson-Williams, John Lane, 5s. net). Great events have crowded so quickly on one another that already we find it difficult to arrange our recollections rightly. In this diary, flavoured with Attic salt, we are carried back to hours and controversies which seem even to-day almost to belong to a previous life. Into whatever page one may choose to dip, there is something to arrest attention, to encourage reading and to awaken mirth.

A useful war map has just been published by Messrs. George Philip and Son, of 32, Fleet Street. It shows the British Battle Front in France and Belgium (5 miles to the inch), and includes a complete Reference Index.

The third edition of John Bellows' famous French-English Dictionary (5s.) is now published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. It is over forty years since the late Mr. Bellows first produced his masterpiece; its popularity has steadily increased. This new edition has been revised and enlarged by his son, Mr. William Bellows.

A textual translation of the note addressed by the French Government to the Governments of Neutral Powers on the conduct of the German authorities towards the population of the French departments in enemy occupation has recently been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, entitled *The Deportation of Women and Girls from Lille*. (6d. net.) The deportations form the chief subject of the report, although extracts from other documents, relating to German breaches of international law since 1914, are included. The terseness of this authentic evidence on German barbarities is eloquent, and the publication of this translation, unspoiled by any comment, is to be commended.

Mountain Tarns

By William T. Palmer

NO, one must decline to compare llyns, lochs and tarns. Cumbria, Scotland and Wales are each in their way distinct, and there are also the pools of the Pennine dales to be considered. No doubt a long wander through Donegal, Connemara and Kerry would only convince me that the Irish lough is different from every other, and impossible to compare. But that ramble must wait for peace days. Meantime, there are wonderful and distinctive features about our upland waters to consider.

There are few natural meres among the Pennine hills: indeed, Semmer water in Wensleydale is, with Talkin Tarn in North Cumberland, practically the only one of importance. One has, however, a striking recollection of a pool on the shoulder of Wild Boar Fell in Westmorland which, in a certain midnight hour, looked wild and romantic. A plover rose, wailing, from the little marsh, and the stony slope beyond appeared a very precipice towering to untold heights. Illusion of course, for next morning the black tarn had resolved into a tiny shallow with a great stretch of damp mud all round.

There are one or two "wheels" on the upper Tees which, in wild and lonely beauty, might almost be dubbed tarns, and of course, beyond the Roman Wall the Northumbrian finds "a lake district"—three small pools in disappointing surroundings, though one had a bold presence at a crag in its neighbourhood.

The Pearl of Pennine Meres

North or south the pearl of Pennine meres is undoubtedly Semmer Water, and here, at any rate, artificial banks are not evident, though the outflow is tapped, both for water-supply and electric power. But to compare Semmer Water with any Lake Country tarn is a perilous undertaking. One has seen it from afar through the heat-haze of June, and been reminded of Elter Water, of Lowes Water, of Esthwaite, and at dawn one thought of Bassenthwaite from the slopes of Barf, yet consideration has failed to find any real grounds for such comparison. Semmer Water has, however, what few of the tarns further west can claim—a real standing in ancient rhyme and story. Wensleydale was full of towers and castles, of great deeds in peace and war, when the dales of Cumbria were still held by wild goat-herds and hunters.

Maybe it was the monks of Furness Abbey who first found the tarns of the Lake Country. They were great with the angle, had salmon weirs and eel-traps on every stream within their domain, claimed nets and boats on all lakes and estuaries. And local legend will have it that the char was introduced to the north by these cowed men, who settled it in every suitable lake, and even in two mountain tarns—Goats Water, high up on the shoulder of Conistone Old Man, and Seathwaite tarn which is beyond a 1,800 ft. hause or pass, and which drains the back slopes of the Old Man into the Duddon valley. A similar monastic legend also attaches to the pink-fleshed trout of Devoké water, though not seemingly to fish of the same sort from Stickle Tarn, under Pavey Ark, or the skelly or gwyniad which has at curious intervals been taken from Red Tarn, which lies beyond the brow of mighty Helvellyn.

Perhaps the upper shelves of mountain about Ullswater was too far a cry for the monks, though a well is claimed for St. Patrick at the head of the lake. Anyway, the possessions of the abbeys of Shap or Furness or Calder did not extend in that particular direction. Furness, however, had dominion over Borrowdale, where Watendlath and Blea Water would rouse their interest if not the bleaker Sty Head and the remote Sprinkling tarns, and if their journeys homeward were direct as tired men go, the monkish colony would certainly have some knowledge of Little Langdale and Blea tarns.

What the monks of old had to do with a modern comparison of mountain tarns may not be clear. They were the first lettered men to penetrate the lake country. Their predecessors were hunters of the wild deer and goat, their successors the Bavarian and Tyrolean mining

prospectors, whose ruined works defile many a beautiful corner in the dales. Above the line of wood and enclosable pasture, the sober wishes of many generations seem not to have strayed. Even to-day, in the typical Cumbrian home, there is no ingrained love for the picturesque. It's not that "familiarity breedeth contempt," for outside his own parish the shepherds, the most travelled of dales folk, have neither knowledge nor interest.

In the Lake Country

How can one compare the tarns of the Lake Country? There are the low-level meres, set far out from the mountains, such as Blenheim tarn near the head of Windermere, and Urswick tarn, which falls an iris-edged depression in a flat valley between the Furness ore-lands and the sea. There is Elter Water, which is little higher in level, though great fells peep down on its margins, and Loughrigg tarn near by which nestles coyly into a cushion of larch and meadow and bracken with the Langdale Pikes and Wetherlam looming in the distance. There is Devoké Water, too, far away on a ledge of moorland behind Black Combe, which should be a true mountain tarn yet smacks of the sea-breeze and the gulls.

Brothers Water lies in a level of hay meadows, but just outside is Kirkstone pass with its modern coach road, with Red Screes like a tower on one side and Kirkstone Fell with its many names on the other. Through the next depression in the wall, between Red Screes and Hart Crag, came the more ancient road by which the squires of Hartsop visited the knights of Rydal, along which the le Flemings passed towards the King's Assize at Appleby or the Lowthers (who succeeded the Lancasters at Hartsop Hall) came west to settle the Parliamentary representation of the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland. Yet look where one will Brothers Water, though apparently so mild, is in a basin of high mountains, for the Goldrill curves away to the lake without sign of a pass, and Place Fell blocks up the northern horizon.

Such tarns as Goats Water, Seathwaite, Blea (Little Langdale), Stickle, Easdale, Angle (Bowfell), Sprinkling, Sty Head, Grisedale; Red Tarns with Blea, Small and Hayes Waters on the High Street range occupy pretty definite rock-basins, and have bold mountain scenery round about. The screes beneath the famous rock-climbers' haunts of Doe Crag and Pavey Ark fall direct into Goats Water and Stickle Tarn respectively, as also, to a less definite degree, do the screes of Great End (with its charming south-east gully, and its fine winter climbs of Central gully) into Sprinkling tarn. There is a rock-course, too, on Tarn Crag over Easedale, and two or three of the minor sort just round the face of Dollywaggon Pike from Grisedale Tarn. Bleaberry tarn, on the breast of High Style, Bittermere, is a fine example with rock towers soaring up practically from its waters.

Yet some of the highest tarns are comparatively uninteresting. There is a Blea Water on the Arncliffe moors, and Angle Tarn in Hartsop: there is Codale tarn behind Pavey Ark, and Scoat Tarn beneath the Wastwater Steeple which certainly seem to lack charm, while Floutern Tarn, between Buttermere and Ennerdale, is a thorough outcast—a weedy expanse in a district of bog, mud and rushes. But Red Tarn, Helvellyn, usually ranked as the highest of the lot, is perfect (except for its slight reservoir appearance), and Keppel Cove tarn, just over Catchedecam to the north, has also striking beauties (marred again by the needs of the greenside lead mines).

But to most ramblers the glory of the Cumbrian tarn is typified in the two Mardale waters—Blea Water beneath the front of High Street, and Small Water, a mile or so to the south in the Nan Bield pass. They are to the east of the conventional Lake Country, and not being easy to get at are rarely visited, but no one can claim to be a judge of the beauty of the mountain tarn without their full knowledge. They are really wild in situation, and occupy combs of perfect symmetry.

Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. Hannay undertakes the mission; his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who joins them. Three months later they meet in Constantinople, Hannay having reached there by way of the Danube, accompanied by a Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, after many adventures in Germany. Blenkiron also goes by way of Germany, and Sandy arrives at Constantinople disguised as a Mahomedan fanatic. After the three meet, Hannay, who has previously posed as a Boer from Western Cape Colony, assumes the character of an American engineer. Riding one evening on the outskirts of Constantinople with Pienaar they lose their way and find themselves in total darkness in a garden. Here Hannay, by chance, meets Sandy in disguise. While talking, a big car drives up in which a German lady, Hilda von Einem, is seated; this woman is thought to hold the main clue to the secret. She drives Hannay to her house where she questions him.*

CHAPTER XIV (continued)

"I HAVE heard of you," she said. "You are called Richard Hanau, the American. Why have you come to this land?"

"To have a share in the campaign," I said. "I'm an engineer, and I thought I could help out with some business like Mesopotamia."

"You are on Germany's side?" she asked.

"Why, yes," I replied. "We Americans are supposed to be neutrals, and that means we're free to choose any side we fancy. I'm for the Kaiser."

Her cool eyes searched me, but not in suspicion. I could see she wasn't troubling with the question whether I was speaking the truth. She was sizing me up as a man. I cannot describe that calm appraising look. There was no sex in it, nothing even of that implicit sympathy with which one human being explores the existence of another. I was a chattel, a thing infinitely removed from intimacy. Even so I have myself looked at a horse which I thought of buying, scanning his shoulders and hocks and paces. Even so must the old lords of Constantinople have looked at the slaves which the chances of war brought to their markets, assessing their usefulness for some task or other with no thought of a humanity common to purchased and purchaser. And yet—not quite. This woman's eyes were weighing me, not for any special duty, but for my essential qualities. I felt that I was under the scrutiny of one who was a connoisseur in human nature.

I see I have written that I knew nothing about women. But every man has in his bones a consciousness of sex. I was shy and perturbed, but horribly fascinated. This slim woman, poised exquisitely like some statue between the pillared lights, with her fair cloud of hair, her long delicate face, and her pale bright eyes, had the glamour of a wild dream. I hated her instinctively, hated her intensely, but I longed to arouse her interest. To be valued coldly by those eyes was an offence to my manhood, and I felt antagonism rising within me. I am a strong fellow, well set up, and rather above the average height, and my irritation stiffened me from heel to crown. I flung my head back and gave her cool glance for cool glance, pride against pride.

Once, I remember, a doctor on board ship who dabbled in hypnotism told me that I was the most unsympathetic person he had ever struck. He said I was about as good a mesmeric subject as Table Mountain. Suddenly I began to realise that this woman was trying to cast some spell over me. The eyes grew large and luminous, and I was conscious for just an instant of some will battling to subject mine. I was aware, too, in the same moment of a strange scent which recalled that wild hour in Kuprasso's garden-house. It passed quickly, and for a second her eyes drooped. I seemed to read in them failure, and yet a kind of satisfaction too, as if they had found more in me than they expected.

"What life have you led?" the soft voice was saying.

I was able to answer naturally, rather to my surprise. "I have been a mining engineer up and down the world."

"You have faced danger many times?"

"I have faced danger."

"You have fought against men in battles?"

"I have fought in battles."

Her bosom rose and fell in a kind of sigh. A smile—a very beautiful thing—flitted over her face. She gave me her hand.

"The horses are at the door now," she said, "and your servant is with them. One of my people will guide you to the city."

She turned away and passed out of the circle of light into the darkness beyond.

Peter and I jogged home in the rain with one of Sandy's skin-clad companions loping at our side. We did not speak a word, for my thoughts were running like hounds on the track of the past hours. I had seen the mysterious Hilda von Einem, I had spoken to her, I had held her hand. She had insulted me with the subtlest of insults and yet I was not angry. Suddenly the game I was playing became invested with a tremendous solemnity. My old antagonists, Stumm and Rasta and the whole German Empire, seemed to shrink into the background, leaving only the slim woman with her inscrutable smile and devouring eyes. "Mad and bad," Blenkiron had called her, "but principally bad." I did not think they were the proper terms, for they belonged to the narrow world of our common experience. This was something beyond and above it, as a cyclone or an earthquake is outside the decent routine of nature. Mad and bad she might be, but she was also great.

Before we arrived our guide had plucked my knee and spoken some words which he had obviously got by heart. "The Master says," ran the message, "expect him at midnight."

CHAPTER XV

An Embarrassed Toilet

I was soaked to the bone, and while Peter set off to look for dinner, I went to my room to change. I had a rub down and then got into some pyjamas for dumb-bell exercises with two chairs, for that long wet ride had stiffened my arm and shoulder muscles. They were a vulgar suit of primitive blue, which Blenkiron had looted from my London wardrobe. As Cornelis Brandt I had sported a flannel nightgown.

My bedroom opened off the sitting-room, and while I was busy with my gymnastics I heard the door open. I thought at first it was Blenkiron, but the briskness of the tread was unlike his measured gait. I had left the light burning there, and the visitor, whoever he was, had made himself at home. I slipped on a green dressing-gown Blenkiron had lent me, and sallied forth to investigate.

My friend Rasta was standing by the table, on which he had laid an envelope. He looked round at my entrance and saluted.

"I come from the Minister of War, sir," he said, "and bring your passports for to-morrow. You will travel by . . . And then his voice tailed away and his black eyes narrowed to slits. He had seen something which switched him off the metals.

At that moment I saw it too. There was a mirror on the wall behind him, and as I faced him I could not help seeing my reflection. It was the exact image of the engineer on the Danube boat—blue jeans, *loden* cloak, and all. The accursed mischance of my costume had given him the clue to an identity which was otherwise buried deep in the Bosphorus.

I am bound to say for Rasta that he was a man of quick action. In a trice he had whipped round to the other side of the table between me and the door, where he stood regarding me wickedly.

By this time I was at the table and stretched out a hand for the envelope. My one hope was nonchalance.

"Sit down, sir," I said, "and have a drink. It's a filthy night to move about in."

"Thank you, no, Herr Brandt," he said. "You may burn those passports, for they will not be used."

"Whatever's the matter with you?" I cried. "You've mistaken the house, my lad. I'm called Hanau—Richard

Hanau—and my partner's Mr. John S. Blenkiron. He'll be here presently. Never knew any one of the name of Brandt, barring a tobacconist in Denver City."

"You have never been to Rustchuk?" he said with a sneer.

"Not that I know of. But pardon me, sir, if I ask your name and your business here. I'm darned if I'm accustomed to be called by Dutch names or have my word doubted. In my country we consider that impolite as between gentlemen."

I could see that my bluff was having its effect. His stare began to waver, and when he next spoke it was in a more civil tone.

"I will ask pardon if I'm mistaken, sir, but you're the image of a man who a week ago was at Rustchuk, a man much wanted by the Imperial Government."

"A week ago I was tossing in a dirty little hooker coming from Constanza. Unless Rustchuk's in the middle of the Black Sea I've never visited the township. I guess you're barking up the wrong tree. Come to think of it, I was expecting passports. Say, do you come from Enver Damad?"

"I have that honour," he said.

"Well, Enver is a very good friend of mine. He's the brightest citizen I've struck this side of the Atlantic."

The man was calming down, and in another minute his suspicions would have gone. But at that moment, by the crookedest kind of luck, Peter entered with a tray of dishes. He did not notice Rasta, and walked straight to the table and plumped down his burden on it. The Turk had stepped aside at his entrance, and I saw by the look in his eyes that suspicions had become a certainty. For Peter, stripped to shirt and breeches, was the identical shabby little companion of the Rustchuk meeting.

I had never doubted Rasta's pluck. He jumped for the door and had a pistol out in a trice pointing at my head.

"*Bonne fortune*," he cried. "Both the birds at one shot." His hand was on the latch, and his mouth was open to cry. I guessed there was an orderly waiting on the stairs.

He had what you call the strategic advantage, for he was at the door while I was at the other end of the table and Peter at the side of it at least two yards from him. The road was clear before him, and neither of us was armed. I made a despairing step forward, not knowing what I meant to do, for I saw no light. But Peter was before me.

He had never let go of the tray, and now, as a boy skims a stone on a pond, he skimmed it with its contents at Rasta's head. The man was opening the door with one hand while he kept me covered with the other, and he got the contrivance fairly in the face. A pistol shot cracked out, and the bullet went through the tray, but the noise was drowned in the crash of glasses and crockery. The next second Peter had wrenched the pistol from Rasta's hand and had gripped his throat.

A dandified Young Turk, brought up in Paris and finished in Berlin, may be as brave as a lion, but he cannot stand in a rough-and-tumble against a backveld hunter, though more than double his age. There was no need for me to help. Peter had his own way, learned in a wild school, of knocking the sense out of a foe. He gagged him scientifically, and trussed him up with his own belt and two straps from a trunk in my bedroom.

"This man is too dangerous to let go," he said, as if his procedure were the most ordinary thing in the world. "He will be quiet now till we have time to make a plan."

At that moment there came a knocking at the door. That is the sort of thing that happens in melodrama, just when the villain has finished off his job neatly. The correct thing to do is to pale to the teeth, and with a rolling, conscience-stricken eye glare round the horizon. But that was not Peter's way.

"We'd better tidy up if we're to have visitors," he said calmly.

Now there was one of those big oak German cupboards against the wall which must have been brought in in sections, for complete it would never have got through the door. It was empty now, but for Blenkiron's hat-box. In it he deposited the unconscious Rasta, and turned the key. "There's enough ventilation through the top," he observed, "to keep the air good." Then he opened the door.

A magnificent kavass in blue and silver stood outside. He saluted and proffered a card on which was written in pencil, "Hilda von Einem."

I would have begged for time to change my clothes, but the lady was behind him. I saw the black mantilla and the rich sable furs. Peter vanished through my bedroom and I was left to receive my guest in a room littered with broken glass and a senseless man in the cupboard.

There are some situations so crazily extravagant that they key up the spirit to meet them. I was almost laughing when that stately lady stepped over my threshold.

"Madam," I said, with a bow that shamed my old dressing-

gown and strident pyjamas. "You find me at a disadvantage. I came home soaking from my ride, and was in the act of changing. My servant has just upset a tray of crockery, and I fear this room's no fit place for a lady. Allow me three minutes to make myself presentable."

She inclined her head gravely and took a seat by the fire. I went into my bedroom, and as I expected found Peter lurking by the other door. In a hectic sentence I bade him get Rasta's orderly out of the place on any pretext, and tell him his master would return later.

Then I hurried into decent garments and came out to find my visitor in a brown study.

At the sound of my entrance she started from her dream and stood up on the hearthrug, slipping the long robe of fur from her slim body.

"We are alone?" she said. "We will not be disturbed?"

Then an inspiration came to me. I remembered that Frau von Einem, according to Blenkiron, did not see eye to eye with the Young Turk; and I had a queer instinct that Rasta could not be to her liking. So I spoke the truth.

"I must tell you that there's another guest here to-night. I reckon he's feeling pretty uncomfortable. At present he's trussed up on a shelf in that cupboard."

She did not trouble to look round.

"Is he dead?" she asked calmly.

"By no means," I said, "but he's fixed so he can't speak, and I guess he can't hear much."

"He was the man who brought you this?" she asked, pointing to the envelope on the table which bore the big blue stamp of the Ministry of War.

"The same," I said. "I'm not perfectly sure of his name, but I think they call him Rasta."

Not a flicker of a smile crossed her face, but I had a feeling that the news pleased her.

"Did he thwart you?" she asked.

"Why, yes. He thwarted me some. His head is a bit swelled, and an hour or two on the shelf will do him good."

"He is a powerful man," she said, "a jackal of Enver's. You have made a dangerous enemy."

"I don't value him at two cents," said I, though I thought grimly that as far as I could see the value of him was likely to be about the price of my neck.

"Perhaps you are right," she said with serious eyes.

"In these days no enemy is dangerous to a bold man. I have come to-night, Mr. Hanau, to talk business with you, as they say in your country. I have heard well of you, and to-day I have seen you. I may have need of you, and you assuredly will have need of me."

She broke off, and again her strange potent eyes fell on my face. They were like a burning searchlight which showed up every cranny and crack of the soul. I felt it was going to be horribly difficult to act a part under that compelling gaze. She could not mesmerise me, but she could strip me of my fancy dress and set me naked in the masquerade.

"What came you forth to seek?" she asked. "You are not like the stout American Blenkiron, a lover of shoddy power and a devotee of a feeble science. There is something more than that in your face. You are on our side, but you are not of the Germans with their hankerings for a rococo Empire. You come from America, the land of pious follies, where man worships gold and words. I ask, what came you forth to seek?"

As she spoke I seemed to get a vision of a figure, like one of the old gods looking down on human nature from a great height, a figure disdainful and passionless, but with its own magnificence. It kindled my imagination, and I answered with the stuff I had often cogitated when I had tried to explain to myself just how a case could be made out against the Allied cause.

"I will tell you, Madam," I said. "I am a man who has followed a science, but I have followed it in wild places, and I have gone through it and come out at the other side. The world, as I see it, had become too easy and cushioned. Men had forgotten their manhood in soft speech, and imagined that the rules of their snug civilisation were the laws of the universe. But that is not the teaching of science, and it is not the teaching of life. We had forgotten the greater virtues, and we were becoming emasculated humbugs whose gods were our own weaknesses. Then came war, and the air was cleared. Germany, in spite of her blunders and her grossness, stood forth as the scourge of cant. She had the courage to cut through the bonds of humbug and to laugh at the fetishes of the herd. Therefore I am on Germany's side. But I came here for another reason. I know nothing of the East, but as I read history it is from the desert that the purification comes. When mankind is smothered with shams and phrases and painted idols a wind blows out of the wilds to cleanse and simplify life. The world needs space and fresh air. The civilisation we have boasted of is a toy-

(Continued on page 20)



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(Continued from page 18)

shop and a blind alley, and I hanker for open country."

This added nonsense was well received. Her pale eyes had the cold light of the fanatic. With her bright hair and the long exquisite oval of her face she looked like some destroying fury of a Norse legend. At that moment I think I first really feared her; before I had half hated and half admired. Thank Heaven, in her absorption she did not notice that I had forgotten the speech of Cleveland, Ohio.

"You are of the Household of Faith," she said. "You will presently learn many things, for the Faith marches to victory. Meantime I have one word for you. You and your companion travel eastward."

"We go to Mesopotamia," I said. "I reckon these are our passports," and I pointed to the envelope.

She picked it up, opened it, and then tore it in pieces and tossed it in the fire.

"The orders are countermanded," she said. "I have need of you and you go with me. Not to the flats of the Tigris, but to the great hills. To-morrow you will receive new passports."

She gave me her hand and turned to go. At the threshold she paused, and looked towards the oak cupboard. "To-morrow I will relieve you of your prisoner. He will be safer in my hands."

She left me in a condition of pretty blank bewilderment. We were to be tied to the chariot-wheels of this fury, and started on an enterprise compared to which fighting against our friends at Kut seemed tame and reasonable. On the other hand, I had been spotted by Rasta, and had got the envoy of the most powerful man in Constantinople locked in a cupboard. At all costs we had to keep Rasta safe, but I was very determined that he should not be handed over to the lady. I was going to be no party to cold-blooded murder, which I judged to be her expedient. It was a pretty kettle of fish, but in the meantime I must have food, for I had eaten nothing for nine hours. So I went in search of Peter.

I had scarcely begun my long deferred meal when Sandy entered. He was before his time, and he looked as solemn as a sick owl. I seized on him as a drowning man clutches a spar.

He heard my story of Rasta with a lengthening face.

"That's bad," he said. "You say he spotted you, and

your subsequent doings of course would not disillusion him. It's an infernal nuisance, but there's only one way out of it. I must put him in charge of my own people. They will keep him safe and sound till he's wanted. Only he mustn't see me." And he went out in a hurry.

I fetched Rasta from his prison. He had come to his senses by this time, and lay regarding me with stony, malevolent eyes.

"I'm very sorry, sir," I said, "for what has happened. But you left me no alternative. I've got a big job on hand and I can't have it interfered with by you or any one. You're paying the price of a suspicious nature. When you know a little more you'll want to apologise to me. I'm going to see that you are kept quiet and comfortable for a day or two. You've no cause to worry, for you'll suffer no harm. I give you my word of honour as an American citizen."

Two of Sandy's miscreants came in and bore him off, and presently Sandy himself returned. When I asked where he was being taken, Sandy said he didn't know. "They've got their orders, and they'll carry them out to the letter. There's a big unknown area in Constantinople to hide a man, into which the *Khafiyeh* never enter."

Then he flung himself in a chair and lit his old pipe.

"Dick," he said, "this job is getting very difficult and very dark. But my knowledge has grown in the last few days. I've found out the meaning of the second word that Harry Bullivant scribbled."

"Cancer?" I asked.

"Yes. It means just what it reads and no more. Greenmantle is dying—has been dying for months. This afternoon they brought a German doctor to see him, and the man gave him a few hours of life. By now he may be dead."

The news was a staggerer. For a moment I thought it cleared up things. "Then that busts the show," I said. "You can't have a crusade without a prophet."

"I wish I thought it did. It's the end of one stage, but the start of a new and blacker one. Do you think that woman will be beaten? She'll find a substitute—one of the four Ministers or some one else. She's a devil incarnate, but she has the soul of a Napoleon. The big danger is only beginning."

Then he told me the story of his recent doings.

(To be continued)



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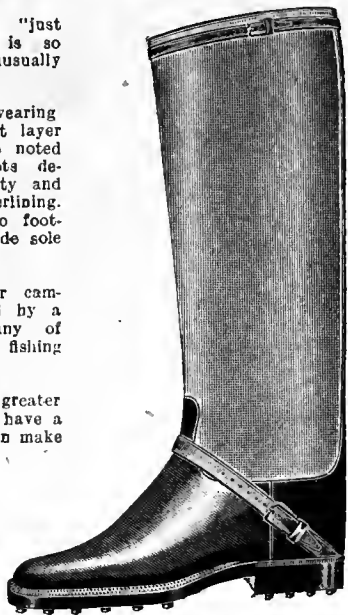
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LAND & WATER

Vol. LXVII No. 2838 [54TH YEAR]

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1916

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1916

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A BRITISH TRADE BANK

THIS summer, on July 1st, the Board of Trade appointed a Committee under the chairmanship of Lord Faringdon, "to consider the best means of meeting the needs of British firms after the war as regards financial facilities for trade, particularly with reference to financing large overseas contracts." The Committee had also to prepare a detailed scheme. Within less than three months the work is done. The report is issued; the detailed scheme includes the constitution of a "British Trade Bank" under Royal Charter, with a capital of ten millions sterling. It is to have a Foreign Exchange Department, a Credit Department, and a Special Information Bureau. And the Committee is strongly of the opinion that the Bank should be formed without delay, so that all preliminaries may be completed before the peace.

The first impression that a perusal of this report creates is that the country at last realises that trade and commerce are as much part of Imperial defence as standing armies or fleets in being. Germany has taught us this truth. She grasped the raw fact that a nation cannot confine its varied activities in water-tight compartments, that to maintain health, vigour and independence, it must live its life whole, and in the rivalries of peace be as efficient, aggressive and well-equipped as in the hostilities of war. Now that our eyes are opened, there can be no going back to the old methods, though those who advocate them still exist, and would, if they had their way, compel us to revert to a trade policy that brought the Empire to the very edge of the abyss. The reasons given in this report (which by the way only costs one penny and can be ordered through any bookseller) for the institution of this Bank are condemnatory of our former lack of system and the careless and slack manner in which we allowed our then Teuton "friends" to drive us out of one market after another, while the energy and intellectual strength which should have enabled us more than to hold our own were dissipated in tedious and futile argument and discussion about barren questions like Free Trade and Protection. We had divorced trade and commerce from the realities of national existence and were content to live in a maze of illusion till the hurricane burst and discovered the peril.

Such a great and far-reaching institution as this British Trade Bank is bound to be strongly criticised in many of

its details, especially by those who are nervous lest its operations may interfere with their existing businesses. The Committee have anticipated these fears and endeavour to allay them. Before the attacks begin and while it is still possible to write impersonally, we warn all whom it may concern to be on their guard against German influence to discredit and undermine this admirable scheme. Such influence is still active in the commercial world, and it is contrary to the nature of the Hun to permit so vital an onslaught to be made on a valuable stronghold without fighting against it with all the weapons in his power. In these pages have been revealed from time to time and by different authoritative writers what German trade methods have been in the past; their success been great, wherefore we may be certain they will still be employed wherever possible with all the secrecy and cunning which are a second nature to a people who have been our relentless rivals for over a quarter of a century though only our open enemies for less than thirty months.

It is impossible for any sane person to believe that coincidence is responsible for so many men of German birth or origin having adopted the British Consular Service as a career, in view of the open fact that the German Government had under its control a perfect network of spies in every country of the world. So Lord Faringdon's Committee do right to insist on the importance of a well-equipped up-to-date and independent Information Department or Bureau, staffed by competent men who by personal visits shall gain a knowledge of affairs in the countries with which the Bank may do business. Three years ago an obvious objection to such a Bureau would have been the difficulty of finding men of British birth with the necessary qualifications, but one of the reactions of war is that trade problems are proving an attraction to some of the cleverest and most scholarly brains in the country. A British Trade Bank established by Royal Charter, ought once and for all to wipe out the old stigma attaching to trade, and in the future it will be recognised that a man can render as high service to his country in trade and commerce as in any other profession. It is a curious paradox that trade should have been for so many generations looked down upon by the British, seeing that the foundations of the British Empire were laid and built by trade.

It has been shrewdly remarked by a clever writer that "a German collects facts as industriously as a beaver builds a dam, but is incapable of forming judgments; he can remember names and figures but he cannot see tendencies." Throughout his world trade policy these contradictory qualities have been manifest. We are learning from the German the system of collecting facts without losing our innate power of judgment, or to put it in another way, we are determined to protect and to push our trade henceforth as vigorously as Germany has done but on sound business principles, one of which is honesty. Competent authorities have asserted that but for the war it was only a matter of time for Germany to become bankrupt on the lines she was running her overseas business, but we now know it was for the very purposes of waging war that these methods were employed. The personnel of Lord Faringdon's Committee and the "detailed scheme" it has prepared are a guarantee that this country is not to be launched into any reckless emulation of German commercial systems. What is good in them we shall accept, not because it is of German origin, but because it has stood the test of practice. This report promises to become an historical document, for the charter which founds the British Trade Bank should call into existence a new and modern system of world-wide British commerce. That this has long been needed was patent to all practical men of experience; now at last it arrives.

The Strategy of the Balkans

By Hilaire Belloc

WHAT has happened in the Dobrudja? Meagre as the evidence is we can by analysing it closely and remembering the local conditions governing Mackensen's advance, ascertain the general nature of what has happened.

In order to follow this we must make ourselves familiar with the boundaries of this theatre of the war.

For the purpose of strategical analysis we may regard the Danube for the moment as impassable above Cerna Voda—by which I do not mean that it cannot be passed, but that the present movements do not contemplate its being passed.

This broad stream with its great belt of marshes, therefore, stands upon the west of our area, as might the sea or the boundaries of a neutral country.

Strategical action in the Dobrudja is confined to the area between the Danube and the Black Sea.

The first thing to notice about this area is its shape. This shape may be compared roughly to a broad waisted hour glass or dumb-bell. The southern base of it roughly corresponds with the new frontier drawn up in 1913, between Roumania and Bulgaria. The northern extremity is the delta of the Danube; and the narrowest part between these two corresponds exactly to the depression used by the railway from the Cerna Voda Bridge to the Port of Constanza. The dimensions of this roughly quadrilateral area are an average of 125 miles in length; a southern base of 100 and a northern boundary of 70 miles in breadth (nearly a third of the latter being impassable marshy country, half land, half sea, upon the mouths of the Danube), while at the narrowest it is as the crow flies only 30 miles across.

This shape has the following strategical consequences: Any one desiring (as did Mackensen) to seize the railway and the bridge thus standing at the narrowest point, finds himself advancing up a territory which gradually contracts as he goes forward. He is going, as it were, into a funnel. But it is a funnel of such great size that there is no danger even of a very large force getting congested. Upon the contrary, the difficulty is to maintain oneself in strength over the broader part. The further one goes north the more certain one is of holding one's line against a counter-attack, of being able to link up all the elements of one's force, and of securing oneself from being turned upon either flank. Conversely, a force defending the vital railway and bridge has a shorter and shorter line to hold as it approaches that railway. The line taken up (the prepared line upon which our Allies were ready to fall back as a principal line of resistance but which the enemy has failed to reach) was from 10 to 12 miles in front of the railway and was not more than 40 miles long. With every advance south of this a force standing merely upon the defensive would be weakened for there would necessarily be an extension of the line.

The next thing we have to note is the nature of communications.

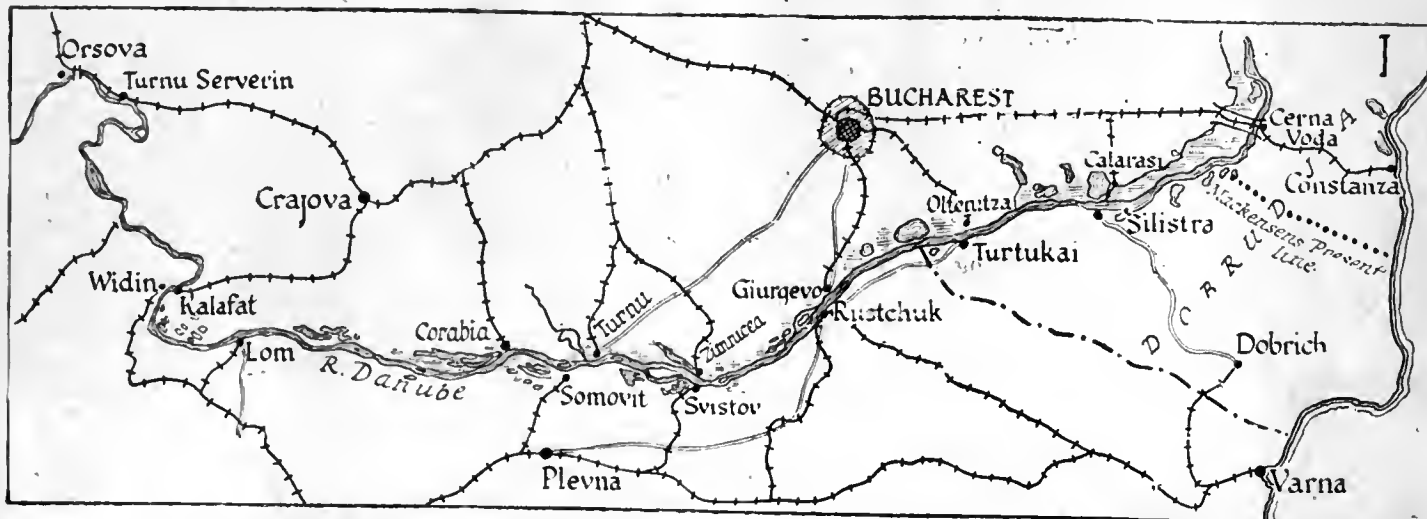
There are four types of communications for either party in this district, the road, the railway, the river and the sea.

The road is not so important in the Dobrudja as in most other theatres of the present war because, from the nature of the soil (the moment open country is reached) the numerous tracks across the hard turf are utilisable at this season and during most of the year by any heavy vehicle. A well made hard road is not so essential as it is in deeper and softer soil, nor are there watercourses the bridges over which canalise traffic to particular points and make a single road a necessity at such points. On the other hand an unexpectedly heavy fall of rain at the end of the recent operations has been seriously felt.

The railway communication is of a singularly symmetrical type for both parties. Both parties have an admirable lateral communication behind their lines: Our Allies the railway from the Cerna Voda bridge to Constanza; our enemies the line from Rustchuk to Varna. Each party can also use as far as its advance goes the single line recently constructed and perpendicular to both of these, the line from Medgidia through Cobadinul to Dobritch and so to a junction with the Rustchuk-Varna line at Belev near Varna.

It is pure conjecture, but one would imagine the river communication to be debarred from both combatants. It may be precariously used at night, but it certainly cannot be generally used, for a field gun or two working from either bank at selected points would put an end to its utility. On the other hand we must remember that in so far as it can be used the advantage in this particular district lies with the enemy. The marshes are mainly upon the northern bank, and the dry shore mainly upon the southern. Therefore artillery from the southern bank dominates the stream frequently and from the northern bank rarely. It may be that the Bulgarian advancing force under Mackensen has depended upon the Danube as a line of communication. We have no information as yet as to whether either belligerent commands the waterway by means of armed ships.

Lastly there is the sea. What the conditions are of maritime transport for the purposes of this campaign we do not know. But we do know from our experience elsewhere that the full supply of a large force over any considerable distance of sea is a problem not to be solved without a very large advantage in tonnage and, for that matter, rapidity in steaming. It is not upon the sea that the force of our Allies can principally depend for supply, still less is it upon the sea that our enemies can depend, for to *them* nothing arrives of value by sea. All their munitionment is from the international railway which unites Belgrade and Sofia with Constanza.



Next, let us recall the nature of the ground over which these communications pass.

As has been pointed out already in these columns the geological formation of the Dobrudja is calcareous. Therefore the soil is generally dry and hard, though the exceptionally heavy rain at the end of the recent battle spoilt it and hampered movement on both sides. An even more important consequence of this geological formation is that the water supply, as we have seen, is bad. Any considerable force acting in the Dobrudja is gravely affected by this question of water supply, especially, I believe, at this season of the year. A force acting along the north-western side, relying upon the river, has obvious advantages in this respect against a force acting along the sea. There is, however, a certain scanty supply from deep wells in the villages, and road traffic and the single railway can to some extent supply the defect.

So far as field of fire is concerned, and opportunity for continuous deployment and observation, the Dobrudja changes gradually in type as one goes northward from the south, and as one goes towards the Black Sea from the Danube. Roughly speaking, the southern portion is more broken and more wooded than the northern, and the north-western or Danube side more broken and more wooded than the eastern or Black Sea side. Really open country is reached in the belt which extends about two days' march south of the railway—though even here right near the Danube in the neighbourhood of Rasova and to the south of that place there is a good deal of broken ground, steep escarpments, and wood.

It is in this belt of open ground that the main battle for the defence of the railway was bound to take place and has taken place. It appears to be still in progress, but to have so far turned in favour of our Allies.

Now let us gather as best we may from two or three fragmentary sentences of information provided, the nature of the operations, and of the main defensive line—which Mackensen failed to reach, and on which our Allies in the last resort proposed to cover the Czerna Voda-Constanza railway.

In order to advance against the Roumanian, Russian and Serbian forces which had the task of defending the railway and the bridge, Mackensen's six to eight divisions and his considerable number of heavy guns had no good road so long as they kept towards the Danube side of the field, and it was upon this side that they elected to advance the mass of their forces, probably governed by the water supply. They went in rather dense formation, comparable as I have said in a previous article to the "phalanx" of last year (though, of course, acting upon a much smaller scale) and struck the advance body of their opponents upon a line which we marked in the article of last week Karaorman-Parachioi. The advanced Roumanian forces retired, and this action was the source of the foolish telegram describing it as a "decisive victory," which the German Emperor sent out last week.

The real struggle came nearly a week later on the 17th 18th and 19th of this month and was engaged, not upon the main Rasova-Tuzla defensive line (which Mackensen failed to reach), but about six or seven miles south of that line.

It took the following form :

Mackensen's main blow was delivered along the arrows, A A in the broken and wooded country lying in front of the line joining Rasova and Cobadinul. His line was, of course, further extended (though thinly), towards the east, so as to guard against being turned by his right. This extension had passed and occupied the port of Mangalia before the main battle was joined. But Mackensen's main blow was delivered where the arrows marked A on Sketch I. are shown.

It failed in its effect. The Russo-Roumanian counter-stroke was delivered upon the 21st against the weaker, eastern part of Mackensen's line along the arrows B-B. The weight of the blow fell upon a front of 14 miles from Kazil through Enghez to Carachioi, which is a point ten miles south-east of Tuzla. Upon the delivery of this stroke, which was in the nature of a turning movement trying to get round Mackensen's right, the usual contradictory accounts appeared, each side giving its own version. But a comparison of the two clearly shows that the advantage lay with the Russian and Roumanian forces.

In the first place, there was a capture of guns by the latter. Eight field pieces were taken. In the second place, the next heavy bit of fighting we hear of on the following day, September 22nd, is still further south at Mustapha, a point on, or near, the single line railway which runs through the Dobrudja from Medgidia to Dobritch, and so to the Roumanian railway uniting Rustchuk to Varna.

The news of this fighting of the 22nd in the neighbourhood of Mustapha did not reach London until Sunday the 24th. There has been no news since, save the vague remark that the enemy had fallen back to a prepared position, and the mention of 5,000 Bulgarians being found on the field covered by the Roumanian advance.

What would seem, therefore, to be the general result so far is this: Mackensen having struck with the bulk of his forces upon his left against the Russo-Roumanian right, and using what was certainly a superior weight of heavy guns, attempted to break through. He did not break through. He was held; was counter-attacked upon his right by the Russo-Roumanian left, and fell back about one day's march to the south. At that point we leave an action which is, perhaps, still in progress.



The reader will be struck by the fact that Mackensen, though dependent as the enemy always is for his success upon a superiority in heavy pieces and their munitionment, did not mass this advantage of his along the single railway, but to the north and west of it between that line and the Danube, while it was the Russo-Roumanians who mainly used the railway. The explanation of this is probably that the supply of his pieces was assured to Mackensen in spite of the absence of good roads and of a railway by the nature of the soil and the dry weather which favoured his advance, but broke at the end of it. A force acting in Salisbury Plain, for instance, over similar hard, dry land, open, and covered only with short grass, could be supplied in good weather by petrol traffic almost anywhere. And after all, his total distance from the lateral line on which his rail head stood, the railway line along the frontier from the Danube to Varna, was not 80 miles, even at the furthest point of his advance. It is possible, however, that this distance was enough to handicap him and his plan and to lead to his defeat and retirement.

In what strength he now holds the line upon which he has fallen back; whether as the communiqués suggest, he intends to hold that line and merely to contain any further advance of his opponent, or whether he will attempt a new blow towards the north, only the future can show. But we must not neglect the truth that if Mackensen chooses merely to keep a Bulgarian force upon the defensive here, and if he succeeds in so remaining, he has achieved a certain negative result. He has failed, it is true, to secure the Constanza line and the Cerna Voda bridge and therefore he has hitherto suffered a strategic defeat so far as his main object was concerned. But he

has a second object, which is to prevent co-operation between the Russo-Roumanian forces upon the north and the large forces which are acting from Salonika 200 miles away to the south. If Mackensen by his advance through the Dobrudja can secure permanently a short entrenched line from the Danube to the Black Sea and hold it, that advance will not have been in vain.

A very great element of strength in the holding of such a line is the presence of the lateral communication already mentioned, the Bulgarian railway from Rustchuk on the Danube to Varna, which railway runs strictly parallel to and immediately south of the existing frontier. It would be no very lengthy task in such a country to lay light lines down from various rail heads upon this railway, which would ultimately afford ample communications with any such defensive line further north. Meanwhile, however, the continued possession of the Cerna Voda bridge intact gives the Russians and Roumanians, and especially the former, the power to reinforce their armies in the Dobrudja indefinitely if slowly, and, as their munitionment increases, to exercise a greater and greater pressure upon such an entrenched line. A line even 45 miles long would require for its continued retention, if the enemy command intends to establish a fixed barrier here, not less than six divisions; and those six divisions are permanently lost to the Bulgarian defence against the Salonika armies far off to the south. It is further clear that the value of such a defensive line, should it be established, depends entirely upon the permanent prevention of a Danube crossing. It takes for granted the incapacity of our Ally to reach the southern shore of the great river anywhere between the Iron Gates and Silistra.

To take this for granted the enemy must be convinced that for a long time at any rate he has the superiority in heavy artillery in this field. The Danube is an obstacle which, as we have seen in past articles, is absolute in much the greater part of its lower course through the presence of great belts of marshes upon the northern shore. But these marshes are interrupted at several points by hard land coming down upon either side, so that upon the northern and southern shores opportunities for departure and landing face each other. Most of these bridge-heads, Widin Kalafat, Lom, Corabia, Somovit, Turnu, Svistov and Zimnicea, Giurgevo and Rustchuk, Oltenitza and Turtukai, are marked by the heads of roads or of railways upon the Bulgarian as upon the Roumanian side, and there is ample opportunity for either party to concentrate forces in preparation for a crossing. The

foregoing Map II. will show where these opportunities are to be discovered, between the Iron Gates and the approximate present position of the Bulgarian forces in the Dobrudja under Mackensen.

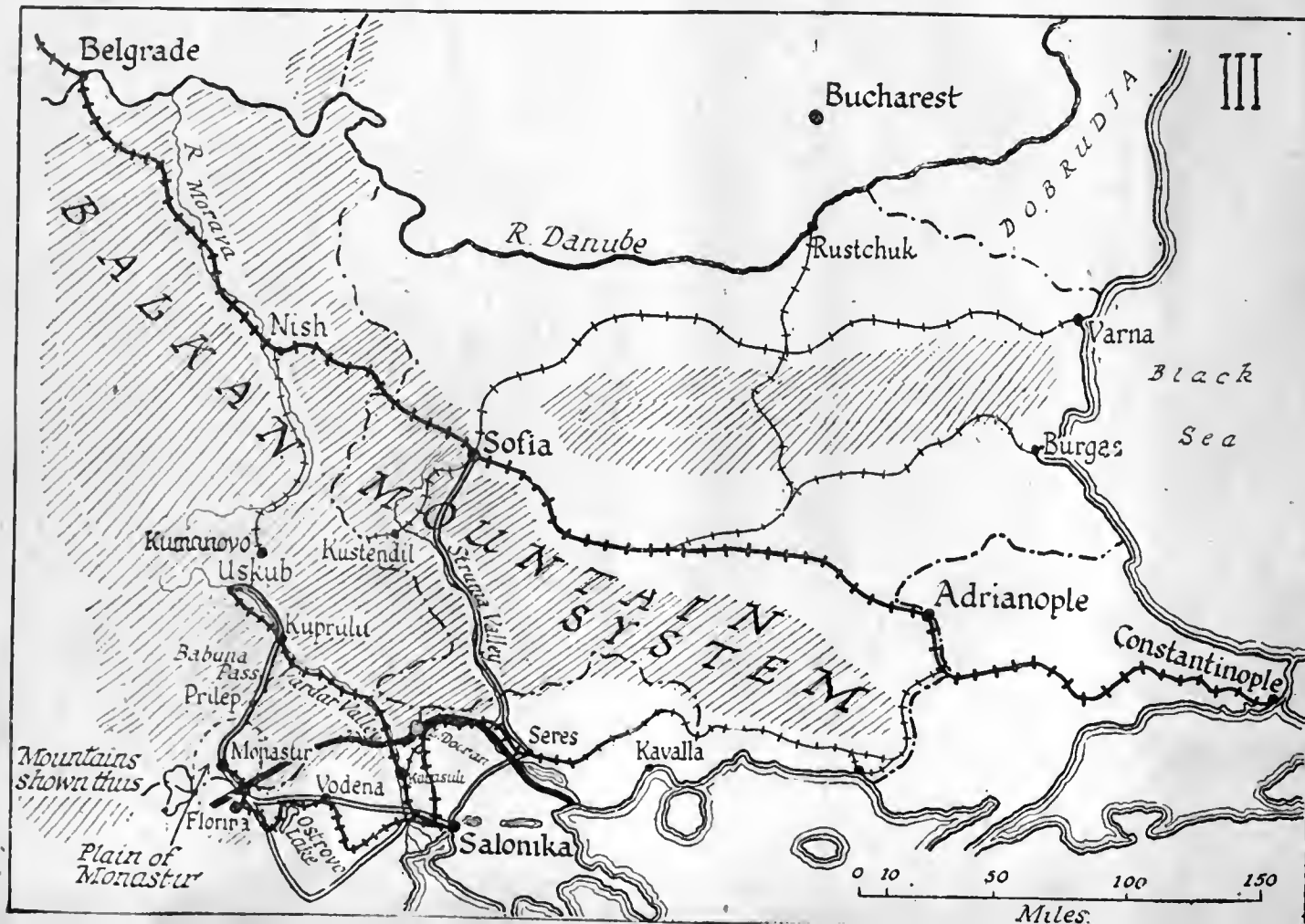
But a feint upon any one or two of these points, coupled with a serious attempt at some other of them is entirely dependent, in modern conditions, upon a superiority in heavy guns. It was the overwhelming superiority of the Austro-Germans in heavy guns over the Serbians which permitted the crossing of the Danube below Belgrade last year. Even so the operation was lengthy and very costly. It is not true to say that it would have been impossible but for the Bulgarian threat in flank—it was already achieved before that threat had been translated into vigorous action. But it is true to say that but for the co-operation of the Bulgarian army in flank helping the Austro-Germans the expense and difficulty of crossing the Danube would so much have hampered the latter they would hardly with the strength they had put in have succeeded in their Serbian campaign.

Now if it was so difficult to cross the river last year in spite of a crushing superiority in the number and size of the heavy pieces at the enemy's disposal, we can judge from that what the difficulty would be of either combatant now attempting a similar crossing. The good fortune of a successful surprise, the gradual exhaustion of the enemy as time proceeds, the consequence of any really decisive piece of work on the Salonika front drawing forces thither hurriedly and sufficiently weakening the northern boundary, all these between them might permit of a crossing of the Danube in our favour. All one can say is that as things stand the chances are heavily against it, and that the co-operation of our Allies from the north is still mainly dependent upon the great advantage they enjoy through their continued possession of the Cerna Voda bridge; an advantage which Mackensen is doing everything he can to counter, first by reaching it and compelling its destruction if possible; next, if he fails in this—as he appears to have failed—by drawing a defensive line across the Dobrudja from the Danube to the Sea.

Meanwhile what are the conditions of the offensive based upon Salonika? What strategical problem is involved.

The two main things that strike one on an inspection of this field are the way in which *all* the main communications radiate from Salonika and the presence of the great mountain mass in the north.

It is agreed and it is obvious that the strategical objective of the Alliance as a whole is the Constantinople



railway, that is the railway Belgrade-Nish-Sofia-Adrianople.

The force upon which the enemy relies for the maintenance of this line intact is the mixed body of the Bulgarian army with Turkish reinforcement; with some small—very small—elements, perhaps, of German and Austrian Infantry, but certainly with a large provision of Austrian and German heavy artillery. And this armed strength relies for its continued power of resistance against pressure from the north and from the south, that is from the Roumanian side and from the Salonika side, upon two main obstacles. The Danube in the north, with the nature of which we have just dealt, and the mass of the Balkan mountains in the south.

Let us see what this second obstacle means under the conditions of the present Salonika offensive.

The advantage which the Salonika command enjoys strategically is the possession of lines of communication radiating from its base east, north and west. Eastward there is the high road to Seres and Kavalla, serving right up to the Struma line. Northwards there is the railway to Doiran, which also turns eastward and leads towards the Struma valley, and there the main line up to the Vardar valley, which is connected with the Doiran line by a lateral branch coming in at the junction of Karasuli. Westward there is the railway leading to Monastir by way of Vodena and Florina, and the two main roads also converging upon Monastir north and south of the Ostrovo Lake. To have radiating lines thus at one's disposal is to possess every advantage for alternative action. You can reach any point upon your circumference quickly; you can concentrate where you will and your enemy does not know where your main blow will fall. The enemy upon his side has no such advantage. Supposing he is in doubt, for instance, as to whether your main effort is going to be north along the Vardar valley or eastward towards Monastir, he must divide his forces to watch either sector and he has no good lateral communications between one and the other. A force called from, say, the neighbourhood of Doiran to Monastir must either march for ten days by rough tracks across difficult country, much of it mountainous and wooded, or be sent right up north along the Vardar valley to come down again by road to the Monastir Plain. These radiating communications, of which Salonika is the centre, are the great advantage of that base against an enemy situated to the north.

On the other hand, a success obtained anywhere along the great crescent depends for its ultimate result upon the power of the victors to make their way through the mass of mountains lying between them and the Belgrade-Nish-Sofia Railway, which is their ultimate objective.

The avenues of approach to that line from the south are few, very restricted, and the lateral communications between them of the greatest difficulty. From the beginning of history the one main avenue has been the Vardar valley continued over the low watershed of Kumanovo by the trench of the Morava valley to Nish. The only serious alternative is the Struma valley leading to Sofia, and between the two lie heavy and difficult mountain country. The Vardar line of advance is helped in this earlier portion by an alternative approach from the west. A force working up the Vardar river and railway would be supported in its action by any force working round from Monastir by the Prilep road. A force which should have successfully occupied the Monastir Plain and advanced in front of Prilep would find in front of it the Babuna Pass, where a detached body of Serbians held out so long last year against the Bulgarian flood. If this pass were successfully carried, however, the whole of the Lower Vardar line is turned.

It is clear from the most elementary examination of the map that the value of the mountains as an obstacle would depend upon the scale of the resistance offered to the south of them. A strong resistance offered south of the mountains resulting in a defeat of the resisting bodies would so weaken it that it would be unable to offer a sufficient resistance in the mountains themselves to prevent the Allied advance. But if the enemy should prefer to treat everything south of the mountain mass as subsidiary to his plans and to reserve his main strength for the defence of that mass and of the two trenches of the Vardar and the Struma, by which alone it can be

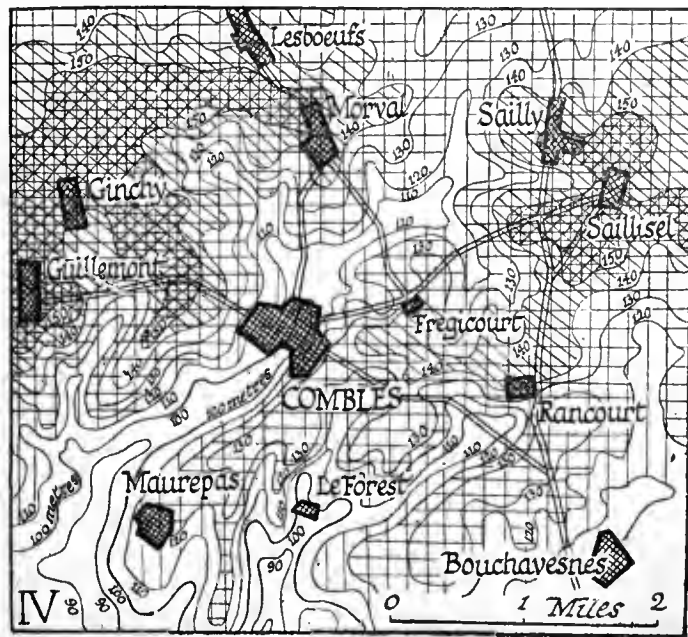
traversed, the problem at once changes in character and becomes graver for the Allies.

It is here that the great political importance of Monastir comes in, and that the political character of the whole Bulgarian intervention also appears. Ferdinand of Bulgaria would not have been able to bring his forces into the field, whatever his private intrigue might have been, had not he been able to work upon the purely local and political ambition of the Bulgarian people who occupied those districts of Macedonia which, as they had maintained, were wrongfully taken from them by the Treaty of 1913. It will be remembered that the Balkan States had agreed amongst themselves, in case of success against Turkey, to make a division of the spoil upon national lines; Serbia extending mainly to the west and obtaining access to the Adriatic; Greece obtaining what she has obtained, and Bulgaria getting possession of all the Bulgarian speaking or partly Bulgarian speaking districts of Macedonia. By an accident which bears to-day a singularly ironic aspect, it was the intervention of Austria which upset this plan. Austria forbade the Serbian extension westward. That extension took place over the territory coveted by Bulgaria, hence the second Balkan war and the Treaties of 1913, by which Bulgaria lost a strip of the Dobrudja to Roumania, and this Macedonian territory which she regarded as hers by right. Mackensen's advance has reoccupied the lost strip of the Dobrudja, and that is the political side of what still remains a mainly strategical move upon his part. For the Macedonian strip at the other end of the field Monastir stands as the one great symbolic name. Strategically it is a weakness. Politically it is a necessity. And that strategical weakness depending upon that political necessity is the opportunity of the Allies.

COMBLES

The Somme offensive, though the most important of the great operations now in train, affords no material for further analysis. The news which has come in up to Tuesday evening, the moment of writing this, is exactly and (happily) monotonously upon the same model as that which we have learnt to regard as normal in this great battlefield. The weather permits good observation. The Allied command of the air (how amazing it is, by the way, to recall to-day the political attack which was allowed to be made upon the Air Service a few short weeks ago!) permits of the most accurate artillery preparation. At its conclusion the sector of enemy trenches marked down is seized, the quota of prisoners is passed through.

In the particular case of this week's methodical success the general effect is, as has everywhere been noted, the almost complete isolation of Combles. The British have taken Morval, and are already well down the southern slope of the height on which those ruins stand; the French hold the outskirts of Fregicourt, and look northward down into the valley in which Combles stands, more than a hundred feet below; Combles communicates with the German lines behind it by communication trenches dug in a belt of land only just over a mile wide.



It has no road whereby full supply can be kept up. The Saillisel road is directly under French fire, at a range of a few yards, the Morval road has gone, and the hollow in which it lies is dominated everywhere by the Allies. It remains to be seen whether the garrison will at once after such a setback fall back or will be sacrificed as was that of Souchez over a year ago. More interesting still will be the power the enemy may have in this field to react after he has lost the Combles salient. It is clearly his business to strike. But he has been slow in reacting lately. Whether his hesitation to counter-attack is due to the strain upon his effectives or the murderous result of his recent failures we do not know. It has

been very pronounced of late, and it will be a fairly good test of his present position upon the Anglo-French centre to see whether his counter-stroke can come at once or no. 24 hours is enough to judge by, 48 is ample.

It is advisable, now that the rate of advance has become so pronounced and its succession so methodical, for the general reader to look further afield than the lines on the Somme, and to see how the *whole* situation looks on a map, including Arras, Cambrai, Noyon, Roye, Soissons. Let him note the position of Bapaume: the railway knot of Cambrai beyond, the St. Quentin line and the relative position of the Roye and Noyon salient: soon the interest will extend to that wide field.

The Enemy Press

The enemy Press makes very interesting reading in this crisis of the war, and the numerous extracts of it printed in our daily papers do not, I think, always give the truest or the most important of the various impressions it conveys.

If I were asked what that truest impression was I should say, after co-ordinating a considerable number of articles and pamphlets intended both for neutral and for domestic consumption, that the chief element at present was nervousness: By which term I do not mean timidity but a sort of unbalancing of the judgment produced by an overstrain upon the nerves. It shows itself in the form of sentimentality upon the one side, and incoherent statements upon the other. It shows itself, for instance, in the most astonishing sensitiveness to civilian suffering on account of the war within the Central Empires, and in definite statements with regard to the military position which do not hang together and which are often simply foolish.

The matter distributed, for example, to neutral countries with regard to the attacks from the air upon German towns is sentimental and also violent after a fashion not to be found in the Allied Press. There is a shriek running through it all against the abomination of killing defenceless people, and a special emphasis is laid, of course, upon the death of women or children. The following phrase, which I quote textually from an official pronouncement, is illuminating:

"Mothers gave vent to the most lamentable cries of despair as they wandered among the horribly mutilated corpses seeking their unfortunate children. One had lost her only son; another three young boys. The profound grief with which we are filled by such a massacre and our profound compassion for the victims only nourishes our determination to achieve victory. Our enemies may boast if they will at having caused the cruel death of 117 defenceless people: certain of the bombs fell near the Royal Palace, but the greater number in the main square, which but a few moments before had been filled with the happy murmur of an innocent crowd." And so forth.

To write in this fashion when one has oneself originated the method of warfare described, when one has boasted of being the first in the field, when one has written whole encyclopædias to show that such methods are legitimate and of indirect military value, and when one has explained a hundred times that they are a natural concomitant of modern hostilities, because the old international decencies of Christendom are dead, may properly be called nervousness. It is shrieking; it is losing one's balance.

I have seen it suggested in some quarters that the foolish outcry against the severity of the Allied bombardment and the protest against the Allied ingenuity in tactical novelties was something exceptional and not fairly representative of the enemy's Press. This is an error. The enemy's Press as a whole writes theatrically and excitedly about the nature of the Somme offensive. It commonly uses phrases such as "butchery"; "murder"; "not true warfare" and the rest of it. To write so connotes a state of public opinion which seems, to an outsider at least, to have lost balance. That press is also "jumpy" on the point of the Allies' military superiority. Thus the *Frankfort Gazette*: "*The feeling of impotence in face of the enemy's methods of air reconnaissance is exasperating.*" The *New Free Press* of Vienna: "*This is not war, it is extermination,*" and again:

"It seems as though the Allies acted from a lust for killing, one would say the Anglo-French Governments had determined to kill Germans at such and such a rate per month."

If we turn to the pronouncements made upon the military position, the attitude of mind betrayed is equally abnormal. Let me again quote textually:

"One of the offensive operations we have undertaken" (and this is again from an official pronouncement and not from a chance ill-informed article), "*has been at work for now quite a lengthy period. It is the attack against the French positions round Verdun. The course of this operation is methodic and implacable, undoing one after the other each effort of the enemy to escape from the stranglehold which is crushing him. The slow disintegration of the French Army at this point proceeds with pitiless logic.*"

I think it is fair to maintain that such a description of the present actions round Verdun is unbalanced. Here is another, equally official. It begins thus:

"The Austro-Hungarian troops succeeded in driving the Italians from the Southern Tyrol and even in crossing the Italian frontier over a large front, to the very edge of the slopes which border the Italian Plain."

That is quite true, but then we go on to read:

"On account of considerations which related to the general military position, and in order to make certain of complete strategic liberty, the Austrians then shortened their front." One does seriously ask oneself for what sort of audience things of this kind are written. The Austrian offensive in the Trentino was a lamentable strategic error: stupid, ill-considered, exceedingly expensive and futile. None of those adjectives are exaggerated. It was ordered in every detail from Berlin. It was overlooked by Prussian officers who accompanied their unfortunate Allies right down into the organisation of every brigade and even, in some cases, regimental units. It had for its enormous consequence the destruction of the Austrian front between the Pripet Marshes and the Roumanian Border; the loss in some eight weeks of some 800,000 effectives in that field alone and the change of the whole war from what it was last May to what it was when the Allies began their attack upon the Somme on the 1st of July: That is from a siege still capable of vigorous reaction to a siege purely defensive. It brought in Roumania; it led to a state of affairs in which the general initiative passed everywhere into the hands of the opponent. To describe a monumental thing of that kind with such phrases as those I have quoted, may fairly be called unbalanced.

It is when one sees official writing of that kind deliberately ordered, corrected and disseminated by the German Government that one understands eccentric examples more commonly quoted, such as that famous telegram about Mackensen's advance in the Dobrudja twice alluded to above in this article.

There is plenty more of the same sort. But I think the most striking example I have yet met with is the following Calendar of the great Battle on the Somme. It is officially drawn up in Germany, published in various languages (I have before me the version in excellent French) and solemnly distributed to the patient German public and to neutrals.

"July 2nd.—*The Anglo-French offensive obtained, generally speaking, no success north of the Somme. South of the Somme divisions were withdrawn to certain positions and then retired to other positions.*"

I am not exaggerating or poking fun, I am quoting textually from an official German document.

"July 3rd.—All the Anglo-French attacks were repelled.

"July 4th.—Violent combats on the Somme. The enemy nowhere obtain any serious advantage."

"July 5th.—A slight progress of the English was compensated by a counter German attack.

"July 6th.—The struggle on the Somme continues without taking an unfavourable turn for the Germans.

"July 7th.—The solidity of the German troops prepares a new day of disappointment for the Anglo-French forces upon the battlefield of the Somme.

"July 8th.—Continuation of the Anglo-French offensive. All the attacks broke down with bloody losses to the assailants north of the Somme, and partial attacks attempted south of the Somme had an equal lack of success.

"July 9th.—Hard fighting on both sides of the Somme. The English are thrown out of the Trones Wood and the French out of La Maisonette.

"July 10th.—Enemy attacks against the Trones Wood and Maisonette break down.

"July 11th.—Hard fighting. On the south of the Somme the French developed a great attack which resulted in a very important setback for them.

"July 12th.—New assaults by the French on the Somme. The enemy is everywhere forced to retire under the fire of the German guns, which inflict enormous losses upon them.

"July 13th.—All the efforts of the English and the French result in nothing but new checks and new disappointments.

"July 14th.—(I think this date is memorable), resumption of hard fighting on the Somme. The Anglo-French forces gain a few slight advantages on several points.

"July 15th.—Four violent attacks by the English break down altogether. The French suffer similar checks with considerable losses.

"July 16th.—An artillery duel upon the Somme.

"July 17th.—In the evening and during the night the enemy executes violent attacks, is repelled everywhere and suffers enormous losses.

"July 18th.—Upon the Somme, the village of Longueval and Detville Wood are retaken from the English. To the south of the Somme partial attacks by the French break down.

"July 19th.—New violent combats on both sides of the Somme. On the whole front the Anglo-French undertake attacks, which are broken at the first shock. To the south of the river the French twice attempt to attack in the afternoon and three times in the morning. They are repelled everywhere with sanguinary losses.

"July 20th.—On both sides of the Somme the Anglo-French forces attempt a decisive stroke and fail utterly, save for certain insignificant advantages.

"July 21st.—After their bloody defeat the Anglo-French forces give up all attempt at common attack. A few partial offensives of theirs are stopped with ease at the first effort.

"July 22nd.—Fruitless attacks by the English in force and French attacks south of the Somme which have no better luck.

"July 23rd.—After enormous losses the English enter a few houses in Pozières. A counter-attack turns the enemy out of Longueval. A few small enterprises by the French south of the Somme break down altogether.

"July 24th.—The Anglo-French concentrate their forces for a decisive effort, after a series of violent conflicts this effort is broken and is fruitless. South of the Somme the French attacked with considerable forces and are repelled with enormous and sanguinary losses.

"July 25th.—Slight enemy attacks forced back. South of the Somme the Germans hold good against French efforts to retake the ground they have lost.

"July 26th.—South of the Somme the French attacks breaks down.

"July 27th.—The complete breakdown of the strong English attack.

"July 28th.—Violent artillery duel on the Somme. Breakdown of strong English attacks.

"July 29th.—Violent artillery duel by the Anglo-French north of the Somme. The English attempt partial attacks without any result.

"July 30th.—A new great Anglo-French attack in

which at least six divisions take part. The enemy is repelled along the whole line.

"July 31st.—Violent fighting north of the Somme. An Anglo-French attack upon Maurepas breaks down altogether, so does a French attack."

There you have it in all its glaring crudity. The Allied attacks always break down. There is never a success. The French and English are always repelled. The whole thing is fruitless. There are no results.

Now I would ask any man of detached judgment, and particularly any neutral for whom balderdash of this sort is intended, to compare it with a similar calendar put forward upon Allied authority of the first month of the enemy's attack upon the Verdun sector. Offensive for offensive and lapse of time for lapse of time, the Anglo-French work upon the Somme has been just about double that of the Germans in front of Verdun. In delivery of shell, in number of prisoners taken, in belt of territory occupied, in numbers of the enemy which have been compelled to concentrate per week, in execution other than the capture of prisoners, done upon the enemy's effectives, the two operations stand in that proportion of about two to one. Such a numerical calculation is most imperfect, striking though it is, because the Verdun operation was begun before the enemy had yet felt the strain upon his effectives and before his strength was declining, still it is a method of calculation rough as it is and imperfect as it is.

Follow the Allied calendar, the story as told by the French to the rest of the world, for the attack upon Verdun and you receive, I think, upon the whole, a just impression. Much is withheld of necessity, but one appreciates the rapid German advance of the first five days, the loss in prisoners and guns, the French standing upon the second line of the hills, the loss of the Fort of Douaumont, the reaction of the French 20th corps, the new attack on the left bank with all the preliminaries for the assault upon the Mort d'Homme; the loss of Forges; the fluctuating struggle for the Crows Wood and for the Goose Crest; the gradual loss of Vaux at the other end of the line, etc.

Compare a steady vision of this sort with the extraordinary nonsense which I have just laid before the reader!

Is it not just to call such a description of the offensive on the Somme "unbalanced"? I have left out nothing which the enemy admits. I have quoted every one of the phrases in which the enemy admits any setback whatever. And yet the general effect of this amazing calendar is that of something written by a man who had not even heard of the Allied blow or of its results, and one does ask oneself again, with such official German matter before one, what sort of audience it can seriously be intended for, and whether the enemy has not perhaps made an even greater blunder about the general psychology of neutrals than he has about that of the French and the English.

H. BELLOC

The current number of the *Cornhill Magazine* contains a very graphic article by Mr. Watson Armstrong, 7th Northumberland Fusiliers, entitled, *My First Week in Flanders*. This brigade of North Country Territorials was, it may be remembered, rushed to the front immediately on its arrival in France to reinforce the Canadians and the Guards in the second battle of Ypres. They did splendidly, though heavily punished. Mr. Armstrong was among the severely wounded, he has recovered, and is now back at the front; he tells a plain unvarnished tale which brings home most vividly to the reader the first experiences of a battalion on the battlefield. From this point of view, it is one of the best things that has been published since the war began.

Another document of this high order is *The Retreat from Mons* by Major A. Corbett-Smith, R.F.A. (Cassell and Co., 3s. 6d. net). The story is told in simple straightforward English, each chapter being headed with a quotation from Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, which might have been written for the occasion. The composition of the First Expeditionary Force, the noblest army that ever left these shores, is given, and there is also a useful map. The narrative stirs the blood like a trumpet call. Major Corbett-Smith realised he had a story to tell that words could not heighten, but might weaken, and he has written with a restraint that makes this book as brave as an old ballad. The famous fight of L Battery R.H.A., at Nery, hard by Compiègne, is given vividly, but every page makes a Briton proud to be the countryman of the "Old Contemptibles."

Enemy Activities at Sea

By Arthur Pollen

ALTHOUGH we are no longer allowed to know the detailed incidents of the submarine attacks on allied and neutral trading ships, it is clear enough from the published information that the enemy's under-water campaign is as lively and as menacing as ever it was. And it is also clear that, in spite of its vigour, it still entirely fails to come up to the expectation of the German Jingo. For it seems quite undoubted now that the Buelow-Reventlow-Tirpitz party have captured the Navy League and several of the most popular papers, and are concentrating their forces for an attack upon the Chancellor—which they hope will be decisive. To anyone who follows the German press, the ground of their attack is extremely clear. It is that he has neglected to bring England to her knees by submarine, as he could and should have done. Popular expression of this faith is extremely naïve. A committee, for instance, has been organised in Munich for putting England out of action with great rapidity. The committee has suddenly realised the importance of this, for it is awakened to the fact that our heavy *defeats* on the Somme will not suffice to lower the crests of so proud and obstinate a people as ourselves. Germany is, in fact, at last alive to the truth that, if England is to be beaten—as of course she must be, because unless she is the others never can be beaten—then the trick must be done at sea. And sea victories of the ordinary kind clearly do not suffice, any more than the German victories of the Somme. The battle of Jutland is nearly four months old, and the Fatherland has reaped just nothing as its harvest of that victory. Somehow the blockade still goes on, somehow prices of food still go up, and the amount of food available goes down. For some reason not given, there is no talk of repeating Jutland. It may be even suspected that a few more similar victories would leave Germany with no fleet at all. But there is a wonderful unanimity that the submarine arm can do what Scheer and Von Hipper hardly succeeded in bringing off.

It is very improbable that there is any reality behind all this agitation. But discussion of this sort helps the Higher Command, if only because it keeps up the illusion that Germany still has cards up her sleeve, and that she can play them, if things become *really* serious. In other words, this domestic quarrelling is a proof to all that things are not serious now. The game is an interesting one to the onlookers, and I plead guilty to a considerable curiosity as to what the Chancellor will say in self-defence.

Meanwhile, for reasons I do not pretend to understand, it has become the allied policy to maintain silence about submarine successes, the greater part of which must be quite well known to the enemy. The advantages of this policy may be and probably are an ample justification for its enforcement. But its disadvantages are naturally much more obvious, for since May, when the rule of silence began, a great many ships have been attacked and sunk—and not in the Mediterranean only—in absolute defiance of the German undertaking to America of May 4th. One would have thought that if the utmost publicity were given to these events an educative value should be derived from them. The people of America are about to elect a new President. The two candidates and the parties that support them are of one mind in thinking it America's chief business to be neutral, and the undertaking of May 4th is quoted to show that neutrality is compatible with a firm assertion of national rights and dignity. It could do the German cause no good, and the allied cause might, it would seem, be benefited if the utmost publicity were given to every case in which a ship was attacked and the persons and lives of passengers and crew jeopardised by submarines torpedoing them without warning. In a few cases sufficient details have been published to prove that the undertaking to America has not been observed. We hear, as if accidentally, of their being made the subject

of investigation by Washington. But such dilatory and secret enquiries are of very little, if of any value, in bringing home the root truths of the situation to the popular mind. Nothing but newspaper publicity can effect this.

Of late the enemy has added to his under-water activities three or four successful efforts with surface craft. Certain British and neutral steamers have been captured by forces sent out from Zeebrugge, and amongst the prisoners taken out of the Dutch mail steamer are certain naval ratings from the interned in Holland who were on their way to England on leave. It will be interesting to see if the Dutch succeed in obtaining the surrender of these prisoners. To have taken them at all was, of course, a gross slight on the Dutch sovereignty. What we are more concerned with, however, is the added evidences of the disadvantages which our North Sea strategy imposes.

Mr. Churchill as Strategist

I dealt with this subject in a cursory manner last week, apropos of Captain Sims' critique of the Battle of Jutland. Now I find he is by no means a solitary exponent of the defensive theory. No less an authority than the late First Lord of the Admiralty has dashed into print with an eloquent repetition of Captain Sims' heresies. "Although," says Mr. Churchill, "the battle squadrons of the Grand Fleet have been denied all opportunity of decisive battle, yet from the beginning they have enjoyed ALL the fruits of a complete victory. If Germany had never built a Dreadnought, or if all German Dreadnoughts had been sunk, the control and authority of the British Navy *could not have been more effective*. There has been no Trafalgar, but the *full consequences* of Trafalgar have been continuously operative." There is, of course, a sense in which this is true, because for ten years after Trafalgar was fought we lost every year more ships than the German submarines have taken from Allies and neutrals altogether since this war began. But when Mr. Churchill goes on to say that "no obligation of war requires us to go further," and that at Jutland "there was no need for the British to seek battle at all," that our motives for seeking battle were only "zeal and strength," and that "a keen desire to engage the enemy impelled, and a cool calculation of ample margins of superiority justified, a movement *not necessarily required* by any practical need," then it is necessary to remind him that if, in modern conditions, we could bring off a modern Trafalgar, a great deal more would follow from it than followed from Nelson's historic victory.

If without any battle at all the whole of Germany's merchant shipping and cruiser activities could be extinguished on the high seas, what would happen from the final destruction of the whole of her main organised naval force? We have only to look at the general naval position, as very lucidly set out by Mr. Churchill, to realise how greatly an unnecessary victory would help us. Our pre-war, and indeed, if Mr. Churchill now expounds the doctrines of Whitehall, our present strategy has always contemplated the North Sea being a kind of no man's sea between two entrenched fleets. To the Germans we say, "We blockade you at the Channel, we blockade you north of the Sound. The outer seas, except for your slinking submarines, we control utterly. We leave you the North Sea, which you will enter at your peril, because if you do we may cut you off and bring you to action when you least expect it. But we do not bind ourselves to hunt you down or to hem you into your own harbours, because we are quite content, so long as the rest of the sea is ours, and so long as you can put the North Sea to no military use directly hostile to this country, and practically to no commercial use, to leave things as they are. We do not consider depriving you of *all* naval activity as worth the cost. Having got 90

per cent. of what we need *without risk*, we are content to leave the odd 10 per cent. in dispute."

This I take it is the strategy that Mr. Churchill adopted at Whitehall, and now sets out for the benefit of the readers of the *London Magazine*. It is, like the rest of our naval policy, entirely defensive. And I do not use the word as a term of criticism or abuse, but simply to define its character. There is naturally much to be said for it. Presumably it has commended itself to a succession of Boards of Admiralty, and must therefore have been consonant with the views of the party in the Fleet that, for the last twelve years, has exercised a predominant influence. What is surprising I think is, that after the Battle of Jutland, which after all came very near to effecting the complete annihilation of the German fleet, Mr. Churchill should not have seen the really tremendous possibilities of a very different policy. A resolute offensive could not have been carried out in the beginning of the war, unless there had been very elaborate preparations for it. It would have meant holding the North Sea, not by concentrating the main force right away "in the northern mists," but by marshalling all the main elements of strength at some point far further south, so as to threaten the German fleet with immediate attack if it ventured out of its harbours. It would have involved very costly preparations in the conversion of disadvantageous bases and inlets into war harbours, and the thing manifestly could not be done at all without a provision of light cruisers and small craft far in excess of our pre-war establishment. Nor would the mere preparation of additional material have sufficed to rob this policy of inordinate risk. It would have been essential to have got to the bottom of all the means of using guns, mines, aircraft, and, above all, torpedoes, whether carried in destroyers or in submarines. And, as we know, no serious effort was ever made to get to the bottom of these things at all.

Scientific Methods.

In many ways the chief interest of Mr. Churchill's article is his incidental apology for this failure. It is, of course, the master fact of the situation, and it is one for which Mr. Churchill's administration is absolutely and solely responsible. For it was in the heyday of his power that he abolished the Inspectorship of Target Practice, the one independent establishment in the whole of our naval organisation, that had personnel, the experience and the *expertise* necessary for advising on scientific methods of gunnery. It is needless to add that no corresponding organisation was set up for the study of destroyer, submarine or mine warfare. Yet there was no thinking person but must have realised, that if the Fleet was ever called upon to face the real thing, every weapon that it would use—or by which it would be threatened—would either by itself, or by its added range and accuracy, or by improvements in the vehicle that would carry it, present entirely new problems. Why were not these problems each and all of them thoroughly investigated and their solutions discovered before war began?

Mr. Churchill supplies us with the answer. He closes his article with a protest against naval operations being more critically and even captiously judged than military operations. They are so judged, he tells us, because of the apparent simplicity of a naval battle, and the obvious character of any disaster that happens to any unit of a fleet. Regiments may be thrown away upon land, and no one be any the wiser, but to lose a ship is an event about which there can be no dispute. It is regarded as a disaster, and at once somebody, it is assumed, must be to blame. This is hard measure on the seamen. Surely an Admiral, he tells us, has a greater claim upon the generosity of his countrymen than a general. "His warfare is almost entirely novel. Scarcely one had ever had any experience of sea fighting. All had to learn the *strange new, unmeasured, and in times of peace, largely immeasurable conditions*."

Now this is really a very striking admission. Whence arose this theory that naval warfare consisted of unfathomable mysteries? Perhaps the explanation is as follows: Popular interest in the navy was first thoroughly aroused by Mr. Stead's *Pall Mall* articles in the middle eighties. It is from the controversies that

he aroused that Brassey's and the other annual naval publications emerged. For twenty years newspaper interest in shipbuilding programmes, design and so forth, advanced in a crescendo of intensity. The many and startling departures in naval policy that characterised Lord Fisher's tenure of the first professional place on the Board of Admiralty, brought this interest to a climax. There was a controversial demand for more costly programmes, and the more costly programmes involved political and journalistic opposition, which in turn provoked greater vigour in those that advocated them. Thus the whole of naval policy had to be commended to popular—and civilian—judgment. And it followed that the advocates of expansion had to employ arguments that civilians could understand. They very soon perceived that success lay along the line of sensationalism. Larger and faster ships, heavier and longer ranged guns, carrying bigger and more devastating shells, faster and more terrifying torpedoes, those new craft of weird mystery, the submarines—all these things in turn and for considerable periods were urged upon the public and the statesmen in terms of awe and wonder. But the Augurs, instead of winking behind the veil, came finally to be hypnotised by their own wonder talk. Who cannot remember that ever recurring phrase, "the untold possibilities" of the new engines of war? They got to be so convinced on this subject that they made no effort to find out precisely what the possibilities were, and Mr. Churchill's phrase that I have just quoted, "the strange new, unmeasured and largely immeasurable conditions," exactly sum up the frame of mind of those who were responsible for naval policy up to and including Mr. Churchill's time. If all these problems were insoluble, if the conditions were immeasurable, if the possibilities of new weapons were really untold and untellable, what was the use of worrying about experiment and knowledge, judgment and expertise? It was this frame of mind that led a humorist to suggest that the materialists ought really to be called the spiritualists.

It was all very unfortunate, because any rightly organised system of enquiry, investigation and experiment, would have dissipated this atmosphere of mystery once and for all. When new inventions are made that affect the processes of industry, it is not the men who go about talking of their untold "possibilities," their "incalculable" effects, and their "immeasurable" results, that get the commercial advantage of their development. It is those who take immediate steps to investigate the limits of their action and the precise scope of their operations who turn new discoveries to account. To talk as if the performance of guns, torpedoes, submarine and aircraft, were beyond human calculation, was really a confession of incompetence. The application to these things of the principles of enquiry universally employed in other fields was always perfectly simple, and had it been employed we should not have begun the war with wondering what we could do, but knowing precisely what we ought to do.

It was want of preparation in these matters that was undoubtedly one of the deciding factors in tying us down both to defensive strategy and to defensive tactics. Most people's eyes have been opened to these simple truths after two years of war, but Mr. Churchill seems to be preserving all his old ideas intact. He thinks it, for instance, a matter that is extremely satisfactory to us that the *torpedo failed to influence the course of the sea battle*, because only one of our ships was hit, and that without being disabled. It is a remark that can only have arisen from failure to understand what torpedoes really effect. The purpose of defensive torpedo tactics in action is to drive pursuing squadrons off their course. Two advantages follow from success. If the enemy is made to change course, his fire control is thrown out and there is immediate relief from artillery attack. The successful employment of torpedoes is, then, a direct protection from gun-power, which may last anything from five minutes to a quarter of an hour, according to the efficiency of the gunnery organisation of the pursuing ships. The second advantage is certainly not less important. If the pursuers are turned off their course they lose way in the race. It gives the chase a new start. Are not these exactly the things

that happened on May 31st? The Commander-in-Chief in summing up the action speaks as follows:

"The action between the battle fleets lasted intermittently from 6.17 to 8.20, at ranges between 9,000 and 12,000 yards, during which time the British fleet made alterations of course from S.E. by E. to west, *in the endeavour to close*. The enemy constantly turned away and *opened the range under cover of destroyer attacks and smoke screens*, as the effect of the British fire was felt."

The statement, it will be observed, is specific. The enemy did open the range, which he had been endeavouring to close, under cover of destroyer attacks. In view of this statement it seems to me to be a very incomplete view, to measure the influence of the torpedo by enumerating the actual hits made with it in action. The influence of the torpedo must be measured by its effect on the result of the action. Between 6.17 and darkness the German object was to escape. The British fleet had superior numbers and superior speed. It had enormously superior gun power, though possibly Mr. Churchill exaggerates in rating it as 4 to 1. But what-

ever the proportions the Germans had no other object than flight, and no means of making that flight successful, except by employing smoke screens to baffle our gunners' aim and torpedoes to throw the pursuers off their course. The fact that they did in fact open the range, and by so doing escaped first destruction by our guns, and next closer pursuit, proves that in the conditions of light and visibility that prevailed on May 31st, the torpedo influenced the action decisively.

It is, of course, quite obvious that had the weather cleared these tactics would not have succeeded. But it is a simple and indisputable historic fact that they did succeed. Had things been otherwise the strategic problem in the North Sea, as we saw last week, would have been vastly simplified, and the difficulties of tackling the raiders from Zeebrugge and the submarines have been reduced to very moderate proportions. But it is curious that Mr. Churchill, who thought modern weapons immeasurable quantities in time of peace, should not have perceived at least one of their uses after so dramatic a demonstration.

ARTHUR POLLEN

A Glimpse of Rural France

By Sir Herbert Matthews

FOR nearly two years a Committee has been collecting money from agriculturists in England in order to help to reinstate the small farmers on their devastated holdings in the countries of our Allies, as and when their ground is recovered from the enemy. The King is Patron of this Fund, and the Duke of Portland is President. Indications having been received that the Dominions were inclined to support it, arrangements were made for a deputation to visit some of the devastated districts, so that representatives might be enabled to report at first hand to their fellow countrymen what they had seen. The deputation consisted of Dr. J. W. Robertson (Canada), Senator the Hon. A. J. Fuller (South Africa), Senator J. H. Keating (Australia), Mr. Charles Elgar (New Zealand), and Mr. Percy Hurd, and the writer of these notes, representing the English Committee. The French Government gave special facilities for a long day's tour under the guidance of M. Guillon of the French Department of Agriculture, and the British Embassy in Paris made arrangements for a visit to the Albert and Fricourt district on the Somme.

Leaving Paris at 8 a.m. on a typical September day, the sun dissipating the mist as the train left the suburbs behind, we travelled through a fine undulating agricultural district, and soon entered the beautiful valley of the Marne. The ground rises gently at a short distance from the river banks, and every yard of ground is cultivated in a way to gladden a farmer's-eye. Even where the sides of the valley rise steeply to the crest, the hillside is clothed with cereal or root crops, save for areas of carefully tended woodland. No waste of ground for straggling hedges, since the boundaries of fields, and even of properties are mere baulks of grass, or a simple furrow, with an occasional water-carrying ditch where drainage demands it. Corn, clover, sugar-beet alternate with each other in rich succession; here a patch of mangolds or rape, there a plot of maize, and then at last—one rubs one's eyes to make sure—but, yes, there is actually a field of grass. The first since we cleared the outskirts of Paris. Grass fields are rarer here than cornfields in England.

Further east there is more pasture, but only where the land is subject to flooding. Woods become larger and denser. The land is poorer too, and interspersed with the cornfields are vineyards on every patch of land with southern aspect. Presently we reach Vitry-le-François, and are now on historic ground, for on this day two years ago was fought the Battle of the Marne, and from our windows can be seen a broken bridge, ruined farmsteads (some partially rebuilt), a church with half its spire shot away, and dotted all along the line the graves of French and German soldiers. A cross marks each grave, but the French are decorated with the tricolor, so the resting place of friend and foe may be distinguished.

At Bar-le-Duc, some 80 miles due east of Paris, and about 18 miles from the St. Mihiel salient, we leave the train. The glass roof of the station here has been shattered by bombs from aeroplanes, and the bare iron framework is patterned against the blue of the sky. On many houses in the village placards are affixed, bearing the words: "Cave Voutée 10," informing those concerned that here is a cellar capable of holding ten persons (the figure according to the accommodation), and in the event of air raids this number of people may seek shelter.

From here we motored through several villages, all more or less shattered, yet all holding a population of old men, women and children, who shelter themselves as best they can during the few hours snatched from their arduous work in the fields. Louppy-le-Château, Villotte, Vaubecourt, Triacourt, Sommeilles, Nettancourt, Revigny, Sermaize, Blesmé and Vitry, whence we took the train back to Paris, are only typical of many other places we did not see; but these were enough to show the meaning of war, to demonstrate the folly and the hate of man. Some of them were only damaged by bombardment, and to that extent may be said to have been accidentally ravaged, but others were entirely demolished by systematic incendiarism and savagery.

Of these latter Sommeilles was the most complete example. Before the war a prosperous village, with its solid stone-built church and hotel-de-ville, facing each other in the centre of the main street, sheltering a flourishing peasantry, working on their own lands, asking help from no one—caught suddenly in the maelstrom of the battle, and in an hour everything has gone. The church walls now stand a roofless, hollow shell, the bells lie on the ground where they fell, the tower walls are nearly intact, and the clock faces are uninjured, but the hands, oddly enough, point to different hours, while a sparrow has built its nest between the hands on the west front. On what remains of the front wall of the town hall appears in faded print the legal notice of the forthcoming marriage of a young couple. One wonders if the wedding took place, or if the battle intervened, and this young dream was shattered like the church. Another notice, of recent date, and written for want of a printing press, announces the distribution of a gift of fowls from the English Committee, at 6 o'clock on a Sunday morning.

Two bright-faced girls in clean cotton frocks passed by, carrying a pail of water from the nearest point of supply to the hut which is now their home. One of them, perhaps fourteen years of age, has a strained sad look in her eyes, and though pleased to join a group of others posing for a photograph, her smile is fleeting. A heap of stones and rubbish near by is pointed out to us as what remains of a house, in the cellar of which the Maire and his daughter hid from a wanton German troop. They were found, dragged forth and shot, and the dead

body of the murdered girl was mutilated. This child saw it all. Two years ago—but it will take many more years to remove that look from her eyes.

Rebuilding Byres and Barns

One is struck by the efforts made, either to rebuild or to erect temporary shelter for farm stock, or barns for storing the crops. Except in Blesmé (where a good deal of permanent rebuilding has been effected), the housing of human beings is evidently considered as of less importance than housing the result of human labour. Some temporary wooden huts—such as our Building Bye-Laws would not allow for human habitation—have been run up, but in places they still live in cellars, sometimes merely roofed over with thatched hurdles.

Even in Sommeilles, however, Nature has worked hard to try and heal some of the wounds, the raw edges of broken walls, have become weather-stained, and vegetation is trying to cover up the ruins; and the new wooden huts, with their walls festooned with haricots, hung there to ripen, help to remove the impression of recent upheaval.

It was on that account that we obtained permission to visit the Somme district.

For this tour we left the train at Amiens, and under the guidance of Captain Watson, and each carrying a steel cap and smoke helmet, motored to Albert. This little town has been knocked about a good deal, but mostly by shrapnel, and consequently quite a number of houses have escaped damage, while others are only partly demolished. The church, which was a fine building carrying a steeple surmounted with a huge gilded figure of the Virgin Mary, is, however, wrecked. The steeple evidently served as a good mark for German gunners, and they battered it until the figure is now hanging over at such an angle that it looks as if it must fall at any moment. Already there has grown up a legend, to the effect that the day this figure falls the war will end.

From Albert we passed through Becordel to Fricourt. Hardly a building is left intact in these places, and all round the latter are the trenches and gun emplacements used by our men before the great push started on July 1st. Some of the latter still carry on their roof a crop of wheat, which was sown when the adjoining field was planted last autumn, and must have completely screened them from prying aeroplanes. Leaving the cars we climbed the highest point between Fricourt and Mametz, whence we looked down over the remains of Mametz village, and a few stumps which mark what was once Mametz wood. On the crest of the hill is a huge mine crater, forty feet deep, and covering two or three acres, where an extensive system of German dugouts were so deeply embedded that mining was the only way of moving them. From here we could locate a number of guns firing at the enemy trenches some four miles away in front, and an occasional German shell came near enough for us to hear it whistle. A German aeroplane flew overhead, chased by one of ours, heading for the German lines as fast as it could travel. Presently shrapnel began bursting round it, but so far as could be seen it managed to get away.

Loss of Surface Soil

The remark has often been made that an enemy army may burn every house and building, burn all crops and implements, drive away all the live stock, and massacre many of the inhabitants, but they cannot permanently damage the soil. The part of the battle area of the Somme that we saw is a contradiction of that statement. The surface soil has largely disappeared. Originally it consisted of a thin chalky-clay over pure chalk, intermixed with beds of loam over gravel. Now the general displacement by trenching, shell-pits and mine craters has so churned up soil and subsoil that levelling will leave a surface mainly of chalk. How long nature will take to cover this with enough to sustain vegetation, even if aided by the usual operations of husbandry, it is difficult to say, but it does not appear commercially feasible to redeem this area. If the primary work of levelling be carried out by troops, or by prisoners, the cost reckoned as military outlay, and not as a charge on the land, it might possibly be planted with beech or

other forest seedlings, and developed as a Government undertaking; but the fates forbid that any individuals should be compelled to try and wring a living from such ground. How far this soil formation extends could not be ascertained, as we were not allowed to go further.

On the return journey to Amiens several villages were passed, all full of British troops. Some comment was made on the unusual tidiness of the farmsteads, and we were told that all the farmyards and out-buildings are more tidy than they have ever been before, thanks to the love of order among our men. A call was made at a Clearing Hospital where everything seemed working smoothly and in beautiful order. The C.O. said, however, in reply to a question, that they were very short of books and papers, also that chewing gum and other luxuries would be most welcome, as being so far from the base they did not get enough of these, though they were well supplied with all actual necessities. "Tommy," he added, "likes good literature, not rubbish." Gifts of this kind should be addressed to "The C.O., 36, Casualty Clearing Hospital, B.E.F., France."

In discussions on agricultural matters "the magic of ownership" is often spoken of; but one does not fully realise the true force of that magic until it is brought home by the abnormal conditions obtaining in France to-day. These peasant farmers mostly own the land they till, and they cling with pathetic attachment to it under most trying circumstances. With their buildings falling about their ears, in roofless houses, with some or all their implements destroyed, soldiers swarming all over the place, with their whole world turned up-side down, they yet endeavour to continue their ordinary work, to feed their stock (if any are left) or to harvest their crops, though lacking strong arms for such heavy work. Within the range of shell fire they are labouring in the fields, with a blind confidence in the future. What other form of land tenure would produce such continuity of effort, such devotion to work, such disregard of risk? Two women were seen working self-binders, others were doing all kinds of jobs usually looked upon as only men's work. In one case a good natured Briton in khaki was helping build a stack.

The Morcelle System

In the Marne district, as in many other parts of France, the *Morcelle* system is the custom. This means that the land is compulsorily divided among the children at death, and this has, in course of time, produced some inconveniences. For instance, excessive subdivision may so reduce the area owned by an individual that he cannot make a living from it. Or again, it may involve ownership of half a dozen narrow strips at some distance apart, yet aggregating only 20 or 30 acres. It is, in fact, a survival in a peculiar form of the conditions frequently found in England before the advantages of enclosure became generally appreciated, and as practised in France is the cause of a good deal of wasted effort and uneconomic methods. The Legislature might easily remove these anomalies, but it is easy to understand any hesitation on the part of the French Department of Agriculture to interfere with a system which has produced such sturdy stock as the French peasantry. They have fed the Nation and had a surplus to export. They are, as a rule, contented, and independent in the sense that they have learned to depend upon themselves. Moreover, they have produced what is more important than all else, a magnificent race of fighting men. Men of splendid physique, hardy, inured to hard work, and used to simple fare. That is the chief factor which has enabled France to sustain herself, and to meet the shock of German invasion, to hurl back the Hun legions at Verdun for month after month, and to regain her balance after such a test as few countries have ever been called upon to meet.

The latent strength of a rural population must always be the last line of defence for any nation, and France has set an example which we shall be wise to emulate. Nothing impressed all the members of our deputation so strongly as the splendid manhood of the French army—officers and men alike. There was only one thing else that gave us as much pleasure, and that was the universal confidence graven on every soldier's face:

"But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

The Bay

By J. D. Symon

THE Bay lies in a break of iron coast, between two rugged headlands, bastions to a strip of shelving shingle. For about a mile the wall of cliff, running far to north and south, is entirely interrupted, and behind the beach the ground rises gently inland through a rolling pastoral country leading upwards to the foothills of a giant mountain range. From the beach itself the mountains are invisible, but row out about half a mile, and you may take your bearings by familiar peaks of the Grampians.

Tucked snugly away in the southern corner of the dip lies a little town, famous as a holiday retreat, but scarcely spoiled by the modern conventions of such places. Fringing the tiny harbour the houses still cluster, red-roofed and quaint, around the spire of the old town hall, very much as they were in the seventeenth century. A little apart rises the spire of the new town hall, not very new, and marking a second *hôtel de ville*, now itself superseded for a generation back by a third, of no great outward pretensions, although spacious enough within. The town hall, second of its name, makes an island in the market square to which it is perfectly appropriate, for it is a veritable market-house, of a kind not very usual in Scotland, with arched porticos that recall those of Amersham, although the building, being of the sterner north, is harder of face than the genial old rural exchange in Buckinghamshire. But the northern agora is very gracious for all that, a wide square with trees and pleasant shops dear to holiday-making children, who used to cherish one in particular for the marvellous peppermint rock sold there. "Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole." On a recent day, a middle-aged pilgrim sought the old familiar place. It had vanished; but only round the corner, where the ancient confection, unchanged in excellence and savour, is still made and sold to the delight of a new generation. The sticks, perhaps, are less sumptuously massive—their very thickness, most expansive to the jaw, was an added luxury—but to-day's leanness may be only another symptom of these abnormal times, and, with peace, the former corpulence must surely return.

Memories of Childhood

But fascinating as the town and its attractions are, it is the Bay of which it is our hint to speak. To see it once more, sparkling blue beneath an early autumn sun, flung the pilgrim back more years than he cares to count, to dim memories, fitful and dreamlike, of a summer that halted, incredulous, at the news that France and Germany were at war. Grave elders' fragmentary uncomprehended talk about the coming strife mingles in that dream with impressions of warm morning sunshine on the shore, of business with spade and pail, of an early moral judgment that the shingle, so trying to the feet, was less agreeable than the velvety sand of another beach nearer home. More vivid is the memory of what seemed a deed of purposeless maternal violence, wrought upon a small kicking body, dipped for an instant under the gentlest and most playful of incoming rollers, which seemed, however, vast and remorseless as Noah's flood. The organism opened its mouth to yell and received a full complement of sea-water. Spluttering, it broke loose, and flew incontinent to another guardian, waiting with comfortable towel outspread to receive the rebel, who, it is recorded, as he got rid of his brackish draught, likened himself solemnly to the elephant and the tailor in the Indian story. Pity that the evil habit of literary allusion, thus early manifested, was not rewarded with convenient spanking, then and there. It had saved much sorrow in later years, when the habit, alas! had become a trade.

But, be the troubles of that professional habit what they will, for one day at least, it was possible to forget them in the pure enjoyment of the Bay's perpetual charm. Alas! that it should be only for one day. Yet this is no time to complain of restricted holiday. Even a day is much; and such a day, one of those that link summer

to autumn in golden bonds. The visit was due to no accident or caprice, but chiefly utilitarian, for the purpose of recapturing a member of the younger generation, over whom the Bay and its township have exerted an hereditary fascination. There he was living a savage, piscatorial life, which he described in triumphant dispatches, telling of codlin and whiting captive to his line and hook. He decreed accordingly that the day of the official visitation and removal schoolward should be spent afloat, in one last orgy of sea-fishing.

Sea Fishing

Only the lightest of ripples kissed the beach, as the fishermen put off. The sunshine and the gentle motion suggested rather some river expedition than voyaging on the grey North Sea, so calm and sheltered were the waters. The crew of three, an indulgent uncle, a stern parent, and an irresponsible son, rowed out in the most leisurely fashion, feeling little temptation to be fiercely energetic. That is to say, the elders preferred to take life easily. Not so the third member of the crew, who had several concerns of urgency. His lines were but one department. Recently, his nomadic holiday having taken him to the second city of the Empire, famous for ships, he had become owner of a yacht, of less than one ton burthen, but of excellent performance. The Bay, a veritable mill-pond to-day, made it possible to entrust the dainty craft to its waters with no hampering and ignominious tether of string. The "Clyde Queen" justified the confidence reposed in her. She tacked about as if manned by an accomplished crew, proved herself marvellously quick in stays, and capable of sailing very fast and very close to the wind. Now and then it was necessary to row after her when she threatened too ambitiously to go right out to sea, but she was a sensible creature and gave little anxiety, cruising here and there well within hail. The least possible effort kept her on a safe course, and meanwhile the owner and skipper could attend to bait and lines, that wet and strange smelling but exciting task.

When the boat has drawn level with the two headlands, the southern a great detached Behemoth of a boulder, the northern a lower craggy point very perilous to seamen in winter, a long and wonderful vista of cliff scenery springs into view, both up and down the coast. And on a southward peninsula tower the venerable remains of a castle that was in its prime itself a township, the stronghold of a family noted in arms and in letters. From the castle to the craggy northern point aforesaid is a fair distance, it was a great distance in the days of ancient gunnery, and yet across the space between the castle batteries and that promontory Mons Meg threw one of her big stone shot, with such nice accuracy as to carry away the topsail of a vessel which had the effrontery to pass the castle without the customary salute. It was a bigger feat than it seemed, for Meg's gunner was absent when the ship passed. Now from the castle to our red-roofed town is a good two miles by road. The gunner had to be dug out of a tavern in the town by a messenger, and had to race back to do his memorable trick. But thanks to slow sailing craft he was in time, or so the story goes. Against one of yonder trawlers, now deliberately sweeping the same stretch of water, it would have been a hopeless game.

Here, then, with the long silhouette of the castle just clearing the southern promontory, the irresponsible Boy says there is good fishing ground. He serves out lines and bait to long-suffering elders and expects them to do their best to depopulate the green depths flecked now and then with the darting flash of some silvery fish that, rising, catches the sunshine. And so till late afternoon, while the boat rocks on a gently-heaving tide, the members of the fishing party catch great health, if nothing else, from that bracing air and sea. And one of them, watching the Boy's antics, recaptured his own boyhood from the Bay's friendly and reminiscent waters.

German Administration in East Africa

By John A. Jordan

[Mr. John Alfred Jordan, the writer of this article, is a well-known elephant and big game hunter. He has spent many years of his life in East Africa and has enjoyed exceptional opportunities of studying local conditions both in British and German territory]

AT the present time when the most valuable of the German Colonial possessions is gradually passing from German into British hands, it should be of interest to know something of that vast country which is regarded in Africa as "The Settler's Paradise." It is most improbable that German East Africa will ever revert to German rule, indeed it should be impossible, for the possession of this vast agricultural and stock-raising country is absolutely essential for the proper development of British East Africa, which is, of course, contiguous to it.

My first experience of the country was in 1902—just after the South African war. Since that time I have spent upwards of ten to twelve years shooting, prospecting, mining and generally studying the German administration and comparing it with our own in the adjoining colony. I arrived at Shirati, a German port on the Lake Nyanza, in November, 1902, and was surprised by the general desuetude of the town and also at the cowed and spiritless condition of the natives. The place was overrun with rank vegetation and sanitary arrangements were non-existent. There were millions of mosquitoes, which were terrifying even in the daytime. The Commandant of Shirati at that time was a man named Bohmstadt, from whom I obtained my first game and prospecting licences. A comparison of the shooting licences, which at that time were respectively issued in German and British East Africa, and their influence on the condition of either colony is an important and interesting study in retrospect at the moment:

German East Africa: General shooting licence, Rupees 10. The following sums are also charged on all animals killed: (1) Elephant, Rs. 100 or one tusk; (2) Rhinoceros, hippopotamus, buffalo, Rs. 20 each; (3) Antelope, Rs. 2 each.

With each licence was issued a "Vermin bounty" which covered lion, Rs. 20, leopard, Rs. 10, and wild cat and crocodile, Rs. 5 each. The skins were stamped by an official who paid the bounty, returning them to the licence holder.

British East Africa: General shooting licence, £50. On this licence the hunter was restricted to: Two elephants; two rhinoceros; two buffalo; two hippopotamus; and one or two (in rare species) and sometimes up to five in common species, of antelope, and gazelle.

No bounties.

The immediate influence on the two colonies of these licences will be obvious. In British territory, the expense of the licence, and the restricted number of animals allowed, especially the elephant clause, rendered it impossible to adequately protect the crops, while in German territory they shot out nearly all the elephants and destructive game, with the result that that country became the most flourishing agricultural country in the whole of East Africa.

The position at that time of the natives under German rule was deplorable. They were in a state of absolute subjection on account of the extreme brutality of the officials and soldiers. Stringent laws were brought into operation and were very vigorously applied. The natives had to pay all taxes in money. The Germans also fixed one price for all native produce and live stock was valued, a cow Rs. 5, an ox Rs. 2, and goats and sheep, 4 annas each. In addition to this extremely low tariff the natives were forced to supply the officials and soldiers, without payment.

Further, there was an enforced system of military service, all native men being liable to military service, and thousands were driven to the Barrack Square. It was a common everyday sight to see German N.C.O.'s walking up and down the lines of the native recruits slashing them across their faces until the blood ran down into their uniforms. I have frequently seen

natives with the most dreadful scars on their legs and arms and deep gashes on their faces. When one considers the great difficulty that a native must experience in absorbing the general ideas of military discipline, it is remarkable that these men, who belonged to purely agricultural tribes, should have submitted to this rule of "frightfulness," and that they should at the present time form so formidable a fighting force against us. It was entirely useless for natives to complain. If they had the courage to report injustices they were given 25 lashes with the kiboko first and then they were asked what they had to say. If the complaint was against an official they received further and severer treatment. The result of this military despotism was simply indescribable. I travelled through that country for a considerable period, and wherever I happened to be and whenever the natives realised that I was an Englishman they flocked to my camp and poured out their troubles. After about nine months in that part of the country I trekked to Muanza which was then their principal port, and there I found the same deplorable state of affairs.

I left soon afterwards and returned to British East Africa, where I had ample opportunity of comparing the two systems of treatment of the black man. In the British Colony the natives were assisted in every conceivable manner. They were paid generous prices for their stock and produce. The hut tax was never harshly enforced. If the natives were poor owing to the failure of their crops, or for other reasons, the Government not only withheld their demand but supplied them with food and fresh seed. In the Civil Courts justice was meted out tempered with great leniency to the native, and the magistrates would listen all day to their complaints if there was any possibility of them having been unjustly treated by the settlers. In every case within my experience they have always received justice without prejudice to race. The natives in the colony were extremely proud of the fact that they lived under British rule. About this time settlers poured into the country and the price of stock rose accordingly.

There was plenty of work for the natives at good wages and the country developed with extraordinary rapidity. Small towns sprung up everywhere. The Government devoted their attention specially to hygiene. They cleared off all the garbage and rank vegetation and succeeded effectually in stamping out diseases, and the country soon became one of our most valuable possessions. The Germans soon realised the advantages of this feature in our administration and were not long before they copied it. Their country was placed under civil administration and the same laws were introduced, but they were unable to expunge their natural faults, and failed to substitute justice and firmness for injustice and cruelty. Officials visited the chiefs supported by their armed soldiery. Frequently without hesitation the natives have been forced in thousands to cut roads all through the country, and the soldiers at all times were allowed to take what they required from the unfortunate natives.

When I returned to German East Africa some two years afterwards I was astounded to see the enormous alteration. The towns were remarkably well laid out and there was a very noticeable increase in the number of white officials. They had sown all kinds of crops, rubber, cotton, and fibre. The country generally looked exceedingly flourishing. The natives, nevertheless, were still living in terror of their oppressors. My experience was that they never really enjoyed themselves except when they were allowed to enter British territory in search of wealth. The German Government allowed natives to leave their colony on payment of one rupee. They generally visit British territory and work for a year, saving all the money, and then return to German East Africa with considerable sums of money to spend, so that in point of fact a large proportion of the annual sum secured by the German hut tax has been furnished by British purses. There was so much British money in the German colony that usually in change one received

eight British coins to two German ones.

In certain particulars, fortunately for them, the Germans did not copy the English administration, and these were in relation to the game and trading laws. Our system resulted in enormous annual losses to the British colony and a huge financial gain consequently to the German, as they secured *all* our ivory and rhinoceros horn trade. The British Government wished to preserve the wild game without regard to the damage which the farmer sustained on account of his inability to protect his crops. It was obviously impossible for the settlers to protect their plantations without an enormous army of gamekeepers and rangers, which they could not afford to maintain. The result was that the game laws were ignored and game was killed as if such laws had never been introduced. The British Government also placed a

restriction upon the trading of ivory from the natives.

In conclusion I will record one illustration of the extremes to which the Germans will occasionally go in their brutal determination to subjugate the native. The case occurred at Shirati. Commandant Bohmstadt, whom I have mentioned, effectually stamped out thieving and petty speculation among the natives on his station and they had become so terrified that they would not even pick up money lost in the street. One day this man was on a tour round his district when a native woman ran after him complaining that some Swahilis had taken away her flour without paying for it. He told off eight soldiers to return and ordered them to fire three volleys into the huts occupied by the Swahilis, which they immediately did, killing and wounding about a dozen, including women and children.

The Establishment of Poland—V

THE main points with regard to the establishment of Poland at the end of the war may be briefly summarised as follows: Racially, Poland's boundaries are as shown on the accompanying map; it is necessary to the peace of Europe that these racial boundaries and the political frontiers of the new Poland should correspond, though such correspondence involves the isolation of East Prussia from the rest of Prussia.



On this sketch is shown the area occupied by the Polish-speaking people, and the general limits due to an independent Poland. The country lies round the Vistula basin, depends for its access to the sea upon the port of Dantzig, and has a clearly-defined frontier to the west against German speech, with a less clearly-defined boundary to the east against other Slav-speaking peoples. It is shown how this territory isolates the German-speaking province of East Prussia round Königsberg and north of the Masurian lakes. The town-centres of Vilna and Lemberg represent isolated Polish-speaking majorities, but all the eastern belt contains a proportion of Polish landowners and peasants.

Slavonic in origin, the Poles differ from the Slavs dwelling farther east in that they received their culture from western sources; Christianity, the great civilising force of Europe, worked inward from two points—the Roman and the Byzantine. Such culture as Russia gained in the period when civilisation was forming from barbarism was wholly Byzantine; the western Slavs received their religion and culture from the west and south, from the Atlantic and Mediterranean regions. Not only were their bishops in communion with Rome, but their whole culture was part and parcel of western

things. In the district of Posania was found the first nucleus of the new State that was subsequently to be called Poland, and from that district Polish unity grew up. On the west, the racial boundary of this State is clearly defined; on the east, the boundary is undefined, for the Lithuanians, forming a dividing race between Byzantine Slavs and Westernised Slavs, became partially absorbed by either form of civilisation, so that the eastern boundary fluctuates through what was the pagan belt stretching from the Baltic shores down toward Lemberg.

In its early days the new State had no outlet to the sea, but gradually the race extended northward along the Vistula basin, and reached the Baltic at Dantzig and to the west of Dantzig. Meanwhile, German orders of chivalry had penetrated farther east than Dantzig, and had formed an isolated settlement in the district of the Masurian lakes, reaching north-eastward as far as Königsberg. This mediæval settlement was the root of the whole Prussian race, which, partly through a genius for organisation for war and partly by a series of accidents, came to the dominance of all modern Germany.

Through the policy of Frederick the Great, the infamous partition of Poland was accomplished in the 18th century, and from that mutilation of a nation the great war of the present indirectly arose. It has become evident, no less to Germany than to the Allies, that Poland must again be established as a kingdom; Germany proposes to re-establish that kingdom as an island State, autonomous in name, but in reality under German control, and shorn of Dantzig, of Thorn, and of the original district of Posania. Such a re-establishment would be little less infamous than the original partition of the kingdom between Prussia, Russia, and Austria. The new Poland, according to Germany, is to be a mere province of the "Central Europe" scheme, for which the war was inaugurated.

Such would be the chief fruit of an inconclusive peace: Cracow, utterly Polish, would remain politically separated from the new State; Dantzig, the true port of Poland, would be German, and the new Poland, the true proof of Allied victory, would not exist; there would be a Polish province, made autonomous by Russia, but under Russian tutelage.

In the interests of the future peace of Europe, the Allied programme must include nothing less than the re-establishment of Poland in its integrity, and possessed of a freeboard on the Baltic: Dantzig. Dantzig is the key of the whole policy; the essential point. Dantzig must be Polish. East Prussia, the heart of the Prussian system, must be created an island, separate from the rest of Germany—our enemies would not hesitate at such a solution of the problem of the Baltic coast. By the isolation of Königsberg and the rest of East Prussia, a German-speaking colony beyond the real Poland, a safeguard would be set up; by the connection of East Prussia with Germany, which means the retention of Dantzig by Prussia, a permanent threat to the peace of Europe would be established, and a recrudescence of German influence over the whole of the Vistula basin, and eventually over all eastern Europe, would be invited.

The Kaiser and His People

By Francis Gribble

IS the Kaiser the real leader of his people or only the crowned prisoner of a party, pushed along in front? Will this people stick to him in adversity, or make him a scapegoat when they realise that his policy has failed?

One thing is certain. Since Frederick the Great, the Hohenzollerns, though they have always been announced as the leaders of the people, have never really led them, Frederick William II. obeyed the Rosicrucians. Frederick William III. obeyed his mutinous generals. Frederick William IV. alternately obeyed the revolutionists and the reactionaries. William I. obeyed Bismarck, who made him Emperor against his will. That was the family tradition which William II. found established when he came to the throne. He resolved to break it down; he tried to do so. For quite a while, it looked as if he had succeeded; but then, of a sudden, something went wrong. His people turned on him. He was, as it were, whistled back and brought to heel.

The great symbolic fact by which he proclaimed his independence was, of course, the "dropping of the pilot." He also proclaimed it in various *obiter dicta*, which have become famous. For instance:—

Only one is master in this Empire, and I am that one—I tolerate no other.

My course is the right one, and it shall be followed.

When I undertake anything, I carry it out.

Suprema lex regis voluntas.

A Favourite Pose

It is very tempting to judge him by these utterances; but it is also very easy to judge him wrongly by them. They represent him as he likes to picture himself rather than as he is—as he tried to be rather than as he succeeded in being. Most likely it flattered his subjects to see him cutting such a fine figure, and affecting to lead the Universe by the nose. They certainly applauded the *beau geste* as long as it appeared to be successful, and were themselves ready to follow as long as they were being conducted along the road which they desired to travel. But then there was a hitch in the proceedings. The Universe resented being led by the nose, and took its measures accordingly; and as those measures were not satisfactory to Germany—and as somebody had to be held to blame for them—there resulted a trial of strength between the Kaiser and German public opinion.

That trial of strength—the famous "crisis" which came to a head in 1908—is the thing to turn to if we want to fix the Kaiser's position alike in the council chamber and in the hearts of his people. It tells us far more than we can learn from any stage-managed Reichstag effect. From the Reichstag manifestations of August, 1914, we might infer that the Kaiser was firing a mine which his skilful diplomacy had prepared. That is the impression which they were designed to give; and it may even have been communicated to the Kaiser himself. At the same time, it is quite at variance with the impression one derives from the events of 1908.

The note of the agitation of that year was this: that German diplomacy had been bungled, and that the Kaiser was responsible, and must be made the scapegoat. He had talked too much, and he had said the wrong things; he had bluffed, and failed to follow up bluff by action. On the one hand he had professed a friendship for England which did not suit the book of those Germans who had designs against the British Empire; on the other hand he had aroused enmities which were bringing about the isolation of Germany. And therefore—

There is no need to argue about the truth of these charges. The essential point is that, true or false, they were believed in Germany, and that the Kaiser became, in consequence, the most unpopular man in his own dominions, and the helpless victim of his own reptile Press. And another point, hardly less essential, is that the men who then attacked him most bitterly were precisely the men who now profess to be the most loyal followers of his patriotic lead. It was not only the Social

Democrats and the Radicals who could find no good word to say for him; he was denounced with even greater fury by such men as Bassermann and Reventlow for boasting of the services which he had rendered to the cause of peace. One Pan-Germanist went so far as to say that, "whatever the circumstances, the Kaiser always fails to think and speak like a German," and Maximilian Harden even suggested abdication. "Is our King and Emperor," he asked, "thinking of renouncing the crown. Let us have no illusions. All his subjects are now in opposition to him."

A Change of Chancellors

That was the occasion on which Prince von Bülow promised that the Kaiser would behave better in future. Not long after having done so, he resigned the Chancellorship, to which Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg succeeded; the interpretation put upon the change being that the Kaiser preferred a Chancellor who would do what he told him to one who insisted on telling him what to do. The triumph, however, was purely personal—a demonstration which covered a surrender. The real victory rested with the militarists under whose influence the Kaiser fell. There was a revival of loyalty on their part when they believed that they had got him in their pocket; but they do not seem to have been sure—or to be quite sure even now—that he was completely in their pocket; and the attacks which are now nominally directed at his Chancellor are really meant for him. Putting all the criticism together, we may come to the following conclusions:

(1.) According to the official German theory, the present "defensive" war is a necessary reply to an attempt on the part of the Entente Powers to "encircle" Germany.—*Einkreisungspolitik*.

(2.) The Kaiser's blunders and premature bluster are regarded in Germany as responsible for that combination against Germany which the military party considered it imperative for Germany to break down.

(3.) In the days of the diplomatic preliminaries, the Kaiser (through his Chancellor) clung too long to the hope of peace, and obstructed the military preparations. When the war began to go badly, the Kaiser (also through his Chancellor) obstructed the efficient conduct of it by objecting to certain forms of "ruthlessness."

So that the Kaiser tends to become, more and more, the target of a converging German fire. From the point of view of the people who did not want the war, it is his fault that the war took place. From the point of view of those who did want the war, it is his fault that the enterprise has not been crowned with success. From either point of view, therefore, the failure which now seems imminent, can be laid at his door; and the events of 1908 have shown us what the loyalty of Germans, whether Junkers or Social Democrats, amounts to, when they are persuaded that their Kaiser has got them into a mess.

They do not stick to him through thick and thin. On the contrary, they make him a scapegoat, and do not hesitate to talk about abdication; a thing which no moral consideration will restrain them from doing when the present failure is fully exposed.

Mr. John Masefield's *Gallipoli* (Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.) is based on personal experiences, for the author was for some months a working member of the Red Cross organisation on the peninsula. It is one of the most moving stories of the war that has yet been published, dealing with the human rather than the strategic side of this great adventure, and combining experience of war with a fine literary quality.

A wealth of anecdote is contained in *Forty Years at the Criminal Bar*, by Edmund D. Purcell, barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.) The author deals not only with crimes and criminals, but also with judges and their ways, and his book is illuminating with regard to the legal view—as opposed to the lay view—of crime and the treatment of the criminal. It is an interesting study, but one that barristers as a rule will not like, for its candour will prove rather disconcerting with regard to the methods and motives of the bar.

Nevinson and His War Pictures

By C. Lewis Hind

PAINTERS have not been inspired by the war. It is too near, too overwhelming. You cannot paint a tiger while the beast is springing at your throat; but later, with the help of the tiger cage at the Zoological Gardens, you may attempt to set down what you saw and felt. Briefly, painting, like poetry in the accredited definition, is emotion remembered in tranquility.

The black and white men, especially the cartoonists, have done better than the painters—Spencer Pryse, E. J. Sullivan, and Will Dyson. Paintings one remembers are Clausen's "Youth Mourning," Sickert's "Belgian Soldiers," and Kennington's "The Kensingtons"; but the authors of these outstanding works have not been fired to fury by the conflict.

Found His Soul.

One painter, artist I will call him, C. R. W. Nevinson, has found himself in the war, found his painting soul, and forced it to function piercingly and vividly. Before August, 1914, he was, as a technician, "all dressed up and nowhere to go." That is, he had acquired, adapted, adopted and resolved in his bright intelligence, a formula of seeing and painting, which was a highly organised and revolutionary instrument; but the trouble was, there was nothing in the ordinary peace life to employ it upon, nothing to bring his scientific instrument into line with humanity. In those days I found Nevinson's paintings becoming less and less interesting, and finally a bore. Then the war broke out. In October 1914, Nevinson went to Flanders as a motor-ambulance driver for the 1st Anglo-Belgium Field Ambulance. He was at Ypres through the 1st and 2nd bombardments and returned to London in February 1915. He then had seven months' service in the R.A.M.C., and was eventually discharged as unfit, after a severe illness, with the memory of that awful time and a bundle of "hasty and surreptitious sketches."

His formula of painting was already perfected. Now, at last, he had his subject. When the list of excuses for the war, or war-gains, great and small, small and great, is made up, one may be that Greece found her soul, which she had lost for nearly two thousand years; another that a young and ambitious artist, still in the twenties, well-equipped, and well-satisfied that artistically he was right, found himself.

I remember vividly my emotional and intellectual delight before the first picture I saw from Nevinson's brush in the post-war days. It was "La Mitrailleuse," which has been acquired by the Contemporary Art Society, and is included in the exhibition of his war pictures just opened at the Leicester Galleries. It shows four French soldiers (one dead) and a machine gun in a horrid pit. Barbed wire protects it above, and beyond is the luminous, indifferent sky. This essay in direct expression is a trenchant criticism of modern warfare. It is despairful, not horrible. The brave men are as inhuman as the gun. The twain are one, just implacable instruments of death, grey, intent, venomous, and scientifically certain as the geometrical formula in which the artist has encased his swift vision. This picture seemed to me to be a new thing, an outstanding work, and it was very satisfactory to read what so distinguished an artist as Mr. Walter Sickert said about it later in the *Burlington Magazine*: "Mr. Nevinson's 'Mitrailleuse' will probably remain the most authoritative and concentrated utterance on the war in the history of painting."

Here, it becomes necessary to hark back some years and to enquire briefly how it became possible for Nevinson to paint "La Mitrailleuse," and to give us the essence of the cold and pitiless intellectuality of war in a geometrical formula, originally derivative, but which he has quite made his own. The bloodless revolution began years ago in Holland with Van Gogh; in France with Cézanne, and Picasso who, after a spell as an "ordinary artist," became the high priest of Cubism. It produced many movements, which have been given many names—Post Im-

pression, Neo Impressionism, Cubism, Futurism, Vorticism and so on. All aimed at much the same thing—at expression not representation, all sought to strip off externals and get down to reality, or to quote Nevinson's own words, "an abstract, dynamic, and mental impression rather than a concrete, static, or optical." In this country the fun began after the Post Impressionist exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. Art became active, a living thing, and talk was as furious as in the old Zola-Manet days. Fierce youths in sombreros and peg-top trousers spoke of Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Two Crowns" at the Tate Gallery, dated 1900, as the last gurgle of the old world (many of these fine fierce youths are now dead on the field of honour). What days those were, and how hard it was for the mere laymen to keep abreast of those mushroom art dynasties. Depositions and decapitations occurred between a Saturday and a Monday. Knowing that you were about to meet an eminent Cubist, you would "get up" Cubism and flatter him by your knowledge of it, and his importance in the movement. Whereupon he would hit you over the head and shout: "I am no longer a Cubist: *à la bas Cubisme*: I am a Vorticist."

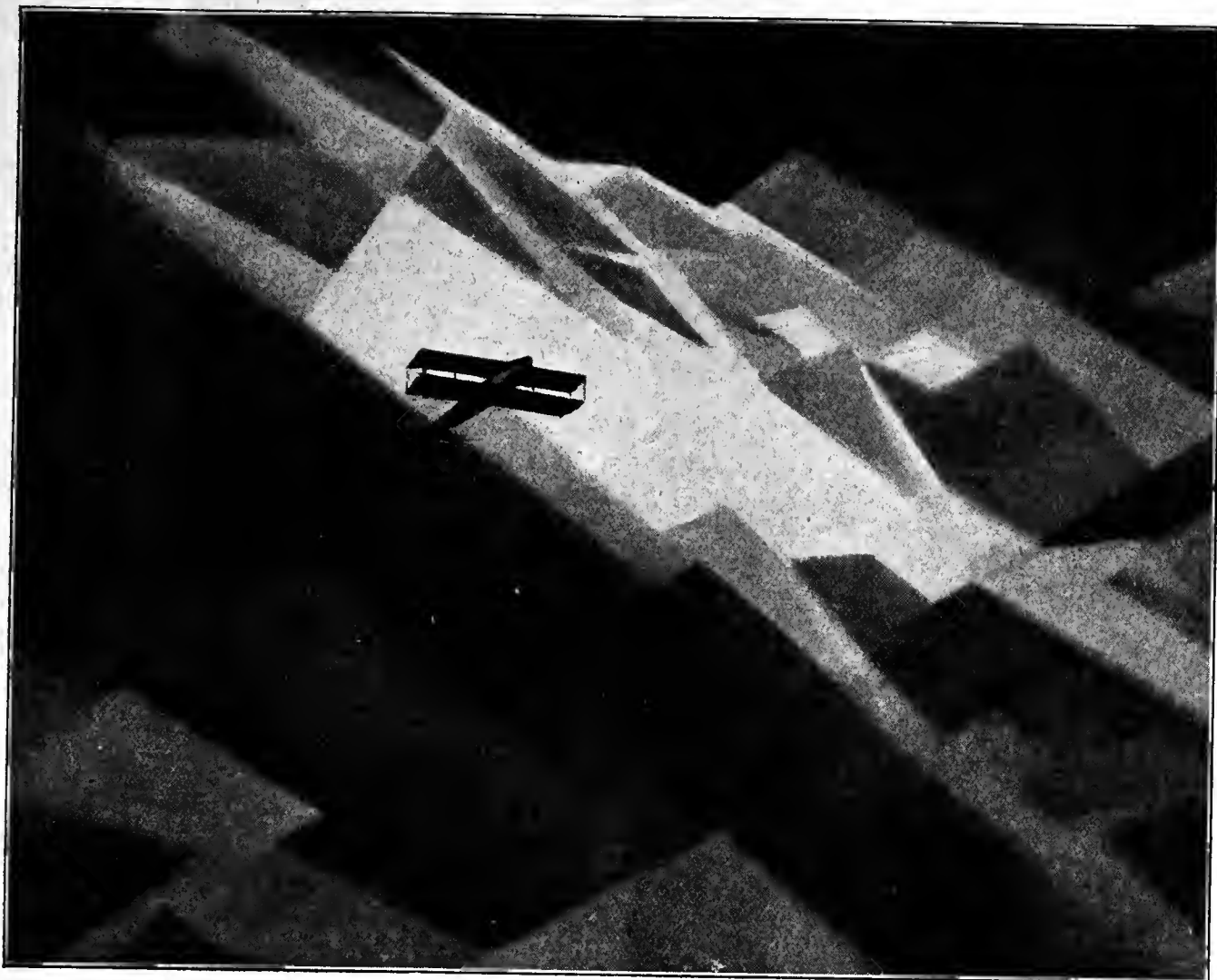
His Early Career

Through all this ferment C. R. W. Nevinson passed hitting and being hit. He sowed and gathered; he plucked and sloughed, and this exhibition is his harvest—the first, I hope, of many and greater harvests. Here is a brief record of his time of fertilising the ground and planting. Born 1889, he was educated at Uppingham, and studied at the St. John's Wood Art School, the Slade, Julian's and Circle Russe, Paris. His first subjects were work and workers in the great industrial towns, his method Impressionism. Then he came under the influence of Cézanne, Van Gogh and Derain: he sought solidity, form, structural composition, and abstract pictorial values—method post-Impressionism. Next, realising that pictorial art has as little to do with the "imitation of natural forms as has music with the imitation of natural sounds," he became a Cubist. Then his hatred of everything "old, fusty, second-hand, Old Mastery, romantic," and his enthusiasm for modern mechanism, and "the restless, seething dynamicism" of our cities, sent him headlong into Futurism, and he in conjunction with Marinetti wrote the Futurist Manifesto on "Vital English Art." Then came the war, and this vivid revolutionary, eager and intelligent, had the luck of his life, got his subject, in horrible completeness, straight and deep, as you will see if you visit the Leicester Galleries. This shooting star shot into a world of art, where things are being made anew. He exploded bombs at the venerable planets. The planets shine splendidly as of yore. Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez look on benignantly. They are above taunts and Futurist assaults, and it is quite certain that the shooting-stars of to-day, if ever they become planets, will be also violently assaulted by the shooting stars of 500 years hence.

And now back to Nevinson's exhibition.

This is war seen through a temperament, done in a technique, which, it seems to me, absolutely suits the grim subject. Sometimes he cannot help being pictorial, and when he is, as in "A Taube," we are shown the naked horror and shame of war. In "Before the Storm," an aeroplane defying the oncoming tempest (reproduced on the opposite page), we have a big glimpse of its splendid daring, and in "Troops Resting," also reproduced here, a statement that this geometrical formula can make a thing seem more like life than the episode itself.

We are all, whether painters, writers, saints, organisers, or air-engine makers after the same goal—simplicity. Nevinson has distilled it from a retort brimming with many complexities. In the search we are divided, in the result we are one, and all can subscribe to Anatole France's wisely simple saying: "A simple style (in painting as in prose) is like a white light. It is complex, but not to outward seeming."



Before the Storm



Troops Resting

Paintings by C. R. W. Nevinson, now on view at the Leicester Galleries

Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. Hannay undertakes the mission; his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who joins them. Three months later they meet in Constantinople, Hannay having reached there by way of the Danube, accompanied by a Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, after many adventures in Germany. Blenkiron also goes by way of Germany, and Sandy arrives at Constantinople disguised as a Mahomedan fanatic. After the three meet, Hannay, who has previously posed as a Boer from Western Cape Colony, assumes the character of an American engineer. Riding one evening on the outskirts of Constantinople with Pienaar they lose their way and find themselves in total darkness in a garden. Here Hannay, by chance, meets Sandy in disguise. While talking, a big car drives up in which a German lady, Hilda von Einem, is seated; this woman holds a clue to the secret. She drives Hannay to her house where she questions him, and on the morrow visits him at his house in Constantinople. Later, Sandy turns up. It is midnight; he tells his story.*

CHAPTER XV (continued)

SANDY told me the story of his recent doings; he had found out the house of Frau von Einem without much trouble, and had performed with his ragamuffins in the servants' quarters. The prophet had a large retinue, and the fame of the minstrels—for the Companions were known far and wide in the land of Islam—came speedily to the ears of the Holy Ones. Sandy, a leader in his most orthodox coterie, was taken into favour and brought to the notice of the four Ministers. He and his half-dozen retainers became inmates of the villa, and Sandy, from his knowledge of Islamic lore and his ostentatious piety, was admitted to the confidence of the household. Frau von Einem welcomed him as an ally, for the Companions had been the most devoted propagandists of the new revelation.

As he described it, it was a strange business. Greenmantle was dying and often in great pain, but he struggled to meet the demands of his protectress. The four Ministers, as Sandy saw them, were unworldly ascetics; the prophet himself was a saint, though a practical saint with some notions of policy; but the controlling brain and will were those of the lady. Sandy seemed to have won his favour. He spoke of him with a kind of desperate pity.

"I never saw such a man. He is the greatest gentleman you can picture, with a dignity like a high mountain. He is a dreamer and a poet, too—a genius if I can judge these things. I think I can assess him rightly, for I know something of the soul of the East, but it would be too long a story to tell now. The West knows nothing of the true Oriental. It pictures him as lapped in colour and idleness and luxury and gorgeous dreams. But it is all wrong. The *Kaf* he yearns for is an austere thing. It is the austerity of the East that is its beauty and its terror. . . . It always wants the same things at the back of its head. The Turk and the Arab came out of big spaces, and they have the desire of them in their bones. They settle down and stagnate, and by and by they degenerate into that appalling subtlety which is their ruling passion gone crooked. And then comes a new revelation and a great simplifying. They want to live face to face with God without a screen of ritual and images and priestcraft. They want to prune life of its foolish fringes and get back to the noble bareness of the desert. Remember it is always the empty desert and the empty sky that cast their spell over them—these, and the hot, strong, antiseptic sunlight which burns up all rot and decay. . . . It isn't inhuman. It's the humanity of one part of the human race. It isn't ours, it isn't as good as ours, but it's jolly good all the same."

"Well, Greenmantle is the prophet of this great simplicity.

He speaks straight to the heart of Islam, and it's an honourable message. But for our sins it's been twisted into part of that damned German propaganda. His unworldliness has been used for a cunning political move, and his creed of space and simplicity for the furtherance of the last word in human degeneracy. My God, Dick, it's like seeing St. Francis run by Messalina."

"The woman has been here to-night," I said. "She asked me what I stood for, and I invented some infernal nonsense which she approved of. But I can see one thing. She and her prophet may run for different stakes, but it's the same course."

Sandy started. "She has been here!" he cried. "Tell me, Dick, what did you think of her?"

"I thought she was about two parts mad, but the third part was uncommon like inspiration."

"That's about right," he said. "I was wrong in comparing her to Messalina. She's something a dashed sight more complicated. She runs the prophet just because she shares his belief. Only what in him is sane and fine, in her is mad and horrible. You see, Germany also wants to simplify life."

"I know," I said. "I told her that an hour ago when I talked more rot to the second than any mortal man ever achieved. It will come between me and my sleep for the rest of my days."

"Germany's simplicity is that of the neurotic, not the primitive. It is megalomania and egotism and the pride of the man in the Bible that waxed fat and kicked. But the results are the same. She wants to destroy and simplify; but it isn't the simplicity of the ascetic, which is of the spirit, but the simplicity of the madman that grinds down all the contrivances of civilisation to a featureless monotony. The prophet wants to save the souls of his people; Germany wants to rule the inanimate corpse of the world. But you can get the same language to cover both. And so you have the partnership of St. Francis and Messalina. Dick, did you ever hear of a thing called the Superman?"

"There was a time when the papers were full of nothing else," I answered. "I gather it was invented by a sportsman called Nietzsche."

"Maybe," said Sandy. "Old Nietzsche has been blamed for a great deal of rubbish he would have died rather than acknowledge. But it's a craze of the new, fatted Germany. It's a fancy type which could never really exist, any more than the Economic Man of the politicians. Mankind has a sense of humour which stops short of the final absurdity. There never has been and there never could be a real Superman. But there might be a Superwoman."

"You'll get into trouble, my lad, if you talk like that," I said.

"It's true all the same. Women have got a perilous logic which we never have, and some of the best of them don't see the joke of life like the ordinary man. They can be far greater than men, for they can go straight to the heart of things. There never was a man so near the divine as Joan of Arc. But I think too they can be more entirely damnable than anything that was ever breeched, for they don't stop still now and then and laugh at themselves. . . . There is no Superman. The poor old donkeys that fancy themselves in the part are either crack-brained professors who couldn't rule a Sunday-school class, or bristling soldiers with pint-pot heads who imagine that the shooting of a Duc d'Enghien made a Napoleon. But there is a Superwoman, and her name's Hilda von Einem."

"I thought our job was nearly over," I groaned, "and now it looks as if it hadn't well started. Bullivant said that all we had to do was to find out the truth."

"Bullivant didn't know. No man knows except you and me. I tell you, the woman has immense power. The Germans have trusted her with their trump card, and she's going to play it for all she is worth. There's no crime that will stand in her way. She has set the ball rolling, and if need be she'll cut all her prophets' throats and run the show herself. . . . I don't know about your job, for honestly I can't quite see what you and Blenkiron are going to do. But I'm very clear about my own duty. She's let me into the business, and I'm going to stick to it in the hope that I

(Continued on page 22)



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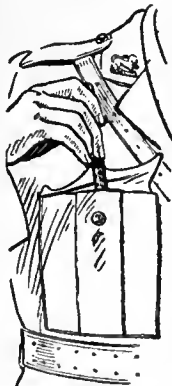
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(Continued from page 20)

find a chance of wrecking it. . . . We're moving eastward to-morrow—with a new prophet if the old one is dead."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I don't know. But I gather it's a long journey, judging by the preparations. And it must be to a cold country, judging by the clothes provided."

"Well, wherever it is, we're going with you. You haven't heard our end of the yarn. Blenkiron and I have been moving in the best circles as skilled American engineers who are going to play Old Harry with the British on the Tigris. I'm a pal of Enver's now, and he has offered me his protection. The lamented Rasta brought our passports for the journey to Mesopotamia to-morrow, but an hour ago your lady tore them up and put them in the fire. We are going with her, and she vouchsafed the information that it was towards the great hills."

Sandy whistled long and low. "I wonder what the deuce she wants with you? This thing is getting dashed complicated, Dick. . . . Where, more by token, is Blenkiron? He's the fellow to know about high politics."

The missing Blenkiron, as Sandy spoke, entered the room with his slow, quiet step. I could see by his carriage that for once he had no dyspepsia, and by his eyes that he was excited.

"Say, boys," he said, "I've got something pretty considerable in the way of noos. There's been big fighting on the Eastern border, and the Buzzards have taken a bad knock."

His hands were full of papers, from which he selected a map and spread it on the table.

"They keep mum about the things in this capital, but I've been piecing the story together these last days and I think I've got it straight. A fortnight ago old man Nicholas descended from his mountains and scuppered his enemies there—at Kuprikeui, where the main road eastwards crosses the Araxes. That was only the beginning of the stunt, for he pressed on on a broad front, and the gentleman called Kiamil, who commands in those parts, was not up to the job of holding him. The Buzzards were shepherded in from north and east and south, and now the Muscovite is sitting down outside the forts of Erzerum. I can tell you they're pretty miserable about the situation in the highest quarters. . . . Enver is sweating blood to get fresh divisions to Erzerum from Gally-poly, but it's a long road and it looks as if they would be too late for the fair. . . . You and I, Major, start for Mesopotamia to-morrow, and that's about the meanest bit of bad luck that ever happened to John S. We're missing the chance of seeing the goriest fight of this campaign."

I picked up the map and pocketed it. Maps were my business, and I had been looking for one.

"We're not going to Mesopotamia," I said. "Our orders have been cancelled."

"But I've just seen Enver, and he said he had sent round our passports."

"They're in the fire," I said. "The right ones will come along to-morrow morning."

Sandy broke in, his eyes bright with excitement.

"The great hills! . . . We're going to Erzerum."

"Don't you see that the Germans are playing their big card? They're sending Greenmantle to the point of danger in the hope that his coming will rally the Turkish defence. Things are beginning to move, Dick, old man. No more kicking the heels for us. We're going to be in it up to the neck, and Heaven help the best man. . . . I must be off now, for I've a lot to do. *Au revoir*. We meet some time soon in the hills."

Blenkiron still looked puzzled, till I told him the story of that night's doing. As he listened, all the satisfaction went out of his face, and a childish air of bewilderment crept in.

It's not for me to complain, for it's in the straight line of our dooty, but I reckon there's going to be big trouble ahead of this caravan. It's Kismet, and we've got to bow. But I won't pretend that I'm not considerable scared at the prospect."

"Oh, so am I," I said. "The woman frightens me into fits. We're up against it this time all right. All the same I'm glad we're to be let into the real star metropolitan performance. I didn't relish the idea of touring the provinces."

"I guess that's correct. But I could wish that the good God would see fit to take that lovely lady to Himself. She's too much for a quiet man at my time of life. When she invites us to go in on the ground-floor I feel like taking the elevator to the roof-garden."

CHAPTER XVI

The Battered Caravanserai

Two days later, in the evening, we came to Angora, the first stage in our journey.

The passports had arrived next morning, as Frau von Einem had promised, and with them a plan of our

journey. More, one of the Companions, who spoke a little English, was detailed to accompany us—a wise precaution, for no one of us had a word of Turkish. These were the sum of our instructions. I heard nothing more of Sandy or Greenmantle or the lady. We were meant to travel in our own party.

We had the railway to Angora, a very comfortable German *schlafwagen*, tacked to the end of a troop-train. There wasn't much to be seen of the country, for after we left the Bosphorus we ran into scuds of snow, and except that we seemed to be climbing on to a big plateau I had no notion of the landscape. It was a marvel that we made such good time, for that line was congested beyond anything I have ever seen. The place was crawling with the Gallipoli troops, and every siding was packed with supply trucks. When we stopped—which we did on an average about once an hour—you could see vast camps on both sides of the line, and often we struck regiments on the march along the railway track. They looked a fine, hardy lot of ruffians, but many were deplorably ragged, and I didn't think much of their boots. I wondered how they would do the five hundred miles of road to Erzerum.

Blenkiron played Patience, and Peter and I took a hand at picquet, but mostly we smoked and yarned. Getting away from that infernal city had cheered us up wonderfully. Now we were out on the open road, moving to the sound of the guns. At the worst we should not perish like rats in a sewer. We would be all together, too, and that was a comfort. I think we felt the relief which a man who has been on a lonely outpost feels when he is brought back to his battalion. Besides, the thing had gone clean beyond our power to direct. It was no good planning and scheming, for none of us had a notion what the next step might be. We were fatalists now, believing in Kismet, and that is a comfortable faith.

All but Blenkiron. The coming of Hilda von Einem into the business had put a very ugly complexion on it for him. It was curious to see how she affected the different members of our gang. Peter did not care a rush; man, woman, and hippogriff were the same to him; he met it all as calmly as if he were making plans to round up an old lion in a patch of bush, taking the facts as they came and working at them as if they were a sum in arithmetic. Sandy and I were impressed—it's no good denying it; horribly impressed—but we were too interested to be scared, and we weren't a bit fascinated. We hated her too much for that. But she fairly struck Blenkiron dumb. He said himself it was just like a rattlesnake and a bird.

I made him talk about her, for if he sat and brooded he would get worse. It was a strange thing that this man, the most imperturbable and I think about the most courageous I have ever met, should be paralysed by a slim woman. There was no doubt about it. The thought of her made the future to him as black as a thundercloud. It took the power out of his joints, and if she was going to be much around, it looked as if Blenkiron might be counted out.

I suggested that he was in love with her, but this he vehemently denied.

"No, sir; I haven't got no sort of affection for the lady. My trouble is that she puts me out of countenance, and I can't fit her in as an antagonist. I guess we Americans haven't got the right poise for dealing with that kind of female. We've exalted our womenfolk into little tin gods, and at the same time left them out of the real business of life. Consequently, when we strike one playing the biggest kind of man's game we can't place her. We aren't used to regarding them as anything except angels and children. I wish I had had you boys' upbringing."

Angora was like my notion of some place such as Amiens in the retreat from Mons. It was one mass of troops and transport—the neck of the bottle, for more arrived every hour, and the only outset was the single eastern road. The town was pandemonium into which distracted German officers were trying to introduce some order. They didn't worry much about us, for the heart of Anatolia wasn't a likely hunting-ground for suspicious characters. We took our passports to the commandant, who viséed them readily, and told us he'd do his best to get us transport. We spent the night in a sort of hotel, where all four crowded into one little bedroom, and next morning I had my work cut out getting a motor-car. It took four hours, and the use of every great name in the Turkish Empire, to raise a dingy sort of Studebaker, and another two to get the petrol and spare tyres. As for a chauffeur, love or money couldn't find him, and I was compelled to drive the thing myself.

We left just after midday and swung out into bare bleak downs patched with scrubby woodlands. There was no snow here, but a wind was blowing from the east which

(Continued on page 24.)

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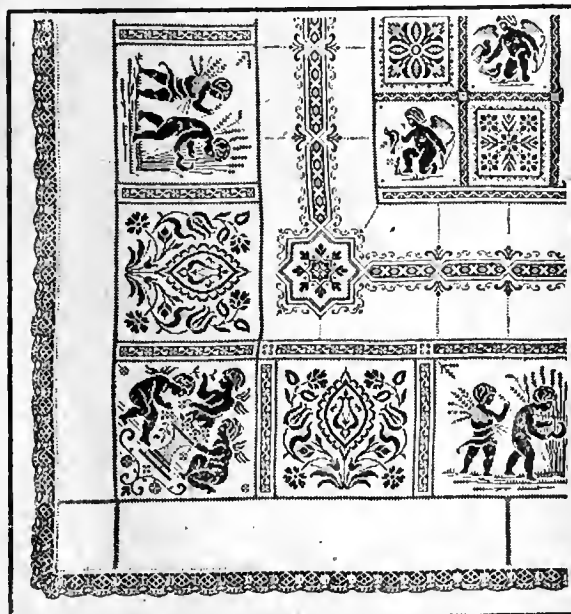
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(Continued from page 22)

searched the marrow. Presently we climbed up into hills, and the road, though not badly engineered to begin with, grew as rough as the channel of a stream. No wonder, for the traffic was like what one saw on that awful stretch between Cassel and Ypres, and there were no gangs of Belgian road-makers to mend it up. We found troops by the thousands striding along with their impassive Turkish faces, ox convoys, mule convoys, wagons drawn by sturdy little Anatolian horses, and, coming in the contrary direction, many shabby Red Crescent cars and wagons of the wounded. We had to crawl for hours on end, till we got past a block. Just before the darkening we seemed to outstrip the first press, and had a clear run for about ten miles over a low pass in the hills. I began to get anxious about the car, for it was a poor one at the best, and the road was guaranteed sooner or later to knock even a Rolls-Royce into scrap iron.

All the same it was glorious to be out in the open again. Peter's face wore a new look, and he sniffed the bitter air like a stag. There floated up from little wayside camps the odour of wood-smoke and dung-fires. That, and the curious acrid winter smell of great wind-blown spaces, will always come to my memory as I think of that day. Every hour brought me peace of mind and resolution. I felt as I had felt when the battalion first marched from Aire towards the firing line, a kind of keying-up and wild expectation. I'm not used to cities, and lounging about Constantinople had slackened my fibre. Now, as the sharp wind buffeted us, I felt braced to any kind of risk. We were on the great road to the east and the border hills, and soon we should stand upon the farthest battle-front of the war. This was no commonplace intelligence job. That was all over, and we were going into the firing-line, going to take part in what might be the downfall of our enemies. I didn't reflect that we were among those enemies, and would probably share their downfall if we were not shot earlier. The truth is, I had got out of the way of regarding the thing as a struggle between armies and nations. I hardly bothered to think where my sympathies lay. First and foremost it was a contest between the four of us and a crazy woman, and this personal antagonism made the strife of armies only a dimly felt background.

We slept that night like logs on the floor of a dirty khan, and started next morning in a powder of snow. We were getting very high up now, and it was perishing cold. The Companion—his name sounded like Hussin—had travelled the road before and told me what the places were, but they conveyed nothing to me. All morning we wriggled through a big lot of troops, a brigade at least, who swung along at a great pace with a fine free stride that I don't think I have ever seen bettered. I must say I took a fancy to the Turkish fighting man: I remembered the testimonial our fellows gave him as a clean fighter, and I felt very bitter that Germany should have lugged him into this ugly business. They halted for a meal, and we stopped too and lunched off some brown bread and dried figs and a flask of very sour wine. I had a few words with one of the officers who spoke a little German. He told me they were marching straight for Russia, since there had been a great Turkish victory in the Caucasus. "We have beaten the French and the British, and now it is Russia's turn," he said stolidly, as if repeating a lesson. But he added that he was mortally sick of war.

In the afternoon we cleared the column and had an open road for some hours. The land now had a tilt eastward, as if we were moving towards the valley of a great river. Soon we began to meet little parties of men coming from the east with a new look in their faces. The first lots of wounded had been the ordinary thing you see on every front, and there had been some pretence at organisation. But these new lots were very weary and broken; they were often barefoot, and they seemed to have lost their transport and to be starving. Almost all were wounded, some badly, and most were horribly thin. I wondered how my Turkish friend behind would explain the sight to his men, if he believed in a great victory. They had not the air of the backwash of a conquering army.

Even Blenkiron, who was no soldier, noticed it.

"These boys look mighty bad," he observed. "We've got to hustle, Major, if we're going to get seats for the last act."

That was my own feeling. The sight made me mad to get on faster, for I saw that big things were happening in the East. I had reckoned that four days would take us from Angora to Erzerum, but here was the second nearly over and we were not yet a third of the way. I pressed on recklessly, and that hurry was our undoing.

I have said that the Studebaker was a rotten old car. Its steering-gear was pretty dicky, and the bad surface and continual hairpin bends of the road didn't improve it. Soon we came into snow lying fairly deep, frozen hard and rutted by the big transport-wagons. We bumped and bounced

horribly, and were shaken about like peas in a bladder. I began to be acutely anxious about the old boneshaker, the more as we seemed a long way short of the village I had proposed to spend the night in. Twilight was falling and we were still in an unfeathered waste, crossing the shallow glen of a stream. There was a bridge at the bottom of a slope—a bridge of logs and earth which had apparently been freshly strengthened for heavy traffic. As we approached it at a good pace the car ceased to answer to the wheel.

I struggled desperately to keep it straight, but it swerved to the left and we plunged over a bank into a marshy hollow. There was a sickening bump as we struck the lower ground, and the whole party were shot out into the frozen slush. I do not yet know how I escaped, for the car turned over, and by rights I should have had my back broken. But no one was hurt. Peter was laughing, and Blenkiron, after shaking the snow out of his hair, joined him. For myself I was feverishly examining the machine. It was about as ugly as it could be, for the front axle was broken.

Here was a piece of hopeless bad luck. We were stuck in the middle of Asia Minor with no means of conveyance, for to get a new axle there was as likely as to find snowballs on the Congo. It was all but dark, and there was no time to lose. I got out the petrol tins and spare tyres and cached them among some rocks on the hillside. Then we collected our scanty baggage from the derelict Studebaker. Our only hope was Hussin. He had got to find us some lodging for the night, and next day we would have a try for horses or a lift in some passing wagon. I had no hope of another car. Every automobile in Anatolia would now be at a premium.

It was so disgusting a mishap that we all took it quietly. It was too bad to be helped by hard swearing. Hussin and Peter set off on different sides of the road to prospect for a house, and Blenkiron and I sheltered under the nearest rock and smoked savagely.

Hussin was the first to strike oil. He came back in twenty minutes with news of some kind of dwelling a couple of miles up the stream. He went off to collect Peter, and, humping our baggage, Blenkiron and I plodded up the waterside. Darkness had fallen thick by this time, and we took some bad tosses among the bogs. When Hussin and Peter overtook us they found a better road, and presently we saw a light twinkle in the hollow ahead.

It proved to be a wretched tumble-down farm in a grove of poplars—a foul-smelling, muddy yard, a two-roomed hovel of a house, and a barn which was tolerably dry and which we selected for our sleeping-place. The owner was a broken old fellow whose sons were all at the war, and he received us with the profound calm of one who expects nothing but unpleasantness from life.

By this time we had recovered our tempers, and I was trying hard to put my new Kismet philosophy into practice. I reckoned that if risks were fore-ordained, so were difficulties, and both must be taken as part of the day's work. With the remains of our provisions and some curdled milk we satisfied our hunger and curled ourselves up among the pease straw of the barn. Blenkiron announced with a happy sigh that he had now been for two days quit of his dyspepsia.

(To be continued)

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The following are subscriptions to the Union Jack Club Extension Fund up to Friday, September 22nd:

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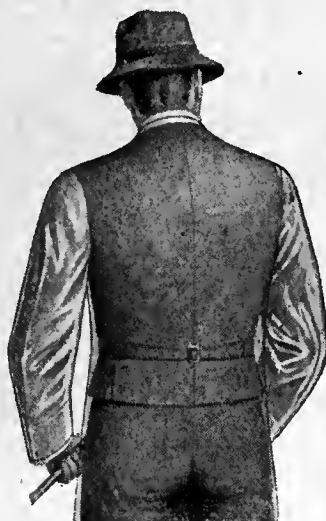
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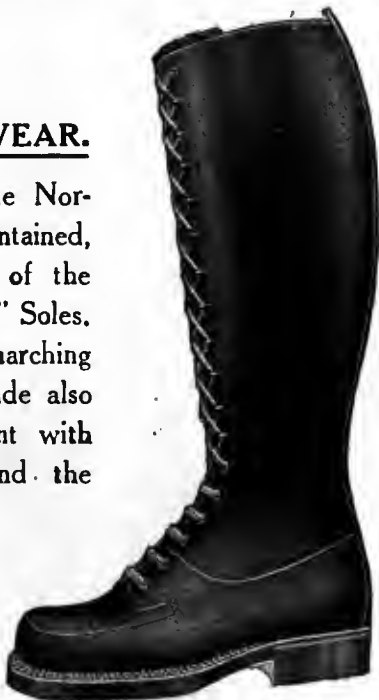
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LAND & WATER

Vol. LXVIII No. 2839 [54TH YEAR]

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1916

[REGISTERED AS] PRICE SIXPENCE
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By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

The Slaying of the Fiery Dragons

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1916

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A FIGHT TO A FINISH

LAST week was remarkable for two official statements—one in the form of an interview given by Mr. Lloyd George to the United Press of America, the other von Bethman, Hollweg's speech to the Reichstag.

The Secretary of War has put the case for the Allies very clearly; he has voiced their unalterable determination to fight to a finish, and he deserves all praise for the timely hint which he has given to neutral States that the victors, and the victors alone, intend to dictate the terms of peace.

His warning does not come too soon, for already we had begun to hear the suggestion, emanating from unworthy sources, if not actually inspired by the enemy, that the prolongation of the struggle was not worth the dreadful toll of human life. The answer is best contained in M. Briand's noble words: "The conclusion of peace to-day would be weakness for the memory of the dead."

But we think that Mr. Lloyd George was very unhappy in his choice of a metaphor, and his allusions to the prize ring scarcely fit the facts. We can only deplore his statement that the British soldier "took his punishment, even when beaten like a dog." It is not true to say that the British soldier was beaten in this fashion, even in the retirement from Mons, which will probably be regarded as the greatest fighting retreat in history. Still less is it true of the events which have occurred since September 1914, a period in which our army has proved its supreme quality as a fighting force, to the admiration of our Allies and the confusion of the enemy.

It is no doubt encouraging to contrast the military position to-day, when we have a steadily growing army and an abundant supply of munitions, with the situation of eighteen months ago; and much of the credit is due to Mr. Lloyd George. But it is only because the British army was never at any time defeated that we are now on the certain road to victory.

An instructive commentary is afforded by von Bethman Hollweg's speech to the Reichstag. We need

not concern ourselves with the fine but unintentional tribute which the Chancellor paid to England in his recognition of our determination to go on with the war until the military power of Germany is utterly destroyed. He adds that "Great Britain is fighting for this object with an expenditure of strength without example in her history and with methods breaking one international law after another." The last remark sounds strange from the citizen of a country which has been guilty of the wholesale massacre of women and children and which has respected no law, human or divine, in the application of its "gospel of ruthlessness." But above all, we must mark the repetition of the lie which regularly appears in German official statements and in the officially inspired German press. "When in August 1914," he says, "we had to draw the sword, we knew we had to protect hearth and home against a mighty and almost overwhelming coalition." Similarly, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* announces that

"Germany neither decided to fight to a finish, nor did she desire to fight Great Britain at all. Germany would have been very glad if her neighbours had left her in peace to pursue her peaceful *Kultur* work, but she had to draw the sword because Russia and her Ally, France, supported by Great Britain, left no other possibility but humiliation or war. Mr. Lloyd George's assertion is particularly audacious, because he, like all Europe, knows perfectly well how hard Germany's Statesmen tried to avoid war with Great Britain and to facilitate her neutrality."

Apropos of the absurd fiction that Germany drew the sword in self-defence, it is worth while to recall the history of those memorable days between July 24th and August 4th, 1914, recorded in the actual despatches and telegrams exchanged between the representatives of the Great Powers.

Everyone will remember the consternation created throughout Europe by the aggressive character of the Austrian note to Serbia, which allowed only twenty-four hours for a reply, and was put in a form that no independent State could accept; and as M. Sazonof truly said, Austria would never have taken such action unless Germany had first been consulted. But the most damning evidence of Germany's guilt was her summary rejection of Sir E. Grey's offer to join in an international conference—a proposal to which France had readily consented. In the days of the devastation of Belgium and the sweeping advance on Paris, nothing but bluster and boasting was heard in Germany. It is only since defeat has become inevitable that German statesmen have begun to talk of self-defence and to disseminate twaddle concerning their love of peace, of which the Crown Prince has become the latest apostle. We can believe, with the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that "Germany was most anxious to avoid war with Great Britain and to facilitate her neutrality." But that highly patriotic organ does not add, nor does von Bethman Hollweg emphasise the German definition of neutrality which amounted to the shameful connivance of Great Britain while Belgium was despoiled and Russia and France were wantonly attacked. We may rest assured that the real reason for the violent hatred of England, is not the fact of our participation in the war, but the unexpectedness of that event. But neither convulsions of hatred nor protestations of innocence will avert the just punishment that the Allies are determined to inflict.

The Editor is able to announce that
a Short Story by

JOSEPH CONRAD

will shortly appear in *Land & Water*

The Red Tower Pass

By Hilaire Belloc

IN the Roumanian field at the moment of writing two, very important things arrest our attention. The first is the defeat our Allies have sustained in front of the Red Tower Pass, that is before Hermannstadt. We must try as far as the very imperfect news hitherto afforded permits us to do so, to estimate the weight and character of that action. The second is the crossing of the Danube by the Roumanians and their establishment for the moment at least of a bridgehead on Sunday last somewhere in the neighbourhood of the village of Riahovo.

What has happened in front of Hermannstadt must first be described before we proceed to examine its strategical value and effect.

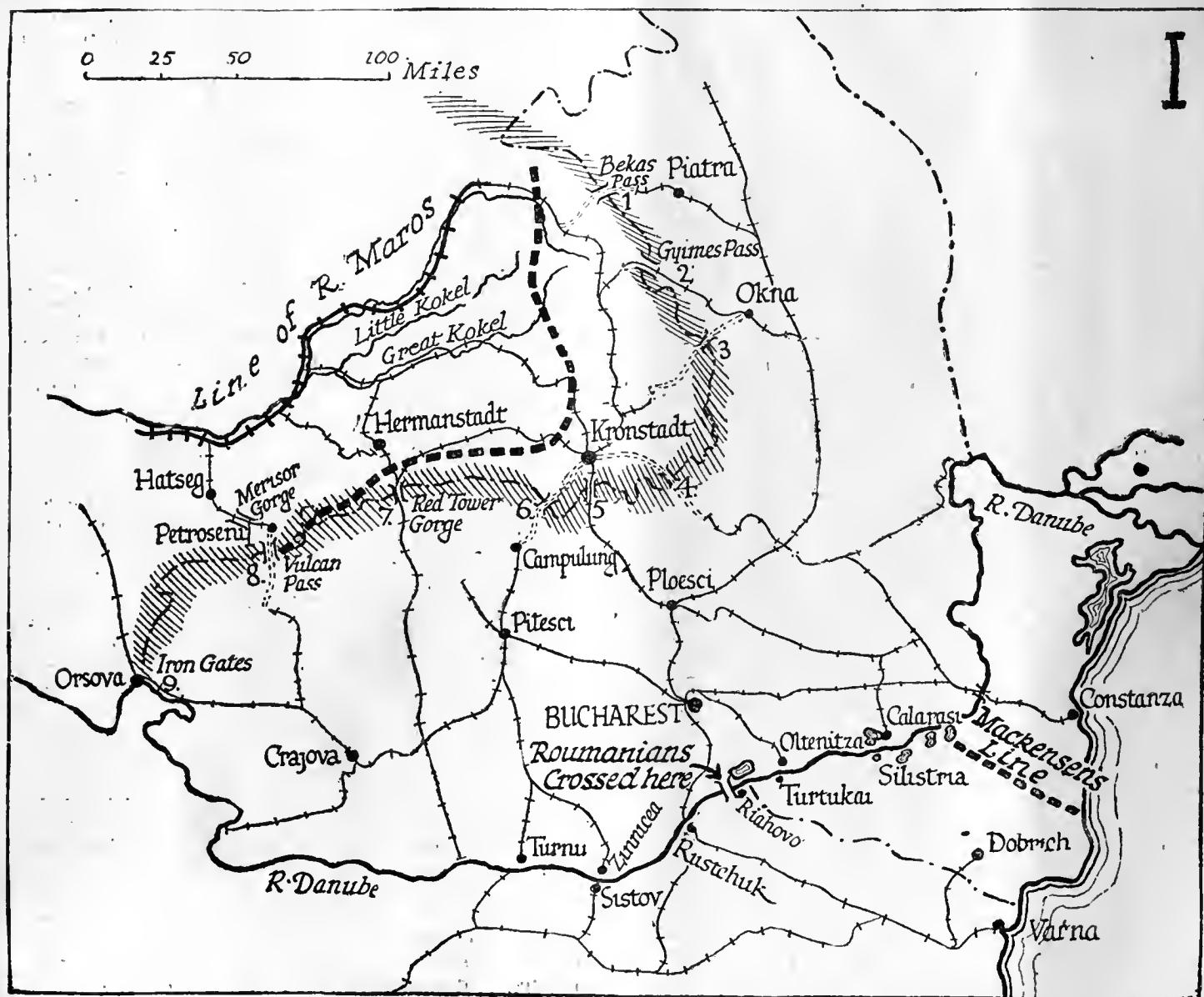
Our Allies advanced into Transylvania over the nine Passes with which the reader is already acquainted. They did so partly with the object of securing these gates by which invasion might threaten Roumanian soil, partly with the political object of occupying Transylvania, which our Allies regard as morally a part of their own country oppressed by an alien enemy. It will be remembered that we pointed out in these columns that the general plan was to attack in the main by the south. There were really two distinct operations combined. One was that which put the Roumanian forces in the extreme north in touch with Russia; the other was that which proposed an invasion of Transylvania; and this latter campaign depended for success upon being able to push forward from the Southern passes. For it was there that the line of the Maros

shorter by far than the old frontier and provided with a good road and railway all the way along, was nearest to (and therefore most vulnerable to) a Roumanian stroke. The Maros line with its road and railway is the firm foundation of the enemy's position in Transylvania. It is the *only* good lateral communication and the *only* one, of the *only* short line the enemy can hold. The enemy was well aware of the peril to the southern part of this line and in his turn, while concentrating upon the line of the Maros, proposed to check the Roumanian pressure through the Southern Passes.

Those Southern Passes constitute a group of three.

There is first of all the twin neighbouring Passes which converge on Brasso (6 and 5). There is next the curious Red Tower Pass 7—which is not really a Pass at all but a river gorge—and which makes straight for Sibiu, officially called in the German language and upon most of our maps, Hermannstadt. Lastly, there is the Vulcan Pass, 8, the road from which after passing through Petroseny and the narrow Merisor Gorge leads to Hatzeg. The Roumanians in the northern ill-populated and densely wooded part of Transylvania pushed forward to the line of the great Kokel, and indeed in the last day or two have crossed that river. They acquired Brasso and have retained it. But in their lunge forward through the Red Tower Pass and the Vulcan Pass they have met the full pressure which the enemy has been able to exercise, and the result of the shock has been as follows:

A fortnight ago the Roumanians, having some time before seized the Vulcan Pass and occupied Petroseny,



advanced towards Hatzeg. Their object was to reach and cut the Maros railway and road, success in which attempt would have imperilled the whole defence scheme of the enemy. They found in the Merivor Defile, which is a mountain gorge just before the hills open out towards the little plain on which Hatzeg stands, forces superior to their own in that particular field and were thrust back. They fell back so far that for the moment they seem to have lost the summit of the Vulcan Pass. Later they regained this; but their effort to push further northward had come to a standstill. Meanwhile forty miles away to the East their fortunes in the Red Tower Pass were about to meet with a more serious reverse.

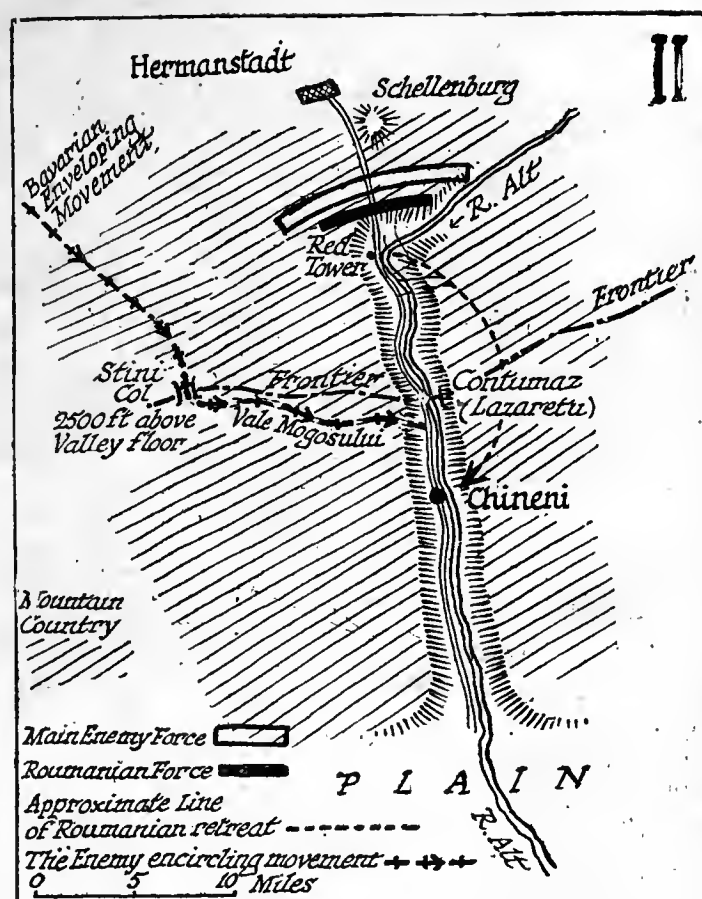
My readers will remember that the Red Tower Pass is a passage through the High Carpathians or Transylvanian Alps, comparable, I think, to nothing else in Europe. The great mass of the mountains is cut right through by a river rising upon the north of the chain and forcing its way to the plains upon the south. There is thus no neck or col upon the road. It is flat and only descends slightly from the neighbourhood of Hermanstadt to the Roumanian Plains two days' march away. The river Alt which forms this gorge is deep and rapid, a formidable obstacle, separating the fractions of an army that might be fighting upon either side in the mountains. The road and railway run down the gorge, crushed in between its walls, and the river and the road follows throughout the western or right bank. It is important to remember this, for it explains the enemy's plan. No good road leads over the tangle of hills and woods anywhere here save this gorge road following the river. The Roumanians were therefore tied to a long line of vehicles and supply, strictly following this road and compressed within the gorge of the river. Of the railway I make no mention because, although of course the main Roumanian supply depended on it, the army and its wagons were tied to the road. We do not know in what force they proceeded northward, whether it were one division or two, perhaps the latter. It could hardly have been more when we consider the distribution of forces necessary to maintain themselves along the whole chain, along the Danube and at the same time in the Dobrudja.

At any rate, the head of their column was established by the hill for which the German name is the Schellenberg, three miles out of Hermannstadt, and we find that place occupied ten days ago. Our Allies had already suffered the set back towards the Vulcan Pass of which I have spoken, 40 miles away to the west when, upon Monday, September 25th they found themselves attacked by a large enemy concentration including German contingents and the whole under the general direction of General von Falkenhayn, who had but recently been replaced by Hindenburg at the head of the German Higher Command. What appears to have happened in the course of the next two days, Tuesday and Wednesday, is this:

The Roumanians maintaining their defensive and falling back before the superior forces concentrated against them, had reached or were approaching the point where the road from Hermannstadt first strikes the Alt river and where the Old Red Tower which commands the Pass and gives it its name stands.

It is to be presumed that while they were thus maintaining a rearguard action deployed at the outlet of the Pass their main body was falling back through it.

Meanwhile, they had allowed themselves to be turned. A column, which the Germans describe as Bavarian in formation, and of which the Austrians have given us no information, marched from the west over the mountains where there is a track, but no good road; crossed the Stini Col, where there is also no more than a track and which is about 2,500 feet above the valley floor, and appear to have come down by the Vale Mogosului, a total march of some 25 or 30 miles. I have no direct evidence for this conjecture, but it is the only one which suggests itself from the lie of the country. At any rate, it is certain that this column, accompanied presumably by mountain artillery, appeared unexpectedly upon the rear of the Roumanians somewhere near the frontier point where the Red Tower gorge is peculiarly restricted; a point called by the Austrians Contumaz and by the Roumanians the Lazaretu. Such an enveloping surprise movement had to come from the west if it was to succeed, for it had



to cut the road. The river was evidently regarded by the Germans as impassable to the Roumanians, and with the road cut in the gorge behind them, the whole body, they thought, would be doomed. This enveloping move, though it took the Roumanians by surprise, did not succeed in its object. It failed. We must clearly appreciate that or we shall miss the nature of the action. The value of the move depended upon the impossibility of the Roumanians retiring by their flank across the difficult obstacle of the Alt. The idea was, as I have said, that with the road cut behind them they would be in a hopeless trap and the whole force would be enveloped and, in the military sense, destroyed. As a matter of fact, the Roumanians did succeed in withdrawing by their flank, though not, of course, without heavy losses in materiel.

The loss in men was not remarkable. Even the Germans, who have been exaggerating badly in all their recent despatches, do not claim more than 3,000 prisoners alive at one moment, in whom, of course, are included the wounded who would necessarily be left behind when the road had to be abandoned. But a great mass of wagons and other transport lined up along the road was destroyed or fell into the enemy's hands. Meanwhile, the Roumanian forces were falling back, I presume, to the east across the difficult hill country, got round again to Chineni out of the trap much as the dotted line where the arrow runs in the accompanying Map II. And it is with the Roumanians at the latter point facing the enemy pressure from the north that the last news ends. Chineni is about five miles down the road from the frontier point and another ten miles from the point where an enemy invasion could debouch upon the Roumanian Plain.

A curious point in the account and one that would lead one to believe the total Roumanian forces here to be not very large, is the *pace* and *success* of their evasion.

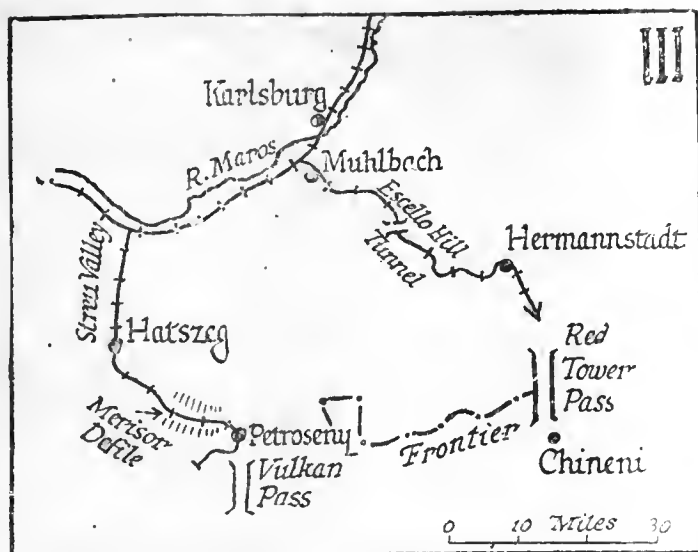
The main Roumanian force got over the Alt and made its way in a surprisingly short time over very difficult country without roads to Chineni.

I must repeat that the conception of the Roumanians withdrawing by the eastern hills, and of the enemy encircling by the two valleys I have named to the west and across the Stini Col, is no more than a conjecture, which later news may correct, but the main lines of the action are perfectly clear. It was an attempt to envelop the whole of the remaining force acting in this restricted field, and that attempt failed.

The accounts of the battle published in the German press are quite untrustworthy: demonstrably so. The *Frankfort Gazette* has the fullest account officially communicated and controlled. One would think one was reading of Sedan! It speaks of the Roumanians being

"caught in an iron ring" of their "annihilation," and I know not what other nonsense. Even a single division successfully enveloped would mean the capture of at least six times as many *field* guns alone as the enemy can show (or claim) of pieces of all calibres. There was no envelopment. There was a bad squeeze and the loss of many wagons along the road. It is a pity that the German communiqués are now all falsified, because it makes them almost useless in the study of the war. Until lately they were, as I have often shown, a mixture of acute detail and some falsehoods, but since the Verdun failure they have become more and more fantastic and latterly, since the Somme offensive and the last war loan, they hardly make sense.

The affair is an excellent example of the value of good lateral communications used by a commander who is weak in men but strong in matériel. Falkenhayn had been able through the possession of lateral communications, which the Roumanians here lack, to use with double effect the insufficient forces at his disposal, and how this is so the accompanying sketch will, I think, show.



The main lateral communications of the enemy, to repose upon which he retired when the Roumanians crossed the frontier upon their entry into the war was, as the reader will remember, the line of the Maros which has a railway along its whole length and a good road as well. This line at its southern end is continued by a branch along the valley of the Stren to Hatszeg and so through the Merisor defile to Petroseny and the foot of the Vulkan Pass. Now about a day's march up the Maros line near a town called by the Germans Muhlbach, there comes out a branch line which leads to Hermannstadt. It follows the road between the two places and goes under the Escello hill by a tunnel, which is about 600 feet above the level of Hermannstadt and 1,200 feet above that of the Lower Maros. The whole trajectory from the Hermannstadt point of concentration to the Hatszeg point is, I think, rather less than a hundred miles.

With these communications considered Falkenhayn's action is fairly clear. He mustered out of a total force equal to or perhaps even less than the comparatively small two separated Roumanian detachments, one of which was acting across the Vulkan Pass and the other 40 miles away across the Red Tower Pass, a couple of bodies. One of these enemy bodies Falkenhayn concentrated upon Hatszeg, the other upon Hermannstadt. He retained a third body as a mass of manœuvre. He first of all added this mass of manœuvre to the first body at Hatszeg, and thus had a superiority of force against the Roumanians as they were advancing through the Merisor defile. He thus checked the Roumanians here and thrust them back upon the Vulkan Pass. Meanwhile, the force at Hermannstadt was being gravely threatened. He next, therefore, stood fast upon the defensive near the Vulkan Pass, and brought his mass of manœuvre round again by rail to Hermannstadt, thus reinforcing the body there and appearing again in superior numbers against the Roumanians, who stood three miles from the town. With that local superiority he thrust this second body back upon the Red Tower Pass, just failed

to secure their complete destruction by a flank march in surprise, which cut their communications and, though they saved themselves, compelled them to retire five miles behind the frontier to Chineni, as we have seen above.

The Roumanians had, unfortunately, no corresponding lateral communications upon *their* side, and the enemy had thus in this field in spite of a total inferiority of number or, at any rate, no great superiority, the power, through mobility to increase very largely his striking efficiency.

But it does not seem that this offensive power, due to a superior mobility, permits the enemy to press his advantage through the mountains. The Roumanians appear to be able to hold their own upon the defensive at both points, for they have concurrently with this pressure exercised upon them on the two Passes to the north, found it possible to throw a force across the Danube, and that movement, which may prove of the utmost importance if it can be maintained, must next be studied.

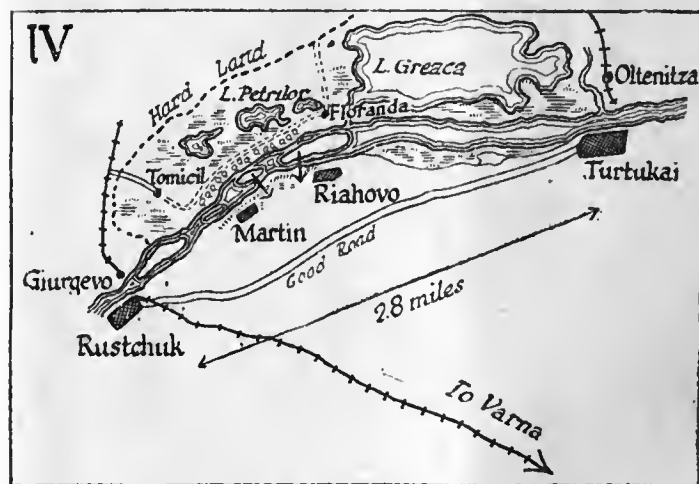
The Crossing of the Danube

It will be remembered that we saw in connection with Mackensen's advance into the Dobrudja, that he necessarily relied upon the impossibility of his enemies crossing the stream. He thought his left flank perfectly secure. That stream was not passable save by an overwhelming superiority in heavy artillery or through some element of surprise.

That there has been an overwhelming superiority of heavy artillery upon the Roumanian side, we know to be impossible. The success hitherto obtained, therefore, is certainly due to surprise.

How far it can be maintained only the future can show, but what we can already study in detail is the character of the surprise spring by our Allies upon Mackensen. It was very interesting to follow.

The northern bank of the Danube is, as we have had many occasions to explain, marked by a broad belt of marshes, quite impassable to troops save at a few favoured spots where hard ground comes right down to the river. Mackensen clearly believed that there were only two such places upon his rear, those opposite Rustchuk and Turtukai. At the first, Giurgevo, a railway from Bucharest comes right down to the river and runs along a stage right upon the water side. That crossing we may be very certain was thoroughly watched and a concentration of men and guns upon the Roumanian side could easily be seen, for



there is a railway leading up to Rustchuk and serving that town. Oltenitza, opposite Turtukai was, we may be certain, similarly watched, and it appears to have been taken for granted by the German Commander of the Bulgarians that the northern shore between these two points would afford no sufficient "jumping off place" for the Roumanian troops.

It is not surprising that this misjudgment should have occurred, for the whole stretch of 28 miles is, as to its western half, a mass of marshes and shallow meres of which the largest is the Petrilov, while its eastern half was almost entirely occupied by the great Greaca mere with only a strip of bad marshy soil between it and the river.

But it so happens that in the eastern half of this district, taking advantage of belts of sand and a line of

detached hard patches strung out between the mass of the meres and the Danube, a rough country causeway runs uniting the villages of Tomicil and Floranda, while a fairly good and quite short bit of road joins Tomicil with the railway above Giurgevo. Beyond Floranda the track has to turn back northwards towards the main Roumanian Plain as it comes against the impassable obstacle of the Greaca mere. It is probable that the German Commander regarded this rough road as quite insufficient for any considerable Roumanian concentration. It was indeed a hazardous experiment, but we must remember that the magazines of Bucharest with their thorough railway communications were only an hour's railroad journey off, and that the road part of the march down towards and along the Danube, though the causeway was bad and primitive, was not more than 7 to 10 miles going.

Further, *the actual approach to the river is masked by a long belt of marshy woodland which stands between the road and the river bank itself*, and this cover it was, I think, that made possible the concentration of the Roumanians as they gathered for their bold attempt. They crossed by the aid of the islands in front of Riahovo, there entrenched themselves and secured a bridgehead.

The importance of such a stroke, if it could be maintained, will be obvious to everyone, and I have emphasised it on Map I. It turns Mackensen's line across the Dobrudja; it destroys the value of that line; if sufficient forces can be brought up it even threatens the existence of his army.

There are, therefore, in the immediate future two great incomplete factors in the situation to be watched as they develop. (a) Will the Roumanians be able to maintain the bridgehead thus audaciously acquired? If they can do that they can bring increasing numbers against Mackensen's rear and threaten him with envelopment. (b) Will Mackensen choose to risk the containment of this bridgehead and to stand where he is, closing the Dobrudja field, or will he, fearing such a risk fall back at once?

If he takes the latter course he can certainly save his force, for he has a very wide space through which to retire. But, on the other hand, the line he will have to hold gets rapidly longer as he falls southward. If he takes the former course he does so under the conviction that either the Roumanians will not be able to hold their bridgehead, but will lose it and be forced back again across the river, or will at least be contained within narrow limits upon the southern bank and unable to force a progress further through the entrenched lines that will be hurriedly thrown up against them.

It is a problem of which we shall see the solution in a very few days. There is a good road from Rustchuk to Turtukai, permitting of rapid concentration against the Roumanian invasion, and in the immediate neighbourhood there is the main railway uniting Rustchuk to Varna on which that concentration would depend. But if the Roumanians can cut the road and reach the railway before they are checked—the double operation is not much more than one day's march—the whole equilibrium of the Bulgarian strategical scheme is upset.

Thiepval and Combles

THE news of Combles and of Thiepval arrived in London just after last week's article was completed and sent to the printers. The pace of news is so rapid just now and developments on very distant fronts are succeeding each other in such number that the occupation of these two points by the Allied Armies is already ancient history. The most that can be profitably said about this success has already been said in the Press. There is, however, one aspect of the affair which requires particular emphasis, and that is what appears to have been the nature of the fall of Thiepval. Combles, being the larger place and obviously threatened by a recent encirclement, standing well in the middle of the map and the only agglomeration of importance between Peronne and Bapaume, received perhaps an undue amount of attention.

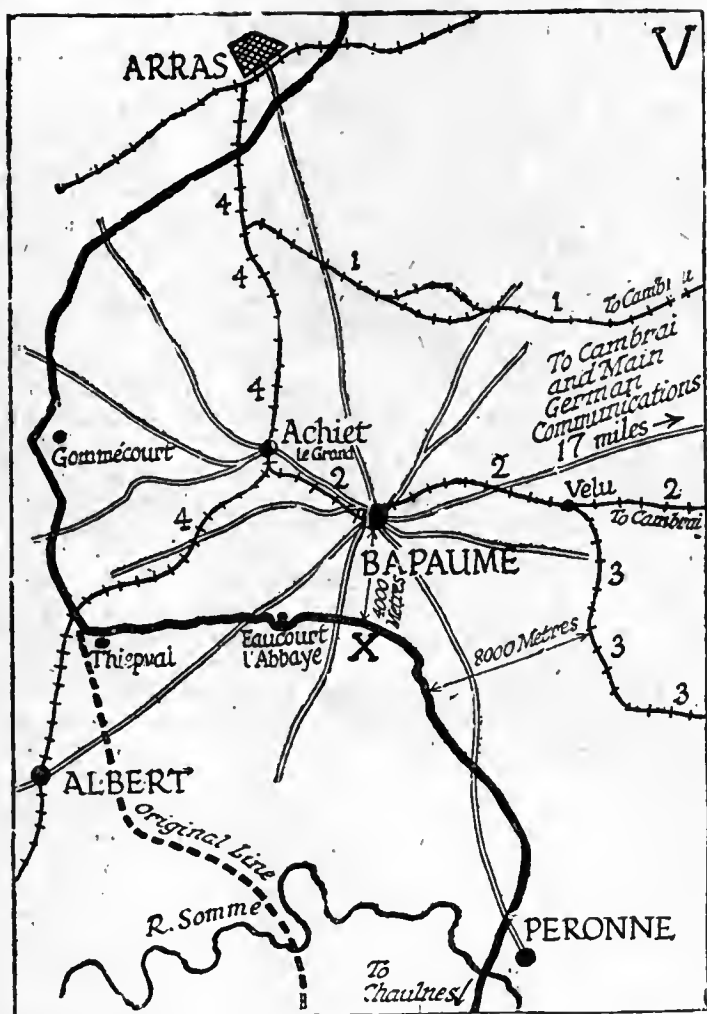
An exceedingly vivid and trustworthy account which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* of Thursday last from an eye-witness described Morval up on the hill as something the occupation of which was more important to the Allies and the difficulty of taking which was far greater than the difficulty of taking Combles. But Thiepval has quite another significance.

The spur upon which that village stands was the end of a long line of original positions from Gommecourt southwards against which the first great blow of the early days of July had failed to make any deep impression. Thiepval was, therefore, an unbroken remnant, and the most advanced unbroken remnant, of the full system of defence organised here in the course of twenty-four months by the enemy. From Thiepval southwards right away to the neighbourhood of Chaulnes the Allies broke in one stroke after another the whole front of the main German positions. Their advance at each new effort was easier than the last. They increased the depth of the increasingly marked concave into which they were forcing the enemy's trace; they were compelling him with each new step of the great action to less and less consolidated because more and more hurriedly constructed works. But Thiepval was the shoulder of the old standing wall, as it were, and marked a limit to progress upon its side, that is, the north-western side of the great new re-entrant which is being thrust into the German lines, and which we hope to extend until breaking point shall be reached.

Now if Thiepval had fallen after an isolated and prolonged struggle; if the whole effort of one great field day had been turned against that point and it had succumbed

by some unexpected new intensity of fire followed by some novel concentration of masses against it, that would have been a great feat, but it would not have had the significance which attaches to what seems to have occurred.

Thiepval was attacked as part only of the general action, the chief weight of which appears to have been six miles away to the east and that it succumbed would seem, so far as we can judge from the accounts sent home by the correspondents, to be due to the fact that *the enemy moved troops from it in support of the threatened positions further east*. The telegrams of the correspondents upon which this judgment is based are more concerned with the picture of the action than with its tactics, but more than one of them tells us distinctly that troops were moved from this extreme right of the enemy's line to his centre in the course of the struggle. This means that, perhaps for the first time since the great offensive began, the enemy found himself just at the breaking point for men. Either some unit had suffered more than he expected, or some reinforcement had met with unexpected delay, but at any rate he had apparently just not the strength required to fulfil his own plan. If this be the case—and it is what many accounts suggest and no account has contradicted—there was present last week upon the Somme front a new element favourable to the Allies and unfavourable to the enemy, which had not hitherto appeared there. And that new element may be compared to a crack opening in material which has hitherto only shown evidence of severe strain. It is one thing to overwhelm a trench system with your superiority in siege artillery controlled by your superiority in air work and then to seize the belt with infantry poured directly upon it. It is another thing altogether to find the enemy moving laterally, strengthening one spot at the expense of another so that he loses that other. And if this is what happened at the taking of Thiepval it has happened, I think, for the first time since the great offensive opened in July. Such an accident does not mean, of course, that the enemy could not bring reinforcement if he chose; he has already had to pass through the fire of the Somme something like a million men; but he can still precariously weaken other vital points if he thinks the standing number of effectives opposed on the Somme to the Allies at any one time needs increase. But what it does mean is that he has been calculating a little too fine and he would not have calculated a little too fine had he not found his hands full with the pressure that



is being exercised upon him now at so many points upon the huge line of the fronts he has elected to defend. It is believed or proved, for instance, that he has had 25 or 26 divisions altogether added to the Galician front since the 1st of June. He has certainly brought something new—how much we do not know—into Transylvania, and he has even added a few battalions and must have added a great mass of artillery to the forces of his Bulgarian Ally to meet the Roumanian threat upon the Danube and Dobrudja. But he cannot be everywhere, and all the signs (even a small one such as this would seem to have been at Thiepval the other day) of his embarrassment for men should be most carefully watched. They are the chief indices of our general position in the war.

Another matter upon which only eye witnesses can speak, but upon which there seems to be a fair consensus of such witnesses, is the doubtful *moral* of parts at least of the enemy's line during the great attack of ten days ago. It would neither be generous nor profitable to insist upon the particular pieces of evidence that have been produced. My readers are acquainted with them all. And it would be a very big error in judgment indeed to draw general conclusions from any "patchiness" which showed itself in the course of that action. What is valuable is to compare such occasions with the attitude of *all* the enemy's troops in the earlier part of the action. For instance, the correspondents would seem to indicate that there was a contrast between the breakdown of the counter-attack which was launched from Le Transloy and the breakdown of other counter-attacks in the past. The French testified to something of the same kind a few days before in the counter-attack that broke down in front of Bouchavesnes. I only mention the point in passing. I know it ought not to be exaggerated, but we are told by eye witnesses following the battle that such novelties are now occasionally apparent. The official despatches also mention them and further mention captured enemy documents which are corroborative of this style of affairs. It would be as much an error to neglect such evidence as to over emphasise it. For there does come towards the close of any action simple or complex and upon any scale, a moment when the moral attitude of the party which ultimately suffers defeat is clearly changing. That moment is often misjudged by the victor. But when the thing is over and the full story can be told, we usually discover that a great part of

success consists in the victorious side having appreciated the approach of this breaking point, not in material or in formations, but in state of mind.

One last rather puzzling point in the story of the great success which is chiefly associated in the public mind with the name of Combles, is the reason the enemy had for maintaining his garrison so long in that place. There was, if I am not mistaken, something between 24 and 36 hours during which the two main communication trenches were available—of course, only under conditions of heavy loss—and the gap or neck through which they passed was still something like a mile in width. A certain portion of the garrison was, of course, evacuated through these trenches. But the situation was so clear that one wonders whether the enemy might not have saved the very considerable number of men who were killed, wounded, or captured within the ruins of the little town. Counting the dead and wounded with the unwounded prisoners, it looks as though he had maintained almost up to the very last a force of something like four battalions there, and judging by the accounts received the losses inflicted upon his opponent at that cost bore no relation to the expense. I am here again dependent upon the exceedingly intelligent and vivid account in the *Manchester Guardian* to which I have already referred, where we see the French streaming down the hill from Fregiecourt, and the British coming down to meet them from Morval, after a fashion very different from the preliminary and terrible attacks on Fregiecourt and Morval two days before. It reads almost as though when the Allies cut the neck of the Combles salient that neck was already atrophied.

Importance of Achiet le Grand and Bapaume

That general view of the map which, as was said here last week, is now necessary to the following of the Somme offensive shows us two points of special interest so far as the British sector is concerned. One is Bapaume; the other is the junction of Achiet le Grand. The corresponding points of interest before the French front I will deal with next week, only mentioning here Velu junction which is, as it were, common property to each Ally.

Bapaume and the junction of Achiet le Grand are both of them nodal points of considerable importance in that general threat to the main communications of the enemy which is half the meaning of this great action. (The other half, of course, and the more important half, is the tremendous strain it is progressively imposing upon his power of resistance as a whole—his man-power, his moral; his production of munitionment; his power to plan movement elsewhere.)

Upon Bapaume converge nearly all the roads of the district. Bapaume threatened, its approaches under heavy and continuous fire, means the sending of men and supplies round by considerable detours whenever the enemy desires to move them from the north towards the south of his line. Bapaume occupied means correspondingly a choice of advance. This consideration has nothing like the importance it would have in a war of movement, but it has its importance even in slow siege work. New roads have been made by the enemy, of course, especially lateral roads, which permit of movement behind Bapaume without the necessity of passing through the town. But every section of the front bears witness to the burden under which an army still is of using these old nodal points with their buildings and their hundred other opportunities.

To put it in another way: The threat to Bapaume, which is now very close and real (at the nearest point X on Map V the British are but 4,000 metres range from the town), means, even in theory—even suppose the enemy to be capable of creating an artificial Bapaume as it were, in the plains to the east, a novel nodal point with its centres of direction and of supply and all the rest of it—the transference of a whole organisation and of masses of material. It is no more than that, but is as much as that.

The junction of Achiet le Grand like that of Velu is of more importance in the scheme of the enemy's defence.

The enemy has, serving his Somme front, three lines coming in from his main communications. I have marked them in Map V. 1, 2 and 3. They are linked

up by an advanced lateral line 4, 4 on which the junction of Achiet is the vital spot. Light railways supplement the old permanent lines and petrol supplements all railway service to an extent undreamt of before this war. But the permanent railway lines still have a preponderant value. We had a capital instance of this in the determination at very heavy loss which the enemy made and was able to maintain to save the lateral railway in Champagne last year. We had another example of it in the considerable effect adverse to the French at Verdun, produced by the fact that one loop of the Ste. Menchould railway was directly under the enemy's fire.

Achiet le Grand then, if not vital to the service of the German line, is at least very useful. It is perhaps already under the Allied fire. Velu, as yet out of range, similarly controls lines 2 and 3. Very little further advance northward makes both unusable as the junction behind Chaulnes has already been made unusable by the French, and the whole German front on the Somme will be dependent almost entirely upon road traffic for supply.

The Crown Prince's Interview

A shrewd observer of the present phase of the campaign has said that one of the indications of its approaching end will be the taking up by the enemy, in his propaganda among neutrals, of military arguments in place of the vague and quite unmilitary generalities which he has hitherto seen fit to provide. The suggestion is that when a man is being beaten so visibly that the most distant and uninstructed neutral can see it for himself, he must give a military excuse or explanation. But that while his position on the map is stationary or while he can still pretend to success in the eyes of those unaccustomed to military history and calculation, he is free to talk whatever nonsense he thinks politically advisable. The great modern example of this sort of thing is the apologetics of Napoleon's Government in 1813 and 1814, although in that case the eyewash was intended not for neutrals but principally for the citizens of Paris. You find that Government still using general, vague and confident affirmation long after Leipsic, that is long after the position had really become hopeless. But when the invasion of 1814 is begun and there can be no doubt at all of what is toward, when every peasant in France understands that the system has broken down, then you have not only one of the finest bits of military work in history accomplished by the losing side, but its official pronouncements begin to deal more and more with the true military aspect of affairs.

I am not sure that I shall agree with this critic in the present instance. The Germans have proved themselves so wedded to routine, so incapable of leaving any deep groove they have cut for themselves, that I should doubt their abandoning their methods even at the last. But, at any rate, they have not abandoned them yet. The statement, officially drawn up for American consumption and ascribed to the Crown Prince of Prussia, a statement published in the British Press of to-day, Tuesday, October 3rd, is on the old lines—only more so. It is not as comic as the solemn official prophesy sent out by the German agents in Washington that the Crown Prince would be in Verdun upon August 1st, or a little earlier. Nor is it as

startling as the confident affirmation of Bernhardt just a year ago in the American Press that his countrymen were about to break the Allied line in the West and pour over France. But it is on the old lines of putting the military situation so that the simplest mind can thoroughly misunderstand it: It is parallel to the German Chancellor's fatuous remark about looking at the map. The gist of the so-called "interview" (a communicated article, of course), which is of very great length, is contained in its central sentence. The translation runs thus:

"What are our enemies trying to do? I suppose they are trying to kill us off or tire us out. Will they succeed? No."

Stupid as that is I do not say that it is ill-framed for the consumption of any reader who is bored with and ignorant of military history and the study of war. It is not stupider, for instance, than the idea that if it takes you one day to advance one mile in a particular offensive, it will take you a year to advance 365 miles. It is not stupider than the classic nonsense about "deadlocks." But it is amazingly untrue to the situation. If the sentence had run differently by only one or two words, it would have been as illuminating as it is meaningless. Consider such an amendment as this:

"What are our enemies trying to do? I suppose they are trying to wear down our line until somewhere it snaps. Will they succeed? I hope not." If the official scribe had put such words as these into the Crown Prince's mouth he could have continued with serious argument showing that the Central Powers had such and such reserves for drafts; that the Allies might grow weary of their task, etc., etc. But the propaganda directed from Berlin never will take civil opinion seriously. It is one, and I think not the least, of the great psychological errors it has made throughout this war. Neutral opinion and civilian opinion in general is confused, often misled, and is not infrequently open to absurd suggestions like that piece of panic which regarded the Austro-German advance through Serbia as a move towards India. But to-day when whole nations are mobilised and after two years' experience of war, it can no longer be controlled by statements obviously addressed to an audience which was ignorant of the simplest element of the campaign. There is hardly anyone now who does not know that victory consists in destroying your enemy's cohesion, that is, his existence as an organised armed force, and that this is accomplished by cutting and by enveloping; and that so far from this being identical with mere killing some of the greatest and most decisive actions in history have been singularly inexpensive, while nation after nation in history with plenty of moral and physical energy left to continue the combat has been unable to continue it for the simple reason that its power of producing organised armed forces, save sporadically, has been destroyed. That is all the Allies are out to do to the Central Powers: To bring them to a state in which they no longer can keep in the field organised armed forces capable of meeting their opponents. And that state of affairs has often been produced in a long and weary campaign quite suddenly within a few weeks of its close. The longer the fronts you try to hold the larger the task you have attempted, and the more it exceeds your ultimate reserves of strength the more rapid as a rule is the final collapse. H. BELLOC

Submarines: Neutrals and Peace

By Arthur Pollen

THOSE of us who read the German Chancellor's speech in the eager hope that it would give us some clue to the enemy's naval intentions, have had to reconcile themselves to disappointment. We can console ourselves with the knowledge that his German hearers are even less satisfied than we are. They had come to hear him say that at last the submarine tap would be turned on full, and their strongest and most persistent enemy deluged. They had to content themselves with the platitude that any German statesman would be lucky to get off with hanging, if having means at hand for *really* hastening the finish of

the war, he neglected to use it. They were intended to make the inference that the submarines were doing all that they could possibly do. There is, of course, a very acute controversy proceeding on this very matter, and Bethman Holwegg begged the whole question by the adverb. Perhaps in the secret sessions now proceeding he will give chapter and verse for thus moderating German hopes. This is only one of the many points on which the German people have been deluded and must now be undeceived. The fear of the Government is that the resolution of the country will crack in the process, as well it may; for the transition from the assurance of

absolute victory to the certainty of inevitable defeat, might disconcert a people much more conspicuous for self control than the Germans of to-day. Will this fear lead to a revival of submarine attacks of the character that we saw in July and August 1915 and in April of this year?

There can be no doubt at all about the pressure which is being brought to bear upon the German Government from within. The reason is obvious. The German people is convinced that it needs only this to bring England to her knees. This conviction rests less on a calculation of the economic and military consequences that should arise from our shipping being sunk; more on the blood-thirsty belief that it is the drowning of women and children that will frighten us into surrender. We must remember that the only medal struck to celebrate a submarine success, was issued in honour not of a military achievement but of the most comprehensive single effort in murder on record. When Germany went wrong in the belief that frightfulness had military merits, she went wrong altogether.

Tirpitz's Promise

It was in December 1914, that that hearty old sailor von Tirpitz gave his countrymen the specific promise that a submarine blockade could reduce England to far grimmer straits than any to which the British blockade could reduce Germany. At that time neither side had tried its hand at blockading at all. Ours indeed, had hardly even come into full operation a year afterwards. But von Tirpitz began his in February 1915, and so had first innings. The thing no doubt took the belligerent and neutral world entirely by surprise. The neutrals could not believe that so cruel, unscrupulous a thing could be done. The belligerents were entirely unprepared with any adequate means of defence. And, as the Germans began with a comparatively small equipment of submarines, the start was somewhat tentative. Since then there have been four phases in this field of war. The first ran from February 1915 until the middle of September of that year. The second was the Mediterranean campaign of last winter. The third was the German effort in northern waters which Tirpitz had been preparing for ever since the previous autumn, and began in March and nominally terminated on May 4th, 1916. The fourth is that which has been proceeding since, both in the Mediterranean, in the Baltic and in the waters surrounding these islands.

This periodicity has been brought about by two factors. In the first phase the Germans did not take the American objection to their proceedings very seriously, and the campaign ended owing to the counter-measures of the British Admiralty. In the winter months of 1915-1916 the German submarines were sent to the Mediterranean, where in the meantime the Austrians had succeeded in constructing considerable numbers for themselves. It was an easy hunting ground, partly because the area was too large for effective patrol, partly because friendly neutrals east, west and south could keep the submarines supplied with all the necessities of their trade. The interval was devoted to an effort to narrow the American controversy by getting Washington to admit that if a liner was armed it became a warship, and therefore not entitled to the consideration due to trading craft. At one time Bernsdorf had every reason to think that President Wilson would accept this doctrine, and on the strength of his promises, Tirpitz prepared and threatened a campaign of unprecedented ruthlessness that was to begin on March 1st and finish the war in Germany's favour. But Bernsdorf failed, Washington stiffened and the German Government, rather than force a quarrel with America, dismissed Tirpitz. In two days all Germany was ablaze with agitation. The Emperor yielded and the campaign began. We all remember how the average losses doubled, trebled and almost quadrupled in successive weeks. Everything was sunk without warning, and amongst them the *Sussex* with many Americans on board. The President, thereupon, brought both houses of Congress to heel, and faced Germany with an ultimatum. The surrender of May 4th was the result. The promise was definitely made that no ship—the promise was not limited to liners—should be sunk without the humane formalities which America from the very

beginning had insisted. It was the end of frightfulness. But Austria was not a party to the promise, and the more moderate methods have never prevailed in the Mediterranean, where German boats could do what they pleased without fear of bringing things to a crisis at Washington, for as they flew no flag and spoke the same language as their Allies, it was easy to throw the responsibility for such murders as those that occurred in the case of the *Virginian* on to Austria. Meantime, the Germans had the Baltic, North Sea, Channel and Atlantic to themselves, and it is to be presumed that they kept sufficiently within their undertaking to explain American inaction.

The question now is, will Mediterranean methods, which prevailed in our own waters before May 4th, be resumed once more at popular dictation? It depends upon whether the Chancellor dare tell the truth in this matter to the people's representatives. It will not be a very easy business bringing them to their senses. How far they are from it can be judged from the manifesto of the Bavarian Association for Beating England Quickly. Its prospectus is marked by a feature unfamiliar to readers of the German press. It is no less than an eloquent eulogy of what Great Britain has done in the European war. It might almost have been written as an answer to those of our own journalistic leaders who a few months ago were informing us and our Allies that we had so far done nothing. If the popular committee is to be believed there never were assertions so wide of the mark.

Why, it asks, in frantic terms, does the siege of Germany grow stricter every day? Why are the neutrals forced to help in the blockade? Why have Italy, Portugal and Roumania joined our enemies? Why is it certain that others will shortly follow? In spite of Germany's victories east, south and west, peace is further off than ever. The end of this murdering of the nations is not yet in sight. It is the fact that England's strength is unbroken that supplies the answer. She has Japan and America to help her, and at her bidding gigantic armies leap up in beaten Russia. No sooner do the Germans kill Frenchmen than Englishmen take their place. She has time on her side; she is indifferent to loss; she is the most persistent of the Fatherland's enemies. Every threat she has made she has carried out. She has adopted conscription and has created an army of millions. Those of her people she has not forced to fight, she has forced into making munitions, wherewith to equip others to fight. She has shut Germany off from the high seas, and terrorised the maritime neutrals into forbidding her products that can only come from the sea. Every German colony has already or must shortly fall a victim to her.

To hope for an understanding with an undefeated England is dangerous self deception. She has resolved to destroy Germany, and if left undestroyed herself, this last threat she will carry out as she has the others. You cannot hit her through her Allies because it is her strength that prevents them making a separate peace. But if she is beaten they all fall with her.

Most fortunately there is a good side to all of this. For if England is the most dangerous, she is also the most vulnerable of Germany's foes. She is an island and an island lives or dies as its shipping floats or sinks. It is the lesson of three centuries that England can only be beaten at sea. Destroy her marine and America is unable to help her. Can this be done? The answer is undoubtedly yes. The past deeds of the German navy are guarantees of this, and it can, moreover, be done at no great cost, for as the battle off Skaggerak shows, the sacrifices in a sea fight are trivial compared with those on land.

This manifesto it will be observed, does not mention the submarine specifically. It seems to pin its faith on the navy. But it is clear that it is more on the submarine than on the fleet that Germany relies. The people are convinced for the moment that it is only fear of America that makes Holweg hold his hand. Tirpitz, Reventlow, Buelow, and all that following are for telling America to go hang and damn the consequences. Their reasons are obvious. Germany's war spirit has somehow to be kept going; and in the absence of victory, murder is its best tonic. There are more prudent voices that point out that this is a principle that will hardly work very well because even did the submarine campaign succeed,

the indignation of America would only substitute a new and richer paymaster for the Allies, in place of him whom Germany had temporarily brought down. So that the argument against quarrelling with America is represented to be as strong as ever.

But, of course, the real argument against the resumption of ruthlessness in the submarine campaign is strong enough by itself without dragging in America at all. It is that it cannot succeed. It has been tried and it has failed. It is undoubtedly believed in Germany that to adopt the sink at sight policy is to multiply the efficiency of the submarine campaign indefinitely. And, somewhat to my surprise, I find that there are people here who think there is something in it. But the real facts are perfectly simple and obvious, and are quite inconsistent with this theory. I have said earlier on that there were four phases in the submarine campaign. A careful analysis shows that the following principles can be deduced from them.

Ratio of Submarine Success

(1) If a given number of submarines are operating in the waters round Great Britain—a number we will assume to be normal—experience shows that a certain limited, but steady, toll can be taken of the shipping entering and leaving our ports. Let us, for purposes of argument, call this toll an average of one ship per day.

(2) If the number of submarines is doubled or trebled for a short time, the toll will rise, not in proportion to the number of submarines, but in a somewhat smaller proportion. Thus, three times as many submarines may, for this short time, yield a toll of say double the normal or two ships a day.

(3) If ships are sunk on sight, the chances of submarine success will increase by roughly fifty per cent. Thus three times the normal number of submarines proceeding on the *abnormal* principle of sinking at sight, may be expected to raise the rate of loss from two a day to three. Here, too, however, the proviso must be added that the expectation of success must be limited in point of time.

(4) The reason why increased numbers of submarines do not in the first place give a *proportionate* increase in victims, nor can *continue* to take any increased toll for more than a short period, is this. There is an extensive and vigorous force engaged in protecting shipping and attacking submarines. It employs various methods and weapons, the general character of which is more or less familiar to readers of naval news. When the number of submarines is what I call normal, the rate of toll which the counter-campaign takes of them is fairly regular and constant. It can be compared with the number of foxes killed in a given county by packs that are hunting say four days a week. There is a certain ratio of quarry to area, and the trophies will be proportional. But if the number of submarines is trebled, the law of chance is changed in favour of the hunters, because their opportunities are multiplied. It would not take any hunt long to bring the head of foxes down to normal, if, by some freak cause, they were suddenly multiplied by five. So, too, in the submarine campaign, where the under-water boats are greatly increased in numbers, the numbers that fall victims to our campaign is increased in a still higher proportion.

The figures of the last year's autumn campaign, and of that of April of this year, bear out this contention conclusively. Throughout July and August, 1915, the numbers of submarines that came into the field increased week by week. The rate at which ships were taken increased also. The exact rate at which submarines were sunk has never been published. But the results speak for themselves. It was early in September last, when the ships were falling faster than they had ever done before, that Mr. Balfour informed a startled world that Germany was the victim of a complete delusion in this matter, and that her crime would turn out to be a blunder. Within a fortnight the whole thing had come virtually to an end! Here the submarines are not only reduced to normal, but below it. We saw the same phenomenon in the seven weeks' campaign of last spring. The crisis came between the third and fourth week, and the rate of loss had fallen to normal before the German promise was given to America on May 4th. In both these cases we had the

double factor at work in favour of the submarine. The numbers were increased and all proceeded on the lines of ruthless attack. But it was impossible to maintain the attack in full blast for more than five weeks in the first case, nor more than four in the second. Apart altogether then from any unpleasant consequences that might follow to Germany from America being forced to intervene, supposing Germany to adopt the old principle of ruthlessness, we must recognise that we have very little to fear, and the Germans must realise that they have very little to hope, from any enhanced enemy effort in the submarine direction now, because experience shows us that the greater the effort that is made, the more rapidly it must be brought to an end.

I am, of course, far from saying that the present losses of shipping, or that even a temporary increase in them are negligible. They have unpleasant financial and embarrassing economic consequences. But in this matter, it is surely somewhat consoling to remind ourselves how very little we are feeling the war in this country and how small our privations are compared with what we all expected them to be in August 1914. Nor can there be the least doubt that our overseas supplies could now be cut down at least by one-fifth if not by a quarter, without landing the civilian population in a tithe of the hardships that holds all Germany in its toils. The idea that German submarines can sink one-fifth or a quarter of the shipping supplying this country is preposterous. If the rate of destruction were twice as high as ever it has been for a period of two weeks, it would have to be maintained thus for twenty times as long a time, before this reduction, of one-fifth, could be made. The submarine menace, then, is one that we do not have to take at all gloomily.

Ton for Ton

But it does astonish me that the neutrals do not seem to see, in the position which Germany has created, something far more menacing to them than to us. There is not the faintest chance of our losing the control of the sea before the end of the war. Whatever the final upshot, to make a peace at sea will then be solely in our hands. *Every British and Allied ship which the Germans sink means a German ship the less sailing under German colours when peace is restored.* For there is no manner of doubt that no German merchant ship will put to sea at all until ton for ton compensation has been rendered. In the new state of things that starts after the war then, French, Russian, Italian and above all British shipping will start upon its world trade at least as strong in tonnage as it was on the first of August two years ago. The German merchant shipping will be proportionately reduced, and it is for Germans to say how much smaller they wish it to be when the present war is over. If there is anything of truth in what the German papers contain of the efforts now being made to reorganise German economics after the war, we must infer that every man that can be spared from war shipping is now being engaged in building merchant shipping for the future. And even when actual building is not proceeding, materials are being collected and plans laid down for a prompt and vast increase of the German merchant marine.

What will be the position of neutrals in the new competition that will arise after the war? Take, for instance, the case of Norway. A fortnight ago it was officially announced that 101 Norwegian steamers and 47 of her sailing vessels had been sunk since war began. Thirteen of her steamers have been sunk since. The loss a fortnight ago was put at over £4,000,000; it must now amount to nearly £4,500,000. The money loss is, by insurance, spread over the whole community. It is conceivable—but hardly likely—that some small portion of it may be repaid, in the form of cash, by Germany. But if it was all repaid, it would not replace the Norwegian keels that are gone. No other neutral has lost quite so heavily as this. But Sweden, Denmark and Holland have, in the aggregate a heavy score to charge against the common enemy. Now we know that Germany is longing for peace, and the neutrals are as anxious for peace as the Germans. Might it not be a good occupation for them to try their eloquence on their still powerful—but failing—neighbour, to quicken his realisation of things as they are?

ARTHUR POLLAK

Intrigues at Athens

By Colonel A. M. Murray, C.B.,

THE departure of M. Venizelos from Athens at the beginning of last week was the signal for a Revolution to which the friends of Greece—and in spite of her misfortunes, she still has many—looked to rescue her from the position in which she has been placed by the foolish conduct of her King. Never before has a country with any pretence to independence, drunk so deeply of the cup of humiliation, or been treated with such wholesale contempt by friends and foes alike.

"I go about London," said a prominent member of the Greek community a few days ago, "feeling as though I had been kicked."

King Constantine

The King, and the King alone, is responsible for this deplorable situation, and it is time to say so. Brave in the field he has shown himself to be morally incapable of giving a political lead to his people in this great crisis of their national history. His illness must have weakened his nerves, for he is not the man he was three years ago, and he can no longer see straight or act right. Those who have seen him at the head of his men would not recognise him as the same man in the Council Chamber. As a soldier he is strong and virile; as a politician, weak, hesitating, and obstinate.

No one could have treated him more gently and considerately than M. Venizelos, yet the King twice threw his Minister to the wolves after twice promising to support him. Surrounded by men who are as incapable as they are corrupt—the adjective is used advisedly—the King has allowed them to persuade himself against his better judgment to trample on the constitution, not to save his people, but to betray them. A more shameful repudiation of an honourable obligation was never perpetrated by a monarch when King Constantine refused to go to the help of his Ally, because forsooth he was attacked, not by one enemy, but by three. His Majesty is an admirer of Eton, and told the writer in conversation he would like to have had one of his sons there. What would Eton say to one of her sons who agreed to stand by his friend if he was bullied, and then sneaked out of his agreement because three bullies came along instead of one? Yet this is how King Constantine behaved to King Peter, and in so doing covered his throne with mud, and dragged his people into the gutter.

Where the King of Greece has gone wrong is, not in his private sympathies, which we all respect, but in his public conduct, which we deplore. We must be just to him. In his younger days, by the favour of the present German Emperor's father, he was an officer of the Prussian Guard, and to-day he is a Field-Marshal in the German Army. For six years he served in the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards, and afterwards was a student at the Berlin Staff College. All he knows about war he learnt in Germany, and he would not be human if he did not feel well disposed towards those whose teaching enabled him to lead the Greek Army to victory during the wars with Turkey and Bulgaria. When he visited Berlin in the winter of 1913, and the German Emperor presented him with his baton of Field-Marshal, he thanked him for the honour conferred on him in the following words:

I do not hesitate to proclaim once more loudly and in public that next to the invincible courage of my Greeks, we have to thank for our victories the principles of war, and the conduct of war, which I and my officers have made my own here in Berlin in company with my dear 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards, at the Staff College, and in our intercourse with the Prussian General Staff. I thank the great Emperor, William I., of blessed memory, for graciously allowing me, through a course of precious months, the opportunity of acquiring here with the troops, and at the Staff College, the military knowledge which subsequently brought me such brilliant successes.

This speech gave great offence to General Eydoux, who was Head of the Military Mission which the French Government lent to King Constantine to reorganise his

army, and who, by his untiring efforts, had done much more than the King himself to prepare the Greek army for war. With the consent of the French Government the General tendered his resignation to M. Venizelos, and was only persuaded to withdraw it on the Minister's assurance that he would obtain from the King a declaration that no slur was intended to be cast on the work of the Mission, and that it retained the full confidence of the King and his Government. Apart from the indiscretion of the speech, to which publicity ought never to have been given, we can hardly be surprised at what the King said, for early associations, and especially regimental associations, cling through life, and it was not unnatural that in the hey-day of his military triumph the King should have recalled with pleasure the happy days spent with his Prussian Regiment.

Then again, the King's marriage with the Emperor's sister had a good deal to say in the matter, and it would have been strange if it had been otherwise. Letters have passed almost daily during the war between brother and sister, and the Emperor is not the man to cry "stinking fish." On the contrary, he is certain to have informed his brother-in-law of what was in store for Serbia, and no doubt warned him against fighting on the side of his Ally. Private letters ought, of course, not to have deterred the King from his public duty, but the fact remains that the two men, Emperor and King, were in constant communication, and at that time the Emperor was able to support his warnings with the continuous record of successes gained by the German Armies.

Outspoken Blame

Having said so much on behalf of the King what remains to be said must be outspoken and uncompromising blame. None of us, not even the humblest, should allow their private sympathies to stand in the way of their public duty, and this is where the King has gone wrong. He has backed the wrong horse, but that is a small part of the mistakes which he has made. Knowing that the chiefs of the army have sworn obedience to his orders he has made use of their loyalty to defy his people, setting up his will against theirs, and he has done this openly, admittedly, arrogantly, in spite of the earnest protests of the Minister who put him on the throne, and of the friendly remonstrances of the Protecting Powers.

Matters have drifted too long. There is only one thing to do, and the sooner it is done the better both for the King and for his country. We must say to King Constantine, not as threateners, but as friends and protectors, that there are two courses open to him, either to restore the Constitution, which he has illegally suspended, or make way for some one who will do so. The message which M. Gambetta delivered to Marshal MacMahon on a memorable occasion when France was threatened with a dictatorship is the message which befits the present occasion. *Il faut se soumettre ou se démettre.*

In spite of his pro-German family sympathies, it would be incorrect to suppose that the King has any anti-Entente prejudices. The writer has the best authority for this statement, for when he was at Athens during the spring of 1914 he had the honour of meeting the King, and was much impressed by His Majesty's appreciation of England and all things English. He was momentarily irritated, as he had a right to be, on account of the casting vote which our Foreign Office had ignorantly given in regard to the partition of Northern Epirus, but the British decision, which led to another civil war, in no way detracted from the King's admiration of our public school and University life, and of the free institutions under which we lived. Speaking English with the same ease and fluency as an Englishman, the impression which he left on the writer's mind was that he might have been talking to an English country gentleman instead of to a foreign Monarch. His genuine spirit of friendliness is an asset which under skilful direction

might be used to bring the King back to his right mind, and save his throne.

There can be no question about the retention of the present Greek Cabinet. Whether it is a business or political Cabinet, matters not: it must go. A dozen grocers picked from the nearest shops to the Palace would have as much right to govern Greece as this collection of sycophants. Too much has been made of the pro-German proclivities of the army chiefs. Some of them are pronounced pro-Germans, but not all. General Dousmanis is one such, and Lieut.-Colonel Metaxas another, but General Moschopoulos is for the

Entente, and so is General Dauglis, and these two latter generals have a large personal following in the army. Of the views of the Regimental officers and men the writer can speak with first-hand knowledge, for he lived among them for three months in Northern Epirus in 1914. Their pro-British sympathies were undeniable. The King can save the situation if he chooses to do so: he has only to give the word, and the whole Greek army will march as one man against the Bulgarian invaders. God grant that he may do so, for if he refuses to bow to the people's will, the Revolution must take its course, and he will lose his throne.

Labour, Capital and the State

By Arthur Kitson

The writer of this article is well qualified to speak from the point of view of Capital, as he is at the head of a manufacturing business and has been all his life a large employer of labour, both here and in America.

THE present praiseworthy efforts of many well-meaning people to secure industrial harmony by bridging the gulf separating labour and capital are worthy of every encouragement. But a word of caution from one who has had a life-long experience in industrial affairs, both here and abroad, may save from disappointment many of those who fondly hope that all that is needed is a certain amount of good will on both sides in order to solve the difficulty. *Good will alone will not suffice.* A complete settlement of the labour problem can only be achieved on thoroughly sound economic lines, which will involve a complete reversal of many old-established theories. Above all, it will involve sacrifices—particularly from the capitalistic classes—and until these are prepared to meet labour upon the common grounds of humanity and honesty, all the efforts of our statesmen, clergy, philanthropists, and publicists, will end in mere idle talk.

Let us first dispose of some old theories which at present tend to obstruct the path of those who wish to reconcile the two conflicting parties. The production and distribution of wealth follows certain defined rules, which are due partly to custom, to parliamentary laws and to ancient statutes, and which have been classified and embodied in the so-called Science of Economics. But with changing social and industrial conditions, those rules which apparently held good for one age fail utterly in another. Experience has shown us that many of the so-called "principles" upon which orthodox economics were originally based, are utterly false. Some of our modern economists have long perceived that the orthodox science as enunciated by the standard authorities from Adam Smith to Stanley Jevons, is merely an incoherent ensemble of theories as unreal and unreliable as the "science" of astrology. We know now that the artificial creation designated the "Economic-Man," is as mythical as Frankenstein. Men are not governed by greed alone, nor is the acquisition of material wealth the sole end and aim of existence. The trouble with the old economists was, that having found certain institutions in existence and apparently in good running order, they concluded that these were of a permanent character, and straightway set out to justify them and regard them as based upon certain fixed laws. They then placed the whole science in a water-tight compartment, so that it had no possible connection or relation with any other science. Both Ethics and Psychology were deliberately ignored. Forgetting that man and society are organic and subject to growth and development, they sought to solve dynamic problems by static laws.

Those who are anxious to secure industrial harmony must first realise that the old system which regarded labour as merely the servant of capital is dead—in spite of the efforts of certain schools to galvanize it into some sort of life. Even so orthodox a writer as Jevons was compelled to admit the gross fallacies of the orthodox creed. Writing on the subject of labour, Jevons, in his *Theory of Political Economy*, said:

Although labour is the starting point in production and the interests of the labourer the very subject of the science, yet economists do not progress far before they suddenly turn around and treat labour as a commodity which is bought up by capitalists. Labour becomes itself the object of the laws of supply and demand, instead of those laws acting in the distribution of the products of labour. Economists have invented, too, a very simple theory to determine the rate at which capital can buy up labour. The average rate of wages, they say, is found by dividing the whole amount of capital appropriated to the payment of wages by the number of labourers paid, and they wish us to believe that this settles the question!

The economic world resembles other fields of human activity in this, that the introduction of one evil frequently brings into operation another which is equal and opposite. Indeed it is evident that economic stability has hitherto been attained by neutralising one evil force by creating another. For example, the evils engendered by the excessive demands of capitalists, were balanced by the organised defence of labour through its Trade Unions in restricting output. For centuries legislators have found it necessary to oppose the greed of those who live on usury by anti-usury laws. The development of British trade during the past century and a half is largely due to the ability of our commercial men to evade the monopoly which was granted by William III., to the founders of the Bank of England, by the development of the cheque system. State encroachments usually call into existence societies for the protection of personal rights, whilst the efforts of individuals or private corporations to oppress the public, are invariably met either by those of voluntary organisations who refuse to have their liberties invaded, or by Anti-Trust laws enacted by the State. *If we are to have a new and better economic dispensation after the War, if we are to get rid of the old wasteful industrial disputes, we must have a new data of economics.* We must bury the old system and recognise it as a miserable failure, which it has proved itself to be. The object of the science was defined by Adam Smith in his *Wealth of Nations*:

Considered as a branch of the science of a statesman or legislator, political economy proposes two distinct objects. First, to supply a plentiful subsistence for the people, or more properly to enable them to provide such a revenue or subsistence for themselves.

Secondly, to supply the State or Commonwealth with a revenue sufficient for the public services. It proposes to enrich both the people and the sovereign.

"How happens it then" asked Proudhon, "that in spite of so many miracles of industry, science and art, comfort and culture have not become the inheritance of all? How happens it that in Paris and London, centres of social wealth, poverty is as hideous as in the days of Caesar and Agricola"? And the Economists were dumb!

Ruskin defined the orthodox science as a "mere mercantile economy, i.e., the economy of merces or of pay"—"the accumulation in the hands of individuals of legal or moral claims upon or power over the labour of others, every such claim implying precisely as much poverty or debt on one side as it implies riches or right on the other. It does not therefore necessarily involve an addition to

of munitions plays an important part in the "moral" of the troops. The average Poilu has no sympathy with the man who grumbles at the number of hours he may have to work. We heard the tale of a munition worker who was complaining in a café at having to work so hard. A Poilu who was *en permission*, and who was sitting at the next table turned to him saying: "You have no right to grumble, you receive 10 to 12 francs a day for making shells and we poor devils get 5 sous a day for stopping them!"

Rat-Catchers

We lunched in the small but hospitable village of Sézanne in company with a most charming invalided officer, who informed us that he was the principal in that district of the S.D.R.D.R. (*Service de Recherche des Rattiers*) (the Principal Recruiting Officer for Rat-Catchers). In other words, he is spending his time endeavouring to persuade suitable bow-wows to enlist in the service of their country. Likely dogs are trained until they do not bark, and become entirely accustomed to the sound of firing; they are then pronounced *aptés à faire campagne*, or "fit for service," receive their *livret militaire*, or certificates—for not every chance dog is allowed in the trenches—and are despatched to the trenches on a rat-hunting campaign.

From Sézanne we proceeded direct to the new camp for German prisoners at Connantre. The prisoners were mostly men who had been taken in the recent fighting on the Somme or round Verdun. The camp was already excellently installed and the prisoners were busy in groups gardening, making bread, or sitting before great heaps of potatoes preparing them for the evening meal. The German sense of order was everywhere in evidence. In the long barracks where the men slept the beds were tidy, and above each bed was a small shelf, each shelf arranged in exactly the same order, the principal ornaments being a mug, fork and spoon; and just as each bed resembled each other bed, so the fork and spoon were placed in their respective mugs at exactly the same angle. There were small partitioned apartments for the non-commissioned officers. The French Commander of the camp told us that the German love of holding some form of office was everywhere apparent. The French made no attempt to command the prisoners themselves, but always chose men from amongst the prisoners who were placed in authority over their comrades. The prisoners rejoiced exceedingly and promptly increased in self-importance and, alas, decreased in manners, if they were given the smallest position which raised them above the level of the rest of the men.

In the barrack where they were cutting up bread for the prisoners, we asked the men if they deeply regretted their captivity. They replied unanimously that they were "rather glad to be well fed," which seemed an answer in itself. They did not, however, appreciate the white bread, and stated that they preferred their own black bread. The French officers commanding the camp treat the prisoners as naughty children who must be "kept in the corner" and punished for their own good. In all my travels through France I have never seen any bitterness shown towards the prisoners. I remember once at Nevers we passed a group of German prisoners, and amongst them was a wounded man who was lying in a small cart. A hand bag had fallen across his leg, and none of his comrades attempted to remove it. A French woman pushing her way between the guards, lifted it off and gave it to one of the Germans to carry. When the guards tried to remonstrate she replied simply: "*J'ai un fils prisonnier là-bas, faut espérer qu'une allemande ferait autant pour lui.*"

On the battlefields the kindness of the French medical men to the German wounded has always been conspicuous. One of my neutral friends passing through Germany, heard from one of the prominent German surgeons that they were well aware of this fact, and knew that their wounded received every attention. There is a story known throughout France of a French doctor who was attending a wounded German on the battlefield. The man, who was probably half delirious, snatched at a revolver which was lying near by and attempted to shoot the doctor. The doctor took the revolver from him, patted him on the head, and said: "*Voyons, voyons, ne*

faites pas l'enfant" and went on dressing his wounds. Everywhere you hear accounts of brotherly love and religious tolerance. I remember kneeling once by the side of a dying French soldier who was tenderly supported in the arms of a famous young Mohammedan surgeon, an Egyptian who had taken his degree in Edinburgh and was now attached to the French Red Cross. The man's mind was wandering, and seeing a woman beside him he commenced to talk to me as to his betrothed. "This war cannot last always, little one, and when it is over we will buy a pig and a cow and we will go to the Curé, won't we, beloved?" Then in a lucid moment he realised that he was dying, and he commenced to pray, "Ave, Maria, Ave Maria," but the poor tired brain could remember nothing more. He turned to me to continue, but I could no longer trust myself to speak, and it was the Mohammedan who took up the prayer and continued it whilst the soldier followed with his lips until his soul passed away into the valley of shadows. I think this story is only equalled in its broad tolerance by that of the Rabbi Bloch of Lyons, who was shot at the battle of the Aisne whilst holding a crucifix to the lips of a dying Christian soldier. The soldier priests of France have earned the love and respect of even the most irreligious of the Poilus. They never hesitate to risk their lives, and have displayed sublime courage and devotion to their duty as priests and as soldiers. Behind the first line of trenches a soldier priest called suddenly to attend a dying comrade, took a small dog he was nursing and handing it to one of the men simply remarked, "Take care of the little beast for me, I am going to a dangerous corner and I do not want it killed."

A Gun Carriage an Altar

I have seen the Mass celebrated on a gun carriage. Vases made of shell cases were filled with flowers that the men had risked their lives to gather in order to deck the improvised altar. A Red Cross Ambulance drove up and stopped near by. The wounded begged to be taken out on their stretchers and laid at the foot of the altar in order that "they might receive the blessing of the good God" before starting on the long journey to the hospital behind the lines.

Outside the prison camp of Cannantre stood a circle of French soldiers learning the bugle calls for the French Army. I wondered how the Germans cared to listen to the martial music of the men of France, one and all so sure of the ultimate victory of their country. Half a kilometre further on, a series of mock trenches had been made where the men were practising the throwing of hand grenades. Every available inch of space behind the French lines is made to serve some useful purpose.

I never see a hand grenade without thinking how difficult it is just now to be a hero in France. Every man is really a hero, and the men who have medals are almost ashamed since they know that nearly all their comrades merit them. It is especially difficult to be a hero in one's own family. One of the men in our hospital at Royaumont had been in the trenches during an attack. A grenade thrown by one of the French soldiers struck the parapet and rebounded amongst the men. With that rapidity of thought which is part of the French character Jules sat on the grenade and extinguished it. For this act of bravery he was decorated by the French Government and wrote home to tell his wife. I found him sitting up in bed, gloomily reading her reply, and I enquired why he looked so glum. "Well, Mademoiselle," he replied, "I wrote to my wife to tell her of my new honour and see what she says: 'My dear Jules, We are not surprised you got a medal for sitting on a hand grenade; we have never known you to do anything else but sit down at home!!!'"

It was at Fère Champenoise that we passed through the first village which had been entirely destroyed by the retreating Germans. Only half the church was standing, but services are still held there every Sunday. Very little attempt has been made to rebuild the ruined houses. Were I one of the villagers I would prefer to raze to the ground all that remained of the desecrated homesteads and build afresh new dwellings; happy in the knowledge that with the victory of the Allies would start a period of absolute security, prosperity and peace.

(To be continued.)

Arts and Crafts Society: A Reminiscence

By Julia Cartwright

THE Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society, which opens on Saturday at Burlington House, is a memorable event in the annals of this association, and stirs up many half-forgotten recollections. It is thirty years since the Society came into being, and most of the pioneers who led the van of the battle in those struggling days have already passed out of sight.

The movement owed its origin to a little group of artists who, in the early eighties, gathered round William Morris, "the Master-Artisan," and felt the spell of his powerful personality. Fired by his enthusiasm and inspired by the same generous dream, they resolved "to build Jerusalem, in England's green and pleasant land." In other words, they set to work to bring about a revival of Decorative Art, and at the same time to produce happier conditions for the craftsman. The foundation of the Art-Workers Guild, in 1884, was the first outcome of the new movement. This was followed two years later by the formation of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society. The primary aim of the new society was to revive interest in decorative arts by means of exhibitions in which each object bore the name of the designer and craftsman who actually executed the work, instead of being merely labelled with the name of the firm that employed them. The idea of such an exhibition had been first mooted by Ruskin in a letter to Morris in 1878, but it was ten years before his suggestion took actual shape.

The first exhibition of the Arts and Crafts was held in the New Gallery, in the autumn of 1888. Walter Crane was elected President of the new society while Mr. W. A. S. Benson, who had himself started business as a cabinet maker and metal worker, and Mr. Cobden Sanderson, the accomplished printer and bookbinder, were two of the most active members of the committee, which also included Burne-Jones, the lifelong friend and colleague of Morris; J. D. Sedding and Somers Clarke, the architects; Mr. William de Morgan, who has since attained distinction in other fields of art; Mr. Emery Walker, Mr. Heywood Sumner, and Mr. W. R. Lethaby. Their efforts were crowned with success, and when the New Gallery opened its doors, a thrill of pleasure and surprise ran through the spectators. Many of us remember the beautiful effect of the Central Court—the pyramid of de Morgan tiles glowing with the ruby lustre of old Gubbio ware, with Persian and Rhodian blues, Mr. Benson's luminous copper fountain, Mr. Sumner's sgraffito designs and gesso roundels, the glorious tapestries from Merton Abbey, and all the lovely colour and pattern in silk embroideries and exquisitely tooled morocco, that met the eye. Even wall-papers might become things of beauty, we felt, when we saw the joy of the springtime reflected in Walter Crane's design, "Under the Greenwood Tree," and the "Golden Age" return in his embossed leather of silver and gold. There were greater treasures too—cartoons by Burne-Jones for those stained glass windows which are the glory of St. Philip's, Birmingham—the angels trooping with wondering eyes round the cave of Bethlehem, the Hill of Calvary with the Roman soldiers lifting up rows of serried pikes and crimson banners against the sombre sky, and that most pathetic of all his designs, the Christ hanging on the Tree of Life between Adam the labourer in the field and Eve the mother of all living, with Abel in her arms and the Madonna lily beside her telling of the world's great hope. These cartoons, certainly among the finest which Burne-Jones designed, are now the property of the nation and adorn the walls of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The promoters of the exhibition had, naturally, many difficulties to contend with. The critics were scornful, Academicians shrugged their shoulders and Philistines stood rigidly aloof, while there was considerable opposition among the leading firms of manufacturers who regarded the appearance of designers, and workmen's names as injurious to their interests. But, in spite of these hindrances, the new venture met with a large measure

of public sympathy, and the second exhibition, in 1889, proved still more popular. Morris was delighted with the success of the experiment, and wrote gleefully to tell his wife that during the first three days, the visitors numbered twice as many as in the previous year. A charming paper by him on the Art of Dyeing, appeared in the Catalogue, and it was in the Exhibition Galleries that he delivered his famous lecture on Gothic Architecture, which Mr. Mackail justly described as "expressing, in brief compass and simple words, the whole knowledge and enthusiasm of a lifetime." In 1893 Morris was elected President of the Society and held the office until his death three years later.

The death of Burne-Jones in the same year, was another blow to the Society, but in spite of these losses, it continued to grow and prosper, and the ninth exhibition, held in January 1910, was remarkable for the variety and high standard of the exhibits. This exhibition was the last to be held in the New Gallery, which, to the grief of all lovers of art, was sold for a restaurant directly afterwards. Now the Royal Academy comes forward to repair the wrong, and opens the doors of Burlington House to the society, whose founders were its most bitter critics.

Its Wonderful Influence.

Looking back on the period which has elapsed since the formation of the society, we realise how great has been the influence of the whole movement. Not only has the amount of art production increased enormously, but forgotten crafts such as fine printing and writing, enamelling and jewellery, have been revived and new ones called into existence, while the abundance of mural designs in fresco and tempera, show that the architectural side of art has not been neglected. It is hardly too much to say that a complete revolution in the building and decoration of our houses has been effected, and the old dulness and ugliness are, we may hope, gone for ever. At the same time, the character and aims of our art schools have changed greatly for the better, while the work of separate groups of the Arts and Crafts,—notably that of the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, Mr. Ashbee's Guild, and the Keswick School of Art—have attained a high pitch of excellence. The flourishing condition of the Home Arts and Industries Association shows how deeply the movement has penetrated into the heart of England. Once more the spinning wheels are set going in Langdale, a thriving pottery has sprung up in the shadow of Watts' Surrey home; and in the most remote country districts classes of handiwork brighten the monotony of village life and reveal the existence of unsuspected talent.

Some years ago the Germans, quick to see the commercial advantages of the institution, started a *Werkbund* on the same lines. Austria and Italy followed suit, and recently a society known as "L'Union Centrale des Arts décoratifs" has been founded in Paris. When, in 1902, the first International Exhibition of Decorative Arts was held at Turin, the Arts and Crafts Society received a diploma of honour from the jury as an act of homage and thankfulness to England for the lead taken by her great masters Morris, Burne-Jones and Walter Crane, and as a tribute to the society which "keeps up their grand traditions and at the same time develops its work on the basis of true and serious art." The words are as true to-day as they were then. If many are gone whose "fair names and famous," shed lustre on the society's roll, many too are left. Edward Prior, W. A. S. Benson, W. R. Lethaby, Christopher Whall, and others like them are with us still, while in the President of the Society we welcome the colleague and follower of one of the ablest members, J. D. Sedding.

The future is full of hope. When the longed-for peace comes and the new day dawns on a better world, who can doubt that we shall see the fulfilment of Morris's dream—"The genuine new birth of art which will be the spontaneous expression of the pleasure of life innate in the whole people?"

Some Novels of Note

Gradually the British people is beginning to comprehend the character of the modern German. It is a slow process because by temperament the Anglo-Saxon is not a psychologist; he prides himself on taking men as he finds them, which in practice too often means accepting men at their own valuation. Now Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, who knows Germany thoroughly, in her new book, *Salt and Savour* (Methuen. 5s.), has set out to bring home to English readers the manner of creature the modern German is in his own home, and in doing so she has rendered a great service to the country, for henceforth we see him in a new and clearer light.

Brenda, the daughter of old-fashioned Germans settled in London, "who had not bred their children in an atmosphere of national prejudice," marries a Prussian cousin, Lothar, who is in the German Army, spends much of his leisure spying in England, and is eventually shot as a spy. Brenda goes to live in Berlin among her husband's people, and while the story, as told by Mrs. Sidgwick, is full of her usual charm and skill in characterisation, it is her shrewd delineation of the German character which makes this novel one of the outstanding publications of the season.

Here is a thumbnail description of this German officer when he was staying in London before the war:

His information about England was both pedantic and grotesque. She had never met anything quite so puzzling. He collected facts as industriously as a beaver builds a dam, but he seemed incapable of forming judgments. He could remember names and figures, but he could not see tendencies, and he was so busy despising the want of system he found everywhere that he forgot to ask himself whether a prosperous and powerful nation is not bound to have qualities a shrewd enemy will take care not to despise. Germany had made up its mind that England was decadent, and like Herr Erdmann shook its fist and refused discussion.

This vivid little sketch is completed by the following account of Brenda's visit to her Berlin flat after it had been shut up when the war had broken out and her husband, Lothar, had left to join his regiment in Belgium:

She puzzled over things, and all through her flat she found cases of what puzzled her in Germany. The Germans were the most efficient, civilised, moral and industrious people on earth; she had their word for it. They were the salt of the earth. Their Kaiser told them so. Both men and women in their respective and sharply separated spheres had reached heights of perfection from which they looked down at decadent races like the English and the French. Why then had the kitchen saucepans been put away in such a state of grease? Why were ends of food left in the food cupboards, and condiments in the cruets? Why was the linen in a state of confusion, and Lothar's dressing-room still strewn with the debris of his hasty packing . . . Why praise yourself so loudly and so much for what after all you have not done over well.

We continue to hear much in the German Press about British hypocrisy. Mrs. Sidgwick shows cleverly how the German is just as much bound down by his own conventions as we are by ours. Lothar is discussing the woman problem with his cousin before he falls in love:

"Every day boys and girls are born," said Lothar bluntly. "That is the beginning and the end for a woman. All the rest is nonsense. The world belongs to men." In his mouth such an outlook sounded dreary and Brenda turned from it with aversion. "Ach was," he cried. "You English are always shocked. One may not say that children are born into the world then! What a country. In Germany we are natural and honest."

Now for the other side of the picture. Lothar has become engaged to Brenda, then on a visit to Germany:

"This is Germany!" she cried. "I'm English and yet I adore Germany. I should like to live in an old gabled house that has low eaves and a stork's nest on the roof."

Lothar smiled because in his ears what she said was rather indelicate. In Germany the stork brings the baby and no well-conducted German girl would allude to this domestic bird at the moment of betrothal, when the female mind is supposed to be in moonlight regions, unreal and rapturous. . . .

"Little cousin," Lothar said, as they came in sight of the restaurant, "Sweet little bride! I have a request to make. Speak not to Sicbe t of storks."

During her residence in Berlin Brenda is constantly made aware of German hatred and jealousy of the English, who "give themselves airs, although their day is over. A nation of vagabonds who pretend to be something great. Rotten to the core!" The speaker is her brother-in-law, a Berlin Professor of no note. Brenda "often wished she could convey her impressions of the national mood to English people. But they would never believe that here in Berlin whole tribes of unconsidered Germans were boiling over with hatred for them." This was before the war. After the war begins the Professor gives a lecture in Berlin, "which was really a tirade against England coupled with a deification of Germany." There have been numberless lectures of this kind all over Germany in the last two years. And everywhere the same lie is repeated: "England had attacked Germany because she was smitten with envy and wished to destroy her most powerful rival. Brenda knew as little about history and politics as most young women, but it struck her that the average German opinion was inconsequent. If Britain possessed the world why did she want to destroy Germany?"

Here we must put down this admirable work, excellent as a novel but beyond praise for the light it throws on the private character of modern Germany. We may end with this final puzzle: "After living a whole year in Germany, Brenda could not explain it. Although all Germans would assure you that they were the salt of the earth she had never met one yet who liked to hear that he was a recognisable German."

Mr. S. P. B. Mais' novel, *April's Lonely Soldier* (Chapman and Hall. 6s. net), is in the form of letters, mainly between the lonely soldier and April Treffry, who, as one might guess, marries the lonely soldier at the book's end. This is inevitable, and the main interest of the work lies not so much in the fates of these two, as in the commentary of a scholarly man on current literature and kindred topics. There is enough of story to thread a series of criticisms together, and the criticisms, quite apart from the story, are well worth perusal.

Mr. Herbert Jenkins, publisher, is responsible for the production of a number of interesting books; not content with publishing, however, he has turned author as well, and in *Bindle*, which he both wrote and published (5s. net.) he has made a very successful entry to the ranks of writers who put amusement before instruction. Joseph Bindle, furniture remover, will make the glumest reader laugh at his "little jokes," whether they be essays in the gentle art of burglary mixing numbers on hotel bedroom doors and watching the results, or helping his niece to get engaged. Mr. Jenkins does not disdain sage epigram, but for the most part his book is broad farce, and Joseph Bindle is a character who will give joy to many. One's only regret is that there is not more of him and it is to be hoped that, as a recreation from publishing, Mr. Jenkins will—some day—provide us with another Bindle book.

In his latest novel, *The Green Alleys* (Heinemann, 6s. net.), Mr. Eden Phillpotts deserts his West Country for the hop-growing districts of Kent, a change of scene which gives him opportunity for some of the fine descriptive work in which he is so skilled. His main characters are two brothers, Kentish farmers, both in love with Rosa May Witherden, and differing in the matter of temperament as brothers often differ; the elder and stronger of the two men is an exceedingly fine character, and Nicholas, the younger, makes a good contrast. Witherden is another clever study on the part of the author, a man who has come down in the world, and cannot forget it, while there is delightful humour in the "chorus" of farm hands and hop pickers. The book has atmosphere, and "grips" from beginning to end; in common with the author's studies of West Country life, it is free of any taint of parochialism—the characters are used to reflect life as a whole, not to specify and delineate a limited community. The work is more that of an artist than of a mere craftsmen, and as such will be warmly welcomed by its author's many readers.



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SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. Hannay undertakes the mission; his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who joins them. Three months later they meet in Constantinople, Hannay having reached there by way of the Danube, accompanied by a Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, after many adventures in Germany. Blenkiron also goes by way of Germany, and Sandy arrives at Constantinople disguised as a Mohammedan fanatic. After the three meet, Hannay, who has previously posed as a Boer from Western Cape Colony, assumes the character of an American engineer. Riding one evening on the outskirts of Constantinople with Pienaar they lose their way and find themselves in total darkness in a garden. Here Hannay, by chance, meets Sandy in disguise. While talking, a big car drives up in which a German lady, Hilda von Einem, is seated; this woman holds a clue to the secret. She drives Hannay to her house where she questions him, and on the morrow visits him at his house in Constantinople and subsequently provides him with passports for Mesopotamia. Hannay, Blenkiron and Pienaar travel together. At Angora they hire a motor-car; after a day's journey the axle breaks as night falls and they sleep in a tumbledown farm.*

CHAPTER XVI (continued)

THAT night, I remember, I had a queer dream. It seemed to be in a wild place among mountains, and I was being hunted, though who was after me I couldn't tell. I remember sweating with fright, for I seemed to be quite alone and the terror that was pursuing me was more than human. The place was horribly quiet and still, and there was deep snow lying everywhere, so that each step I took was heavy as lead. A very ordinary sort of nightmare, you will say. Yes, but there was one strange feature in this one. The night was pitch dark, but ahead of me in the throat of the pass there was one patch of light, and it showed a rum little hill with a rocky top: what we call in South Africa a *castrol* or *saucepan*. I had a notion that if I could get to that *castrol* I should be safe, and I panted through the drifts towards it with the avenger of blood at my heels. I woke gasping, to find the winter morning struggling through the cracked rafters, and to hear Blenkiron say cheerily that his duodenum had behaved all night like a gentleman. I lay still for a bit trying to fix the dream, but it all dissolved into haze except the picture of the little hill, which was quite clear in every detail. I told myself it was a reminiscence of the veld, some spot down in the Wakkerstroom country, though for the life of me I couldn't place it.

I pass over the next three days, for they were one uninterrupted series of heart-breaks. Hussin and Peter scoured the country for horses, Blenkiron sat in the barn and played Patience while I haunted the roadside near the bridge in the hope of picking up some kind of conveyance. My task was perfectly futile. The columns passed, casting wondering eyes on the wrecked car among the frozen rushes, but they could offer no help. My friend the Turkish officer promised to wire to Angora from some place or other for a fresh car, but, remembering the state of affairs at Angora, I had no hope from that quarter. Cars passed, plenty of them, packed with staff-officers, Turkish and German, but they were in far too big a hurry even to stop and speak. The only conclusion I reached from the roadside vigils was that things were getting very warm in the neighbourhood of Erzerum. Everybody on that road seemed to be in mad haste either to get there or to get away.

Hussin was the best chance, for, as I have said, the Companions had a very special and peculiar graft throughout the Turkish Empire. But the first day he came back empty-handed. All the horses had been commandeered for the war, he said; and though he was certain that some had been kept back and hidden away, he could not get on their track. The second day he returned with two—miserable screws and deplorably short in the wind from a diet of beans.

There was no decent corn or hay left in that countryside. The third day he picked up a nice little Arab stallion: in poor condition, it is true, but perfectly sound. For these beasts we paid good money, for Blenkiron was well supplied and we had no time to spare for the Oriental bargaining.

Hussin said he had cleaned up the countryside and I believed him. I dared not delay another day, even though it meant leaving him behind. But he had no notion of doing anything of the kind. He was a good runner, he said, and could keep up with such horses as ours for ever. If this was the manner of our progress, I reckoned we would be weeks in getting to Erzerum.

We started at dawn on the morning of the fourth day, after the old farmer had blessed us and sold us some stale rye bread. Blenkiron bestrode the Arab, being the heaviest, and Peter and I had the screws. My worst forebodings were soon realised, and Hussin, loping along at my side, had an easy job to keep up with us. We were about as slow as an ox-wagon. The brutes were unshod, and with the rough roads I saw that their feet would very soon go to pieces. We jogged along like a tinker's caravan, about five miles to the hour, as feckless a party as ever disgraced a high road.

The weather was now a cold drizzle, which increased my depression. Cars passed us and disappeared in the mist, going at thirty miles an hour to mock our slowness. None of us spoke, for the futility of the business clogged our spirits. I bit hard on my lip to curb my restlessness, and I think I would have sold my soul there and then for anything that could move fast. I don't know any sorer trial than to be mad for speed and have to crawl at a snail's pace. I was getting ripe for any kind of desperate venture.

About midday we descended on a wide plain full of the marks of rich cultivation. Villages became frequent, and the land was studded with olive groves and scarred with water furrows. From what I remembered of the map I judged that we were coming to that champaign country near Siwas, which is the granary of Turkey, and the home of the true Osmanli stock.

Then at a turning of the road we came to the caravanserai.

It was a dingy, battered place, with the pink plaster falling in patches from its walls. There was a courtyard abutting on the road, and a flat-topped house with a big hole in its side. It was a long way from any battle-ground, and I guessed that some explosion had wrought the damage. Behind it, a few hundred yards off, a detachment of cavalry were encamped beside a stream, with their horses tied up in long lines of pickets.

And by the roadside, quite alone and deserted, stood a large new motor-car.

In all the road before and behind there was no man to be seen except the troops by the stream. The owners, whoever they were, must be inside the caravanserai.

I have said I was in the mood for some desperate deed, and lo and behold Providence had given me the chance! I coveted that car as I have never coveted anything on earth. At the moment all my plans had narrowed down to a feverish passion to get to the battle-field. We had to find Greenmantle at Erzerum, and once there we should have Hilda von Einem's protection. It was a time of war, and a front of brass was the surest safety. But, indeed, I could not figure out any plan worth speaking of. I saw only one thing—a fast car which might be ours.

I said a word to the others, and we dismounted and tethered our horses at the near end of the court-yard. I heard the low hum of voices from the cavalymen by the stream, but they were three hundred yards off and could not see us. Peter was sent forward to scout in the courtyard. In the building itself there was but one window looking on the road, and that was in the upper floor. Meantime I crawled along beside the wall to where the car stood, and had a look at it. It was a splendid six-cylinder affair, brand-new, with the tyres little worn. There were seven tins of petrol stacked behind, as well as spare tyres, and, looking in, I saw map-cases and field-glasses strewn on the seats as if the owners had only got out for a minute to stretch their legs.

Peter came back and reported that the courtyard was empty. "There are men in the upper room," he said; "more than one, for I heard their voices. They are moving about restlessly, and may soon be coming out."

I reckoned that there was no time to be lost, so I told the

(Continued on page 22.)

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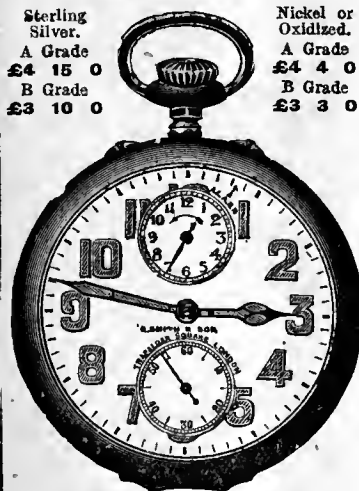
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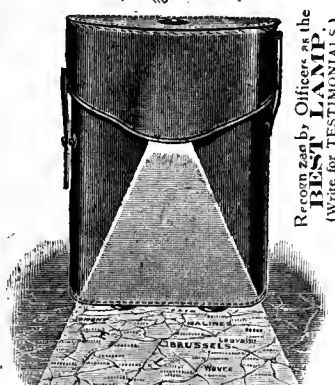
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(Continued from page 20.)

others to slip down the road fifty yards beyond the caravanserai and be ready to climb in as I passed. I had to start the infernal thing, and there might be shooting.

I waited by the car till I saw them reach the right distance. I could hear voices from the second floor of the house and footsteps moving up and down. I was in a fever of anxiety, for any moment a man might come to the window. Then I flung myself on the starting handle and worked like a demon.

The cold made the job difficult, and my heart was in my mouth, for the noise in that quiet place must have woke the dead. Then, by the mercy of Heaven, the engines started, and I sprang to the driving seat, released the clutch, and opened the throttle. The great car shot forward, and I seemed to hear behind me shrill voices. A pistol bullet bored through my hat, and another buried itself in a cushion. In a second I was clear of the place and the rest of the party were embarking. Blenkiron got on the step and rolled himself like a sack of coals into the tonneau. Peter slipped up beside me, and Hussin scrambled in from the back over the folds of the hood. We had our baggage in our pockets and had nothing to carry.

Bullets dropped round us, but did no harm. Then I heard a report at my ear, and out of a corner of my eye saw Peter lower his pistol. Presently we were out of range, and, looking back, I saw three men gesticulating in the middle of the road.

"May the devil fly away with this pistol," said Peter ruefully. "I never could make good shooting with a little gun. Had I had my rifle . . ."

"What did you shoot for?" I asked in amazement. "We've got the fellows' car, and we don't want to do them any harm."

"It would have saved trouble had I had my rifle," said Peter, quietly. "The little man you call Rasta was there, and he knew you. I heard him cry your name. He is an angry little man, and I observe that on this road there is a telegraph."

CHAPTER XVII.

Trouble by the Waters of Babylon.

FROM that moment I date the beginning of my madness. Suddenly I forgot all cares and difficulties of the present and future and became foolishly light-hearted. We were rushing towards the great battle where men were busy at my proper trade. I realised how much I had loathed the lonely days in Germany, and still more the dawdling week in Constantinople. Now I was clear of it all, and bound for the clash of armies. It didn't trouble me that we were on the wrong side of the battle line. I had a sort of instinct that the darker and wilder things grew the better chance for us.

"Seems to me," said Blenkiron, bending over me, "that this joy-ride is going to come to an untimely end pretty soon. Peter's right. That young man will set the telegraph going, and we'll be held up at the next township."

"He's got to get to a telegraph office first," I answered. "That's where we have the pull on him. He's welcome to the screws we left behind, and if he finds an operator before the evening I'm the worst kind of Dutchman. I'm going to break all the rules and bucket this car for what she's worth. Don't you see, that the nearer we get to Erzerum the safer we are?"

"I don't follow," he said slowly. "At Erzerum I reckon they'll be waiting for us with the handcuffs. Why in thunder couldn't these hairy ragamuffins keep the little cuss safe? Your record's a bit too precipitous, Major, for the most innocent-minded military boss."

"Do you remember what you said about the Germans being open to bluff? Well, I'm going to put up the steepest sort of bluff. Of course they'll stop us. Rasta will do his damndest. But remember that he and his friends are not very popular with the Germans, and Madame von Einem is. We're her protégés, and the bigger the German swell I get before the safer I'll feel. We've got our passports and our orders, and he'll be a bold man that will stop us once we get into the German zone. Therefore I'm going to hurry as fast as God will let me."

It was a ride that deserved to have an epic written about it. The car was good, and I handled her well, though I say it who shouldn't. The road in that big central plain was fair, and often I knocked fifty miles an hour out of her. We passed troops by a circuit over the veld, where we took some awful risks, and once we skidded by some transport with our off wheels almost over the lip of a ravine. We went through the narrow streets of Siwas like a fire-engine, while I shouted out in German that we carried despatches for headquarters. We shot out of drizzling rain into brief spells of winter sunshine and then into a snow blizzard which all but whipped the skin from our faces. And always before us the long road

unrolled, with somewhere at the end of it two armies clinched in a death-grapple.

That night we looked for no lodging. We ate a sort of meal in the car with the hood up, and felt our way on in the darkness, for the headlights were in perfect order. Then turned off the road for four hours' sleep, and I had a go at the map. Before dawn we started again, and came over a pass into the vale of a big river. The winter dawn showed its gleaming stretches, ice-bound among the sprinkled meadows. I called to Blenkiron:

"I believe that river is the Euphrates," I said.

"So," he said, acutely interested. "Then that's the waters of Babylon. Great snakes, that I should have lived to see the fields where King Nebuchadnezzar grazed! Do you know the name of that big hill, Major?"

"Ararat, as like as not," I cried, and he believed me.

We were among the hills now, great rocky black slopes, and, seen through side glens, a hinterland of snowy peaks. I remember I kept looking for the *castrol* I had seen in my dream. The thing had never left off haunting me, and I was pretty clear now that it did not belong to my South African memories. I am not a superstitious man, but the way that little *kranz* clung to my mind made me think it was a warning sent by Providence. I was pretty certain that when I clapped eyes on it I would be in for bad trouble.

All morning we travelled up that broad vale, and just before noon it spread out wider, the road dipped to the water's edge, and I saw before me the white roofs of a town. The snow was deep now, and lay down to the riverside, but the sky had cleared, and against a space of blue heaven some peaks to the south rose glittering like jewels. The arches of a bridge, spanning two forks of the stream, showed in front, and as I slowed down at the bend a sentry's challenge rang out from a block-house. We had reached the fortress of Erzincjan, the headquarters of a Turkish corps and the gate of Armenia.

I showed the man our passports, but he did not salute and let us move on. He called another fellow from the guard house, who motioned us to keep pace with him as he stumped down a side lane. At the other end was a big barracks with sentries outside. The man spoke to us in Turkish, which Hussin interpreted. There was somebody in that barracks who wanted badly to see us.

"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," quoted Blenkiron softly. "I fear, Major, we'll soon be remembering Zion."

I tried to persuade myself that this was merely the red tape of a frontier fortress, but I had an instinct that difficulties were in store for us. If Rasta had started wiring I was prepared to put up the brazenest bluff, for we were still eighty miles from Erzerum, and at all costs we were going to be landed there before night.

A fussy staff-officer met us at the door. At the sight of us he cried to a friend to come and look.

"Here are the birds safe. A fat man and two lean ones and a savage who looks like a Kurd. Call the guard and march them off. There's no doubt about their identity."

"Pardon me, sir," I said, "but we have no time to spare and we'd like to be in Erzerum before the dark. I would beg you to get through any formalities as soon as possible. This man," and I pointed to the sentry, "has our passports."

"Compose yourself," he said impudently; "you're not going on just yet, and when you do it won't be in a stolen car." He took the passports and fingered them casually. Then something he saw there made him cock his eyebrows.

"Where did you steal these?" he asked, but with less assurance in his tone.

I spoke very gently. "You seem to be the victim of a mistake, sir. These are our papers. We are under orders to report ourselves at Erzerum without an hour's delay. Whoever hinders us will have to answer to General von Liman. We will be obliged if you will conduct us at once to the Governor."

"You can't see General Posselt," he said; "this is my business. I have a wire from Siwas that four men stole a car belonging to one of Enver Damad's staff. It describes you all and says that two of you are notorious spies wanted by the Imperial Government. What have you to say to that?"

"Only that it is rubbish. My good sir, you have seen our passes. Our errand is not to be cried on the housetop, but five minutes with General Posselt will make things clear. You will be exceedingly sorry for it if you delay us another minute."

He was impressed in spite of himself, and after pulling his moustache turned on his heel and left us. Presently he came back and said very gruffly that the Governor would see us. We followed him along a corridor into a big room looking out on the river, where an oldish fellow sat in an arm-chair by a stove, writing letters with a fountain pen.

(Continued on page 21.)

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By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

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(Continued from page 22.)

This was Posselt, who had been Governor of Erzerum till he fell sick and Ahmed Fevzi took his place. He had a peevish mouth and big blue pouches below his eyes. He was supposed to be a good engineer and to have made Erzerum impregnable, but the look in his face gave me the impression that his reputation at the moment was a bit unstable.

The staff-officer spoke to him in an undertone.

"Yes, yes, I know," he said testily. "Are these the men? They look a pretty lot of scoundrels. What's that you say? They deny it. But they've got the car. They can't deny that. Here, you," and he fixed on Blenkiron, "who the devil are you?"

Blenkiron smiled sleepily at him, not understanding one word, and I took up the parable.

"Our passports, sir, give our credentials," I said.

He glanced through them, and his face lengthened.

"They're right enough, But what about this story of stealing a car?"

"It is quite true," I said, "But I would prefer to use a pleasanter word. You will see from our papers that every authority on the road is directed to give us the best transport. Our own car broke down, and after a long delay we got some wretched horses. It is vitally important that we should be in Erzerum without delay, so I took the liberty of appropriating an empty car we found outside an inn. I am sorry for the discomfort of the owners, but our business was too grave to wait."

"But the telegram says you are notorious spies!"

I smiled. "Who sent the telegram?"

"I see no reason why I shouldn't give you his name. It was Rasta Bey. You've picked an awkward fellow to make an enemy of."

I did not smile, but laughed. "Rasta!" I cried. "He's one of Enver's satellites. That explains many things. I should like a word with you alone, sir."

He nodded to the staff-officer, and when he had gone I put on my most Bible face and looked as important as a provincial mayor at a royal visit.

"I can speak freely," I said, "for I am speaking to a soldier of Germany. There is no love lost between Enver and those I serve. I need not tell you that. This Rasta thought he had found a chance of delaying us, so he invents this trash about spies. These *comitadjis* have spies on the brain. . . . Especially he hates Frau von Einem."

He jumped at the name.

"You have orders from her?" he asked, in a respectful tone.

"Why, yes," I answered, "and those orders will not wait."

He got up and walked to a table, whence he turned a puzzled face on me. "I'm torn in two between the Turks and my own countrymen. If I please one I offend the other, and the result is a damnable confusion. You can go on to Erzerum, but I shall send a man with you to see that you report to headquarters there. I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I'm obliged to take no chances in this business. Rasta's got a grievance against you, but you can easily hide behind the lady's skirts. She passed through this town two days ago."

Ten minutes later we were coasting through the slush of the narrow streets with a stolid German lieutenant sitting beside me.

The afternoon was one of those rare days when in the pauses of snow you have a spell of weather as mild as May. I remembered several like it during our winter's training in Hampshire. The road was a fine one, well engineered, and well kept, too, considering the amount of traffic. We were little delayed, for it was sufficiently broad to let us pass troops and transport without slackening pace. The fellow at my side was good-humoured enough, but his presence naturally put the lid on our conversation. I didn't want to talk, however, I was trying to piece together a plan, and making very little of it, for I had nothing to go upon. We must find Hilda von Einem and Sandy, and between us we must wreck the Greenmantle business. That done, it didn't matter so much what happened to us. As I reasoned it out, the Turks must be in a bad way, and, unless they got a fillip from Greenmantle, would crumple up before the Russians. In the rout I hoped we might get a chance to change our sides. But it was no good looking so far forward; the first thing was to get to Sandy.

Now I was still in the mood of reckless bravado which I had got from bagging the car. I did not realise how thin our story was, and how easily Rasta might have a big graft at headquarters. If I had, I would have shot out the German lieutenant long before we got to Erzerum, and found some way of getting mixed up in the ruck of the population. Hussin could have helped me to that. I was getting so con-

fident since our interview with Posselt that I thought I could bluff the whole outfit.

But my main business that afternoon was pure nonsense. I was trying to find my little hill. At every turn of the road I expected to see the *castrol* before us. You must know that ever since I could stand I have been crazy about high mountains. My father took me to Basutoland when I was a boy, and I reckon I have scrambled over almost every bit of upland south of the Zambesi, from the Hottentots Holland to the Zoutpansberg, and from the ugly yellow kopjes of Damaraland to the noble cliffs of Mont aux Sources. One of the things I had looked forward to in coming home was the chance of climbing the Alps. But now I was among peaks that I fancied were bigger than the Alps, and I could hardly keep my eyes on the road. I was pretty certain that my *castrol* was among them, for that dream had taken an almighty hold on my mind. Funnily enough, I was ceasing to think it a place of evil omen, for one soon forgets the atmosphere of nightmare. But I was convinced that it was a thing I was destined to see, and to see pretty soon.

Darkness fell when we were some miles short of the city, and the last part was difficult driving. On both sides of the road transport and engineer's stores were parked, and some of it strayed into the highway. I noticed lots of small details—machine-gun detachments, signalling parties, squads of stretcher-bearers—which mean the fringe of an army, and as soon as the night began the white fingers of searchlights began to grope in the skies.

And then, above the hum of the roadside, rose the voice of the great guns. The shells were bursting four or five miles away, and the guns must have been as many more distant. But in that upland pocket of plain in the frosty night they sounded most intimately near. They kept up their solemn litany, with a minute's interval between each—no *rajale* which rumbles like a drum, but the steady persistence of artillery exactly ranged on a target. I judged they must be bombarding the outer forts, and once there came a loud explosion and a red glare as if a magazine had suffered.

It was a sound I had not heard for five months, and it fairly crazed me. I remembered how I had first heard it on the ridge before Laventie. Then I had been half afraid, half solemnised; but every nerve had been quickened. Then it had been the new thing in my life that held me breathless with anticipation; now it was the old thing, the thing I had shared with so many good fellows, my proper work, and the only task for a man. At the sound of the guns I felt that I was moving in natural air once more. I felt that I was coming home.

We were stopped at a long line of ramparts, and a German sergeant stared at us till he saw the lieutenant beside me, when he saluted and we passed on. Almost at once we dipped into narrow twisting streets, choked with soldiers, where it was a hard business to steer. There were few lights—only now and then the flare of a torch which showed the grey stone houses, with every window latticed and shuttered. I had put out my headlights and had only side lamps, so we had to pick our way gingerly through the labyrinth. I hoped we would strike Sandy's quarters soon, for we were all pretty empty, and a frost had set in which made our thick coats seem as thin as paper.

The lieutenant did the guiding. We had to present our passports, and I anticipated no more difficulty than in landing from the boat at Boulogne. But I wanted to get it over, for my hunger pinched me, and it was fearsome cold. Still the guns went on, like hounds baying before a quarry. The city was out of range, but there were strange lights on the ridge to the east.

At last we reached our goal and marched through a fine old carved archway into a courtyard, and thence into a draughty hall.

"You must see the *Sektionschef*," said our guide.

I looked round to see if we were all there, and noticed that Hussin had disappeared. It did not matter, for he was not on the passports.

We followed as we were directed through an open door. There was a man standing with his back towards us looking at a wall map, a very big man with a neck that bulged over his collar.

I would have known that neck among a million. At the sight of it I made a half-turn to bolt back. It was too late, for the door had closed behind us, and there were two armed sentries beside it.

The man slewed round and looked into my eyes. I had a despairing hope that I might bluff it out, for I was in different clothes and had shaved my beard. But you cannot spend ten minutes in a death-grip without your adversary getting to know you.

He went very pale, then recollected himself and twisted his features into the old grin.

(To be continued)

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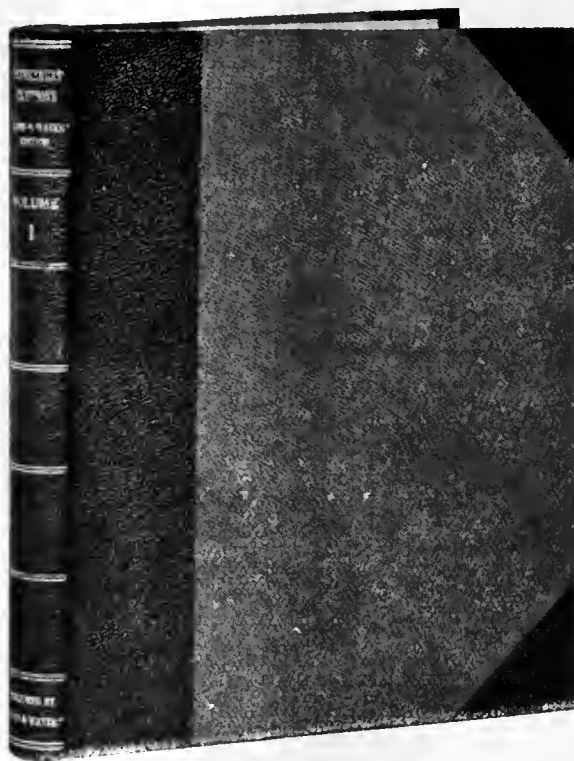
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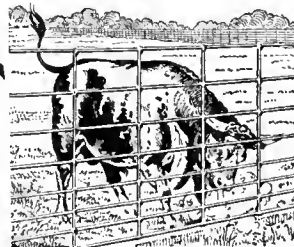
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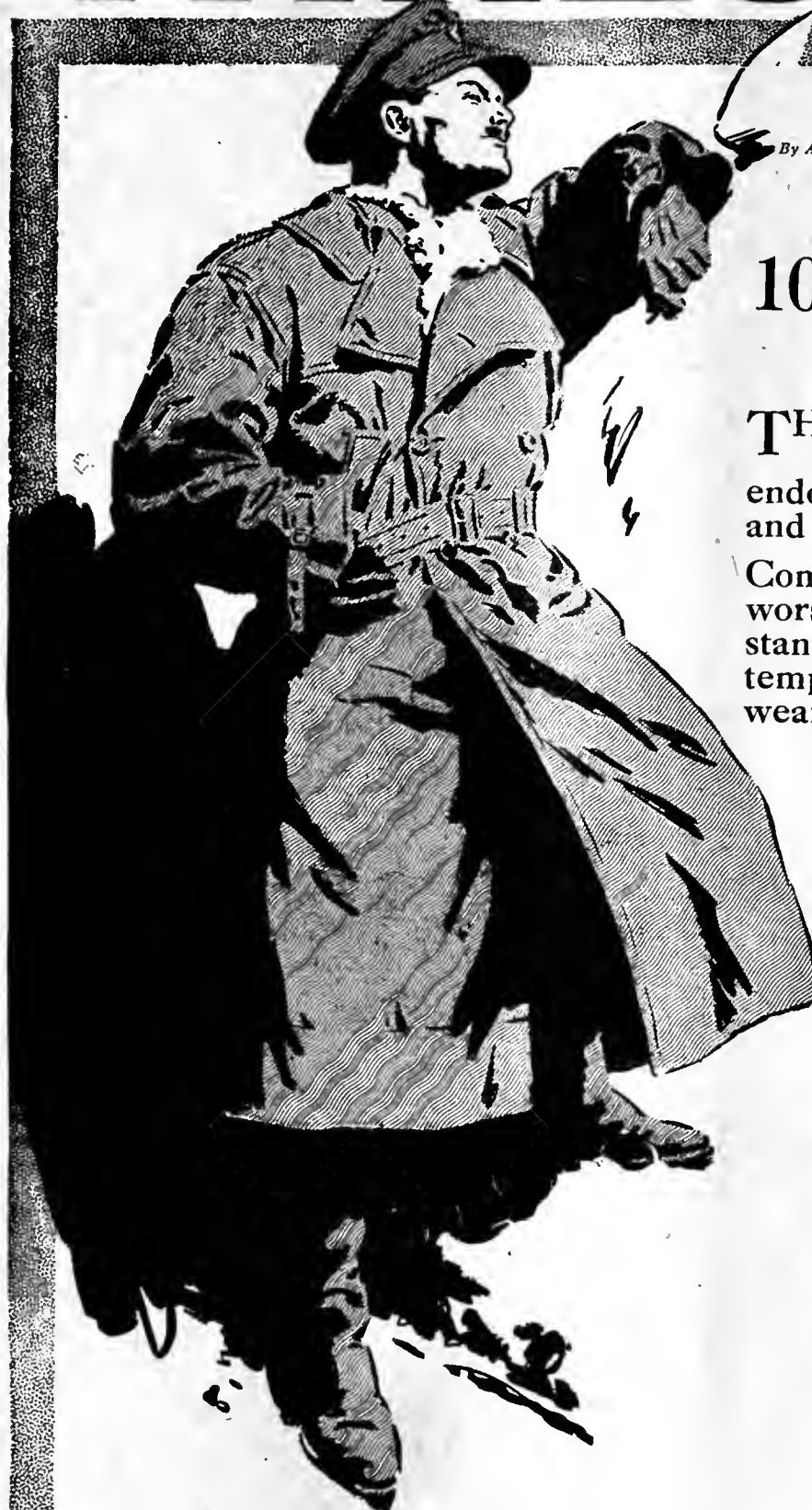
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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1916

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

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By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

At the World's Judgment Seat

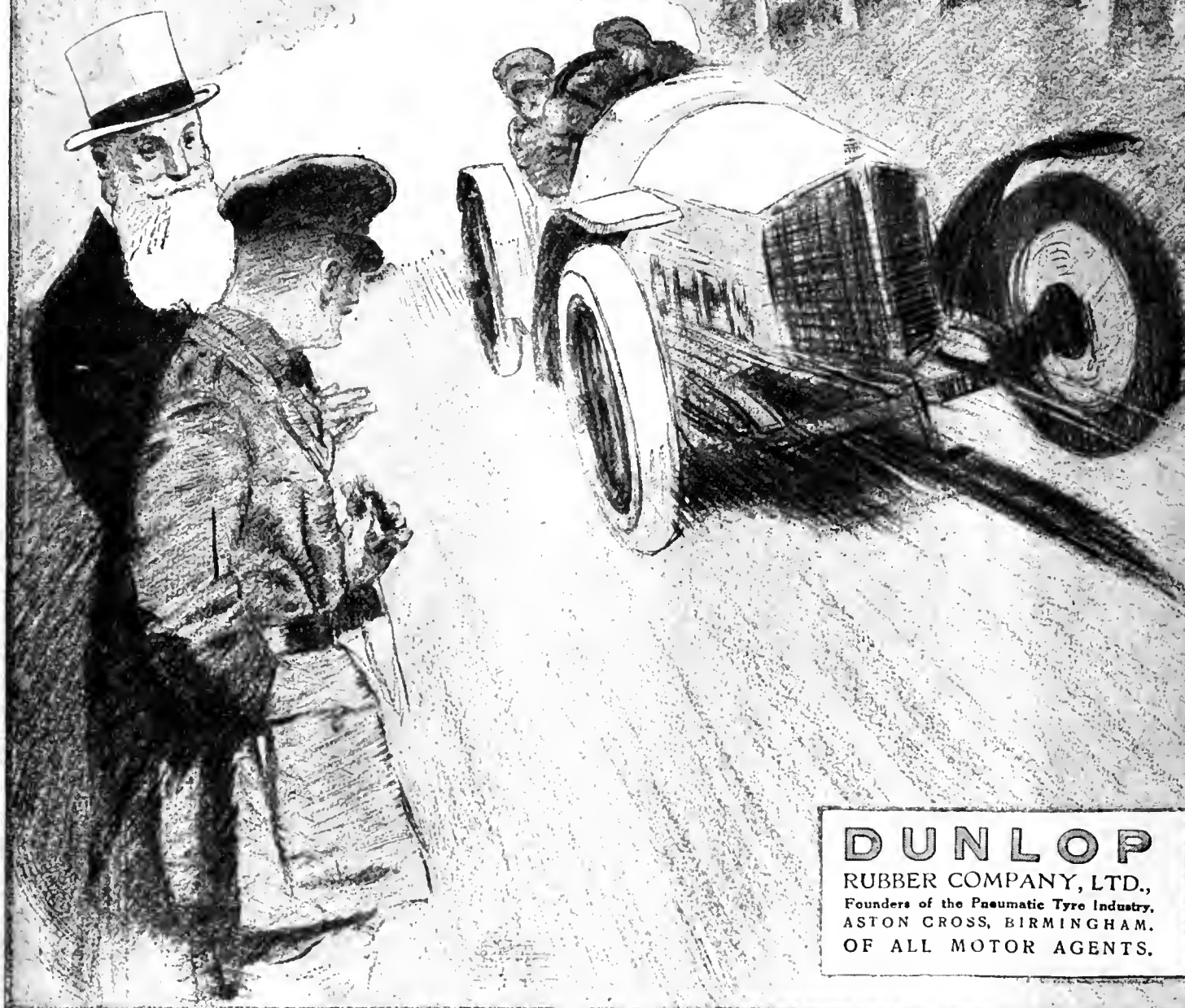
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DEFYING AMERICA

WITHIN less than one month from this date, to be exact on Tuesday, November 7th, the election of the new President of the United States of America will be held. Germany, with that amazing disregard of all national susceptibilities except her own which has marked her policy from the very beginning of the war, has chosen this occasion for a demonstration of "frightfulness" on the threshold of America. New York is the chief port of the United States in a higher sense than the term can be applied in any other country; it is as though London and Liverpool were rolled into one, and this week the marine highway leading to New York has been ringed with destruction by German submarines which have overwhelmed not only enemy ships but ships belonging to neutral nations and trading between neutral ports. It is true that this work of destruction has taken place outside territorial waters, but none the less is it directed primarily against American interests. Let a man live in the country, and it would make no difference to his sense of self-respect if all who attempted to visit him had their vehicles wrecked on the highroad just outside his lodge-gates and not on his carriage drive within the gates.

Washington has recognised the truth of this analogy from the beginning of the war. As our naval writer Mr. Arthur Pollen points out in his lucid analysis of the situation, President Wilson protested against British cruisers patrolling the sea-lanes of traffic within a comparatively short distance of the American coast and said he could only regard such action, if continued, as unfriendly. Inasmuch as we have acted in deference to American wishes, German submarines have enjoyed a period of immunity, which they are utilising to the utmost. It will be necessary in the future for the British Navy to take steps that will render transatlantic raids of this nature more difficult and most unhealthy. We may rest assured that our sailormen, once they set going, will make things as unpleasant for the U boat on the other shore of the Atlantic as they are here, and whatever damage may be done before these activities are checked, can only be attributed to Britain's desire to conduct the war with as little annoyance as possible to neutral countries.

Many rumours are current of the assistance which U53 is supposed to have received in American waters, one story even going as far as to assert that a secret base

has been established in a secluded American cove. These rumours are best ignored, until it is possible to ascertain the exact facts on which they are based. It must never be overlooked that one object of Germany's foreign policy at the present time is to create bad blood between the Allies and the United States, and especially between Downing Street and the White House. And we know by experience that calculated and frigid lies are the favourite weapon in the diplomatic armoury of Wilhelmstrasse, when such an end is in view. Wherefore it were wise to suspend our judgment over any rumoured American unfriendliness until an authentic report is forthcoming.

What effect Germany hoped this raid would have on the Presidential election it is impossible to say. No doubt she was of opinion that America would be too involved in her own internal affairs to trouble to take vigorous action against a defiance of her previous notes and protests. England knows from her own experience that Germany times her aggressions, though not always with success, by the domestic difficulties of her neighbours. President Wilson after the sinking of the *Lusitania* told Berlin in as plain language as it were possible to use, that his objection to submarine attacks against the enemy's seaborne trade "lies in the practical impossibility of employing submarines in the destruction of commerce without disregarding those rules of fairness, reason, justice, and humanity which all modern opinion regards as imperative. It is practically impossible for officers of submarines to visit a merchantman at sea and examine her papers and cargo. It is practically impossible for them to make a prize of her, and if they cannot put a prize crew on board, they cannot sink her without leaving her crew and all on board her to the mercy of the sea in her small boats." While U boats have grown greatly in size and their radius of action has vastly expanded, the objectionable nature of their attacks on trading vessels remains the same, and the experiences of the crews and passengers from the steamers sunk this week almost within sight of the Statue of Liberty, are exactly of that character which aroused the Presidential ire over sixteen months ago.

It is too soon for us to know what steps the American Government proposes to take over this deliberate purpose of Germany to carry the war within earshot of the American people. The British Navy will not be slow to accept the challenge, and as it is reported Washington refuses to accept the contention of the Allies that neutrals should deny the use of their harbours to submarines, the United States imposes on the Allies the duty of constantly patrolling all possible arenas of submarine activity. To talk of such elementary naval precaution as "vexatious and uncourteous," will then be ridiculous. We have also other neutrals to consider. President Wilson may regard the German sinking of Dutch and Norwegian vessels trading not with enemy countries but with the United States, almost at the entrance of New York harbour, as a purely academic question, but he cannot expect Holland and Norway to see eye to eye with him. This flagrant disregard of neutral interests is further evidence of that arrogant ignoring of lesser nations which is a peculiar distinction of German mentality.

The British people have come to regard the submarine in much the same light as the airship—a modern instrument of destruction whose powers have been considerably overrated, but which, under favourable circumstances, can achieve a maximum of mischief in the minimum of time. Whatever happens in the future, Britons will not be terrorised by either peril, for while they quite understand the enemy must score now and again by the very rules of the game, they are assured that in both instances it is only a matter of time before the strong right arm of Britain delivers the knock-out blow.

The Salient of Beaucourt

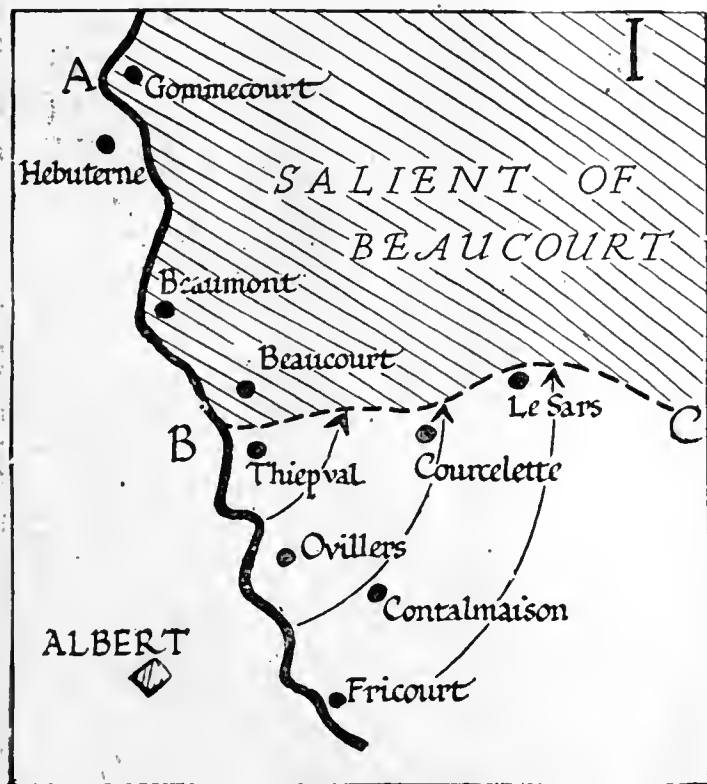
By Hilaire Belloc

WE saw last week the importance of the junction Achiet Le Grand upon the railway north of the present British line near Le Sars and of the road centre of Bapaume north-east of the same.

There is another aspect of the situation which has not been dealt with yet, and that is the position of the enemy in what I may call the Beaucourt salient. I propose that name from the position of the hamlet and railway station of Beaucourt which mark its tip.

Before the great offensive on the Somme began the line which the enemy held ran, it will be remembered, as does the thick line upon the accompanying Map I. That is, it ran thus so far as the northern part of the British sector was concerned.

Neglecting for the moment what has taken place upon the rest of the thirty odd miles of front, and considering only this restricted field, that front now runs as does the dotted line upon the same Sketch I. The German front has been swung round over an angle of 90 degrees, and where the enemy held one level line of positions he now holds an angle which is, roughly speaking, a right angle.



In other words, a very pronounced salient has been created to his disadvantage. All this is said quite apart from other disadvantages of the new position, the chief of which is, of course, that on the new side of the salient his trenches are rapidly and therefore necessarily insufficiently constructed; from Gommecourt right down to north of Thiépval, from A to B he holds his old organisation which he has had two years to consolidate, but on the new line from B to C he is holding trenches which he has had at the most a few weeks to prepare. But even if this new side of his salient was as strong as the old it would still be a point of capital importance that he was thus thrust into a forward angle of such prominence and so sharp.

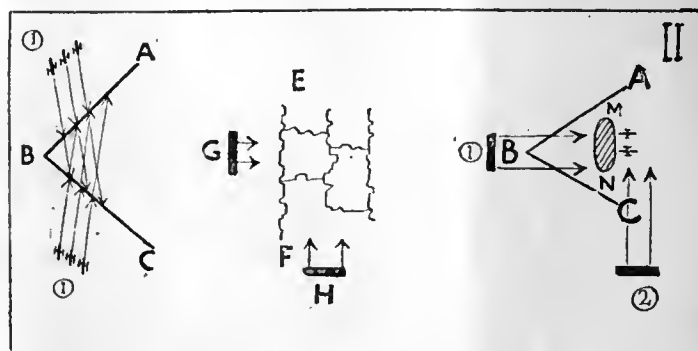
With that point well in mind let us proceed to ask ourselves how in this modern trench warfare the danger of holding such a salient appears; in what degree and after about what acuteness of angle it may become untenable.

There is here some danger of a misunderstanding which has arisen more than once in the study of the present

campaign from not correcting observation upon the map with common sense. This misunderstanding consists in considering only the sharpness or shape of a salient and not the much more important factor of its scale. A salient, for instance, such as the Germans hold in the Woeuvre, generally called the Salient of St. Mihiel, is not harder to hold than a straight line. It is too wide for any effective fire to be delivered across it; and so long as its extreme point is not too sharp it can be held with the same forces and under the same conditions as a continuous line would be. Except when there is a war of movement, as during the Russian retreat of last year, a very large salient of this kind—what may be called a strategical salient—can be held under the modern conditions of the defensive just as well as a continuous line. Most of those studying the war (and I include myself) fell into the error during its earliest phases of misunderstanding that point, for we were still influenced by the traditions of a normal war of movement, and had not come to regard the fighting in the West as a siege.

Conversely, a very small salient, the moment it comes to be sharp, is doomed for several reasons. First because the opponent takes the guns which defend it in reverse; he uncovers the accidents of ground upon which they depend for their security. Next he comes to enfilade trenches the trace of which was drawn up towards the face of the old position. Lastly for what it is worth—but it is no small factor (though not a decisive one)—the opponent's guns take the trenches in reverse as well as by their frontal fire.

The point is quite elementary, and I think obvious, but perhaps a diagram will do no harm. Suppose you have here on Sketch II the dotted line to represent aver-



age effective range for the heavy artillery of various calibres, and the positions of these batteries to be at the points marked I-I. Then a force trying to hold the salient A-B-C is adversely subject to fire both directly upon the fronts of the trenches B-C, A-B and in reverse upon the back of those trenches. Further, in a complex system of trenches drawn up as at E-F for meeting an attack coming from the direction of the arrows G, it is clear that when a new attack has developed from the direction of the arrows H, a very heavy proportion of the trench work which was formerly shielded, is now exposed. You cannot construct works which are equally strong against frontal fire and flank fire. It is true that high angle fire has much the same effect from whatever direction it comes, because the last part of its trajectory is so nearly perpendicular. It is also true that no well constructed trench can be completely enfiladed. Still, fire from the flank remains a very serious addition to the difficulties of any defensive line no matter how carefully it has been traced. Finally, and much more important, the guns supporting the men in the salient and situated behind a cover say M-N, were under cover so long as the attack came only from in front (I). But when the attack comes from the side (2) as well their positions are uncovered and they can no longer be used; they must be withdrawn or lost. Observation from the air, the

occasional spotting of batteries and direct hits upon them by indirect fire over the cover which shields them, has not the effect of fire directed upon them from positions where no obstacle intervenes.

These small tactical salients, therefore, are necessarily doomed when they are acute, and throughout this war, especially in its latter siege stages in the West, we have had innumerable examples of that truth. Indeed every commander has reduced such salients when they began to appear save in the rare cases where he deliberately sacrificed their garrison for the sake of delay. Verdun afforded many examples; Avocourt for instance; the Eastern end of the Goose Hill; the wood above Vaux, etc. In all cases where a sharp salient developed the width of which was small enough to permit average effective range to tell upon both sides of the angle, and upon the gun positions which supported it, the salient could not stand.

Now between these two general types—the first large one, which may roughly be called the strategical salient, and the second small one which may roughly be called the tactical salient—there obviously lies a doubtful category, and it is the examples within this doubtful category which have afforded some of the most interesting problems in the course of the war.

Ypres is a very good example. The salient of Ypres was too large to be called a tactical salient, perhaps, but when it was sufficiently pronounced to approach a semi-circle in shape, it was discovered that this line was too bold. The losses to the troops holding it by reverse fire from the enemy were too serious, and therefore about eighteen months ago that salient was reduced. The form which it finally took, an arc rather of 100 degrees

than 180, was discovered to be stable: but a more pronounced bulge was unstable.

The salient formed by the last positions to which the French retired in front of Verdun was slightly sharper than this, and could be held only on account of the accident of ground, but it was considerably more than a right angle.

What are we to say with regard to this Beaucourt salient?

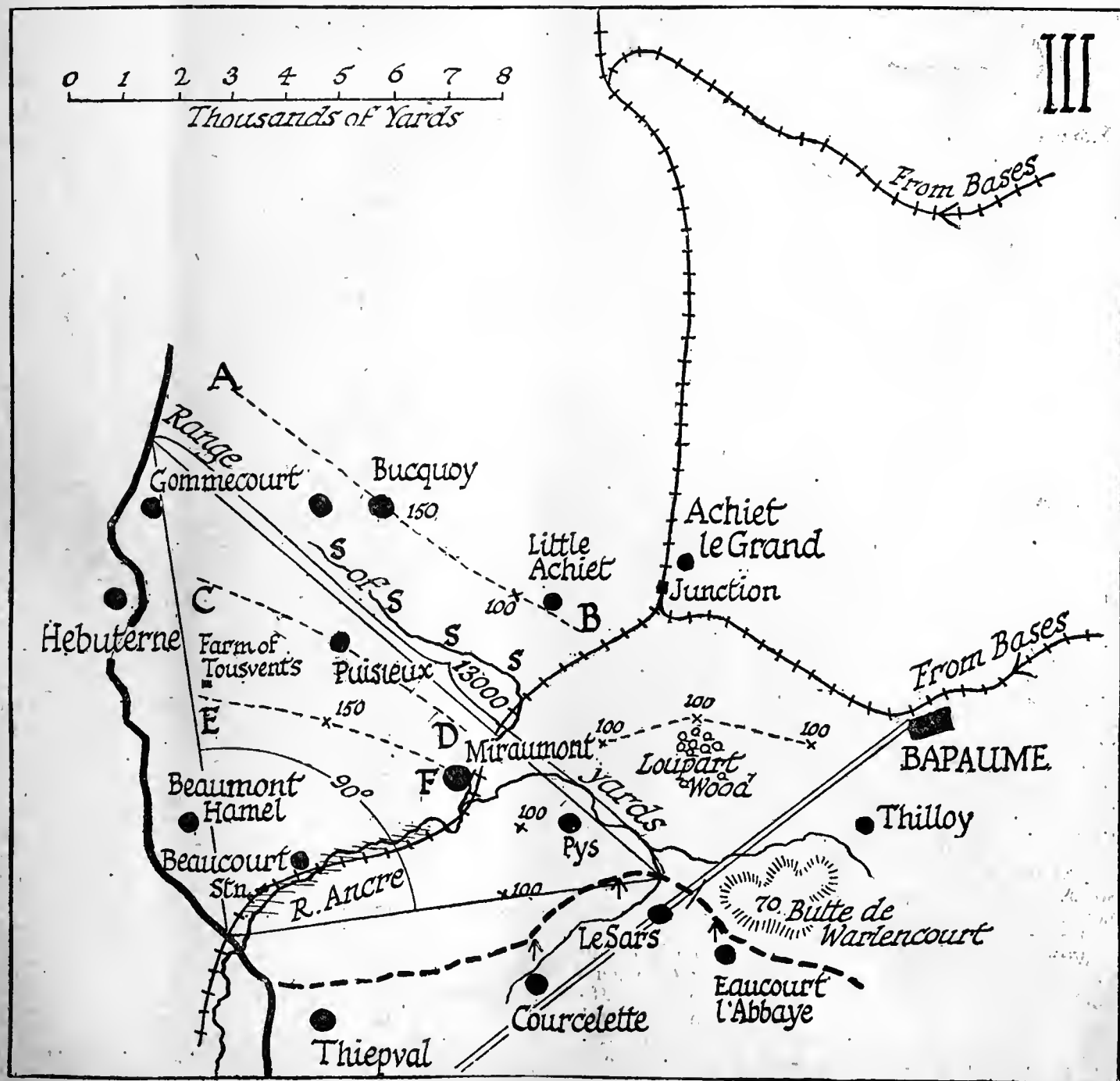
It must, of course, be premised at the outset that study of this sort is quite superficial compared with the conclusions that could be arrived at upon the ground itself; but what I am about to point out, though little more than a fragmentary suggestion, is based on more than a study of the map, for I was acquainted with this countryside some years ago, and have a fairly clear memory of its appearance.

(1) The salient of Beaucourt is, as yet, not acute. It describes, as we have seen, a full right angle.

We can appreciate upon the accompanying Map 'II the extension of its lines. But every advance made northward from the positions of Courcellette, Le Sars, and Eaucourt L'Abbaye, all of which are now in the hands of the British Army, renders the trace of the salient more acute. A fortnight ago it was something like 125 degrees in rough measurement; a week ago it was something like 100. After the capture of Le Sars and the advance beyond that village it sank to almost exactly 90 degrees, and with every further advance the angle will become acute and more acute.

So much for the most elementary point, the mere trace of the salient. What of its size?

(2) The base of the salient represents an extreme



range. It is 13,000 yards from the positions just above Gommecourt to the foremost British positions in front of Le Sars. The real ranges concerned, however, are much more than this, because the batteries lie, of course, far behind the most advanced positions held. The salient of Beaucourt is, therefore, not one so small in scale that it can be called tactical. Its degree of strength or vulnerability must be tested rather by conditions of ground.

Now it is precisely here, in the conditions of ground involved in the problem, that the greatest interest appears. Let us consider what those conditions of ground are :

(3) The whole of the country north of the Ancre Valley is, at first sight, a confused mass of rolling ground. From Le Sars itself, and from the fields immediately to the north of that village, you do not command that ground with the eye. Le Sars is not much more than forty feet above the level of the upper Ancre. Between it and the Ancre, west of Pys, are shoulders over 100 feet above the water level. But once these shoulders are reached you see, beyond the Ancre Valley, the swelling uplands to the north almost bare of wood and marked only by the groups of trees round rare farms. Now a comparison of this view with the map shows you that in spite of the confusion of the ground it falls roughly into lines of height running from north-west to south-east.

Upon the horizon, about seven or eight miles away, you see what may be called the ridge of Bucquoy, from that large village or small country town which lies in a slight depression of the roll of land. The reader must not think of this horizon line as a true ridge, sharp and well defined ; it is rather a heave of land which, at its highest point is about 150 feet above the river of the Ancre, and averages perhaps 100. It is marked at one end, the south-eastern, by the village of Little Achiet. Its north-western end runs up behind Gommecourt. I have given it upon Map III the letters A-B.

Next, in front of this fairly defined height of land you have running below and parallel to it a valley which holds the little brook usually called in this countryside the Brook of Miraumont, because it there joins the Ancre. It is, in reality, the main source of the Ancre, which little

river is fed by streams coming not only from this northern direction, but from Courcellette and from the slope at Thiloy underneath Bapaume. I have marked this stream with the letters S-S-S. Further on again, south of that depression, you have a second ridge which I may call the ridge of Puisieux, far less defined than that of Bucquoy. I have roughly indicated its course by the letters C-D upon the map.

A third ridge, roughly parallel to the other two, may be called the ridge of Miraumont. It rises immediately above that town to a height of 100 feet above the river Ancre (which here begins to show a clearly defined marshy valley) touches 150 feet and bends round between the high farm of Tousvents, joining the enemy's present line of trenches between Hebuterne and Beaumont.

Now it will be clear to the reader that with the ground running roughly in these dispositions, the guns with which the enemy supports this salient are protected by rises of land facing south-west and their positions would be uncovered and enfiladed by fire which could be directed from the south-east. The axis of cover runs everywhere in this salient from north-west to south-east, and the best positions are to be discovered upon the slopes above this little stream S-S-S.

It is the characteristic of the situation that no very considerable advance from the present positions in front of Le Sars would begin to command all this disposition of the ground beyond the Ancre. This swing round towards the north uncovers of itself, as it proceeds, all the best battery positions of the enemy beyond the railway. If you stand on the edge of Loupart Wood, for instance, you look over empty fields and an intervening ridge, but little lower than your own standpoint, and completely view the whole of the depression in front of Bucquoy which is followed by the stream S-S-S. You are standing on a height of about 100 feet above water level and dominate the whole of that little valley which up to now has been entirely screened from direct observation by the British. From the edge of the hummock called Butte de Walencourt you have a distant and less complete view of the depression near Puisieux.

The Advance on Monastir

The advance on Monastir has now reached a main defensive position which we should do well to study. The political importance of Monastir is frankly its only value. Did not the town stand there, or were not that town the symbol it is to all the Balkan people, the Bulgarian defensive would not stand where it does, but certainly in the gates of the mountains to the north. As things are, however, Monastir must be defended. Let us see what the conditions of that defence are.

The town of Monastir stands in a plain between two roughly parallel masses of mountain. That to the west is far the higher and rises to a crest which averages some 4,000 feet to 5,000 above the plain. It is composed of steep, broken, and very difficult ground, rising quite a thousand feet to a mile. This mountain mass which stretches far to the north seems to form a fairly secure flank upon which any defensive line in front of Monastir can repose.

The other mountain mass, upon the east of the plain, is less abrupt and more readily permits of manœuvre. It is also less high. It does not reach a point much over 2,000 feet above the plains for some miles north of its first slopes above the river Czerna. But this eastern mass has, close in the neighbourhood of the river, a feature which interrupts manœuvre, and which consists in sharp " scars " of rock, unclimbable cliffs which are indeed not continuous, but present a formidable obstacle to direct northerly advance. These scars are especially numerous in the immediate neighbourhood of the river. Right round this eastern mass of mountain curls the river Czerna, that is, the Black River. The plain between the two masses of mountains is everywhere about ten miles broad. The defence, however, has to consider a somewhat longer line towards the west than the line of the plain, because manœuvre is possible upon the lower and easier slopes of the western mountains. Should the defence, however, be forced back nearer to Monastir, it has the advantage of a shorter line because it there finds marshy ground everywhere lining the western shores of the upper reaches of

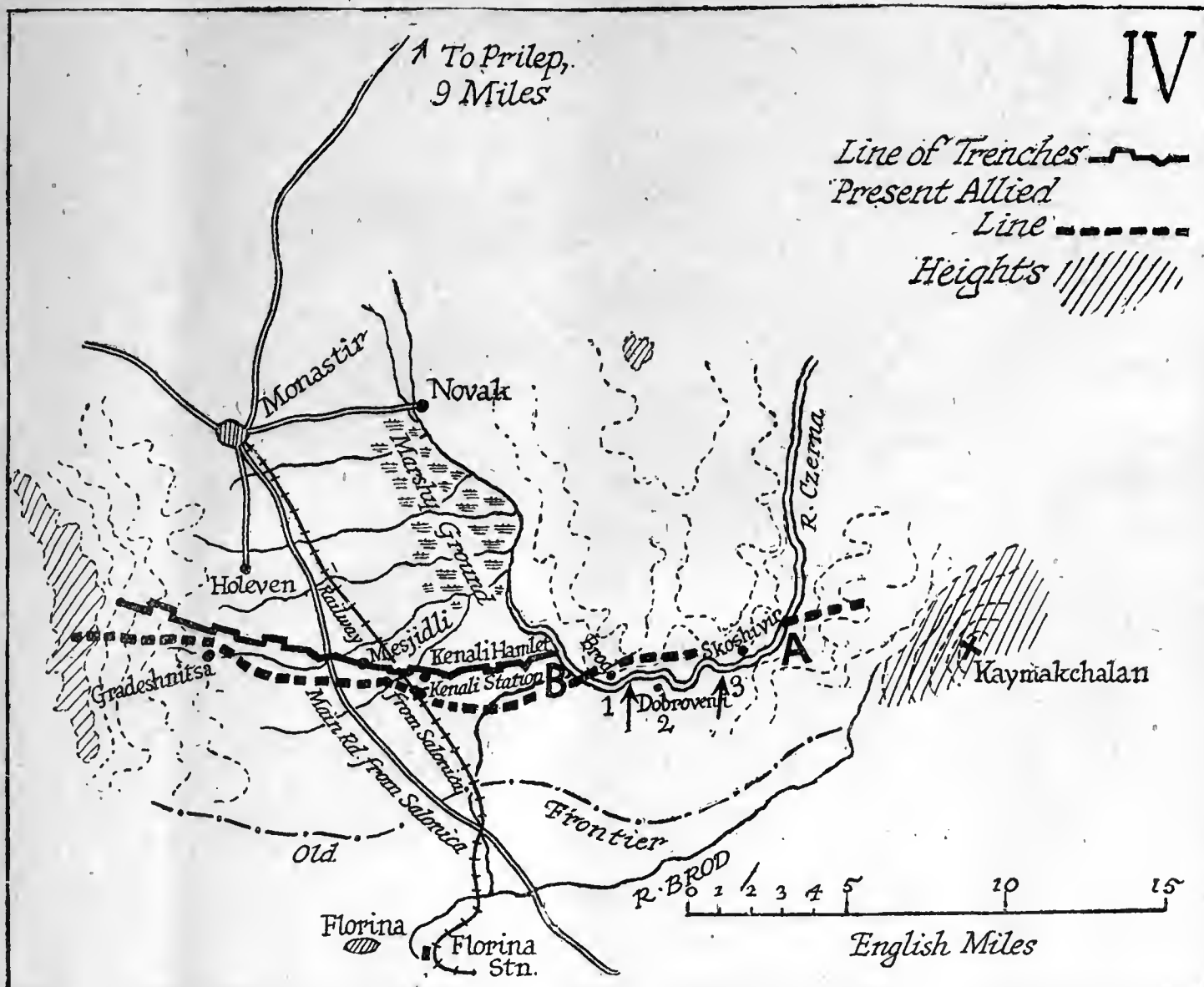
the Czerna. What the military value of this marshy obstacle may be it is extremely difficult to discover, for it is variously described by different travellers, and this I conceive to be due to its different state at different times of the year ; but I believe we may take it that free manœuvre is impossible at this moment in the marshy belt.

The elements of the defensive line, therefore, which the Bulgarians now hold in front of Monastir are as follows :

An obstacle of some value, but fordable, is the mountain river Czerna, from A-B on the following Map IV, over a distance of about eight miles. Next, proceeding westward, a line of trenches across the plain from Czerna to the foot of the mountains of Gradeshnitsa, passing through the hamlet of Kenali and the village of Mesjidli. This trench line across the plain covers almost exactly ten miles. Lastly, there are two or three more miles of continuous work, or, at any rate, of posts following up the lower slopes of the western mountains. This line of posts and perhaps of trenches continues right over the mountains to the large lake, Prespa, beyond which is not shown upon the sketch map. But it is improbable that any decision could be arrived at in the hills themselves. Monastir lies not more than six miles behind the nearest point of the advanced trenches. It is upon this line that the enemy has elected to stand, having retreated in the course of our offensive from Florina and the line of the river Brod and across the old frontier.

Against the line of trenches in the plain thus described the Allied effort has not as yet succeeded. The enemy describes the first effort against those trenches as a serious repulse for the Allies and puts that operation down to last Sunday. But we must be very cautious to-day before we accept the description of any action sent out from Berlin. It is especially upon the point of degree that these descriptions err, and sometimes they issue downright inventions describing the repulse of Allied attacks which never took place.

At any rate, whatever has occurred, the Bulgarian



line between the mountains and the river Czerna was standing when the last despatch, upon which this article is based, reached London on Tuesday.

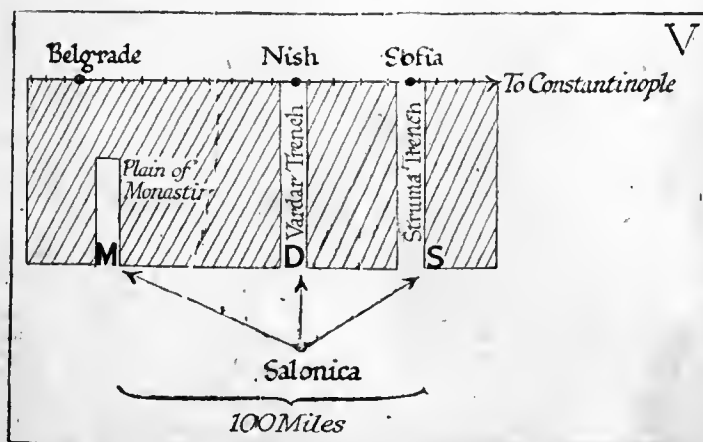
The continuation of the line by the river Czerna had not the same good fortune. To understand what happened there we must go back a little to the capture a couple of weeks ago of the dominating peak of Kaymakchalan by the Serbian contingents. This great mountain stands above the level of the river more than six thousand feet, and completely overlooks all the high land to the north. The positions upon its slopes and summit were violently contested, and it was the carrying of that point which convinced the enemy of the necessity of retiring upon the Czerna line. (1)

The Bulgarians withdrew to beyond the Czerna, and established themselves upon the left or northern further bank of that stream, and apparently believed themselves to be in sufficient strength here to hold the line thus adopted. The despatch sent out by the enemy and referring to the event of Friday and Saturday last described the Serbian attacks upon the Czerna line as having failed, but there soon came further news from the Allied Command showing that as a fact these attacks had succeeded. Two Serbian columns at least forced the river. The one in front of Skochivir (the point marked 3 on Map IV) which village on the northern bank was stormed by the Serbians last Sunday or Saturday evening, and held and consolidated by them; the other forcing the river somewhere between Dobrovenir on the southern and Brod upon the northern bank.

At the moment of writing, therefore, the original Bulgarian line is turned upon its left, but we have yet to see whether the enemy is in sufficient strength to entrench and hold a little further back, though he has lost the river. Should the enemy lose his

entrenched positions across the plain his next line would presumably pass through Holeven, shortened by the presence of marshy ground upon his left. The streams which cross the plain parallel to one another would seem not to be sufficient to form a line. They present apparently no serious obstacle. A second line thus defended through Holeven or just in front of it would, as I have pointed out, have the advantage of being shorter on account of the marsh to the left upon which it reposed. But it would suffer from this grave disadvantage: That the marshes, if the enemy should fall back so far, would cut his line into two, and his troops operating in the hills beyond the Czerna would be separated from those operating in the plain. It is not a very serious disadvantage. He has doubtless extended the road beyond Novak, and can supply from Monastir his forces beyond the river, but the effect of the marshes is still a point worth noting.

While thus concentrating our attention upon the Monastir sector of the Salonika front we shall always do well to recall the point which has been made with such insistence in these columns, which is the advantage



(1) In my article of that date describing the Serbian advance a false description led me into an error. The Serbians were at that moment crossing the line of the River Brod. I mistook this for the village and bridge of the same name upon the Czerna six miles to the north.

the Allies enjoy from the nodal position of Salonika and from the absence of lateral communication in favour of the enemy. To put it diagrammatically, the Salonika command can attack at will towards Doiran and up the Vardar trench at D, or towards the Monastir sector at M, or towards the Struma line upon the east (at S), and the rapidity with which it can vary its pressure upon any sector of the 100 miles of front is far superior to the rapidity with which the enemy can shift troops laterally from west to east or vice versa. The Salonika command enjoys three radiating roads and two prominent railways (supplemented of course by light lines) all radiating from Salonika, and thus permitting of alternative action. The enemy is, upon the contrary, more or less tied to the three points, the Vardar valley, the Monastir plain, the Struma line, which are separated one from the other by masses of mountain. It would take them by road and railway about three times as long to move a given amount of men and material from D to M as it would take the Salonika command to move the same. Between D and the Struma line (S) the advantage is only slightly less. The enemy can therefore upon this front never quite

know where the chief pressure will next come nor, when it comes, can he immediately meet it. The British offensive eastward towards the Struma not only pins the enemy there, but finds the Bulgarian command there undoubtedly calling for reinforcement which cannot arrive in time.

Such are the advantages of Salonika as a base for this offensive: That it has all the lateral communications in its hands while its opponent is gravely inferior in that respect.

The disadvantages are equally obvious. A first success from Salonika south of the mountains still finds one (if the enemy is left in strength and not thoroughly defeated) confronted by a vast tangle of roadless mountains through which he can defend the only two avenues of advance: the Vardar defile, leading to Nish upon the main objective—the Constantinople Railway—and the Struma defile leading to Sofia upon the same. The moment an advance against an undefeated or only partially defeated enemy begins into these mountains, the offensive is confined to defiles of the most difficult type for attack and the easiest for defence.

The Roumanian Front

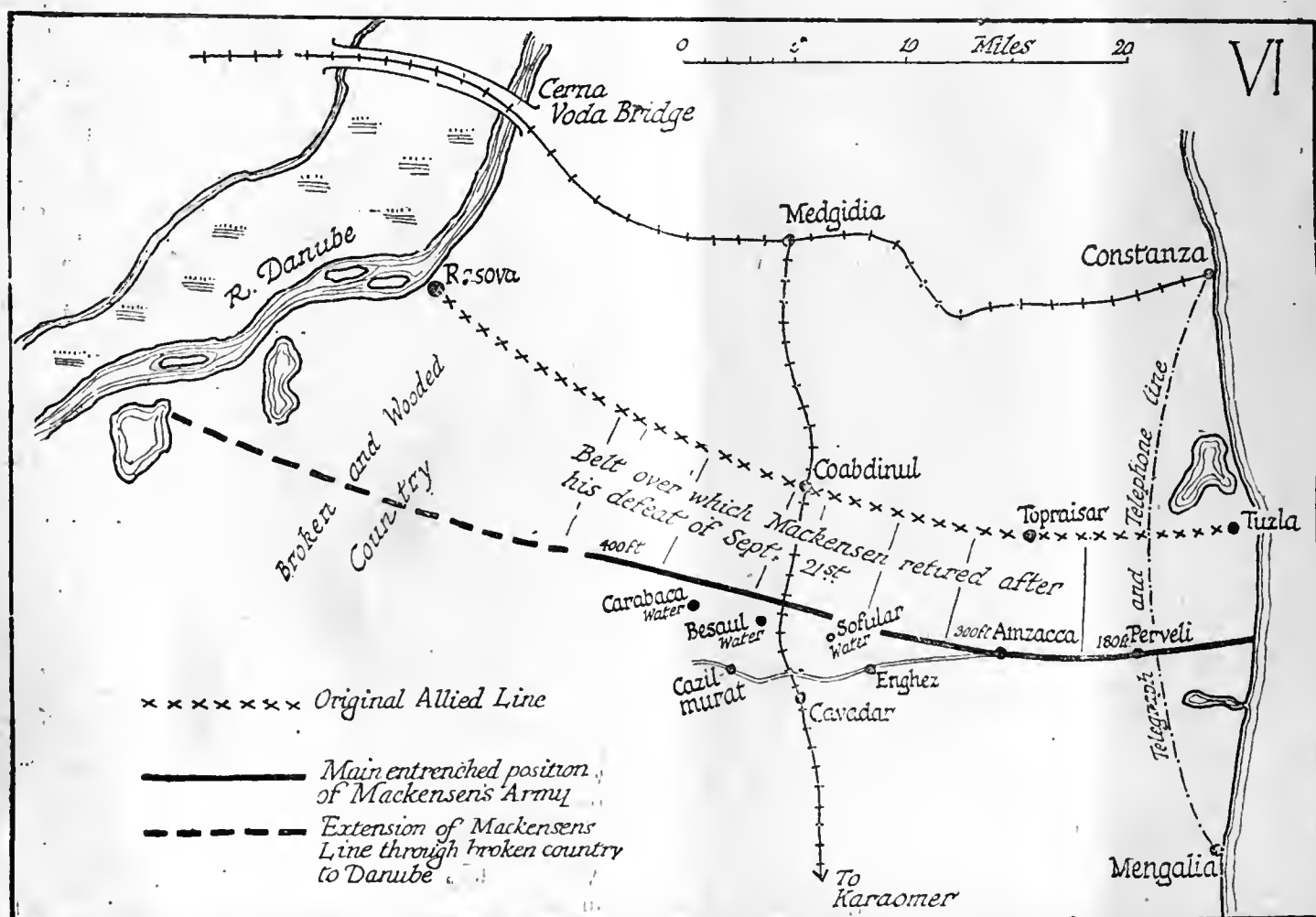
The Dobrudja front can be stated in its main elements now that the enemy has mentioned in his despatches the line upon which he is entrenched. This line is the line Perveli-Anzacca-Sofular-Carabaca, of a total length from Carabaca to the sea of 25 miles.

Such a line does not, of course, cross the Dobrudja. It is continued beyond Carabaca right to the Danube, but this north-western portion of the line is much more thinly held, the country being badly broken and abounding in wood and cover. The enemy is thus standing in his greatest strength upon the south-eastern end of the line towards the Black Sea, because our Allies are here served by the branch railway which leads from the main Czerna-Voda Constanza railway down to Karaomer, through Cobadinul. It was along the line of this railway that he suffered his bad check of three weeks ago, and it is here that the mass of the Roumanian and Russian troops is grouped.

As will be seen upon Map VI the line upon which the

enemy is entrenched is parallel to and above five miles distant from the line Tuzla-Cobadinul-Rasova, which was the defensive position taken by our Allies to defend the Constanza railway. It was not only successfully held by them, but they advanced from it over a belt of five miles just mentioned after breaking Mackensen's line just in front of Topraisar (on September 19, 20, 21).

The enemy's entrenched line runs, therefore, along the positions to which he retreated after his defeat of three weeks ago. It passes over perfectly open rolling land, which rises from the sea to about 180 feet at Perveli; about 300 at Anzacca, and nearly 400 beyond Carabaca. It has been carefully chosen for its water supply, though undoubtedly this must also be supplemented by the railway from Karaomer. There are numerous small wells and reservoir tanks at Carabaca and at Bezaul near the railway and a rather smaller supply at Anzacca and at Perveli. There are also a considerable number of wells and tanks at Sofular.



This position has the further advantage of possessing as a lateral communication immediately behind it one of the very few roads of the Dobrudja, running from Anzacca through Enghez and Cazilmurat. It has doubtless been continued by this time to the sea.

Meanwhile, it is by no means sure that Mackensen's right, entrenched though it is and reposing upon the sea, is secure. We have so very little information, and the little we have is so vague, that we know no more than the fact that there has been a certain movement here, a slight retirement since the beginning of the month on the part of the enemy and a slight advance upon the part of our Allies. But the mere fact that the line has not completely settled down is interesting and is worth watching. We should never forget that apparently motionless lines of trenches to which so many months in the west have accustomed us simply mean that for a given front secure upon both flanks a certain minimum of men is available on the defensive. Unless those two conditions are present—the impossibility of turning either end of the line and the presence of a sufficient minimum to hold it throughout its whole extent—the apparent deadlock of trench warfare is impossible.

Now Mackensen is acting like a man who is certain that there will be no landing behind him from the sea and no permanent bridgehead secured behind him by which the Roumanians can cross the Danube. But though he clearly takes these conditions for granted, they are not among the self-evident things of this great campaign. They are guess work, and they are a hazard. The Roumanians have been able to cross the Danube and, whether they established a bridgehead and then lost it, or merely intended a raid upon depots and successfully accomplished it, at any rate they showed that the crossing of the river was possible to them, and they retired without any appreciable loss of men or of material. And the reason they could act thus was that there are not enough men under Mackensen's command to hold his Dobrudja front and at the same time *completely* watch the Danube.

The same character of uncertainty applies to the Black Sea flank. Landings from the sea have proved difficult in some parts of this great war, impossible in others; but only because there was in every case an ample sufficiency of troops to oppose such a landing.

It is when we come to this question of a supply of troops that the uncertain character of the enemy position in the Dobrudja is most apparent. The mere line from the river to the sea can hardly be held on the defensive with less than the equivalent of six divisions. The Salonika offensive can hardly be met with much less than the equivalent of ten: and even so that offensive is not contained. The Bulgarians have lost, as we have just seen, the bend of the Czerna; a hundred miles away to the east they have had to withdraw from the Struma line, their forces there being insufficient to meet the British pressure. And yet they have with the balance of their forces somehow to guarantee the whole front of the Danube and the shore of the Black Sea, against Allies whose reserve of numbers is indefinitely large, and whose only problem is the rate of equipment and munitionment for the exploitation of those numbers.

The same question of numbers affects the other Roumanian front, the Carpathian one. Our Roumanian Ally suffers from the absence of any good lateral communication along the base of the chain on the Roumanian side. His enemy conversely enjoys the power by the use of excellent lateral communications on his side of doubling the striking power of his forces. He can move a mass of manœuvre first to one point and then to another along the edge of the main chain with rapidity, and strike at the Roumanian columns first at the mouth of one pass and then at another. Each blow has given him increasing success. In his last one guns of position were abandoned by the Roumanians to the number of 13, and that is a serious proof of reverse. But we must never forget that this work is being done with limited forces. What can be spared from facing the intense Russian pressure to the north and the vital necessities of the Western front is only just sufficient for the task, and when one of the best Continental critics said the other day that the Bulgarian and Austro-German action against Roumania was essentially defensive, the phrase, though perhaps a little exaggerated, contained a core of truth.

We have indications from time to time of what the strain upon the enemy's numbers is. We know it from calculation, for we knew that he has already put in a great mass of his 1917 class in Germany and pretty well all of it in Austria-Hungary; that he has warned *all* and called up *part* of his 1918 class in the one Empire, and called it all up in the other. We know that the French have not had to put a single man of 1917 into the field yet, and has not so much as warned 1918. But calculation of this sort, though much the surest basis for judgment, does not strike the imagination in the same way that actual experience does.

Manufacturing of Divisions

Now we have recently had such actual experience upon the West. We know that the enemy had—not in repose, but at any rate behind the lines—exactly two divisions left to bring up without borrowing from the quieter sections of the front. One of these was the 6th Bavarian division at Lille. They have had to bring it up. It first appeared, I believe, upon the 28th of September, or, at any rate, the 17th regiment which belongs to it was identified upon that date—nor should we overlook the fact that when the 26th regiment (of the 7th division), had to be relieved upon the heights just above the Ancre, north of the main Bapaume road, the units identified as relieving it were the first and the second regiments of the 2nd *Naval* division.

There is much more than this. The apparently new units which the enemy has hurried into the line are pieced together with a haste and an incongruity that clearly betrays the intensity of the pressure from which he is suffering. When an apparently new division was formed the other day and thrown into the Somme furnace under the number 212, it was discovered to be in part composed of the 20th regiment drawn from the old 6th division, the 3rd corps: That famous Brandenburg corps which was knocked to pieces in front of Verdun in March, and was withdrawn for months from the field. How was the gap in the 3rd corps made good? By the simple but most insufficient expedient of borrowing a company from each of the remaining five regiments, adding a certain number of the 1917 class and calling it a new regiment; the only really new material being the fraction taken from the depots. This same 212th nominally new division also contained the 98th regiment drawn from the old 5th corps. What took the place of the 98th in the 5th corps thus depleted? A "new" regiment which was numbered 395. But how was that "new" regiment built up? Again by the simple process of borrowing one company each from all the other regiments of the corps.

The 214th division (these apparently novel units all start with the number two hundred) which was one of those mauled in the big counter-attack of the 20th of September was a similar hotch-potch of old material. The three regiments composing it all came from the Meuse and the Woeuvre, not from recruitment within the country. The enemy simply risked stretching the line in the Woeuvre a little thinner, patched together an apparently new unit and threw it upon the Somme—there to be broken. Exactly the same thing happened when the 74th regiment of Reserve was recently taken from the Argonne to help constitute the so-called "new" 213th division. The 74th of reserve was an old sorely tried body, the gap it left was precariously filled up by stretching out its neighbours, the 92nd reserve on its right and the 73rd reserve on its left.

Here is another example. Both divisions of the 12th corps were hurriedly summoned to meet the French attack—which none the less succeeded—at the southern end of the Somme line, I think about three weeks ago, or possibly a little more. They were drawn from the Aisne, rather to the east of the country which was held by the British forces at the beginning of the war. How was the gap made good? By units drawn from no less than *eight* other divisions.

I am not suggesting that these so-called "new" units are given their titles with the object of deceiving the Allies or domestic opinion at home in Germany. It is impossible, of course, to deceive the Allies in the matter because in such fighting as that upon the Somme with its

continual stream of prisoners passing into the hands of the French and the British, the formations are rapidly identified and their origin discovered. But I do mean to say that a perpetual hurried shifting and re-shifting of men in this fashion betrays an intense strain—and the strain is not getting less, it is getting greater.

If the reader asks me why this sort of shuffling of units betrays strain, I would ask him to put himself in the position of a local commander who finds himself heavily pressed. What does he do? He asks for more men. "Send me another division." He does what Ney did when Napoleon answered: "Men? Does he want me to make them for him?" Though the German commander on the Somme is unlikely to receive so Latin a reply. The authorities thus summoned have no division ready. That is, they have no fully constituted division with all its regular organisation to hand. They

"make" one. But they can only "make" it by finding out as rapidly as possible at what distant and separate points units can be spared here and there, brigades, regiments, sometimes individual companies. They can only beat up the required reinforcement by a hasty and unnatural association of these disparate factors at the last moment. Sometimes the conglomeration is too heterogeneous to hold, and it has to be disbanded after short use. That is what happened, for instance, to the Liebert division, which appeared south of the Somme in the 3rd week of July. It was formed of four regiments taken from four separate divisions, widely separated upon various parts of the front, and its organisation went to pieces under the strain of the hammering and was disbanded. I have only cited a few examples, publicly discussed in the Allied Press, but I think they are sufficiently significant.

H. BELLOC

The Blockade of New York

By Arthur Pollen

WITH a sardonic humour all their own, the Germans have met the popular demand for a more ruthless use of their "most powerful war weapon," by a blockade of New York Harbour! It is a master stroke from every point of view. Three nations have till recently competed for the privilege of being most hated by the Germans—England, Russia and the United States. Hindenberg, the popular idol, has decided between Russia and England, by saying that England must be most hated and Russia the most feared. The competition then is limited now to the two great English-speaking peoples. The blockade of New York, being a blow at each of them, surpasses Mackensen's decisive victory in the Dobrudja, Falkenhayn's triumphant advances in Transylvania, and the successful issue of the latest war loan, as a tonic to Germany's weakening spirit. The blow to British shipping is not, so far as the campaign has gone at the time of writing, a particularly serious one, but it has been inflicted in circumstances of a sensational publicity which give it a value in raising German *moral*, second only to a holocaust of lives. But the real greatness of the thing lies in combining this with as cool and calculated an affront to the Americans as can well be imagined. It is exactly this affront that, failing murder, was needed which could give its full value to a submarine success. For have not the patient, but dispirited, Germans been told in official bulletins that it was only the munitions that our sea power enabled us to import from America that made our contemptible little advance on the Somme at all possible? The blockade of New York, then, will appear as a salutary hint to the United States that the kind of neutrality which she is maintaining, against which Germany has strenuously protested so often and so fruitlessly—is not a thing that Hindenberg will submit to lying down. Unquestionably a situation of unusual indelicacy has been created, and once more we must concede that the dishonours of war are with the active naval offensive of the enemy.

The questions of immediate interest are, what is the British Admiralty going to do, and next, what is President Wilson going to do? To some extent the answer to the first question depends upon the answer to the second. From quite early days in the war, the American Government, faithfully reflecting the agitated movements of public opinion, began to show a certain uneasiness when British cruisers patrolled the approaches to American ports. Their "annoying and inquisitorial" presence became the subject of continuous, and not too friendly comment. The thing culminated in a letter from Mr. Lansing in which, as the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent reminds us, he set out, that the United States Government "has always regarded the practice of belligerent cruisers patrolling American coasts in close proximity to the territorial waters of the United States, and making the neighbourhood a station for their observations, as inconsistent with the treatment to be expected from naval vessels of a friendly Power in time of war." The practice constituted therefore a menace to the freedom

of American commerce and was "vexatious and uncourteous to the United States." To this the British Ambassador was instructed to reply that, while Great Britain could not abandon any of her rights, the Government "would use their best endeavours in order that the exercise of such belligerent rights shall be attended with as little friction to neutrals as possible." So, by way of conciliating American opinion, the British cruising force was accordingly withdrawn, with the immediate result that the commercial submarine *Deutschland* was able to win and escape from Baltimore, and that the *Bremen* was, at least professedly, sent out to repeat the performance. The *Bremen* has never arrived, but, the road being now free from British naval friction, it was instead *U53* that on Saturday last entered the harbour of Newport, having been piloted in by the American submarine *D2*. *D2* had taken *U53* for the innocent *Bremen*. But she was received as if she was a very innocent little thing herself. There was evidently no idea that she could be annoying, inquisitorial, a menace to the freedom of American commerce, vexatious, nor even uncourteous, to the United States. Her captain called upon the Admiral commanding the naval station, a newspaper correspondent was welcomed on board, and despatches to Count Bernstorff were sent by his hands to be mailed to Washington. Admiral Knight, however, with perhaps an unpleasant memory of recent notes on the subject of belligerent submarines in neutral ports, seems to have speeded the departure of the arriving guest, who left, we are assured—though not officially—without replenishing the supplies needed for the work she was about to do. Let us note first, then, that the successful entrance of an American harbour by a German war submarine was made possible by the withdrawal of British cruisers at the request of the American authorities.

U53's subsequent proceedings are not at the time of writing, Tuesday, fully known to us. But enough is known to show that they were of a very startling character. By Monday night it was known that the British ships *Westpoint*, *Strathdene*, *Stephano* and *Kingston* had all been torpedoed, and besides, the neutral vessels *Blommersdijk* (Dutch) and *Christian Knudsen* (Norwegian). *U53* had left Newport on Saturday evening and her first encounter on Sunday morning was with the American steamer, *Kansas*, which after examination, was permitted to proceed. There is some confusion as to the precise time at which the six ships enumerated were sunk. The *Westpoint* is said to have been attacked at a quarter to 12 midday, 10 miles south of Nantucket Island. The submarine had then taken station straight across the westward lane of the Atlantic traffic. *Stephano* was torpedoed at 4.30 in the afternoon. She was a passenger steamer bound from St. Johns for New York, and there were many Americans—the number is variously stated as 30 and 100—on board, returning from their autumn holidays. The *Strathdene* and *Kingston* are both stated to have been sunk at 6 o'clock, and the *Blommersdijk* and the *Christian Knudsen* later in the evening. There are many rumours

so far unverified. It is reported, on the authority of the mate of the Nantucket lightship, that three submarines were at work. Another story says five. Admiral Gleaves is said to be confident that all these ships were sunk by U53 only. There is another report that the six ships enumerated do not complete the tale of loss. Three others, so far unidentified, are said to have been sunk also. Finally, there is no news of the crew of the *Kingstonian*, and it is premature to say that no lives were sacrificed. For one day's work it was a pretty effective piece of blockading. A submarine is really wonderfully effective when it has unarmed ships, and plenty of them to deal with, and there are no disturbing cruisers, destroyers or patrol boats to guard against.

These operations, we are assured on the authority of Mr. Daniels, have been carried through without any breach of international law. Perhaps this distinguished authority has given his opinion in the conviction that there are no international laws now left for submarines to break. For had these events stood alone as examples of Germany's sea manners, had they occurred in the first week of the war, it is difficult to conceive any conduct more utterly at variance with the principles both of international comity and of the rights of neutrals as then agreed. Let us take a few of the undisputed points. First the Captain of the *Strathdene*, sunk at 6 o'clock, says that his ship was attacked without warning. If a ship is torpedoed at sea and none of those on board are killed by the explosion, their escape must be attributed to chance. Those who fired the torpedo were taking the risk of killing several. The act itself then is homicidal, if not in intention, certainly in its content. There was no reason for supposing that the *Strathdene* was a government ship. It was a private ship engaged in its legitimate business as a carrier at sea, and by international law it was only liable to hostile attack if it resisted capture. And short of resistance it was only liable to capture in conditions that assured the safety of the civilians on board. In the sinking of the *Strathdene*, then, two principles of international law were without question violated. But the *Strathdene* also had the right of carrying neutral passengers, and neutral passengers had the right to travel in the *Strathdene*, with the absolute assurance of exactly the same immunity of life, limb and property as if they had been travelling in a neutral ship. In attacking as she did, therefore, U53 was risking, not only the offences against international law and humanity to which I have already drawn attention, but a gross outrage on the sovereignty of any neutral state, whose subject might have chosen this ship for a passage to Europe.

The case of the *Blommersdijk* is a stronger one still. It is exactly parallel to that of the *Palembang*, which it will be remembered was torpedoed last March immediately outside a Dutch harbour, when on her way to the Dutch East Indies. The *Blommersdijk*, like the *Palembang*, had no taint of belligerency about her at all. She was a neutral ship bound from one neutral harbour to another. Under no conceivable law of contraband or blockade could her orderly capture have been defensible. The act then was not only sheer piracy but absolutely senseless piracy. It is only by an extreme straining of accepted international law that the right can be conceded to Germany of sinking the ships that might, if brought before a properly constituted prize court, be adjudged legitimate captures. And there is no reading of international law that would bring the *Blommersdijk* within this class. How then can Mr. Daniels say that no breach of law has been committed? except, of course, that we allow there exists no law to break.

The notes that passed between Washington and Berlin first over the threat, and then over the execution of the submarine campaign, have undoubtedly left the rights of belligerents and the rights of neutrals in a state entirely different from what they were before the war. But wide and, as it seems to me, disastrous as the American concessions have been, President Wilson has, nevertheless, insisted on the rights of humanity being maintained. And he certainly does not admit that international law is dead. His words to Congress in April last are on both points entirely unambiguous. It was demonstrated, he said, that submarine warfare could not be conducted "in accordance with what the Government of the United States must consider the sacred and indisputable rights of international law and the universally

recognised dictates of humanity." And he had accordingly deemed it his duty to inform Berlin that "the Government of the United States is at last forced to the conclusion that unless the Imperial German Government should now immediately declare and effect the abandonment of its present methods of warfare against passenger and freight carrying vessels," that America could have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations altogether. Now it is obvious that the work of U53 is indistinguishable from the earlier performances of her predecessors. It is *not* war conducted in accordance with sacred rights and dictates. It is directed both against freight carriers and passenger ships. And most significant of all, if no lives were lost, if, that is to say, there was no fatal and murderous breach of the "universally recognised dictates of humanity," it was because the destroyers and patrol vessels of the United States navy discharged for the German submarines those necessary services in the rescue of passengers and crews, which President Wilson, in his April ultimatum, insisted that the German navy must itself afford.

Our Two Questions

We come back then to our two questions, what will the British Admiralty and the American Government do? An American Government might, one would think, feel just a little humiliated at having to request the British Admiralty to resume its protection of the American trade routes. It is, of course, quite aware that the fabulous exports of the United States that have brought fabulous wealth to the American people, have succeeded in doing this solely because the British navy has protected those exports against hostile interference. Will it now be reduced to urging that this protection shall be extended nearer home? Manifestly the American destroyers are not taking a hand in this protection. They have done a most humane work in saving the unhappy women, children and babies, who were sent adrift from a liner at 4.30 in the afternoon and were not picked up till midnight. It is a task that is always congenial to brave men. But then they *might* be employed not in preventing the worst consequences of crime, but in preventing the crime itself.

Germany, perhaps, holds views about America that are not ours. The presidential election takes place in about three weeks' time. We have been told that the peace-at-any-price vote is large, that it is mostly democratic in sentiment, and that if Mr. Wilson loses it he loses everything. Does the Chancellor think he will submit to *anything*? The *New York Times*, I observe, says, that if the German Government wants "to arouse the American people to the dangerous state of feeling that possessed them after the destruction of *Lusitania*," it has chosen a method perfectly adapted to that end. The *Times*, perhaps, overlooks the fact that Germany did not find that sentiment so very dangerous after all. What if Bernstorff has told his Government that, if only the blockade is not *too* prolonged, and not *too* murderous, the submarines can, at least till the election is over, terrorise American trade with perfect safety? If the thing is kept up only for a week, von Bethmann-Hollweg's difficulties with the Reichstag will all be got over. The German public will be inspirited and happy, England irritated and sore, and the Alliance made to tremble for the safety of their precious freights. Of course it would lead to fresh American protests and to more eloquent notes, to a new, and, on the face of things, a more complete German surrender. But the surrender would be lost in diplomatic verbiage and the real assets would remain. To the German Government in short, to whom the path of frightfulness is sheer necessity, Bernstorff has probably explained it is a path of safety also.

Such may very well be the genesis of this last flouting of all the commandments of the sea. It has put the American Government into a difficult, and in some respects into a ridiculous position. It is, therefore, a triumph of German ill humour. But it remains to be seen if it will prove to be good policy. The man that laughs last has a proverbial advantage. And America is *not* without a gift for repartee. It will be no joke for Germany to realise that Mr. Wilson is not a man to put electioneering prospects before public duty. And, after the votes of Congress in the spring, Mr. Wilson will have a free hand.

ARTHUR POLLEN

The Opposing Strategies

By Colonel Feyler

AS a lesson in strategy, the present situation is particularly interesting. We find opposed to one another two methods of operation which have been evident in all past campaigns—that is, the strategy of envelopment on the wings and the so-called "Strategy of interior lines."

The strategy of envelopment was constantly attempted by Moltke, in the two great campaigns which he led in 1866 in Bohemia, and in 1870 in France. This strategy was successful at Sadowa, where three German armies converged around the Austrians under Benedek. It was unsuccessful on the Saar at the beginning of 1870, owing to the resistance of MacMahon at Froeschwiller and the too great haste of Steinmetz at Forbach. It was successful, however, at Saint-Privat owing to the passivity of Bazaine, and above all at Sedan, which has become a classic example of the strategy of envelopment.

At the beginning of the present war the Germans resumed this strategy on the Western Front, and subsequently in 1915, with the aid of the Austro-Hungarians, in Poland. On both occasions the manœuvre failed. In 1914 the Germans just escaped being enveloped themselves on the Ourcq; in 1915 the Russians arrived back on the line Riga-Dvinsk-Pinsk-Rovno, after escaping from the envelopment with which they had been threatened near Warsaw.

The strategy of interior lines was repeatedly used by Napoleon I. The most interesting and audacious example was that of 1815, where the Emperor led his armies to the point of junction between Blücher and Wellington, separated them brusquely, defeated Blücher at Ligny and then turned against Wellington, who had taken up a position on the plateau of Mont St. Jean.

The present campaign of 1916 places these two strategies in the limelight once more. The Allies are attacking in an endeavour to envelop, whilst the Germans and Austrians are defending themselves on interior lines.

Enveloping Manœuvre

The result of the Allied strategy can be called "The Battle of Europe," for never has so enormous a front been seen. It not merely surrounds the whole of Central Europe from the North Sea to the Baltic, but embraces on the south-east the whole circumference of the Ottoman Empire in Asia. If we measure this front, including the few zones of interruption, we find that it extends from 5,500 to 6,200 miles, or nearly a quarter of the circumference of the globe.

On this huge front we can distinguish five separate spheres of action.

(1) The English, Belgians, and French are opposed to a part of the German forces on a line in the West. Taking into consideration its irregularities this line stretches for about 420-500 miles from the mouth of the Yser to the Swiss frontier in the Jura. It shows two principal centres of activity, the Somme and Verdun.

(2) The Battle of the Alps between the Italians and the Austro-Hungarians. This front is separated from the Western Front by the neutral territory of Switzerland from the Jura Mountains to the Stelvia Pass, a distance of from 150-180 miles. At the present moment it shows a quiet zone in the Alps and a very active sector on the lower Isonzo.

(3) South-east of the Battle of the Alps the Adriatic coast constitutes a front of naval surveillance and an interruption in the land front from the Isonzo to Durazzo of roughly 450 miles. Durazzo can roughly be considered as the left wing of the Balkan battle which stretches almost to the Turko-Bulgarian frontier, an extension of about 360 miles. As a matter of fact, all the Allies, except the Belgian, are here face to face with the Bulgars and Turks who seem to have been somewhat left in the lurch by the Germans and Austrians, which seems to foreshadow on this front a circumstance greatly advantageous to the Allies. At the Turko-Bulgarian frontier the European battle front loses its regularity,

and we come into the zone of an Anglo-Russian-Arabic struggle against the Turks.

(4) The Turkish front describes an immense pocket formed by the coast of Asia Minor and Syria, Suez Canal, Central Arabia, the Eastern boundary of Mesopotamia, the western frontier of the high Armenian plateau and the Black Sea. On this circumference of 3,000-3,500 miles, there are five centres of operations. On the wings activity is naval, consisting of zones of surveillance in the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, and the Black Sea; between these two is the zone of the Arab rebellion against the Turks, the Turkish counter-offensive against the British in Mesopotamia and the Russians in Persia, and the Russian offensive on the edge of the Armenian plateau.

(5) We now arrive at the fifth great sphere of action, the struggle between Russians and Austro-Germans which constitutes the right wing of the enveloping strategy, just as the battle in France constitutes the left wing. This front stretches from the Danube to the Gulf of Riga on a front of nearly a thousand miles, and consists of three centres of action, one of these being sub-divided into two episodes. On the south we have the front of Russians and Roumanians against Bulgars and Austrians followed by the Galician and Volhynian fronts where Russians are opposed to Austrians and Germans and the northern front, at present undergoing a period of observation only, where Russians are face to face almost entirely with Germans.

These are the five spheres of action which constitute at the present moment the Battle of Europe, and the object of which is to envelop the Austro-German block.

Manœuvre of Interior Lines

The example of Napoleon quoted above shows us the classical method of dealing with an attack converging from various directions. The defenders group the strongest possible army in a central position whence it can be directed either towards whichever attacking army becomes most threatening or to the point where the attackers seem weakest, and where a counter-attack might break the encircling line. The Imperial General Staff have used this strategy on more than one occasion. For instance, when at the end of August 1914 they renounced the completion of their attack in France in order to send troops to Poland, and again in 1915 when they failed to complete their operations against Russia in order to strike a heavy blow in the Balkans against Serbia.

For the success of such a manœuvre two conditions are necessary, namely, a concentration of reserve in a central position, and good lines of communication, permitting of the transport of these reserves to any point on the front as rapidly as possible. This rapidity is, of course, to a certain extent, assured by the very fact of the lines being "interior," and therefore shorter, whereas those of the adversary are extended round the circumference of the sphere of operations.

We had a very good example of this earlier in the war. When the Central Powers assumed the defensive on the western front in order to take up their offensive in Poland and Galicia, the Allies would have liked to send round assistance to the Russians. Unfortunately, the attack on the Dardanelles had failed; but even had it succeeded the transport of men and guns from Paris to Warsaw, for example, would have had to travel round *via* Marseilles, Constantinople and Odessa, that is to say about 2,500 miles, to say nothing of various transshipments from steamer to rail, and *vice-versa*. The Germans, on the other hand, disposed of nine parallel lines of railway across the surface of this circle, and were thus able to effect their transport over a distance of no more than 600 to 650 miles. We can realise, therefore, the advantage accruing to a manœuvre on interior lines, so long as there are available sufficient rapidly-transportable reserves.

There is, however, yet another condition necessary to success—namely, that the attack should not come from

too many directions, and that the fronts of active fighting should not become too extended. Otherwise, the manœuvre becomes enormously complicated, the reserves become rapidly used up and are not able to repulse one attack in time to turn against another. For instance, as long as the Central Powers had only to deal with the Anglo-French and the Russians they had only two battle fronts to supply and two directions of transport—namely, from east to west, and *vice-versa*. At the moment, however, when the Italians entered on the side of the enveloping Powers, and the Turks and Bulgars on the side of the interior Powers, the reserves were called upon to furnish too many men for the various fronts and were thus unable to hold men for despatch to specially threatened points. The manœuvre became more complicated, troops had to be sent to counter the pressure in the Alps, at Salonika, in Arabia and in Armenia. However secondary they may be, these counter-thrusts eat up the reserves, as much by reason of their distance as by actual casualties. This is where Germany stands at the present moment. In proportion as the war has reduced her reserves, so she has increased the number of directions to which they must be sent and extended the lines which they must cover.

Strategies Opposed

The question is, therefore, how the two adversaries are to continue each his strategy in order to obtain the most advantage to himself?

As for the Allies the answer is simple. The attack must be as general as possible on the whole circumference of battle, in order to oblige the Germans to counter at all points, which they can only do by using up their reserves. So many of these, however, are absorbed by far distant defensive operations that sufficient are not left to form an army strong enough to make a prolonged counter-offensive at any one point. If the Austrian reserves are held in the Alps and the Turkish and Bulgarian reserves in the Balkans and in Armenia, then only German reserves remain to save the situation in Galicia. In this case, however, they would have to be removed far from the neighbourhood of the Somme and Verdun. Thus we see what must be the object of the converging Allied attacks.

As for the Germans, however, their situation can only be improved by a reduction of the front in order either to release men from the firing line for the purpose of constituting a new reserve, or to diminish the distance separating the reserves from the probable danger points. At the moment the German eastern front from the Carpathians to Riga measures about 700 miles, and the front from the North Sea to Switzerland about 500. These two fronts are separated on an average by about 1,000 miles.

Let us suppose that during 1917 the Germans decide to occupy the line from Cracow to Dantzig, 370 miles, and in the west the line of the Rhine from Basle to Wesel, about 310 miles; they would thus effect an economy of about 520 miles, which counting only one man to the yard of front would give over 900,000 men to constitute a new reserve. At the same time, the distance between the two fronts would be reduced by half, thus saving half the time necessary to transport troops from one front to the other. In this manner the manœuvre on interior lines would regain the elasticity at present lost by too extended a front and too great distances.

It is not for us to examine, in a purely military criticism, the possible or probable moral effect of such a reduction of front, but there is no doubt that the general military problem consists of neither more nor less than the above questions.

Malvina of Brittany, by Jerome K. Jerome (Cassell and Co., 6s.) will provide the conscientious reader with a shock, for the story of *Malvina* ends abruptly halfway through the volume, and the rest is short stories. *Malvina* was a fairy three thousand years or thereabouts ago, and she brings powers of "changing" people into the twentieth century with results that lend themselves admirably to the Jerome type of description. Of the short stories, "The Lesson" and "The Fawn Gloves" are, each in its own way, the very highest form of art that Jerome can give; every story in the book is dainty, delicate work, literature in the best sense. *Malvina* forms a welcome addition to the year's fiction list.

Raemaekers' Cartoons

TESTIMONY continues to be borne almost weekly to the power of Mr. Louis Raemaekers' work and the influence which it exercises on the whole civilised world. It is known that German propaganda has been most active in Spain, and very successful up to a point. A lady who signs herself "Twenty Years in the Peninsula," wrote last week to the *Times*, explaining how she endeavoured to counteract it. She obtained, through the British Consul, a large packet of well-printed pamphlets and books of reproductions of Raemaekers' cartoons. The former proved worse than worthless, but the cartoons threw an entirely new light on Germany: "How effective they were you can gather when I tell you that a neighbouring village priest denounced their circulation."

And now from Berlin comes even stronger evidence. In the issue of *Die Zukunft* for September 23rd (a journal which has since been suppressed), Maximilian Harden gives the following striking testimonial to the splendid work accomplished by this great Cartoonist:

Mr. Raemaekers, a resident of Holland, is a scion of Flanders, whose savage hatred of Germans is served by an exuberant imagination, combined with exceptionally vigorous pictorial art, sometimes amounting to genius, and whose cartoons (they are collected in an edition de luxe published in London), have harmed the reputation of the German entity more than any other printed publication.

La Voix de Bruxelles

EMILE CAMMAERTS.

"A Namur, on nous craint,
"A Liège, on nous hait,
"A Bruxelles, on se fiche de nous"
(Aveu d'un officier allemand).

Passez, passez, grands conquérants,
—Plus il y en a, mieux ça vaudra—
Soufflez dans vos fifres stridents,
L'heure viendra qui tout paiera.

La détresse frappe à notre porte,
Mais nous ne lui ouvrirons pas,
Votre poigne n'est pas plus forte
Que les verrous de notre foi!

Allez à Bapaume, à Péronne,
—Parade-Marsch, marquez le pas—
Bon voyage, le clairon sonne,
Nous ne vous reverrons pas!

Si vous nous volez notre pain
—Plus ça va mal, moins ça durera—
C'est que vous avez grand faim,
Car l'heure est proche qui tout paiera.

Roulez, roulez dans vos longs trains,
Nous ne vous arrêterons pas,
Plus ça va mal, plus ça va bien,
Plus il y en a mieux ça vaudra.

Condamnez, pilliez, fusillez,
Nous ne nous lamenterons pas,
Quand vous nous aurez tous déportés,
La Belgique vous déportera.

Passez donc, vainqueurs de Dinant,
Vorwaerts! N'entendez-vous pas
La Mort avide qui claque des dents
Et le canon qui gronde là-bas?

ENVOI.

O Dieu de lumière, de bonté, de justice,
Si nous devons mourir, souviens-toi:
Accorde-nous le prix de notre sacrifice:
L'heure bénie qui tout paiera.

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Economy in Meat Production

By T. B. Wood

Professor T. B. Wood, M.A., is one of our leading agricultural authorities. Monro Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, he is also Drapers Professor of Agriculture in the University of Cambridge.

FOR some months past the air has been full of schemes for the reorganisation of British agriculture after the war. All of them centre on one point, namely the necessity of increasing home production of foodstuffs so as to make the nation more nearly self-supporting. In nearly all cases increased home production is assumed to be synonymous with an increased acreage of wheat. Very little attention has been given to increased production of foods of animal origin, such as meat and dairy products.

Now the British people are a nation of meat eaters, and the meat eating habit is not the least likely to be given up. Also, whilst wheat can be carried on any kind of ship, meat is much more bulky and can be carried only on ships fitted with complicated cold storage machinery specially designed for the purpose.

Consequently increased home production of foods of animal origin is most desirable, and has been, for some months past, the subject of close investigation by my colleague, Mr. K. J. J. Mackenzie, M.A., and myself.

The results which we have arrived at are of great interest and importance. They are set out very briefly below.

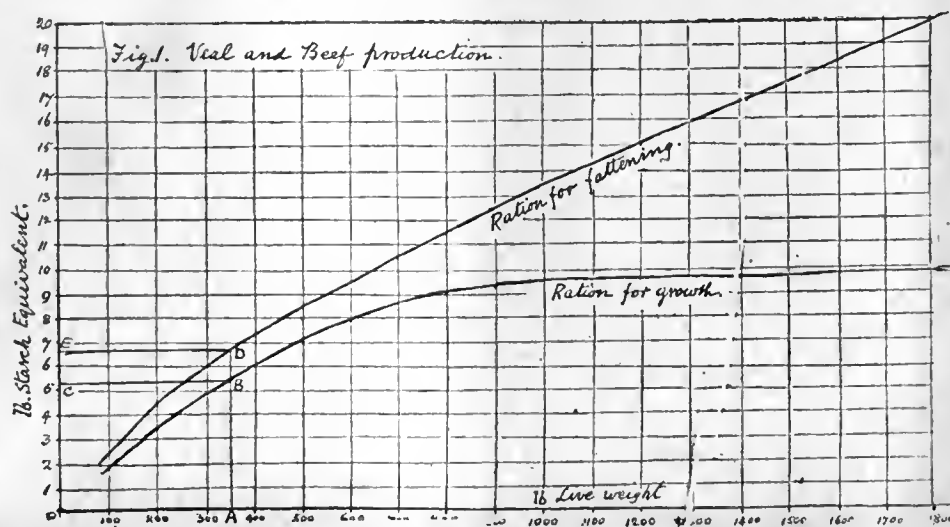
In the first instance we set ourselves the problem of investigating the relation between the amount of fodder consumed and the amount of veal or beef produced by animals slaughtered at various ages.

Our method of investigation was as follows: The term fodder as used in connection with veal and beef production includes such diverse feeding stuffs, as milk, hay, straw, roots, and various kinds of corn and oil seed cakes. For our purpose it was necessary to express all these widely different articles under one common denomination. We decided to convert them all into what is known as starch equivalent, and before proceeding further it is necessary to define this term. The starch equivalent of any kind of fodder is the number of pounds of starch which are equivalent for producing veal or beef to 100 lb. of the fodder in question. For instance the starch equivalents of several typical fodders are: milk 16, hay 30 to 40, straw 10 to 20, roots 6 to 10, oats 60, linseed cake 75, with variations according to quality as determined by analyses and feeding experiments.

The next step was to collect from recorded instances of the best and most economical practice rations consumed with successful results by animals of known weights and ages. These rations were calculated in terms of their starch equivalents from figures such as those given above.

The ration in terms of starch equivalent was then plotted against the live weight of the animals for which it formed a satisfactory diet, and by joining the separate points the two curves shown in figure 1 were obtained.

These two curves record accurately the rations required to produce satisfactory growth and fattening in animals intended for veal or beef from birth onwards. The curves can be utilised thus: Suppose it is required to find the ration for a young animal about six months old whose live weight is 350 lb. From the point A corresponding to



350 lb. on the horizontal line on which the live weights are marked, draw a vertical line A, B, D, cutting the two curves at B and D. From these points draw horizontal lines to the vertical line on which the rations are marked. These lines cut the ration line at C and E, and these points indicate the required rations. Thus the growth ration is $5\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of starch equivalent and the fattening ration $6\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of starch equivalent. To put these rations into actual practice it is further necessary to calculate the quantity of the various feeding stuffs available which will supply the indicated amount of starch equivalent. In doing so it is necessary to bear in mind that the ration must also supply a sufficient amount of protein.

Having constructed these curves it was possible to estimate with considerable exactitude how much fodder was required to make an animal fat for slaughter at any given live weight. Suppose, for instance, it is desired to know how much fodder must be consumed in order to make a fat calf about five or six months old weighing about 350 lbs. live weight—the kind of animal that is usually slaughtered for veal in most continental countries.

Such an animal must receive a fattening ration from birth, when its live weight will be about 80 lb., until its live weight increases to 350 lb. The total amount of fodder consumed during this period will be represented by the shaded area in Fig. 2. It will amount to about

600 lb. of fodder reckoned as starch equivalent. This amount of fodder will have produced 350 lb. of calf less 80 lb., the weight of the calf at birth, or about 270 lb. of calf. In other words about $2\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of starch equivalent produces 1 lb. of calf, or since such a calf yields about half its weight of edible veal, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of starch equivalent produces about 1 lb. of veal.

Suppose now it is desired to compare, from the point of view of economy of production, veal produced as above with steer beef such as is known on the markets as prime Scotch or prime Norfolk.

The most economical way of producing such beef is to feed the animal on a growth ration until he is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ years old when his live weight will be about 900 lb. He must then be given a fattening ration for about four or five months when his live weight will increase to about 1,200 lb. The total amount of fodder which he will have consumed since birth is represented by the shaded portion of Fig. 3. It amounts to about 8,400 lb. of starch equivalent. Allowing for the weight of the animal at birth, 80 lb. as before, this works out at $7\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of starch equivalent per lb. of steer, or since such an animal yields 60 per cent. of its live weight as edible beef, $12\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of starch equivalent per lb. of beef produced.

Evidently veal can be produced from the point of view

of consumption of fodder far more economically than prime steer beef. In fact 1 lb. of such beef requires for its production very nearly three times as much fodder as is consumed in the production of 1 lb. of veal.

But it may be argued that weight beef is more valuable than veal for human food, and this is undoubtedly the case. Average

analyses of beef and veal show that beef contains more fat and less water than veal, the proportion of protein being approximately the same. It is possible to avoid this difficulty by expressing both the fodder consumed and the meat produced in terms of calories, a calorie being the unit in which the heat and energy producing value of food is measured. Thus an ordinary man doing ordinary work must eat food enough to provide him with about 3,400 calories per day; and an ox weighing about 1,000 lb. on a growth ration requires about four times that amount.

Worked out on this basis the number of calories in fodder required to produce one calorie of meat suitable for human food is in continental veal about 12 calories, in prime steer beef about 18 calories.

Proceeding in the same way, but in most cases with less satisfactory information, we have been able to work out the following figures for the number of calories of fodder required to produce one calorie of human food in the form of:

Milk from good cow yielding 800 gallons per year ..	5.4
Milk from bad cow yielding only about 300 gallons per year ..	8.7
Pork and bacon	5.6
Veal, young as slaughtered in England ..	8.7
Veal, six months old as slaughtered on Continent ..	12.0
Mutton, slaughtered at about 12 months ..	10.0
Eggs from good hens averaging 150 eggs in a year ..	14.0
Baby beef slaughtered at 16 to 18 months ..	14.0
Prime steer beef slaughtered at 2½ to 3 years ..	18.0

These figures are rearranged in Fig. 4 which show graphically the number of calories of human food produced from the consumption of 1,000 calories of fodder by various animals under different conditions:

It will be seen that animals vary greatly in their efficiency as "converters" of fodder into human food.

Good cows and well bred pigs are excellent "converters." Sheep fattened for slaughter at about a year old are moderately good. Three year old oxen are most uneconomical. If therefore our national policy demands that we shall produce from the fodder at our disposal the largest possible amount of animal food for our popula-

tion, there is no doubt that we shall achieve this end by utilising this fodder for the production of milk and pork and bacon.

The production of milk entails the keeping of cows which must bear calves. Approximately half the calves will be males incapable of producing milk. To obtain the maximum amount of human food from

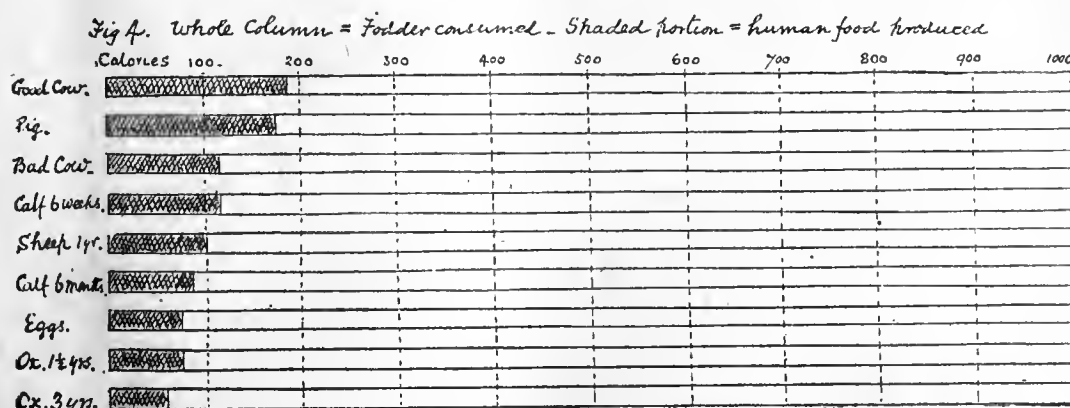
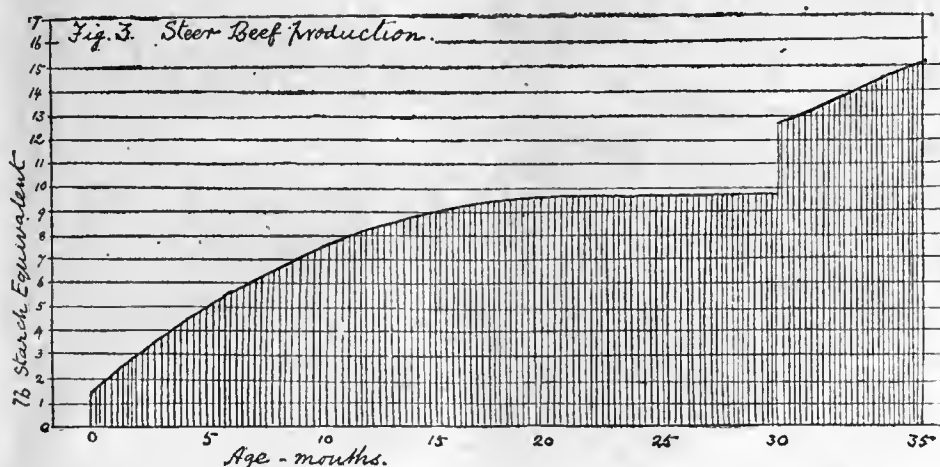
these males by the minimum consumption of fodder, we ought to fatten them for veal at an early age. To keep them for three-year old steer beef is from a national point of view, most extravagant of fodder.

But veal production entails the use of large quantities of milk, a fodder which itself is produced by the consumption of other fodders. It may therefore be in the long run more economical of fodder to rear our male calves on milk substitutes and to fatten them off at about 18 months old for baby beef. This would certainly be more economical of fodder than to keep them until three years old.

In the facts stated above one point only has been considered—namely, economy of fodder from the national point of view. When the question of profit or loss to the individual farmer is taken into account, other and more complicated issues are involved, such, for instance, as the relative cost of the fodder required for producing milk, pork,

and bacon, veal and such articles which are economical of fodder as compared with the coarser fodder required for providing a growth ration for steers which are being kept on for three year old beef. We

hope to be able to give the results of our investigation of these and similar points at a later date.



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The White Road to Verdun—II

By Kathleen Burke

[Miss Kathleen Burke, who is a great-great-niece of Edmund Burke, began this account of her visit to Verdun in last week's LAND & WATER. She was the first woman allowed into Verdun after the evacuation of the civil population before the great battle]

August, 1916.

SOON after leaving Mailly we had the privilege of beholding some of the 400 cm. guns of France, all prepared and ready to travel at a minute's notice along the railway lines to the section where they might be needed. Some idea of their size may be obtained from the fact that there were ten axles to the base on which they travel. They were all disguised by the system of *camouflage* employed by the French army, and at a very short distance they blend with the landscape and become almost invisible. Each gun bears a different name "Alsace," "Lorraine," etc., and with that strange irony and cynical wit of the French trooper, at the request of the men of one battery, one huge gun has been christened "Mosquito," "Because it stings."

The French often use a bitter and biting humour in speaking of the enemy. For instance, amongst the many pets of the men, the strangest I saw was a small hawk sitting on the wrist of a soldier who had trained him. The bird was the personification of evil. If anyone approached he snapped at them and endeavoured to bite them. I asked the man why he kept him, and he replied that they had quite good sport in the trenches when they allowed the hawk to hunt small birds, and field mice. Then his expression changing from jovial good humour to grimness, he added, "You know, I call him 'Zepp,' because he kills the little ones." (*parcequ'il tue les lous petits.*)

Devotion to Animals

In one small cantonment where 200 Poilus sang, shouted, ate, drank and danced together to the strain of a wheezy gramophone, or in one word were "resting," I started to investigate the various kinds of pets owned by the troopers. Cats, dogs and monkeys were common, whilst one Poilu was the proud possessor of a parrot which he had purchased from a refugee obliged to fly from his home. He hastened to assure us that the bird had learned his "vocabulary" from his former proprietor. A study in black and white was a group of three or four white mice, nestling against the neck of a Senegalais.

The English Tommy is quite as devoted to animals as is his French brother. I remember crossing one bitter February day from Boulogne to Folkestone. Alongside the boat, on the quay at Boulogne, were lined up the men who had been granted leave. Arrayed in their shaggy fur coats they resembled little the smart British soldier of peace times. It was really wonderful how much the men managed to conceal under those fur coats, or else the eye of the officer inspecting them was intentionally not too keen.

Up the gangway trooped the men, and I noticed that two of them walked slowly and cautiously. The boat safely out of harbour one of them produced from his chest a large tabby cat, whilst the other placed a fine cock on the deck. It was a cock with the true Gallic spirit, before the cat had time to consider the situation it had sprung on its back. The cat beat a hasty retreat into the arms of its protector who replaced it under his coat. Once in safety it stuck out its head and swore at the cock, which, perched on a coil of rope, crowed victoriously. Both had been the companions of the men in the trenches, and they were bringing them home.

A soldier standing near me began to grumble because he had not been able to bring his pet with him. I enquired why he had left it behind since the others had brought theirs away with them, and elicited the information that "his pet was a cow, and therefore somewhat difficult to transport." He seemed rather hurt that I should laugh, and assured me it was "a noble

animal, brown with white spots, and had given himself and his comrades two quarts of milk a day." He looked disdainfully at the cock and cat. "They could have left them behind and no one would have pinched them, whereas I know I'll never see 'Sarah' again, she was far too useful."

Entering Vitry-le-Francois we had a splendid example of the typical "motto" of the French trooper, "*Il ne faut pas s'en faire.*" One of the motor cars had broken down, and the officer-occupants, who were evidently not on an urgent mission, had gone to sleep on the banks by the side of the road whilst the chauffeur was making the necessary repairs. We offered him assistance, but he was progressing quite well alone. Later on another officer related to me his experience when his car broke down at midnight some twelve miles from a village. The chauffeur was making slow headway with the repairs. The officer enquired whether he really understood the job, and received the reply, "Yes, mon lieutenant, I think I do, but I am rather a novice, as before the war I was a lion-tamer!" Apparently the gallant son of Gaul found it easier to tame lions than to repair motors.

Hunting for Generals

We left Vitry-le-Francois at 6 o'clock next morning, and started "the hunt for Generals." It is by no means easy to discover where the actual Headquarters of the General of any particular sector is situated.

We were not yet really on the "White Road" to Verdun, and there was still much to be seen that delighted the eyes. In one yellow cornfield there appeared to be enormous poppies. On approaching we discovered a detachment of Tirailleurs from Algiers, sitting in groups, and the "poppies" were the red fezes of the men—a gorgeous blending of crimson and gold. We threw a large box of cigarettes to them and were greeted with shouts of joy and thanks. The Tirailleurs are the *enfants terribles* of the French Army. One noble son of Africa who was being treated in one of the hospitals once presented me with an aluminium ring made from a piece of German shell. I asked him to make one for one of my comrades who was working at home, and he informed me that nothing would have given greater pleasure but unfortunately he had no more aluminium. Later in the day, passing through the ward, I saw him surrounded by five or six Parisian ladies who were showering sweets, cigarettes and flowers on him, whilst he was responding by presenting each of them with an aluminium ring. When they had left I went to him and told him "Mahmud, that was not kind. I asked you for a ring and you said you had not got any more aluminium." He smiled and his nurse, who was passing, added, "No, he had not got any more aluminium, but when he is better he will get 48 hours punishment; he has been into the kitchen, stolen one of our best aluminium saucepans, and has been making souvenirs for the ladies." He made no attempt to justify his action beyond stating: "*Moi, pas si mauvais, toi pas faux souvenir*" ("I am not so bad, I did not try to give you a fake souvenir").

Another of our chocolate coloured patients found in the grounds of the hospital an old umbrella. Its ribs stuck out and it was full of holes, but it gave him the idea of royalty and daily he sat up in bed in the ward with the umbrella unfurled whilst he laid down the law to his comrades. The nurses endeavoured to persuade him to hand it over at night. He obstinately refused, insisting that "he knew his comrades," and he feared that one of them would certainly steal the treasure, so he preferred to keep it in the bed with him.

At Villers-e-Sec we came upon the headquarters of the cooks for that section of the front. The cook is one of the most important men in a French regiment; he serves many ends. When carrying the food through the communicating trenches to the front line trenches he is always supposed to bring to the men the latest news, the latest tale which is going the round of the camp, and anything that may happen to interest them. If he has not

got any news he must manufacture and produce some kind of story. It is really necessary for him to be not only a cook but also an author.

There is a tale going the round of the French Army how one section of the cooks although unarmed managed to take some twenty German prisoners. As they went on their way, they saw the Germans in the distance approaching them; the Head Cook quietly drew the field kitchens behind a clump of trees and bushes, placed his men in a row, each with a cooking utensil in his hand, and as the Germans passed shouted to them to surrender. The sun fell on the handles of the saucepans, causing them to shine like bayonets, and the Germans taken unawares laid down their arms. The Head Cook then stepped out and one by one took the rifles from the enemy and handed them to his men. It was only when he had disarmed the Germans and armed his comrades that he gave the signal for them to step out, and the Germans saw that they had been taken by a ruse. One can imagine the joy of the French troops in the next village when, with a soup ladle in his hand, his assistants armed with German rifles, followed by the soup kitchen and twenty prisoners—he marched in to report.

An Instance of Quick Wit

It is curious how near humour is to tragedy in war, how quick wit may serve a useful purpose, and even save life. A young French medical student told me that he owed his life to the quick wit of the women of a village and the sense of humour of a Saxon officer. Whilst passing from one hospital to another he was captured by a small German patrol, and in spite of his papers proving that he was attached to the Red Cross Service, he was tried as a spy and condemned to be shot. At the opening of his trial the women had been interested spectators, towards the end all of them had vanished. He was placed against a barn door, the firing squad lined up, when from behind the hedge bordering a wood, the women began to bombard the soldiers with eggs. The aim was excellent, not one man escaped; the German officer laughed at the plight of his men and, in the brief respite accorded, the young man dashed towards the hedge and vanished in the undergrowth. The Germans fired a few shots but there was no organised attempt to follow him, probably because their own position was not too secure. He was loth to leave the women to face the music but they insisted that it was *pour la patrie* and that they were quite capable of taking care of themselves. Later he again visited the village and the women told him that beyond obliging them to clean the soldiers' clothes thoroughly, the German officer had inflicted no other punishment upon them.

A certain number of inhabitants are still living in the village of Revigny. You see everywhere placards announcing "Caves pour 25," "Caves pour 100" and each person knows to which cellar he is to go if a Taube should start bombing the village. I saw one cellar marked "120 persons, specially safe, reserved for the children." Children are one of the most valuable assets of France, and a good old Territorial "Pè-Père" (Daddy) as they are nicknamed, told me that it was his special but difficult duty to muster the children directly a Taube was signalled and chase them down into the cellar. Mopping his brow he assured me that it was not easy to catch the little beggars, who hid in the ruins, behind the army wagons, anywhere to escape the "parental" eye. It is needless to add they consider it a grave infringement of their personal liberty.

Passing the railway station we stopped to make some enquiries, and promptly ascertained all we wished to know from the Chef de Gare. In the days of peace there is in France no one more officious than the station master of a small but prosperous village. Now he is the meekest of men. Braided cap in hand he goes along the train from carriage door to carriage door humbly requesting newspapers for the wounded in the local hospitals: "*Nous avons 125 blessés ici, cela les fait tant de plaisir d'avoir des nouvelles.*"

In addition to levying a toll on printed matter, he casts a covetous and meaning glance on any fruit or chocolate that may be visible. Before the train is out of the station, you can see the once busy, and in his own opinion, all-important railway official, vanishing down the road

to carry his spoils to his suffering comrades. Railway travelling is indeed expensive in France. No matter what time of day or night, wet or fine, the trains are met at each station by devoted women who extract contributions for the Red Cross Funds from the pockets of willing givers. It is only fair to state, however, that in most instances the station master gets there first.

Not a Blade of Green

From the time we left Revigny until we had passed into the Champagne country, upon the return journey from Verdun, we no longer saw a green tree or a blade of green grass; we were now indeed upon the "White Road which leads unto Verdun." Owing to an exceptionally trying and dry summer the roads are thick with white dust. The continual passing of the camions, the splendid transport wagons of the French Army, carrying either food, munitions, or troops, has stirred up the dust and coated the fields, trees and hedges with a thick layer of white. It is almost as painful to the eyes as the snow-fields of the Alps.

I saw one horse that looked exactly like a plaster statuette. His master had scrubbed him down, but before he dried the white dust had settled on him everywhere. Naturally "humans" do not escape. By the time our party reached the Headquarters of General Pétain we had joined the White Brigade. I excused myself to the General, who smilingly replied: "Why complain, Mademoiselle, you are charming, your hair is powdered like a Marquise." The contrast with what had been a black fur cap on what was now perfectly white hair justified his compliment.

I have never been renowned in my life for fear of any individual, but I must admit that I passed into the presence of General Pétain with a great deal of respect amounting almost to awe. The defence of Verdun through the bitter months of February and March by General Pétain, a defence which is now under the immediate control of his able lieutenants General Nivelle and General Dubois, has earned the respect and admiration of the whole world. It is impossible not to feel the deepest admiration for these men who have earned such undying glory, not only for themselves, but for their Motherland.

No one could have been more gracious and kind than General Pétain and in his presence one realised the strength and power of France. Throughout all the French Headquarters one is impressed by the perfect calm; no excitement; everything perfectly organised.

General Pétain asked me at once to tell him what I desired. I asked his permission to go to Rheims. He at once took up a paper which permitted me to enter the war zone and endorsed it with the request to General Debeney in Rheims to allow me to penetrate with my companions into the city. He then turned to me again and asked me, with a knowing smile, if that was all I required—for his Headquarters were hardly on the direct road to Rheims! I hesitated to express my real wish, when my good counsellor and friend, with whom I was making the journey, the Commandant Jean de Pulligny, answered for me: "I feel sure it would be a great happiness and honour if you would allow us, General, to go to Verdun." General Pétain appeared slightly surprised, and turning to me asked: "Do you thoroughly realise the danger? You have crossed the Atlantic and faced submarines, but you will risk more in five minutes in Verdun than in crossing the Atlantic a thousand times." However, seeing that I was really anxious to go, and that it might be of great service to me in my future work to have seen personally the defence of Verdun, he added smilingly: "Well then, you can go if you wish at your own risk and peril." He then telephoned to General Nivelle the necessary permission for us to enter Verdun.

I doubt whether General Pétain realises the respect in which he is held in all the civilised countries of the world. Probably he does not yet understand that people would come thousands of miles to have five minutes' audience with him, for he enquired if we were in any hurry to continue our journey, and added with charming simplicity—"Because if not, and you do not mind waiting an hour, I shall be glad if you will lunch with me."

(To be continued)

Books to Read

By Lucien Oldershaw

SOME impatient critics have been worrying themselves, almost from the beginning of the war, about its effect on our literature. Such speculation is even more premature than peace talk. The national spirit is at the moment expressing itself in action. That such action will express itself in a literature worthy of it, it were as faithless to doubt as to doubt of final victory. For those who read the signs aright we have as abundant evidence of the former as of the latter, but to expect the full epic of achievement now is like reckoning the spirits of victory before victory has been won. Meanwhile we are concerned with the songs that cheer us on our way, the literary recreation of a nation in arms and the spade work of those whom years or other considerations have withdrawn from active participation in the strife but who are preparing the foundations for the reconstruction that must follow this *débâcle* of civilisation. Such books are being abundantly published and are being eagerly read.

* * * * *

What English literature has lost by the war is more obvious at the moment than what it has gained. The credit side of the account is not yet opened, but the debit side contain the names of Rupert Brooke, the poet, and Harold Chapin, the dramatist. It is impossible in reading of the death of those two gallant young men to avoid some such feeling as Mr. William Archer had on witnessing the memorial performance of Chapin's one-act plays. "It filled me with a sort of dumb rage to think that such rare promise had been extinguished, on the threshold of fulfilment, by the brute hazard of the battlefield." And yet . . . I have been reading Harold Chapin's *War Letters*, just published by Mr. John Lane (5s. net.), and I fancy that he would have agreed that there is more gain than loss in such a glorious death.

* * * * *

Harold Chapin the "American citizen who died for England at Loos on September 26th, 1915," has left a literary memorial in his plays, especially in those plays, such as "It's the Poor that 'Elps the Poor," in which he shewed singular power of understanding and sympathy wholly clear of sentimentality. But this personal memorial of his war-letters, chiefly addressed to his mother, his wife and his little son, was quite worth while. We are not ashamed, as we might have been before the war, to be admitted to such intimacies as these, and it is an education to get to know this man in such an environment, to share his keen interest in his training as a private in the R.A.M.C., and to follow him to France, always intent on the service he was giving and the cause he had at heart, to the end on the fateful battlefield of Loos. Such letters have on the personal side a cumulative effect which cannot be reproduced in extracts, but here are two pieces of advice to his people at home, constantly repeated in different forms, which show Chapin's insight into the situation as it was in the summer of 1915. "Don't listen to peace talk yet, discourage it if you can. Nothing makes us madder out here. . . . No peace until we are on top please." "I hope you are giving up all subscribing to charities and buying War Loan instead. I'm sick of these charities. . . . They aim—feebly at making war endurable. The War Loan is to end it. Subscribe to that and nothing else. It's the only thing that'll be any use."

* * * * *

No peace talk even yet! But that is not to say that we should not be prepared when peace-talk comes. When our plenipotentiaries travel congress-wards they will no doubt carry in their baggage a copy of Col. Sir Thomas H. Holdich's valuable work, *Political Frontiers and Boundary Making* (Macmillan and Co., 10s.). I would say just that they also might make it part of their mental equipment beforehand and in order to do so might remedy the one defect of the book by making an index for it. Sir Thomas has probably had more experience of boundary and other geographical commissions than any man living, and his practical work has

extended from the Afghan frontier in the East to the Argentine-Chile boundary in the West. His work is therefore not merely theoretical. He deals with the demarcation as well as the definition or delimitations of a boundary and is able to show how vague and careless delimitation may hamper the work of demarcation and how most frontier disputes have arisen during the latter stage of boundary-making owing to uninstructed work in the preliminary stage. Even on such hackneyed subjects as that of sea-frontiers he has fresh and illuminating views and his book is as valuable for the student of historical geography as for the practical statesman. The outstanding moral of his book for the latter is that a boundary should be where possible a barrier and, though he does not at all neglect ethnographical and political considerations, he lays a particular stress which is worth consideration at this moment on the geographical aspect of the problem. Thus in a valuable chapter on the general problems of frontier making, he urges in conclusion: "If political considerations which embody the various factors which make up the people's will are comparatively weak, then let us have a frontier which can claim the merit of being geographically strong."

* * * * *

If we seek relaxation from the more poignant aspects of the war and the problems of after the war that refuse entirely to look after themselves, we shall find many good novels with which to entertain ourselves. Everyone at the moment is reading, or has read, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* (Cassell and Co., 6s.), in which Mr. H. G. Wells describes a middle-class Englishman caught in the whirlpool of the war. It is certainly an astonishingly faithful picture of what we have all seen and experienced during the past two years, written with that detached power of observation that is one of its author's most uncanny qualities. I do not know that it is altogether a relaxation to read such a book, but it is wonderfully and fearfully clever. I have got more enjoyment and more inspiration from the less able but still very promising book of a new novelist writer, an old and familiar name. I refer to *The Machine* by Mr. Hugh F. Spender (Eveleigh Nash, 5s. net.)

* * * * *

Mr. Spender here gives us a study of a young man of the new generation from Oxford who, gradually awakening to the humbug, as he finds it, of party politics before the war is completely roused and left wide awake and disillusioned when the clash of arms comes. There are marks of the prentice hand in the book, but it is an honest and shrewd and, what is more important in a novel, an interesting piece of work. Another Oxford novel which I have enjoyed, though I approached it with misgiving and reluctance, is Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Lady Connie*. Most novels of undergraduate life at Oxford are unsatisfactory, chiefly because their authors take undergraduates as seriously as they take themselves, and treat them as the men of the world they are only playing at being. *Verdant Green* is still the most perfect picture of University life, with perhaps some chapters of Henry Kingsley's *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, and Mr. E. F. Benson's, *The Babe, B.A.* as valuable appendices. Mrs. Humphrey Ward has remarkable gifts of familiarising certain kinds of social atmosphere and some parts of her picture of Oxford in the now remote days when North Oxford and the married Don were first beginning to transform University society are remarkably life-like. But her undergraduates, especially her Ouida-esque hero, "strong, clamant, self-centred, arrogant, determined," and her lively episode of the ducking in a thinly disguised "Mercury," belong to the regions of pure imagination. From the point of view of a good story, however, this does not matter, and Mrs. Ward's book may be recommended for similar reasons to that of the tea which recalls "the delicious China blends of thirty years ago." It makes one young again to read this tale of highly artificial passion transformed into something very like reality by a highly accomplished story teller.

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SYNOPSIS: *Richard Hannay is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. Hannay undertakes the mission; his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who joins them. Three months later they meet in Constantinople, Hannay having reached there by way of the Danube, accompanied by a Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, after many adventures in Germany. Blenkiron also goes by way of Germany, and Sandy arrives at Constantinople disguised as a Mahomedan fanatic. After the three meet, Hannay, who has previously posed as a Boer from Western Cape Colony, assumes the character of an American engineer. Riding one evening on the outskirts of Constantinople with Pienaar they lose their way and find themselves in total darkness in a garden. Here Hannay, by chance, meets Sandy in disguise. While talking, a big car drives up in which a German lady, Hilda von Einem, is seated; this woman holds a clue to the secret. She provides Hannay with passports for Erzerum. Hannay, Blenkiron and Pienaar with Hussin, one of Sandy's followers, travel together. At Angora they hire a motor car. It breaks down. Eventually they reach Erzerum in a stolen car. They are taken before a German officer, who turns out to be von Stumm, from whom Hannay had escaped in Germany.*

CHAPTER XVII (continued)

"SO," he said, "the little Dutchman! We meet after many days."

It was no good lying or saying anything. I shut my teeth and waited.

"And you, Herr Blenkiron? I never liked the look of you. You babbled too much, like all your damned Americans."

"I guess your personal dislikes haven't got anything to do with the matter," said Blenkiron, calmly. "If you're the boss here, I'll thank you to cast your eye over these passports, for we can't stand waiting for ever."

This fairly angered him. "I'll teach you manners," he cried, and took a step forward to reach for Blenkiron's shoulder—the game he had twice played with me.

Blenkiron never took his hands from his coat pockets. "Keep your distance," he drawled in a new voice. "I've got you covered, and I'll make a hole in your bullet head if you lay a hand on me."

With an effort Stumm recovered himself. He rang a bell and fell to smiling. An orderly appeared to whom he spoke in Turkish, and presently a file of soldiers entered the room.

"I'm going to have you disarmed, gentlemen," he said. "We can conduct our conversation more pleasantly without pistols."

It was idle to resist. We surrendered our arms, Peter almost in tears with vexation. Stumm swung his legs over a chair, rested his chin on the back and looked at me.

"Your game is up, you know," he said. "These fools of Turkish police said the Dutchmen were dead, but I had the happier inspiration. I believed the good God had spared them for me. When I got Rasta's telegram I was certain, for your doings reminded me of a little trick you once played me on the Schwandorf road. But I didn't think to find this plump old partridge," and he smiled at Blenkiron. "Two eminent American engineers and their servant bound for Mesopotamia on business of high Government importance! It was a good lie; but if I had been in Constantinople it would have had a short life. Rasta and his friends are no concern of mine. You can trick them as you please. But you have attempted to win the confidence of a certain lady, and her interests are mine. Likewise you have offended me, and I do not forgive. By God," he cried, his voice growing shrill with passion, "by the time I have done with you your mothers in their graves will weep that they ever bore you!"

It was Blenkiron who spoke. His voice was as level as the chairman's of a bogus company, and it fell on that turbid atmosphere like acid on grease.

"I don't take no stock in high-falutin'. If you're trying

to scare me by that dime-novel talk I guess you've hit the wrong man. You're like the sweep that stuck in the chimney, a bit too big for your job. I reckon you've a talent for romance that's just wasted in soldiering. But if you're going to play any ugly games on me I'd like you to know that I'm an American citizen, and pretty well considered in my own country and in yours, and you'll sweat blood for it later. That's a fair warning, Colonel Stumm."

I don't know what Stumm's plans were, but that speech of Blenkiron's put into his mind just the needed amount of uncertainty. You see, he had Peter and me right enough, but he hadn't properly connected Blenkiron with us, and was afraid either to hit out at all three, or to let Blenkiron go. It was lucky for us that the American had cut such a dash in the Fatherland.

"There is no hurry," he said blandly. "We shall have long happy hours together. I'm going to take you all home with me, for I am a hospitable soul. You will be safer with me than in the town gaol, for it's a trifle draughty. It lets things in, and it might let things out."

Again he gave an order, and we were marched out, each with a soldier at his elbow. The three of us were bundled into the back seat of the car, while two men sat before us with their rifles between their knees, one got up behind on the baggage rack, and one sat beside Stumm's chauffeur. Packed like sardines we moved into the bleak streets, above which the stars twinkled in ribbons of sky.

Hussin had disappeared from the face of the earth, and quite right too. He was a good fellow, but he had no call to mix himself up in our troubles.

CHAPTER XVIII

Sparrows on the Housetops

"I've often regretted," said Blenkiron, "that miracles have left off happening."

He got no answer, for I was feeling the walls for something in the nature of a window.

"For I reckon," he went on, "that it wants a good old-fashioned copper-bottomed miracle to get us out of this fix. It's plumb against all my principles. I've spent my life using the talents God gave me to keep things from getting to the point of rude violence, and so far I've succeeded. But now you come along Major, and you hustle a respectable middle-aged citizen into an aboriginal mix-up. It's mighty indelicate. I reckon the next move is up to you, for I'm no good at the housebreaking stunt."

"No more am I," I answered; "but I'm hanged if I'll chuck up the sponge. Sandy's somewhere outside, and he's got a hefty crowd at his heels."

I simply could not feel the despair which by every law of common sense was due to the case. The guns had intoxicated me. I could still hear their deep voices, though yards of wood and stone separated us from the upper air.

What vexed us most was our hunger. Barring a few mouthfuls on the road we had eaten nothing since the morning, and as our diet for the past days had not been generous we had some leeway to make up. Stumm had never looked near us since we were shoved into the car. We had been brought to some kind of house and bundled into a place like a wine-cellar. It was pitch dark, and after feeling round the walls, first on my feet and then on Peter's back, I decided that there were no windows. It must have been lit and ventilated by some lattice in the ceiling. There was not a stick of furniture in the place: nothing but a damp earth floor and bare stone sides. The door was a relic of the Iron Age, and I could hear the paces of a sentry outside it.

When things get to the pass that nothing you can do, can better them, the only thing is to live for the moment. All three of us sought in sleep a refuge from our empty stomachs. The floor was the poorest kind of bed, but we rolled up our coats for pillows and made the best of it. Soon I knew by Peter's regular breathing that he was asleep, and I presently followed him.

I was awakened by a pressure below my left ear. I thought it was Peter, for it was the old hunter's trick of waking a man so that he makes no noise. But another voice spoke. It told me that there was no time to lose and to rise and follow and the voice was the voice of Hussin.

(Continued on page 22.)



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(Continued from page 20.)

Peter was awake, and we stirred Blenkiron out of heavy slumber. We were bidden take off our boots and hang them by their laces round our necks as country boys do when they want to go barefoot. Then we tiptoed to the door, which was ajar.

Outside was a passage with a flight of steps at one end which led to the open air. On these steps lay a faint shine of starlight, and by its help I saw a man huddled up at the foot of them. It was our sentry, neatly and scientifically gagged and tied up.

The steps brought us to a little courtyard about which the walls of the houses rose like cliffs. We halted while Hussin listened intently. Apparently the coast was clear and our guide led us to one side, which was clothed by a stout wooden trellis. Once it may have supported fig-trees, but now the plants were dead and only withered tendrils and rotten stumps remained.

It was child's play for Peter and me to go up that trellis, but it was the deuce and all for Blenkiron. He was in poor condition and puffed like a grampus, and he seemed to have no sort of head for heights. But he was as game as a buffalo, and started in gallantly till his arms gave out and he fairly stuck. So Peter and I went up on each side of him, taking an arm apiece, as I had once seen done to a man with vertigo in the Kloof Chimney on Table Mountain. I was mighty thankful when I got him panting on the top and Hussin had shinned up beside us.

We crawled along a broadish wall, with an inch or two of powdery snow on it, and then up a sloping buttress on to the flat roof of the house. It was a miserable business for Blenkiron, who would certainly have fallen if he could have seen what was below him, and Peter and I had to stand to attention all the time. Then began a more difficult job. Hussin pointed out a ledge which took us past a stack of chimneys to another building slightly lower, this being the route he fancied. At that I sat down resolutely and put on my boots, and the others followed. Frost-bitten feet would be a poor asset in this kind of travelling.

It was a bad step for Blenkiron, and I we only got him past it by Peter and I spread-eagling ourselves against the wall and passing him in front of us with his face towards us. We had no grip, and if he had stumbled we should all three have been in the courtyard. But we got it over, and dropped as softly as possible on to the roof of the next house. Hussin had his finger to his lips, and I soon saw why. For there was a lighted window in the wall we had descended.

Some imp prompted me to wait behind and explore. The others followed Hussin and were soon at the far end of the roof, where a kind of wooden pavilion broke the line, while I tried to get a look inside. The window was curtained, and had two folding sashes which clasped in the middle. Through a gap in the curtain I saw a little lamp-lit room and a big man sitting at a table littered with papers.

I watched him, fascinated, as he turned to consult some document and made a marking on the map before him. Then he suddenly rose, stretched himself, cast a glance at the window, and went out of the room, making a great clatter in descending the wooden staircase. He left the door ajar and the lamp burning.

I guessed he had gone to have a look at his prisoners, in which case the show was up. But what filled my mind was an insane desire to get a sight of his map. It was one of those mad impulses which utterly cloud right reason, a thing independent of any plan, a crazy leap in the dark. But it was so strong that I would have pulled that window out by its frame, if need be, to get to that table.

There was no need, for the flimsy clasp gave at the first pull, and the sashes swung open. I scrambled in, after listening for steps on the stairs. I crumpled up the map and stuck it in my pocket, as well as the paper from which I had seen him copying. Very carefully I removed all marks of my entry, brushed away the snow from the boards, pulled back the curtain, got out and refastened the window. Still there was no sound of his return. Then I started off to catch up the others.

I found them shivering in the roof pavilion. "We've got to move pretty fast," I said, "for I've just been burgling old Stumm's private cabinet. Hussin, my lad, d'you hear that? They may be after us any moment, so I pray Heaven we soon strike better going."

Hussin understood. He led us at a smart pace from one roof to another, for here they were all of the same height, and only low parapets and screens divided them. We never saw a soul, for a winter's night is not the time you choose to saunter on your housetop. I kept my ears open for trouble behind us, and in about five minutes I heard it. A riot of voices broke out, with one louder than the rest, and, looking back, I saw lanterns waving. Stumm had realised his loss and found the tracks of the thief.

Hussin gave one glance behind and then hurried us on at a

break-neck pace with old Blenkiron gasping and stumbling. The shouts behind us grew louder, as if some eye quicker than the rest had caught our movement in the starlit darkness. It was very evident that if they kept up the chase we should be caught, for Blenkiron was about as useful on a roof as a hippo.

Presently we came to a big drop, with a kind of ladder down it, and at the foot a shallow ledge running to the left into a pit of darkness. Hussin gripped my arm and pointed down it. "Follow it," he whispered, "and you will reach a roof which spans a street. Cross it, and on the other side is a mosque. Turn to the right there and you will find easy going for fifty metres, well screened from the higher roofs. For Allah's sake keep in the shelter of the screen. Somewhere there I will join you."

He hurried us along the ledge for a bit and then went back, and with snow from the corners covered up our tracks. After that he went straight on himself, taking strange short steps like a bird. I saw his game. He wanted to lead our pursuers after him, and he had to multiply the tracks, and trust to Stumm's fellows not spotting that they all were made by one man.

But I had quite enough to think of in getting Blenkiron along that ledge. He was pretty nearly foundered, he was in a sweat of terror, and as a matter of fact he was taking one of the biggest risks of his life, for we had no rope and his neck depended on himself. I could hear him invoking some unknown deity called Holy Mike. But he ventured gallantly, and we got to the roof which ran across the street. That was easier, though ticklish enough, but it was no joke skirting the cupola of that infernal mosque. At last we found the parapet and breathed more freely, for we were now under shelter from the direction of danger. I spared a moment to look round, and thirty yards off, across the street, I saw a weird spectacle.

The hunt was proceeding along the roofs parallel to the one we were lodged on. I saw the flicker of the lanterns, waved up and down as the bearers slipped in the snow, and I heard their cries like hounds on a trail. Stumm was not among them; he had not the shape for that sort of business. They passed us and continued to our left, now hid by a jutting chimney, now clear to view against the sky line. The roofs they were on were perhaps six feet higher than ours, so even from our shelter we could mark their course. If Hussin were going to be hunted across Erzerum it was a bad look-out for us, for I hadn't the foggiest notion where we were or where we were going to.

But as we watched we saw something more. The wavering lanterns were now three or four hundred yards away, but on the roofs just opposite us across the street there appeared a man's figure. I thought it was one of the hunters, and we all crouched lower, and then I recognised the lean agility of Hussin. He must have doubled back, keeping in the dusk to the left of the pursuit, and taking big risks in the open places. But there he was now, exactly in front of us, and separated only by the width of the narrow street.

He took a step backward, gathered himself for a spring and leaped clean over the gap. Like a cat he lighted on the parapet above us, and stumbled forward with the impetus right on our heads.

"We are safe for the moment," he whispered, "but when they miss me they will return. We must make good haste."

The next half-hour was a maze of twists and turns, slipping down icy roofs and climbing icier chimneystacks. The stir of the city had gone, and from the black streets below came scarcely a sound. But always the great tattoo of guns beat in the east. Gradually we descended to a lower level, till we emerged on the top of a shed in a courtyard. Hussin gave an odd sort of cry, like a demented owl, and something began to stir below us.

It was a big covered wagon, full of bundles of forage, and drawn by four mules. As we descended from the shed into the frozen litter of the yard, a man came out of the shade and spoke low to Hussin. Peter and I lifted Blenkiron into the cart, and scrambled in beside him, and I never felt anything more blessed than the warmth and softness of that place after the frosty roofs. I had forgotten all about my hunger, and only yearned for sleep. Presently the wagon moved out of the courtyard into the dark streets.

Then Blenkiron began to laugh, a deep internal rumble which shook him violently and brought down a heap of forage on his head. I thought it was hysterics, the relief from the tension of the past hour. But it wasn't. His body might be out of training, but there was never anything the matter with his nerves. He was consumed with honest merriment.

"Say, Major," he gasped, "I don't usually cherish dislikes for my fellow men, but somehow I didn't cotton to Colonel Stumm. But now I almost love him. You hit his jaw very bad in Germany, and now you've annexed his private file,

(Continued on page 24.)

"PROVIDE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE SONS OF OFFICERS WHO FALL IN THE WAR."—KITCHENER.

AN APPEAL

BY

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK
IN MEMORY OF LORD KITCHENER.

As representing the Council of the Imperial Service College, Windsor, I have the honour to appeal to the public for its support of a scheme for the permanent endowment of the College in memory of the late LORD KITCHENER.

The College, which is the only institution of its kind in England, was founded some years ago for the purpose of providing a public school education for the Sons of Officers of limited means belonging to the Navy, Army, and Higher Civil Services.

The work of the College was highly appreciated by the late LORD KITCHENER, who took an active and sympathetic interest in its objects and welfare, and promised the Council to give his personal assistance at the end of the War towards raising a large endowment fund, the sum aimed at being £100,000. He commended the work of the College in the following letter:

To the Council of the
Imperial Service College, Windsor.

I consider the work undertaken by the Imperial Service College to be most valuable, and I sincerely hope that funds will be available to develop that work. AND PROVIDE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE SONS OF OFFICERS WHO FALL IN THE WAR.

KITCHENER.

The Council consider that, owing to the concluding words of the letter of the great Field-Marshal, every effort should be made to develop the scheme so as to provide exceptional facilities for the education of the sons of Officers who have fallen in the war. At the same time they feel that the Permanent Endowment of the College (hereafter to be called the Kitchener College), would be a fitting Memorial to the great and distinguished Public Servant whose loss we all mourn.

The Lord Mayor of London has caused a letter to be written to the Council informing them that, whilst it is impossible to divert funds to the Imperial Service College from the Lord Kitchener National Memorial Fund, he views with sympathy their effort to provide good and economical education for the Sons of Officers, and would be glad to see the College placed on a sound permanent basis.

I have also received the following letters from Sir John Jellicoe and Viscount French heartily recommending this appeal to the public:

H.M.S. "Iron Duke," 28/8 16.

Dear Prince Alexander of Teck,

I have received your letter informing me that an appeal to the general public for funds for the permanent Endowment of the Imperial Service College, Windsor, is about to be issued in memory of Lord Kitchener.

I earnestly trust that your Appeal will meet with a wide response. Lord Kitchener had the interest of the College very much at heart, and no more worthy object for support could be found as a memorial to him.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN JELlicoe.

Horse Guards, S.W., 29th August, 1916.

Sir,

I understand that you are asking the public for funds with which to endow a School for the Sons of Officers fallen in the War, to be named "The Kitchener College," in memory of the great Field-Marshal whose loss we all deplore. I gather, too, that he had promised his active support and sympathy to this school when the War was terminated, and I am confident that no scheme would have been nearer his heart than the great undertaking for which you are seeking help, namely, the sound education at a reduced rate of Sons of Officers who have fallen for their country's cause.

Your scheme has my very heartiest support and sympathy, and I wish every possible success to the noble cause for which you are appealing.

Yours faithfully,
FRENCH, F.M.

Contributions may be addressed to the Treasurers, Imperial Service College Endowment Fund, 15 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

(Signed) ALEXANDER OF TECK.

About the College.

The Imperial Service College is in no sense a charity. The great majority of the boys pay the full fees, which are roughly £80 a year, and out of the interest on the money subscribed the Council is able to provide £30 each towards the fees of the other boys. From private sources comes another £25, leaving about £25 for the parent or parents to pay.

There is a long waiting list of boys, and there will be more as time goes on, so that extra dormitory accommodation at least will become necessary. All boys join the school O.T.C., but they are educated for all professions, not merely for the Services.

Not the least of the sacrifices made by some of the officers in the new Army is that of their plans and hopes for the future of their sons. It is a reasonable supposition that the sons of such officers will represent England at its finest: and it is unthinkable that they should be placed at an educational disadvantage because their fathers were prepared to give up everything of material value for the sake of their country.

To those who think deeply about the problems of Empire it is difficult to believe there can be anything which will appeal so strongly as a work which has for its object the right upbringing and adequate education of those boys whose fathers are helping England to-day, and who, in their turn, it may justly be hoped, will carry on our country's traditions of honour and straight dealing and freedom and justice whenever their own call comes.



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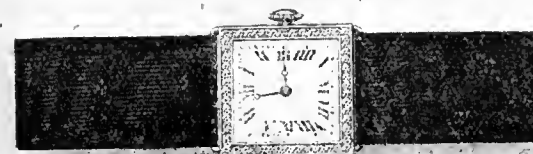
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(Continued from page 22.)

and I guess it's important or he wouldn't have been so mighty set on steeple-chasing over those roofs. I haven't done such a thing since I broke into neighbour Brown's woodshed to steal his tame 'possum, and I guess that's forty years back. It's the first piece of genuine amusement I've struck in this game, and I haven't laughed so much since old Jim Hooker told the tale of 'Cousin Sally Dillard,' when we were hunting ducks in Michigan and his wife's brother had an apoplexy in the night and died of it."

To the accompaniment of Blenkiron's chuckles I did what Peter had done in the first minute, and fell asleep.

When I woke it was still dark. The wagon had stopped in a courtyard which seemed to be shaded by great trees. The snow lay deeper here, and by the feel of the air we had left the city and climbed to higher ground. There were big buildings on one side, and on the other what looked like the lift of a hill. No lights were shown, the place was in profound gloom, but I felt the presence near me of others besides Hussin and the driver.

We were hurried, Blenkiron only half awake, into an outbuilding, and then down some steps to a roomy cellar. There Hussin lit a lantern, which showed what had once been a storehouse for fruit. Old husks still strewed the floor and the place smelt of apples. Straw had been piled in corners for beds, and there was a rude table and a divan of boards covered with sheepskins.

"Where are we?" I asked Hussin.

"In the house of the Master," he said. "You will be safe here, but you must keep still till the Master comes."

"Is the Frankish lady here?" I asked.

Hussin nodded, and from a wallet brought out some food—raisins and cold meat and a loaf of bread. We fell on it like vultures, and as we ate Hussin disappeared. I noticed that he locked the door behind him.

As soon as the meal was ended the others returned to their interrupted sleep. But I was wakeful now and my mind was sharp-set on many things. I got Blenkiron's electric torch and lay down on the divan to study Stumm's map.

The first glance showed me that I had lit on a treasure. It was the staff map of the Erzerum defences, showing the forts and the field trenches, with little notes scribbled in Stumm's neat small handwriting. I got out the big map which I had taken from Blenkiron, and made out the general lie of the land. I saw the horseshoe of Deve Boyun to the east which the Russian guns were battering. It was just like the kind of squared artillery map we used in France, 1 in 10,000, with spidery red lines showing the trenches, but with the difference that it was the Turkish trenches that were shown in detail and the Russian only roughly indicated. The thing was really a confidential plan of the whole Erzerum enceinte, and would be worth untold gold to the enemy.

The Deve Boyun lines seemed to me monstrously strong, and I remembered the merits of the Turk as a fighter behind strong defences. It looked as if Russia were up against a second Plevna or a new Gallipoli.

Then I took to studying the flanks. South lay the Palantuken range of mountain, with forts defending the passes, where ran the roads to Mush and Lake Van. That side, too, looked pretty strong. North in the valley of the Euphrates I made out two big forts, Tafta and Kara Gubek, defending the road from Olti. On this part of the map Stumm's notes were plentiful, and I gave them all my attention. I remembered Blenkiron's news about the Russians advancing on a broad front, for it was clear that Stumm was taking pains about the flank of the fortress.

Kara Gubek was the point of interest. It stood on a rib of land between two peaks, which from the contour lines rose very steep. So long as it was held it was clear that no invader could move down the Euphrates glen. Stumm had appended a note to the peaks—"not fortified"; and about two miles to the north-east there was a red cross and the name "Prjevalsky." I assumed that to be the farthest point yet reached by the right wing of the Russian attack.

Then I turned to the paper from which Stumm had copied the jottings on to his map. It was typewritten, and consisted of notes on different points. One was headed "Kara Gubek" and read: "No time to fortify adjacent peaks. Difficult for enemy to get batteries there, but not impossible. This the real point of danger, for if Prjevalsky wins the peaks Kara Gubek and Tafta must fall, and enemy will be on left rear of Deve Boyun main position."

I was soldier enough to see the tremendous importance of this note. On Kara Gubek depended the defence of Erzerum, and it was a broken reed if one knew where the weakness lay. Yet, searching the map again, I could not believe that any mortal commander would see any chance in the adjacent peaks, even if he thought them unfortified. That was information confined to the Turkish and German staff. But if it could be conveyed to the Grand Duke he would have Erzerum in his power in a day. Otherwise he would go on

battering at the Deve Boyun ridge for weeks, and long ere he won it the Gallipoli divisions would arrive, he would be outnumbered by two to one.

My discovery set me pacing up and down that cellar in a perfect fever of excitement. I longed for wireless, a carrier pigeon, an aeroplane—anything to bridge over that space of half a dozen miles between me and the Russian lines. It was maddening to have stumbled on vital news and to be wholly unable to use it. How could three fugitives in a cellar, with the whole hornet's nest of Turkey and Germany stirred up against them, hope to send this message of life and death?

I went back to the map and examined the nearest Russian positions. They were carefully marked. Prjevalsky in the north, the main force beyond Deve Boyun, and the southern columns up to the passes of the Palantuken but not yet across them. I could not know which was nearest to us till I discovered where we were. And as I thought of this I began to see the rudiments of a desperate plan. It depended on Peter, now slumbering like a tired dog on a couch of straw.

Hussin had locked the door and I must wait for information till he came back. But suddenly I noticed a trap in the roof, which had evidently been used for raising and lowering the cellar's stores. It looked ill-fitting and might be unbarred, so I pulled the table below it, and found that with a little effort I could raise the flap. I knew I was taking immense risks, but I was so keen on my plan that I disregarded them. After some trouble I got the thing prised open, and catching the edges of the hole with my fingers raised my body and got my knees on the edge.

It was the outbuilding of which our refuge was the cellar, and it was half filled with light. Not a soul was there, and I hunted about till I found what I wanted. This was a ladder leading to a sort of loft, which in turn gave access to the roof. Here I had to be very careful, for I might be overlooked from the high buildings. But by good luck there was a trellis for grape vines across the place, which gave a kind of shelter. Lying flat on my face I stared over a great expanse of country.

Looking north I saw the city in a haze of morning smoke, and, beyond, the plain of the Euphrates and the opening of the glen where the river left the hills. Up there, among the snowy heights, were Tafta and Kara Gubek. To the east was the ridge of Deve Boyun, where the mist was breaking before the winter's sun. On the roads up to it I saw transport moving, I saw the circle of the inner forts, but for a moment the guns were silent. South rose a great wall of white mountain, which I took to be the Palantuken. I could see the roads running to the passes, and the smoke of camps and horse-lines right under the cliffs.

I had learned what I needed. We were in the outbuildings of a big country house two or three miles south of the city. The nearest point of the Russian front was somewhere in the foothills of the Palantuken.

As I descended I heard, thin and faint and beautiful, like the cry of a wild bird, the muezzin from the minarets of Erzerum. When I dropped through the trap the others were awake. Hussin was setting food on the table, and viewing my descent with anxious disapproval.

"It's all right," I said; "I won't do it again, for I've found out all I wanted. Peter, old man, the biggest job of your life is before you!"

(To be continued)

The West Indian Contingent Committee has drawn out this design for the cap badges which they are presenting to the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the British



West Indian Regiment, comprising the contingents for active service from Barbados, British Guiana, British Honduras, Jamaica, Trinidad and Tobago, the Leeward Islands, and the Windward Islands and the Bahamas. The King has sanctioned the use of the Imperial Crown in the design, which has been approved by the Army Council. The badge is described heraldically as "an oval bordered medallion surmounted by the Tudor crown. On the border the inscription

'The British West Indies Regiment.' Within, the ship of Christopher Columbus in full sail proper. Surrounding the oval dexter a wreath of laurel, sinister a wreath of palm."



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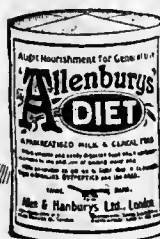
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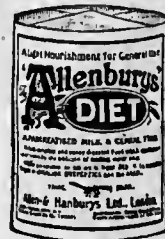


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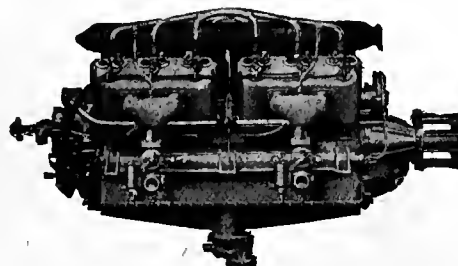
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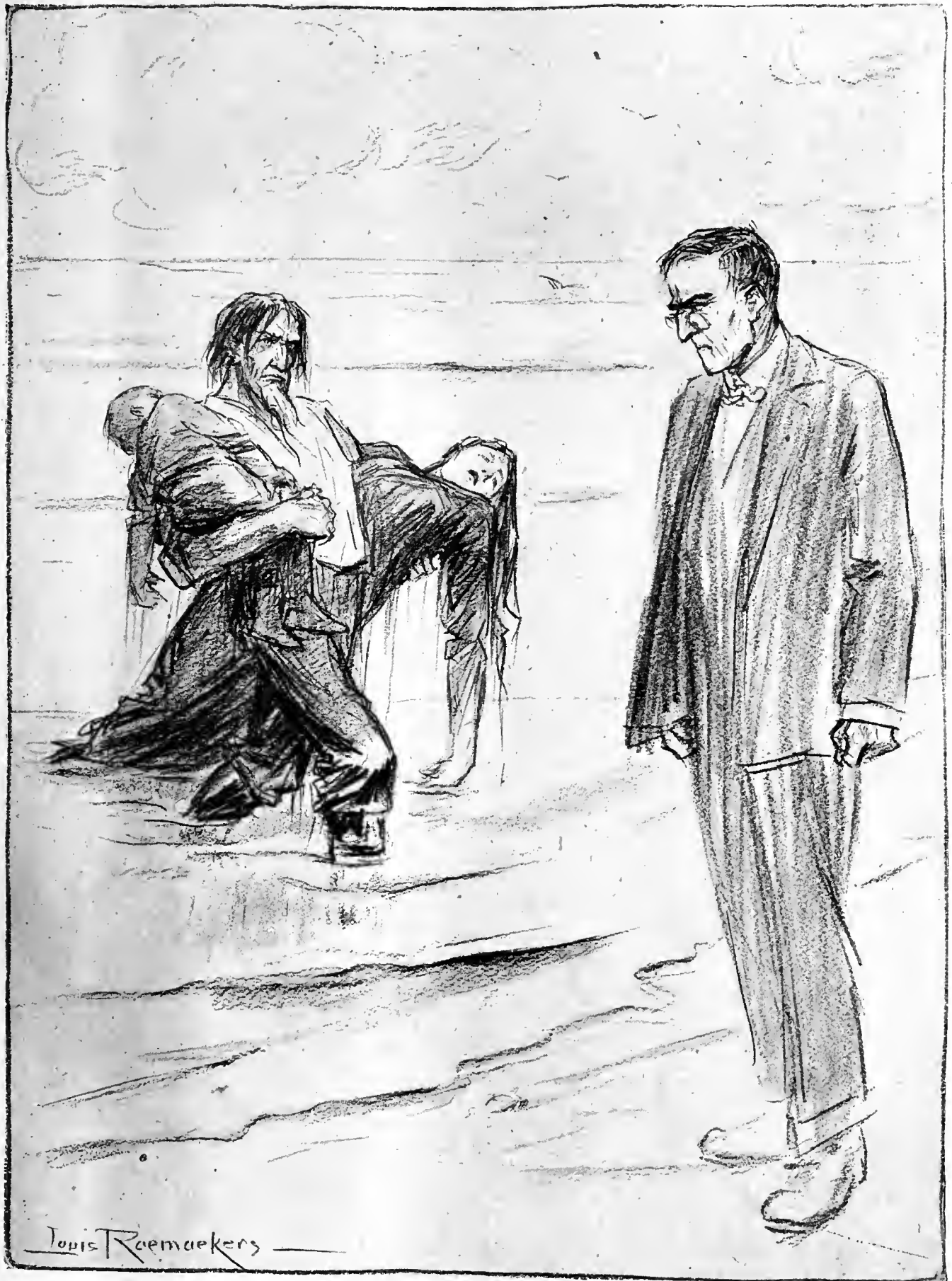
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Vol. LXVIII No. 2841 [54TH YEAR]

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1916

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GREECE AND THE GERMANS.

IT cannot be said that the Allies have shown any precipitation in their dealings with the King of the Hellenes. They have carried forbearance to a point where it no longer has the character of personal or national consideration, but gives rise to the impression that it is dictated by weakness or fear. As long as King Constantine adhered to his determination to be above the constitution of Greece and to rule according to his personal predilections and not in concord with the wishes of his people, it was only a matter of time before this conflict of interests reached an acute stage. The virtual occupation of Athens and the dismantlement of the Greek fleet are precautions which have been forced on the Allies. This is not the hour when they can risk a blow in the back, and their manifest duty to Roumania commands them to take steps which under other circumstances might possibly have been avoided, but which now are urgent to enable the campaign against Bulgaria to proceed vigorously.

A clear comprehension of Germany's world policy and her thrust to the East is necessary in order to form a right judgment of the present situation in Greece. The kingdoms of the Near East are the outer doors to the Asian dominions which for years past have been the ambition of Germany. Let the Middle Empires be firmly established on the Adriatic and the Ægean seas and become the dominant power in Asia Minor with an outlet to the Persian Gulf by way of Bagdad and controlling the quick land route to India, then they divide the Old World in half and occupy interior lines from which they can menace the British and Russian Empires at vital points. The whole scheme is preparation for a Teuton wave of invasion, to follow the same lines, but from West to East instead from East to West, that Attila and Genghiz Khan followed, devastating and slaughtering ruthlessly, wherever opposition is organised, and bringing the peoples of these ancient lands under subjection. Three years ago anyone who dared to make this assertion in public print would have been laughed at as a crank, for it premises a reversion to methods of barbarism which it was then held Western Civilisation had turned its back upon for ever, but we know to-day that by Germany conquest is conducted on the identical system of brutality which prevailed in the Dark Ages, and that when political and military issues are in the balance there is no more mercy in the breast of the modern Hun than there was in the horse-hoofs of Attila's hordes.

Here we may remark on a reason why not a few persons familiar with international events and episodes in Asia and Africa during the past thirty to forty years entertained doubts on the possibility of a European conflict. French and Russian interests had so often clashed with British interests on those continents that war with one or other nation had for years come to be regarded as inevitable. After the Russian Penjdeh affair in 1886 and again during the French Fashoda crisis in 1898, it seemed as if nothing could preserve peace. But at the very last an understanding was arrived at owing primarily to neither of the countries really desiring war, and a *modus vivendi* was arranged which was the beginning of a better understanding between the three nations. This understanding has grown steadily because the conditions have been honourably maintained by all parties. Now it was thought, foolishly thought, that the same procedure would be possible with Germany, and that when the interests of the two nations clashed, an honourable understanding could be arrived at without deluging the countries in blood. But we have learnt that such an understanding would have been an impossibility; had it even been effected it would only have been temporary and done in order to blindfold us until Germany's plans were sufficiently advanced for the final act, which was war—a war of conquest for which she had prepared herself without haste, without rest, without scruple, without honour.

We are realising what German tenacity means in the military field. But this quality is equally present in her diplomatic activities. Not lightly will she forego her Asian ambitions, which would perish for ever were a Balkan entente to be created which had for its object the peaceful development of those troubled regions by the preclusion of Teuton interference. What evil courses Germany is prepared to follow to this end, we have seen in the martyrdom of Servia, and still more recently in her conversion of the German Embassy at Bucharest into a stronghold for disseminating death and destruction. This last step was only possible with the knowledge and approval of Wilhelmstrasse, and we may be certain that if German diplomacy can resort to such action at Bucharest, it is perfectly capable of extreme measures in Athens. King Constantine is their sheet anchor in Greece; let him disappear and they know that their cause is lost. M. Venizelos, who if the constitution had not been broken should have been Prime Minister for months past, has seen through German plans from the outset. It was he who was mainly responsible for the French military mission, which made the Greek army a first-class fighting machine and enabled it to defeat the German-trained Turks and Bulgarians. King Constantine relies mainly on his popularity with the Army, yet that popularity would never have been gained had it not been for French military training which was responsible for the victories on which it rests.

When Turkey declared war on the Allies, it seemed as if the ancient glory of Attica were again within the reach of Greece. And so it would have been had the advice tendered by her Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, been accepted. It was rejected, not by the nation, but by the German entourage at Court, whose mouthpiece was the King. When Germany compares the Allies' treatment of Greece with her own treatment of Belgium, she deliberately ignores this essential difference. The King of the Belgians refused to betray his nation to the Prussians; the King of the Hellenes has done all in his power to accomplish this betrayal. The Allies desire that Greece shall continue to develop peacefully and live in that harmony with her neighbours which the Balkan League aimed at establishing. But they will not permit Athens to be made the rallying point of Teuton intrigues which have for their ultimate object a second war whenever the Germans are again ready to take the field.

Enemy Attack on Roumania

By Hilaire Belloc

THE principal interest of the moment turns upon the enemy's attack against Roumania.

Before discussing the probable relative strength of the combatants here, or the military and political objects of the stroke, let us see how it is apparently planned.

There would seem to be three converging movements.

The first is mainly directed across and against the Oltuz Pass, on the northern sector of the Roumanian frontier.

The second against the southern passes, particularly those just in front of Kronstadt whence an advance directly threatens Bucharest.

The third, more obscure, but noticeable, is the threat of a crossing of the river Danube near Sistov to the south of Bucharest. We will examine these three points in their order.

As to the first, the attack on the Oltuz Pass. The Roumanian forces have retired almost entirely from Transylvania. The Roumanian armies upon this Carpathian front are no longer occupied in an advance, but in maintaining a defence which shall close the gates of the country, that is, the passes over the hills. And of these they report that the Oltuz is threatened with exceptionally heavy concentration of the enemy.

The second Austro-German attack upon Roumania is developing against the southernmost group of passes. It is at its strongest in the Pasul Bran (called by the Austrians the Torz-burg Pass); the westernmost of the two passes which converge upon Kronstadt. Why has this point been chosen? To answer that question we must study the lateral communications of the two

opponents now facing each other across the Roumanian frontier.

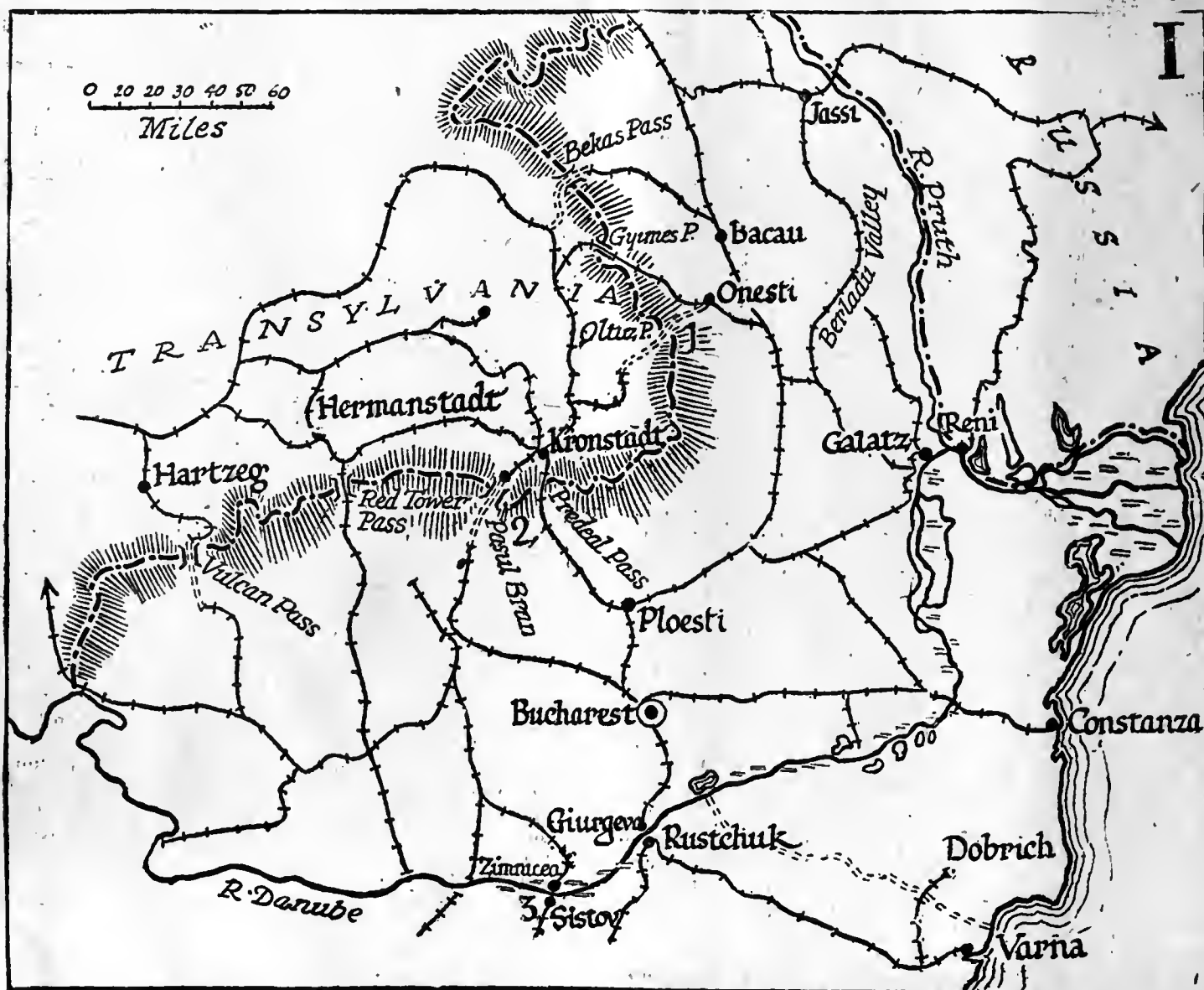
Wherever a mountain chain presents itself as an obstacle to armies, communications, whether of road or railway, are of *two* kinds, one of which is always present, the other of which sometimes arises naturally and sometimes is artificially produced for military reasons.

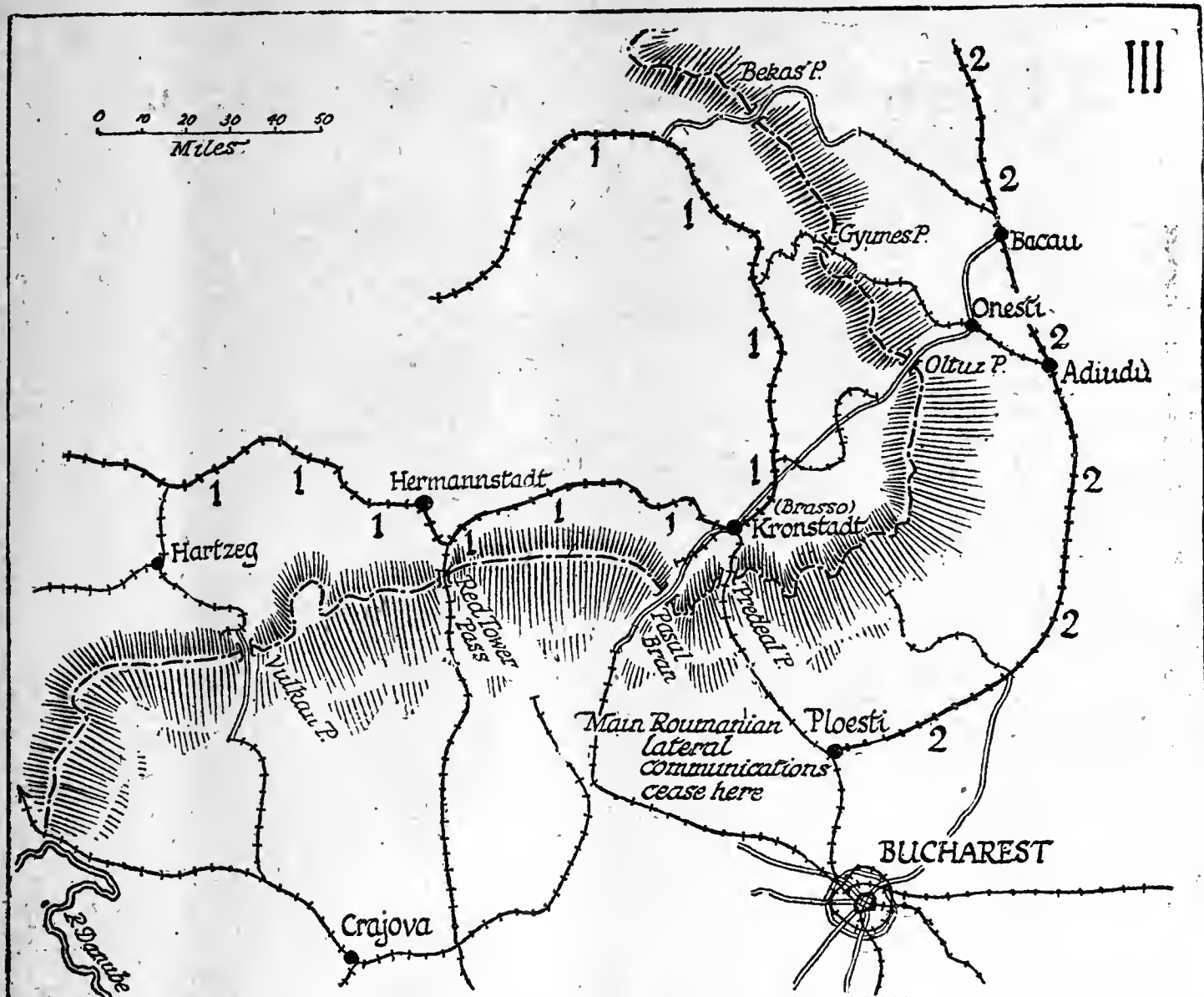
The first of these is the perpendicular type of communication, that is, the communication perpendicular to the obstacle and crossing it from one side to the other. These are the roads and railways across the passes, from the easy country on one side to the easy country on the other.

The second is the parallel type of communication, that is, the communications parallel to the obstacle and running along the base of it, joining up the ends of the first sort and permitting the rapid transfer of troops from one pass to another.

Now it is evident that with the first sort of communications the passes will be naturally isolated one from another in a mountainous region. You have a road going from one point on the plain, across a pass, to the easier country upon the other side. It may be several days' march before another opportunity of crossing the mountains occurs and another road and pass make a communication across the chain.

Suppose an army is occupied in attempting to force the mountains and to invade the country on the other side; it must have a column in each of the passes because if it had not, if it left one pass open, its enemy would use that pass to come round upon the rear of the neighbouring column and cut it off. Every pass must be occupied.





But if the only good communications of the neighbourhood are these roads across the mountain perpendicular to the direction of the chain and each isolated one from the other, the separate columns are fighting at a great disadvantage. One of them being subjected to unexpected pressure by the enemy cannot quickly reinforce itself from the next columns on either side of it because the roads are isolated one from the other by the masses of difficult mountain country in between.

It is here then that the very great importance of good lateral communications, the second type of communications, arises in the strategy of mountain warfare—or indeed in the strategy of any warfare specially concerned with a prolonged and difficult obstacle.

If there is a good continuous communication all along the foot of the mountains linking up the places from which the separate columns start to cross the various passes, the disadvantage of isolation disappears. If of two bodies struggling in a mountain chain one has good lateral communication on his side, but the other has none, the one with the good lateral communications will, other things being equal, have a decisive advantage over his opponent and will prove the master of the chain. While occupying the attention of his enemy in every pass, he will be able to throw a mass of manœuvre from one to another at far greater speed than his opponent can correspondingly reinforce. And he is sure to succeed at some point or other in this policy. He will be able to attack some one of the passes sooner or later with such a superiority of force that the passage will be won, and he will appear upon the rear of the neighbouring passes. He thus will have turned his opponent's positions and will have broken his opponent's line.

Now-a-days good lateral communication of this sort means a railway. If of two fairly equally matched opponents one has a railway upon his side of the hills following along the foot of them and linking up the mouths of the passes, while the other has none, the one with the railway will presumably have the better of the other.

It may, in passing, be worth while to note that lateral

communications of this sort are for the most part the product of commercial or peace conditions and only under exceptional conditions the deliberate device of strategy.

It is natural that at the foot of each pass in the plain a centre of local commerce should spring up, that is, a town, and that this string of towns should be connected by some main road and later by some main railway. But when armed nations have stood facing each other for a long period lateral communications of this kind will be built for purely military consideration though there may not be a string of towns worth linking up for commerce, and therefore no economic excuse for a railway. Something of that sort has taken place on the Hungarian side of the Southern Carpathians with which we are here dealing. The lateral railway serving the enemy has no sufficient economic reason for existence east and north of Brasso. Its object is military.

To return to the present position in the Carpathians: If we look at a road and railway map of the Carpathian system along which the old frontier between Hungary and Roumania runs, we shall find two prominent features of contrast between the two sides of the chain.

First, on the Hungarian side the lateral communication 1 1 1 is continuous. On the Roumanian side 2 2 2 it ceases to be continuous after the junction of Ploesti.

Secondly the lateral communication on the Hungarian side 1 1 1 is everywhere much closer to the crest of the ridge than it is upon the Roumanian side 2 2 2. The lateral communication upon the Roumanian side nowhere comes nearer to the crest of the ridge than at Ploesti itself, which is 40 miles from the crest, and at Adiudu, which is 35 miles distant, while the average distance is between 40 and 50 miles. The Hungarian lateral communication is nowhere more than 35 miles from the crest and at Kronstadt (or Brasso), which is the base for the present Austro-Hungarian offensive, it is barely ten miles distant from the crest, while all along this southern portion it averages no more than 15-20 miles.

Observe the consequence of this disposition of the lateral railways.

If the enemy attacks from the southern portion, that is, if he strikes against the Predeal Pass, the Pasul Bran, and the Red Tower Pass (as he has been doing) he (1) attacks from positions where his railway is close behind him. (2) Attacks against Roumanian columns which have no lateral communication behind them. For he is attacking west of Ploesti, which is the end of continuous lateral communication upon the Roumanian side. It is therefore in this southern section that he has the best chance of success and that is the reason that this southern section has been chosen.

As we have seen in a former article when we discussed the battles in front of Hartzeg, Hermanstadt and Kronstadt, Falkenhayn has been able to use the railway to swing a mass of manœuvre which he could muster at short notice against each of the isolated Roumanian columns in succession, and that has nearly the striking power of the forces under his command in this region.

Before mentioning the threat from the Danube, let us estimate the enemy forces at work here on the Carpathians.

What is the nature of those forces, and what are the factors for and against their success?

First, as to numbers:

It is improbable that the mere numerical strength of the enemy is superior upon this frontier, taken as a whole, to the forces which the Roumanians can bring against it.

It was always maintained by the best opinion upon the Continent that the Austro-Germans would be able to act in this region with about ten divisions. With less they could hardly stand; more they could hardly obtain. The Germans have industriously put it about that they will act with twenty. That is, they and their Allies. But there is no sign as yet of those twenty. As a matter of fact, our Allies have identified exactly ten, of which only three are German, and we must remember that the enemy has had a full six weeks in which to gather his maximum available force. It is to be presumed, indeed, that these ten divisions are at full strength, but we have no cause to believe the total to be more than ten divisions.

Moreover, if people would only listen to reason, they would see that some such number is consonant with the general situation. The popular conception of a sort of indefinite reserve of man-power upon the part of the enemy has not yet been quite got rid of in spite of the most industrious efforts of the few (and I include myself) who prefer accurate reasoning and statistics to sensational rhetoric. But it is dying. We know that the enemy can create no new divisions. We know that his apparent efforts in that line are merely the reshuffling of existing units. We know that Austria-Hungary is two classes ahead—that is, is two degrees further advanced in exhaustion—than the French (who have suffered most of all the Allies from the strain of war), and that the German Empire is at least one class ahead: For it has used up by this time most of its class 1917, and it has called up class 1918, which the French have not yet called up. The enemy cannot produce men out of nothing any more than we can. He is limited, as is the rest of the human race, by the laws of arithmetic and the nature of things. Nor will he at this stage in the campaign waste what remains of his absolutely necessary reserve of man-power in the attempt to form new units. He needs it imperatively for drafts if he is to hold on through the winter without shortening his Western front—and of that later.

He is not here operating, we may then presume, with forces superior to those opposed to him. It may be that later with the winter he can withdraw forces from the Alpine frontier; it may be that the winter will also affect the Galician front so much that he will be able to withdraw something southward from thence.

From the West he can quite certainly withdraw nothing. But the winter conditions are not yet upon us, and Falkenhayn has not been able to command as yet heavy reinforcement beyond the ten divisions with which this operation is being conducted. But those fairly equal numerical forces, as we must suppose them to be, are, we have said, supplemented by the enormous advantage of good and quite close lateral railway communication. For such communication is equivalent to a multiplication of the forces in the field.

In the matter of armament, unfortunately, the enemy does possess a serious advantage, for it is certain that not only here but throughout the Eastern front the Austro-

Germans continue to have a very great superiority in heavy pieces and their munitionment. We have here a phenomenon which has governed the whole of the campaign. The Central Empires, when the predominance of the heavy gun began to assert itself two years ago, had already a great advantage over all their opponents and the power of increasing it. That advantage they have gradually lost as against the older highly developed civilisations of the West, and particularly as against the industrial civilisation of Great Britain. The West, particularly through the efforts of Great Britain, is producing heavy pieces at a greater rate, and an *increasingly* greater rate, than the Central Empires, and is producing them at a far greater rate than it wastes them. It is producing munitionment for them at a far greater rate than it is expending that munitionment.

But our Allies upon the Eastern front are not industrialised after the Western fashion. They largely depend for their supply in this arm upon the efforts of the Western Allies. They are geographically separated from these by Bulgaria and the Dardanelles in the south. The avenue of supply through the north is very distant and involves a journey of many thousands of miles. There is, and will long remain upon the Eastern front a heavy disproportion between the gun power of the Central Empires and their opponents. And it is upon this disproportion that the enemy chiefly relies in the present Carpathian campaign.

His determination to decide the issue against Roumania depends upon motives so obvious that they have everywhere been grasped.

There is, in the first place, the moral effect of undertaking a successful offensive though it be but local and partial. It is proof to the world that the enemy while still able to hold with difficulty the main fronts has yet energy remaining to attack in at least one sector. Next, there is the political value of showing that the addition of another smaller Power to his opponents is to the disadvantage of that smaller Power. There is the security of the communication with Constantinople. There is the immense effect produced at home by victory against the last of those who have come in against him. Finally there is the economic motive.

The closing of the Roumanian market gravely added to the economic difficulties of the Central Empires. Their supply of wheat was affected; their supply of oil and, to some extent, their supply of meat, and if they could re-occupy a productive region which they lost by the Roumanian declaration of war they would, if they could maintain themselves until the season of 1917, materially relieve the effects of the blockade.

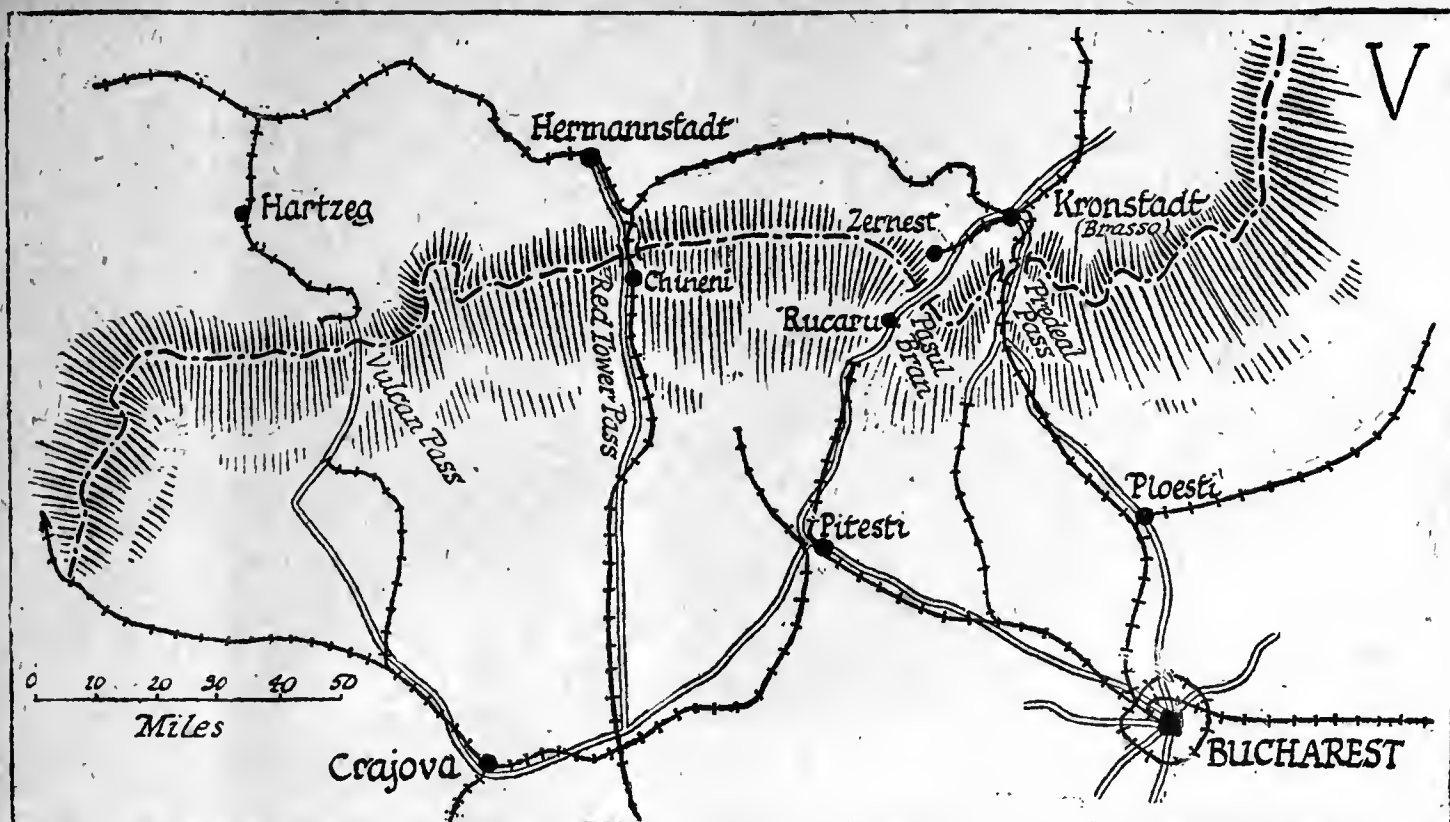
Their principal immediate object is, we may be confident upon the analogy of all their previous attacks, the Roumanian capital; and in making for that object they are not only making for the political effect which reaching it would have, but also for the destruction of the main strategic centre of their new enemy. Bucharest is the great point of concentration for supply and the nodal point of communications in all this region.

It was organised (see Map III.) (in the days when the ring fortress was still maintainable) as a perfect ring fortress, perhaps the most perfect in Europe, with a road and railway serving the whole circular chain of forts and protecting the junction of all the four railway lines which branch out serving all that region and of all the six main roads which serve the same purpose.

The progress of the enemy plan upon the North has at the moment of writing, reached the following line:

Beginning with the Vulcan Pass to the west you have the Roumanians in occupation of the crest, but the enemy close to all the frontier heights and in occupation of one of them. In the Red Tower Pass next eastward you have the Roumanians still standing in front of Chineni just south of the frontier and well up into the mountains with railway communication behind them, but unfortunately no lateral communications. In the pass immediately south of Brasso (Kronstadt) followed by the road and the railway, the Predeal Pass, where they not only have a good railway behind them, but also are in touch with good lateral communications, the Roumanians still stand in occupation of the frontier ridge, and have even advanced slightly. But in the pass immediately to the west, the Pasul Bran, the situation is more serious.

Our Allies there have a railhead about a day's march



behind them and a good road serving their positions, but reinforcement only reaches them by a long way round. To use the railway for reinforcement they must go back as far as Bucharest itself and there is not even a good lateral road, the spurs of the hills here coming far down along the foothills towards the plain. The Roumanian force at this point, where apparently the chief enemy effort is being made, stands at Rucaru, nearly a day's march south of the crest and not much more than another day's

march from the open country. Their opponents are backed by a good road reaching right up into the hills and by good railway communication, the lateral line being only some 20 miles away, a branch line coming up to Zernest close by, and the junction of the three supporting main roads and railways at Kronstadt not 30 miles distant. All this is a heavy handicap against the Roumanian forces defending this road.

Such is the situation at the moment of writing.

The Western Front

The operations upon the Somme continue to be marked out by the two characteristics they have shown throughout, but to an increasing degree during the last few weeks. The first and lesser of these characteristics is the falsity of the German communiqués which, upon this sector, have ceased altogether to be reliable. Their principal note is the description of main attacks by the Allied forces, which are either repelled with the stereotyped "sanguinary losses" or "fail under our curtain fire." These attacks either do not take place at all or stand for minor operations, which have their measure of success and which do not resemble in any way the main operations which the enemy describes. When a main operation does take place (and we know by this time the almost mechanical rhythm of rotation in fresh units, special artillery preparation and attack) it invariably succeeds.

The second characteristic, and much the most important, is the fact that the two curves of loss as between the attack and the defence have long ago crossed and that the distance between them is getting greater. The inter-dependent and increasing superiorities of munitionment, airwork, volume of heavy gun fire and accuracy of heavy gun fire not only continue to exercise their pressure upon the enemy but regularly increase it. The French, for instance, have thought fit to publish the interesting detail that a particular division, in a secondary operation conducted by one division (say 10,000 bayonets) south of the Somme this week suffered exactly 300 casualties—3 per cent., including the slightest cases of wounded. The enemy loss in that operation from unwounded prisoners alone was 800.

The tale of prisoners, the ceaseless current of them, now swollen, now lessening, and now rising again, continues uninterrupted.

To take for instance the despatches of this week alone referring to minor operations and beginning with those which arrived after we went to press last week:

The British report upon Wednesday, October 11th, a group of 47. The French under the same date, but including an action of two days, 1,702; that is 1749 for the Allied Armies.

The next despatch mentions prisoners without giving an exact number. The next despatches, those of Oct. 14th, give no prisoners upon the French side but another 150 upon the British.

The next, the despatches of the 15th, gave us between the two armies over a thousand prisoners.

The next, those of October 16th add another 550, about equally divided between the two Allies, to which apparently we must add another hundred in the later British despatch, making 650. The next, and last, the despatches printed on the morning of Tuesday, give a total of 410.

So here you have in a single week of "lull" some 4,000 prisoners. (2,959 in exact figures and "over a thousand" in general figures.) It is significant of the rate.

As we have had occasion to remark in many articles previous to this, the constant stream of prisoners during the intervals between the main operation is no accurate test of the rate of loss; the real wastage and still more the breaking of the enemy's moral power of resistance, is being done behind the immediate front by the artillery. But the steady supply of prisoners has its value as an index to the enemy's condition, and the new policy of holding the first trenches with the smallest possible number of men only emphasises the meaning of the thing. For these daily losses are not, in such operations, the captures of numerous groups in deep underground shelters, which the enemy has had no time to construct upon his new improvised lines; they are nearly all of them men coming from the rapidly dug trenches of the last fortnight—there is some exception to this on the south of the Somme, but it is the general rule.

Shortening of the Front

Some months ago, before the offensive upon the Somme began, even while the German attack upon the Verdun sector was in full blast, all the military opinion of Europe, enemy as well as Allied, was discussing the possible enemy policy of shortening the line upon the Western front.

Upon the Eastern front the enemy cannot shorten his

line. Any retirement extends it, and no one knows that better than his Higher Command. Brussilov's success had already extended it by 100 miles, the Roumanian entry by another 350, though it is true that the latter is a mountain line demanding a much smaller number of troops than the line further north.

But upon the West there was still an opportunity for a material reduction of his liabilities.

As we know the enemy refused that opportunity and maintained the 500 odd miles of trenches which stretched from the North Sea to the Alps and include the great salient of Noyon.

It was not until after the Somme offensive had developed and even until the enemy appreciated its continuous character, that the talk about the shortening of the Western front reopened. But this time it reopened, curiously enough, not universally or specially in the Allied Press, but, undoubtedly by order, in the German Press and in the Austrian.

Now this is a curious accident which we will do well to look at closely. As long as it was well within the enemy's power to retire in good order and before he was subject to any very serious pressure at any point of the great salient, not a word was said upon his side about retirement. All of a sudden, and some time after the great battle of the Somme had begun to put him in jeopardy, he produces, under the eye of his strong censorship, a mass of open discussion to prepare opinion at home for such a retirement. What does that mean?

It certainly does not mean that he is proposing an action of that kind of his own free will. It is too late. If he shortens his line now in the West he shortens it under the worst possible conditions, and under conditions which get more and more difficult for him with every week that passes. He talks of the line which was the old French defensive line of the north-east covering Lille, Maubeuge, Mezieres (his present headquarters), and Verdun. It would save him at the very most only 60,000 yards—say, six divisions—and the retirement would be undertaken under really disastrous conditions, with troops unfit for such an effort and in the presence of the enormous pressure to which he is now subjected.

We have further the analogy of history to guide us. Many a wise commander has shortened his line while there was yet time. Many a one has fallen back from extended positions in the open to some quite small perimeter of defended positions—Torres Vedras, for example. But no commander, great or little, wise or unwise, has done it in the last stages of a desperate issue. Napoleon refused to do it in '14. One may without too much straining of language describe his bold stroke in '15, at the very last moment of his hazard, as a deliberate extension of front.

The reason for such a policy is obvious: It appears in every operation, commercial and civil no less than military. Caution, reserve, husbanding, is the attitude of a power in full possession of itself, secure of an ample margin and playing for time. It is not the action of a power which has already overstrained itself, and is playing for luck. A really serious shortening of the line—falling right back to the Meuse, for instance, abandoning half Belgium and all but an insignificant strip of the occupied district of France—though it would save perhaps double the number of men saved by the Lille-Verdun line, could not be undertaken. The first operation would almost certainly cost far more men and material than it would save; the second would promise such losses as would be disastrous. What then is the object of this curiously open discussion in the enemy press?

I take it that these descriptions and surmises are permitted in order to prepare opinion in case a retirement should at last be forced on the enemy. In other words, it would seem to be such a preparation of domestic opinion in Germany as would make the German public regard enforced retirement as a voluntary act.

Consider how the news would affect Germany if opinion were thus prepared. The losses in men, if the thing could be done without the line breaking, could be minimised for a long time. The losses in material would certainly be completely hidden. Opinion, already prepared, would regard the disaster as a piece of wise strategy on the part of the enemy's command.

We must never forget that, according to the accounts of all trustworthy witnesses, German opinion as a whole

is still ignorant of the Battle of the Marne. The very phrase is unknown. Those who profess technical language speak of "the retirement on the Aisne," and men of good education and position throughout the German Empire, men following the war closely and judging it soberly, still regard that operation as something due to the initiative of the German Higher Command. The populace and the rank and file of the soldiery are content with a map which shows the five great German armies which were defeated between Paris and the Argonne and which, in their defeat, lost the war for their masters, as "advanced posts" which were called back to the line of the Aisne for superior reasons.

Now, knowing this policy to have been successful, we may reasonably conclude that it will, in the last phases of this war be repeated, for it will give a breathing space, and if a short further lull can be imposed, after the bad losses of the retirement, opinion, during that lull at least, could be stabilised if it had been taught to regard retirement as due to the initiative of its own commanders.

That, I take it, is the meaning of so public and open a discussion upon so delicate a matter. As for a voluntary withdrawal to the advantage of the enemy and on his own initiative, it is now too late.

H. BELLOC

Messrs. John Murray have just published a little manual on *First Aid for the Trenches* (1s. net.), which deals in concise and instructive fashion with the means of treating wounds and injuries. The information given is intended to be supplementary to the work of a medical officer, and the book is one which should find a place in the pocket library of every officer on Service.

Mr. John Lane has added to his list of soldier stories *Russian Chaps*, by M. C. Lethbridge (1s. net), in which volume a series of charming little sketches gives many aspects of "Ivan Ivanovitch" and his friends. The author, who has intimate acquaintance with the real Siberia, also knows European Russia very well, and in this too slight volume the main characteristics of the Russian soldier are delicately and yet forcibly reproduced.

Notes on Trench Routine (6d. net), published by Messrs. Forster Groom and Co., is a little booklet of hints which every junior officer would do well to have in his pocket on service. The same may be said of *Trench Construction* (1s. net) published by the same firm, and not merely embodying theories on the subject of making trenches, but also containing useful hints on equipment and the nature of the work, together with a quantity of illustrative plans and drawings. Both these manuals should form part of every subaltern's library.

It is a pity that Mr. Gilbert Cannan does not devote his undoubted talent to the handling of better—one might almost say cleaner—material than is evident in his latest book, *Mendel*. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) Mendel is a Jew boy of the slums, who comes by devious and sometimes unsavoury ways to Cézanne and post-impressionism, and to love of Morrison, the Christian girl whose soul is far greater than his own, and whom he can never love quite as well as he loves himself. The book is sordid and yet brilliant, giving one the feeling that tarnished gilt might give; it is, too, a piece of detailed analysis of a young man who, like some of Compton Mackenzie's young men, is not worth the trouble. Before August of two years ago Mendel—the man, not the book—might have been tolerable, but the young men of to-day are concerned (such of them as lay claim to manhood) with greater things than these.

When a girl proposes marriage to a man whom she has never met socially, one assumes that there is something wrong with the girl; the assumption is correct in the case of Quenride Chideock, the heroine of *The Honest Lawyer*, by G. V. McFadyen (John Lane, 6s.), and yet before one has read half the book one is in love with the girl, and with Kenelm Ridley, the honest lawyer, as well. This early Georgian romance leads the reader on irresistibly from chapter to chapter and from mystery to greater mystery, the interest being maintained not so much by the complexity of the plot—which is at times a little improbable, especially when Ridley deduces the whereabouts of a missing will from next to no premises at all—as by the fact that the author has portrayed a manly man and a very lovable woman, and has made them real. It is an excellent novel, deserving of a large public.

Trafalgar Day

By Arthur Pollen

THIS week, for the third time during the war, we commemorate the anniversary of Trafalgar. In 1914, this day, whose name proclaims the most glorious deed of our history, found us in a state of curious uncertainty as to our naval power. It is true that within very few days of the opening of war all German commerce had been swept from the sea and in very few days more British transports were landing our army in France as if no German fleet existed, so that two of the most important fruits of predominance at sea seemed truly to be ours. It is also true that within a few weeks British cruisers and destroyers had swept into German waters and Vice-Admiral Beatty had had his battle cruisers almost into the enemy's harbours. But since then German sea power had made itself felt in none too pleasant a fashion. *Emden* and *Karlsruhe* were both in mid-career—and our shipping losses amounted to many thousands of pounds a day. Two only of the German commerce raiders had been met and sunk—*Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* by *Highflyer*, and the *Cap Trafalgar*—surely an ill fated name for a German ship—by the armed liner *Carmania*. But on the whole the balance of naval losses was heavily against us. *Amphion* and *Speedy* had been mined; *Pathfinder* had been sunk by a destroyer, *Dwarf* rammed by *Nachtigall*, *Pegasus* destroyed by *Koenigsberg* and the three *Cressys* had been torpedoed by *U 9*. The news that *Hawke* had also succumbed had just been received, and what was worse, the failure of the Naval Brigade at Antwerp had just become public property.

Perhaps more discouraging than any of these events was the initial failure of the British and French naval forces in the Mediterranean to divine the purpose of the Germans in sending the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* to the Straits. By October we all realised how much we had lost in not preventing these ships joining up with the Turks and so securing an ally for the Central Powers whose adhesion was, to a great extent, to determine the character of the war. In spite then of the fact that our sea communications seemed safe, and those of the enemy definitely cut off, the position on Trafalgar Day, 1914, was in a naval sense, the most discouraging and depressing that we have experienced.

It was at this crisis that Lord Fisher, with characteristic self sacrifice and courage, and with an energy that belied his years, accepted Mr. Churchill's invitation to succeed Prince Louis of Battenberg as First Sea Lord. His accession did much to restore a very gravely shaken public confidence. The worst blows were to fall after Lord Fisher had taken over. Rumours, that could not be suppressed, ran from mouth to mouth that the bases of the Grand Fleet were unprotected, and men wondered whether the fate that had fallen on *Cressy*, *Aboukir*, *Hogue*, *Hawke*, *Speedy*, and *Niger* might not be in store for some of the capital ships on whose capacity to win a great sea victory were founded all the hopes of the Alliance. Then new rumours started that at least one unit had succumbed to under-water attack and that the Grand Fleet was, to put it baldly, fugitive. These things set each nerve on edge, so that it was well that by the time the news of Coronel and the East Coast bombardment came something had been done to give us greater confidence that the Navy was at last in naval hands. The cloud was soon to lift. Within a month *Emden* was fought and captured by *Sydney*, and von Spee's squadron surprised and destroyed by Sturdee at the Falkland Islands. The prestige of the Admiralty, almost hopelessly gone on the Day of Trafalgar, was by Christmas as high as it could conceivably be. The new year opened with the tragic loss of *Formidable*—the last of Germany's submarine successes against British warships in home waters for a very long time. And before the end of the month the memory of these, and of all other losses, was wiped out by the Battle of the Dogger Bank, when Sir David Beatty chased von Hipper the whole width of the North Sea, and was robbed of a

complete and final victory by a chance injury to his flagship. Thus the Admiral, who in the first month of war had carried our sea forces to the very entrance of the German ports and had there harried and sunk his light craft and cruisers, throwing a contemptuous challenge to the High Seas Fleet—a challenge which that fleet dared not accept—now closed the intervening period of naval darkness and doubt by a second enterprise as brilliant as the first. Our first Trafalgar anniversary then, found us when our naval fortunes were at their lowest, when nevertheless they were on the eve of being raised higher than ever before.

How did things stand in the following year? There had still been no battle between the main forces. The enemy had made no effort to reopen his sea communications; it looked as if he had definitely abandoned the idea of ever disputing the command of the sea with us.

Attack on the Dardanelles

When, after the battle of the Falkland Islands, the First Lord of the Admiralty—cheerily taking the North Sea position as equivalent to victory—found himself without a naval care in all the world, he became obsessed with the crazy idea that the guns of our pre-Dreadnought battle fleet could batter down the Turkish defences of the Dardanelles, force a way into the sea of Marmora and compel the capitulation of Constantinople. In 1797 Napoleon conceived the idea of seizing the British Empire in the East by conquering Egypt, and proceeding then to a repetition of what Alexander the Great had done fifteen centuries before. The idea that India could be conquered without the use of sea power was not intrinsically so mad as that Constantinople could be conquered without the employment of an army. Strategically it was very doubtful if the path of victory over the Central Powers could possibly lie along the line of striking their only Ally at the extremity. Those who urged that, if there was a military force to spare from the western field, it should be sent to strengthen the isolated Serbians and Montenegrins, while Bulgaria was still doubtful and the sympathy of Greece was with their neighbours, were probably right, apart altogether from political and tactical consideration.

But tactically the forcing of the Dardanelles by ships alone was from the first obviously impossible, and as a purely naval effort doomed to failure. And the necessity of military co-operation being from the first clear, to make the attempt with naval forces alone was not only to incur certain and costly losses, but to do all that was possible, by giving the enemy full warning, to make the failure of a rightly constituted expedition inevitable. Misuse of sea forces then had by Trafalgar Day 1915 once more brought our naval reputation down.

Meantime, the enemy's reply to the loss of the ocean pathways for his ships was an attempt to make the Allied use of them impossible, whether by their own or neutral ships. It must always remain a curiosity of history that it was the Germans, the weaker power at sea, and not we, so much the stronger, who originated the policy of blockade in this war. Until March 1915 there was no interference with neutral ships using German ports so long as their cargoes carried no contraband. The political, diplomatic, legal difficulties in the way of the Allies enforcing a blockade were undoubtedly enormous. It took almost a full year before anything approaching a strict embargo on the entry of food into the German territories was made effective. The Germans, to do them justice, went for their object entirely untrammelled by the disturbing thought that their conduct would strain their relations with neutral countries. Their method was perfectly simple, and remains quite simple to this day. Any ship bound for an allied port is to be sunk. With this object, as the Americans were informed with engaging frankness before the campaign began, the waters surrounding England would be proclaimed a war zone,

be strewn with mines and be infested with submarines. The commanders of the latter would be instructed to be as gentle as they could possibly be with neutrals, but every ship would be sunk and the crews and passengers would have to take their chance. But the operation of mines could, of course, not be qualified, and if after this warning neutrals chose to enter the war zone, they would do so at their peril.

We all remember the course of the under-water war between March 1915 and last year's anniversary. By October the British counter-campaign had so reduced the German submarines in numbers that the blockade, at no time sufficiently destructive to imperil the Allied sea supplies, had seemingly ceased altogether. Greek, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Norwegian and American ships had been sunk. Their nationals, including women, children and babies, had many of them been killed and drowned. Many more of them had been exposed defenceless against cold and hunger to the mercy of the sea in open boats. There was nothing surprising in the fact that Germany should try to make her threats good. It was amazing that the neutrals, so numerous and collectively so powerful, should have endured such conduct. The United States had from the first taken a high line of public protest. It is supposed that other neutrals had entered similar pleas on their own behalf. But the protests were disregarded and with impunity. Indeed, if the tone of published diplomatic documents were a test, it might really have seemed in October 1915, as if the methods of orderly and peaceful embargo enforced by Great Britain and her Allies, had exasperated neutral sentiment and alienated neutral sympathy almost as effectively as the murderous piracy of von Tirpitz. It was, at any rate, obvious that, had our blockading methods been from the first more ruthless and more stringent—and therefore more effective—than they were, we could not have done ourselves more harm with the neutral Powers. For Germany, by conduct whose brutality was entirely without historic parallel, seemingly did herself no harm at all. Still, in spite of our gentle and mealy-mouthed way of going about the serious business of war, English naval prestige did, a year ago, stand far higher than in 1914, largely because of the successful energy with which the Tirpitz campaign had been encountered and seemingly defeated.

The Third Anniversary

How do things stand to-day? Our strategy in the North Sea has throughout been defensive. We left it to the enemy to make advances towards a battle. Both fleets were entrenched; each could, and did, make sorties. But the North Sea was held by neither. It was a no man's land either might enter—to the peril of the weaker, if their sorties were to coincide. There was then no military blockade of the enemy's ports: no effort to stop his small and underwater-vessels from getting to sea at all. It was held that the factors, high speed and invisible torpedo-carrying craft, made both impossible. It must not be ignored, however, that it was new in our experience of war that our whole battleship strength should be concentrated in a single fleet. It is a thing that greatly magnifies the consequences of a risk rashly or improperly run. The Commander-in-Chief in the North Sea is in a position very different from that of Nelson at Trafalgar. There are perhaps arguments of caution valid to-day that were never valid before. Anyway, that there was, and is, no military blockade, is a simple fact. Hence the enemy's attack on our shipping had to be resisted far from his bases.

His success in the Baltic, our home waters and the Mediterranean against British, Allied and neutral merchant vessels was great. Over 3,000,000 gross tonnage of our own shipping was gone before the third anniversary of Trafalgar was round. Allies and neutrals had lost at least half as much again. But, save for this loss, the general naval position has not changed—except for the factor of Jutland. The German colonies fall to us one by one. Her trade is still non-existent. Her attacks on ours continue, without effectively embarrassing us. But a new factor has to be considered. The fleets of Great Britain and Germany have met and fought. It was a battle that was in one sense absolutely and finally decisive. It has established once and for all that the German fleet does not intend to aim at com-

manding the sea by defeating and destroying the British fleet. The battle of Jutland was fought over a vast area of the North Sea, many hundreds of miles nearer to German than to British ports. Still the German fleet had come out 200 miles from its own harbours, and if the event showed that Scheer and von Hipper were not prepared to fight to a finish, it also showed an absolute faith in German capacity to prevent the British fleet pushing an engagement to a full and final issue. As things fell out it was an accident of the weather that enabled the German Admiral to realise his plan. Viewed simply as a naval operation, he is entitled to the credit of a tactical success, in that he staved off the destruction of his fleet. But evasion, however skilful, cannot be twisted to mean victory, and nothing but victory could have served the German purpose. Nor was even that evasion achieved, save at a cost that leaves Germany to-day the weaker by four units of the greatest power. Her relative inferiority is, therefore, now greater than ever. From every point of view then, the battle of Jutland, however creditable to German leading, German technique and German seamanship, remains without question a grave German defeat.

It was as unquestionably a British victory. Not final and conclusive, only because the weather conditions changed while the battle was in progress, and changed at the very moment when the time for decision had arrived. There is no novelty in the fortunes of an action being so determined. The storm at Trafalgar robbed us, not of a victory, but of our prizes. But had it come earlier it might have robbed us of victory as well. It is Hawke himself who insists that it was only the weather that explained the escape of so many of Conflans' ships. With such precedents, we need have no hesitation in being frank over this business, and ascribing the successful escape of the High Seas Fleet from Sir John Jellicoe, after contact had been made, to its true cause. In the days of sailing ships victory was not an affair of marksmanship, but of discipline, drill, and courage on the part of the fighting crews and of resolution and seamanship on the part of admirals and captains. The secret lay in getting near enough to the enemy for every shot to tell and to concentrate the fire of a large squadron on to one less numerous. The fleet that was most at sea, that was the more arduous in the practice of big guns, that was led by officers imbued with the spirit and trained in the doctrines evolved by three generations of sea fighters, was almost bound to win just because its corporate mind had been bent on fighting for so long. It was with such a fleet an instinctive action to press on the enemy as closely as it could, drive him from his guns and board and seize his ships. But, however rich the fighting spirit, the seamanship, the genius, actions could only be fought if the weather permitted.

The same fighting spirit has to be expressed in very different action to-day. Such is the power and range of guns, so formidable a weapon is the torpedo, that the processes that naturally end in boarding are not to be thought of. And for long range gunnery clear vision of the enemy is essential; as of old the tyranny of the weather shadows the fighting seamen. It is vital that fleets should be rightly led, to keep the enemy under superior fire and defeat any intention he may evince to fly. And fleets cannot be led rightly if the enemy is unseen. The high mobility of the modern fighting unit has created infinite complications for the tactician, but his object and purpose being ever to keep the enemy under the fire of his guns, no manœuvring skill in the world can enable him to achieve that object if, by the descent of fog, the enemy becomes invisible. Indeed, something far short of invisibility can nowadays make effective long range fire impossible, for accurate shooting depends on range-finders, on telescopic sights, and on the correction and keeping of the range by fire control—all operations that can be performed only by optical instruments. The distances are so great that the unmagnified human eyesight is quite incapable of doing what is required. And once your fighting is made dependent upon optical instruments, unless their design is of a very special merit, there may be instrumental invisibility long before the naked eye is cut off from the perception of the target. The Commander-in-Chief, in his despatch, had occasion to draw our attention to the fact of the extreme difficulty that range-finding presented. If the Germans were better

equipped in this respect, they did not wait to seize their opportunity. Their gunfire was absolutely ineffective against the Grand Fleet. It is indeed obvious that the moment they realised that the Grand Fleet was present, they had but one object—flight. It was made possible by an ingenious accentuation of the prevailing low visibility, by the creation of smoke screens and by the delivery under the cover of those screens and the mist, of massed torpedo attacks. Then as the pursuing squadrons were driven off their course, they seized the opportunity and fled in a direction at right angles to the British line, the diversion of the British Fleet thus giving them a new start in the race for safety. The increasing darkness added to its value. A second massed torpedo attack lengthened the interval still further, and the coincidence of this with the fall of darkness terminated the gunnery battle of the day. It was not one that the Germans wished to renew next morning, though the opportunity of doing so was theirs.

Let us note that when the enemy came out to fight, it was in the hope of ultimately evading a decisive issue, and let us also note that on the evening of May 31st and the morning of June 1st, it was by his own action that he made it impossible for himself to lift the burden of blockade off his frontiers. Are we to suppose that he has postponed the fighting out of this issue to another day?

That it was not fought out at Jutland must be an abiding disappointment to the British Fleet. But it is not one that need make us impatient or uncertain as to the future. We know the mettle of our men and the capacity of our guns. We have no contempt, but indeed a great respect for the skill and courage of our enemies. But Jutland has given us their measure. And if on Trafalgar Day, 1916, we have not a Trafalgar of our own to celebrate, at least we know this, that it was only the hazard of the weather that robbed us of it at Jutland, and that the enemy has no hopes of a Trafalgar for himself.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

The White Road to Verdun—III

By Kathleen Burke

[The following is a continuation of Miss Kathleen Burke's story of her visit to Verdun. Previous articles from her pen on the same subject appeared in LAND & WATER of October 5th, and 12th.]

August, 1916.

WE lunched with General Pétain and his Etat Major. A charming and most interesting addition to the party was M. Forain, the famous French caricaturist, and now one of the Chief Instructors of the French Army in the art of *camouflage*—the art of making a thing look like anything in the world except what it is! He has established a series of schools all along the French front where the Poilus learn to bedeck their guns and thoroughly disguise them under delicate shades of green and yellow, with odd pink spots in order to relieve the monotony. Certainly the appearance of the guns of the present time would rejoice the heart and soul of the "Futurists." It was most interesting to hear him describe the work in detail and the rapidity with which his pupils learned the new art. For one real battery there are probably three or four false ones, beautiful wooden guns, etc., etc., and he told us of the Poilus' new version of the song, "*Rien n'est plus beau que notre patrie.*" "They now sing "*Rien n'est plus faux que notre batterie.*"

It was M. Forain who coined the famous phrase "that there was no fear for the ultimate success of the Allies, if only the civilians held out!" I was much amused at M. Forain's statement that he had already heard that a company had been formed for erecting, after the war, wooden hotels on the battlefields of France for the accommodation of sightseers. Not only was it certain that these hotels were to be built, but the rooms were already booked in advance.

It was strange to find there, within the sound of the guns—sometimes the glasses on the table danced to the music, although no one took any notice of that—surrounded by men directing the operations of the war and of one of the greatest battles in history, how little war was mentioned. Science, philosophy and the work of women were discussed.

The men of France are taking deep interest in the splendid manner in which the women of all the different nations are responding to the call to service. I described to General Pétain the work of the Scottish Women's Hospitals. These magnificent hospitals are organised and staffed entirely by women and started, in the first instance, by the Scottish Branch National Union of Women's Suffrage. He was deeply interested to learn that what had been before the war a political society, had, with that splendid spirit of patriotism which had from the first day of the war animated every man, woman and child of Great Britain, drawn upon its funds and founded the hospital units. I explained to him that it was no longer a question of politics but simply a case of serving humanity and serving it to the best possible advantage. The National Union had realised that this

was a time for organised effort on the part of all women for the benefit of the human race and the alleviation of suffering.

I spoke of the bravery of our girls in Serbia; how many of them had laid down their lives during the typhus epidemic; how cheerfully they had borne hardships, our doctors writing home that their tent hospitals were like "great white birds spreading their wings under the trees," whereas really they had often been up all night hanging on to the tent poles to prevent the tents collapsing over their patients.

A member of the Etat Major asked how we overcame the language difficulty. I pointed out that to diagnose typhus and watch the progress of the patient it was not necessary to speak to him, and that by the magic language of sympathy we managed to establish some form of "understanding" between the patients, the doctors and the nurses.

The members of our staff were chosen as far as possible with a knowledge of French or German, and it was possible to find many Serbians speaking either one of these languages. We also found interpreters amongst the Austrian prisoner orderlies. These prisoner orderlies had really proved useful and had done their best to help us. Naturally they had their faults. One of our lady doctors had as orderly a Viennese Professor, willing, but somewhat absent-minded. One morning she sent for him and asked him: "Herr Karl, can you tell me what was wrong with my bath water this morning." "I really don't know, Fraulein, but I will endeavour to find out."

Ten minutes later he returned, looking decidedly guilty and stammered out: "I do not know how to tell you what happened to that bath water." "Nonsense, it can't be very terrible," replied Doctor X, "what was wrong?" "Well, Fraulein, when I went into the camp kitchen this morning there were two cauldrons there, one was your bath water, and the other was the camp soup; to you, Fraulein, I brought the camp soup."

We who had worked with the Serbians had learned to respect and admire them for their patriotism, courage and patient endurance. We felt that their outstanding characteristic was their imagination, which, turned into the proper channels and given a chance to develop, should produce for the world not only famous painters and poets, but also great inventors. This vivid imagination is found in the highest and lowest of the land. To illustrate it, I told my neighbour at table a tale related to me by my good friend Dr. Popovic. "Two weary ragged Serbian soldiers were sitting huddled together waiting to be ordered forward to fight. One asked the other: "Do you know how this war started, Milan? You don't, well then I'll tell you. The Sultan of Turkey sent out King Peter a sack of rice. King Peter looked at the sack, smiled, then took a very small bag and went into his garden and filled it with red pepper. He sent the bag of red pepper to the Sultan of Turkey. Now

Milan, you can see what that meant. The Sultan of Turkey said to our Peter, 'my army is as numerous as the grains of rice in this sack,' and by sending a small bag of red pepper to the Sultan our Peter replied, 'My Army is not very numerous, but it is mighty hot stuff.'

Value of Women's Work.

General Pétain said, smiling, that before the war he had sometimes thought of women "as those who inspired the most beautiful ideas in men and prevented them from carrying them out," but the war, he added, had certainly proved conclusively the value of women's work.

M. Forain expressed the desire to visit the chief French hospital of the Scottish Women at the Abbaye de Royaumont. The General laughingly told him: "You do not realise how stern and devoted to duty these ladies are. I wonder if you would be permitted to visit them?"

I consoled M. Forain by pointing out that surely as chief *Camoufleur* (Disguiser) of the French Army, he could disguise himself as a model of virtue (*de se camoufler en bon garçon*). Certainly this son of France, who has turned his brilliant intellect and his art to the saving of men's lives, would be welcome anywhere and everywhere. I hastened to assure him that I was only teasing him, and added that I only teased the people I admired and liked. General Pétain immediately turned to the Commandant de Pulligny: "Please remark that she has not yet teased me." "Probably because she fears to do it, and has too much respect for you," replied the Commandant. "Fears! I do not think we need talk of that just now, when she dares to go to Verdun."

Whilst at coffee after lunch the news came of the continued advance of the British troops. General Pétain turned to me and said: "You must indeed be proud in England of your new army. Please tell your English people of our admiration of the magnificent effort of England. The raising and equipping of your giant army in such a short time was indeed a colossal task. How well it was carried out all the world now knows, and we are reaping the harvest."

The General's Chief of Staff added: "Lord Kitchener was right when he said the war would last three years"—the first year preparation, the second year defence, and the third year . . . *cela sera rigolo*—it will be huge sport." He quoted the phrase as Lord Kitchener's own.

Before we left the General signed for me the menu of the lunch, pointing out to me, however, that if I were at any time to show the menu to the village policeman, I must assure him that the hare which figured thereon had been run over at night by a motor car and lost its life owing to an accident, otherwise he might, he feared, be fined for killing game out of season!!!

I shall always remember the picture of General Pétain seeing us into our car with his parting words: "You are about to do the most dangerous thing you have ever done or will ever do in your life. As for Verdun, tell them in England that I am smiling, and I am sure that when you see General Nivelle you will find him smiling too. That is the best answer I can give you as to how things are going with us at Verdun." Then with a friendly wave of his hand we passed on our way.

After leaving the headquarters of General Pétain we were held up for some time at a level crossing and watched the busy little train puffing along, carrying towards Verdun stores, munitions and men. This level crossing had been the scene of active fighting; on each side were numerous graves, and the sentinels off duty were passing from one to the other picking a dead leaf or drawing a trailing vine over the resting places of their comrades.

Above our heads circles *les guêpes*, the wasps of the French Army. They had been aroused by the appearance of a Taube and were preparing to sting, had the Taube waited or made any further attempt to proceed over the French lines. However, deciding that discretion was the better part of valour it turned and fled. It is unwise, however, to stir up the "wasps of France"; they followed it and later in the day we heard that it had been brought down near Verdun.

We were now in the centre of activity of the army defending Verdun. On every hand we saw artillery parks, ammunition parks, and regiments resting, whilst along the road a long line of *camions* passed unceasingly. During the whole length of my stay on the French front I only

saw one regiment marching. Everywhere the men are conveyed in the *camions*; and are thus spared the fatigue which would otherwise be caused by the intense heat and the white dust. There are perhaps only two things that can in any way upset the perfect indifference to difficulties of the French trooper; he hates to walk, and he refuses to be deprived of his *pinard*. The men of the French army have named their red wine *pinard* just as they call water *la flotte*, always, however, being careful to add that *la flotte* is excellent "for washing one's feet."

As we passed through the headquarters of General Nivelle, he sent down word to us not to wait to call on him, but to proceed at once to Verdun, as later the passage would become more difficult. He kindly sent down to us one of the officers of his staff to act as escort. The officer sat by our chauffeur, warning him of the dangerous spots in the road which the Germans had the habit of "watering" from time to time with *marmites*, and ordering him to put on extra speed. Our speed along the road into Verdun averaged well over a mile a minute.

Verdun's Cinema

Within range of the German guns, probably not more than three or four miles from Verdun, we came on a line of men waiting their turn to go into the cinema. After all there was no reason *de s'en faire*, and if they were alive they decided they might as well be happy and amused. Just before entering the gate of Verdun we passed a number of ambulances, some of them driven by the American volunteers. These young Americans have displayed splendid heroism in bringing in the wounded. Many of them have been mentioned in despatches, and have received from France the *Croix de Guerre*. I also saw an ambulance marked "Lloyds."

It would be useless to pretend that one entered Verdun without emotion. Verdun, sorely stricken, yet living, kept alive by the indomitable soul of the soldiers of France, whilst her wounds are daily treated and healed by the skill of her Generals. A white city of desolation, scorched and battered, yet the brightest jewel in the crown of France's glory; a shining example to the world of the triumph of human resistance and the courage of men. A city of strange and cruel sounds. The short, sharp bark of the 75's, the boom of the death-dealing enemy guns, the shrieks of the shells and the fall of masonry parting from houses to which it had been attached for centuries, whilst from the shattered window frames the familiar sprite of the household looked ever for the children who came no longer across the thresholds of the homes. Verdun is no longer a refuge for all that is good and beautiful and tender, and so the voices of children and birds are heard no more. Both have flown.

We proceeded to a terrace overlooking the lower part of the town and witnessed a duel between the French and German artillery. The Germans were bombarding the barracks of Chevert, and from all around the French guns were replying. It was certainly a joy to note that for one boom of a German cannon there were certainly ten answers from the French guns. The French soldiers off duty should have been resting in the caves and dug-outs which have been prepared for them, but most of them were out on the terraces in different parts of the city, smoking and casually watching the effect of the German or of their own fire. I inquired of one Poilu whether he would be glad to leave Verdun, and he laughingly replied:

"One might be worse off than here. This is the time of year that in peace times I should have been staying in the country with my mother-in-law."

There is no talk of peace in Verdun. I asked one of the men when he thought the war would end. "Perfectly simple to reply to that, Mademoiselle; the war will end the day that hostilities cease."

I believe that the Germans would not be sorry to abandon the siege of Verdun. In one of the trench newspapers, I saw the following verse:

*Boches, à l'univers votre zèle importun
Fait des "communiqués" dont personne n'est dupe.
Vous dites: "Nos soldats occuperont Verdun."
Jusqu'ici c'est plutôt Verdun qui les occupe.*

We left the car and climbed through the ruined streets to the top of the citadel. No attempt has been made

to remove any of the furniture or effects from the demolished houses. In those houses from which only the front had been blown away, the spoons and forks were in some instances still on the table, set ready for the meal that had been interrupted.

From windows lace curtains and draperies hung out over the fronts of the houses. Everywhere shattered doors, broken cupboards, drawers thrown open where the inhabitants had thought to try to save some of their cherished belongings, but had finally fled leaving all to the care of the soldiers, who protect the property of the inhabitants as carefully as if it were their own. It would be difficult to find finer custodians. I was told that at Bobigny, near Bourget, there is on one of the houses the following inscription worthy of classical times:

"The proprietor of this house has gone to the war. He leaves this dwelling to the care of the French. Long live France." And he left the key in the lock.

The soldiers billeted in the house read the inscription, which met with their approval, and so far each regiment in passing had cleaned out the little dwelling and left it in perfect order.

From the citadel we went down into the trenches, which led to the lines at Thiaumont. The heat in the city was excessive, but in the trenches it was delightfully cool, perhaps a little too cool. We heard the men make no complaints except that at times the life was a little "monotonous"! One man told me that he was once in a trench that was occupied at the same time by the French and the Germans. There was nothing between them but sand bags and a thick wall of clay, and day and night the French watched that wall. One day a slight scratching was heard. The men prepared to face the crumbling of the barrier, when through a small hole popped out the head of a brown rabbit. Down into the trench hopped Mrs. Bunny followed by two small bunnies, and although rabbit for lunch would have improved the menu, the men had not the heart to kill her. On the contrary, they fed her on their rations and at night-fall she departed followed by her progeny.

From all the dug-outs heads popped out and the first movement of surprise at seeing a woman in the trenches turned to a smile of delight, since the Poilu is at all times a chivalrous gentleman. One man was telling me of the magnificent work that had been accomplished by his "compagnie." I congratulated him and told him he must be happy to be in such a company. He swept off his iron casque, bowed almost to the ground, and answered: "Certainly I am happy in my company, Mademoiselle, but I am far happier in yours." The principal grief of the Poilus appeared to be that a shell two or three days before had destroyed the store of the great *dragée* (sugared almond) manufactory of Verdun. Before leaving the manufacturer had bequeathed his stock to the army, and they were all regretting that they had not been greedier and eaten up the *dragées* quicker.

In the trenches near Verdun, as in the trenches in Flanders, you find the men talking little of war, but much of their homes and their families. I came once upon a group of Bretons. They had opened some tins of sardines and sitting around a bucket of blazing coals they were toasting the fish on the ends of small twigs. I asked them why they were wasting their energies since the fish were ready to be eaten straight from the tins. "We know," they replied, "but it smells like home." I suppose with the odour of the cooking fish, in the blue haze of the smoke, they saw visions of their cottages and the white coiffed Bretonnes frying the fresh sardines that they had caught.

The dusk was now falling and, entering the car, we proceeded towards the lower part of the town at a snail's pace in order not to draw the German fire. We were told that at the present time approximately one hundred shells a day still fall on Verdun, but at the time of the great attack the number was as high as eight hundred, whilst as many as two hundred thousand shells fell daily in and around Verdun.

Just before we reached the entrance to the citadel the enemy began to shell the city, and one of the shells exploded within two hundred feet of the car. We knew that we were near the entrance of the vaults of the citadel and could take refuge, so we left the car and proceeded on foot. Without thinking we walked in the centre of

the road, and the sentinel at the citadel began in somewhat emphatic French to recommend us to *longer les murs* (to hug the walls tightly). The Germans are well aware of the entrance to the citadel and daily shell the spot. If one meets a shell in the centre of the road it is obviously no use to argue, whilst in hugging the side of the wall there is a possibility of only receiving the fragments of the bursting shell.

A Subterranean City

The subterranean galleries of the citadel of Verdun were constructed by Vauban, and are now a hive of activity—barbers' shops, sweet shops, boot shops, hospitals, anything and everything which goes to make up a small city.

One of the young officers placed his "cell" at our disposal. The long galleries are all equipped with central heating and electric light and some of them have been divided off by wooden partitions or curtains like the dormitories in a large school. In the "cell" allocated to us we could see the loving touch of a woman's hand. Around the pillow on the small camp bed was a beautiful edging of Irish lace, and on the dressing-table a large bottle of eau-de-cologne. There is no reason to be too uncomfortable in Verdun when one has a good little wife to send one presents from time to time.

Emerging from the galleries we met General Dubois, a great soldier, and a kindly man, one who shares the daily perils of his men. The General invited us to remain and dine with him. He had that day received from General Nivelle his *cravate* as Commander of the Legion of Honour, and his officers were giving him a dinner-party to celebrate the event. "See how kind fate is to me," he added, "only one thing was missing from the feast—the presence of the ladies—and here you are."

It would need the brush of Rembrandt to paint the dining-hall in the citadel of Verdun. At one long table in the dimly-lighted vault sat between eighty and ninety officers who all rose, saluted and cheered as we entered. The General sat at the head of the table surrounded by his staff, and behind him the faces of the cooks were lit up by the fires of the stoves. Some short distance behind us was an air-shaft. It appears that about a week or a fortnight before our arrival a German shell, striking the top part of the citadel, dislodged some dust and gravel which fell down the air-shaft on to the General's head. He simply called the attendants to him and asked for his table to be moved forward a yard, as he did not feel inclined to sit at table with his helmet on.

An excellent dinner—soup, roast mutton, fresh beans, *salade Russe*, *Frangipane*, dessert—and even champagne to celebrate the General's *cravate*—quite reassured us that people may die in Verdun of shells, but not of hunger. We drank toasts to France, the Allies, and, silently, to the men of France who had died that we might live. I was asked to propose the health of the General and did it in English, knowing that he spoke English well. I told him that the defenders of Verdun would live in our heart and memories, that on behalf of the whole British race I felt I might convey to him congratulations on his honour. They asked me to repeat a description of the flag of France which I gave first in Ottawa, so there, in the citadel of Verdun with a small French flag before me, I went back in spirit to Ottawa and remembered how I had spoken of the triumph of the flag of France:

The red, white and blue—the red of the flag of France a little deeper hue than in time of peace since it was dyed with the blood of her sons, the blood in which a new history of France is being written, volume on volume, page on page, of deeds of heroism, some pages completed and signed, others where the pen has dropped from the faltering hands and which posterity must needs finish. The white of the flag of France, not quite so white as in time of peace since thousands of her sons had taken it in their hands and pressed it to their lips before they went forward to die for it, yet without stain, since in all the record of the war there is no blot on the escutcheon of France. And the blue of the flag of France, true blue, torn and tattered with the marks of the bullets and the shrapnel, yet unfurling proudly in the breeze whilst the very holes were patched by the blue of the sky, since surely Heaven stands behind the flag of France.

(To be continued)

Co-operation and Country Life

By T. W. Rolleston

IF Ireland has in recent times added some dubious and sinister elements to the life of the Empire, it is all the more to be desired that any good and wholesome thing coming from that quarter should receive due acknowledgment and attention. And one thing it has produced which is worthy of the closest attention that can be given to it—a thing unique in the United Kingdom but destined, one may hope, to prove a powerful force in the regeneration of social and economic life in Great Britain as well as in Ireland. I speak of the co-operative movement in Irish agriculture.

The history of this movement is a most interesting and encouraging chapter in the chequered story of our own times. It has been written in two books—Sir Horace Plunkett's *Ireland in the New Century*, and *Co-operation and Nationality* by Mr. George W. Russell. These books contain respectively the Law and the Prophets of the new movement, while Sir Horace Plunkett's has also some of the annals of the Exodus of the Irish farmer from the old condition of helplessness and isolation into that promised land, much of which has still to be conquered and occupied. They are written for an agricultural people, and it is natural that the work which they describe and to which they summon the energies of the country should begin in a land where agriculture is the dominant interest. But it should not end there. That agriculture and rural life generally are so relatively weak and backward in the general economic life of Great Britain is a dangerous and unhealthy condition. A nation whose material prosperity is not broad-based on the land is like a sailing ship without ballast, dependent for its safety on fair weather. Were Germany and Austria in the same economic position as England before the war, they would have been prostrate in three months.

A Complex Problem

The agricultural problem is a very complex one. It is a strange and at first sight an inexplicable phenomenon that while in every other branch of industry nothing is more marked than the tendency to run businesses together up to the widest limits within which a united management is practicable, agriculture remains wholly unaffected by this movement towards consolidation. Why is this? On the surface, agriculture would seem likely to profit by consolidation just as much as any other kind of productive industry. The vast "bonanza" farms of the American North-West seemed to have pointed the way towards a revolution in the economics of agriculture very similar to that which has transformed the old agencies, both of production and of distribution, in every other industry. Yet these great farms are now seen to be merely a temporary expedient for breaking in the wilderness. Far from showing the way to the amalgamation of smaller farms, they themselves tend to lapse into farmsteads of two or three hundred acres, each with its sturdy family working away in their fortress of individual ownership.

Farming is thus placed in a category to itself in modern industry; and the reason appears to be this, that the farm is at once a factory, a counting-house and a home. Unless it fulfils adequately all three functions it is not a prosperous concern. Sir Horace Plunkett has summed the matter up by inscribing on the banner of agricultural reform the watchword: "Better farming, better business, better living." To be of real value, an advance must be made all along the line, and in modern times it is the co-operative system which alone makes such an advance possible. Farming is in need of the extensive application of new machinery—the individual farmer usually cannot afford the outlay required; a group of associated farmers can. In marketing his produce the individual farmer is at the mercy of a ring of middlemen. Associated farmers form a wholesale department, and sell their produce through their own paid agents. The problem of making the country a better place to live in is only beginning to be studied, but the things that association can perform are great and manifold. At

present the town has far outrun the country in the organisation of social life. In the city, as Mr. Russell writes:

"There are pleasures to be enjoyed. There are libraries where all the knowledge of the world is to be learned, and theatres where all the gaiety in the heart of man or woman can be satiated. There the great, the wise, and the famous congregate. There national destinies are decided. The day in the cities is busy and crowded with activity. The night in the cities seems like a fairyland with the glitter of lights, and with the friendly people in the streets bent on pleasure; and the houses, too, seem built up to high heaven to those who know only the cabins and cottages; and when the misty brilliance of lamps is diffused over the streets, the great buildings rise up above them like Babylon or many-templed Nineveh."

Freedom of the Town

And besides the vague attraction of all these things, the countryman knows that in the town he has more freedom to live his own life, more opportunities for growing rich, far better facilities for educating his children. Many of these attractive things the country, of course, can never supply. But it has powerful counter-attractions of its own, and wise thought with united effort can, as the example of the Scandinavian States has abundantly shown, make the country a far more pleasant and far more profitable place to those who live in and by it than it is anywhere in the British Islands to-day.

The Irish attempt to grapple with the task of rural reform on the above lines began in the year 1889 with the comparatively modest effort to form associations of Irish farmers to work their butter in properly-equipped creameries instead of letting their labour on the land be exploited by strangers. It met with difficulties of all kinds—apathy among the farmers, hostility from the trading interests involved, angry suspicion from the politicians. Sir Horace Plunkett held fifty meetings throughout all Ireland before he could get a single society into being. At last they began to spring up by ones and twos; they faced a tornado of abuse and mockery; they confuted the cynical disbelief of the many who thought Ireland radically incapable of economic progress. At the present day the co-operative societies of all varieties, for dairying, for agriculture, for rural credit, for poultry, and what not, number nearly a thousand; all Ireland is dotted with them, and their united trade is three millions a year.

Most Encouraging

And it is an interesting and most encouraging fact that just at the present time when almost every Institution in Ireland is tottering, the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society has stood without a quiver the strain of the Sinn Féin rising and of the furious internecine animosities since unloosed. Within this magic circle Irishmen of the most extreme types in religion and politics still meet and work together harmoniously.

The remarkable story of this development has attracted attention and stimulated similar efforts all over the English-speaking world. But its work is only just begun. It is only now, after nearly thirty years of effort and experiment, that the real scope of the problem as well as the real forces underlying the movement are beginning to be visible. The crown will be set on the work by other hands and in days yet distant. That work is nothing less than the creation of a rural civilisation by wedding the thought, the science, and the energy of the town to the beauty and wholesomeness of country life. No man in our day can set his hand to a nobler or more needed work. But it is a work which cannot be left to the country alone. The town, which has drawn so much vitality from the land, and which indeed can get renewed vitality from no other source, must give back some of its gain if a proper balance is to be preserved. It must give it back by its organising power, by its facilities for study and debate, and in its overflowing wealth. The goal

is worth the effort, for the object is of world-wide significance and value. "Is not," Mr. Russell asks in his latest book, *The National Being*.*

"Is not the return of man to a natural life on the earth a great enough idea to inspire humanity? Is not the idea of a civilisation amid the green trees and fields under the smokeless sky alluring? Yes, but men say, there is no

* Published a few days ago by Maunsell and Co., Dublin. Mr. Russell's ideas and those of the movement are expounded week by week in "The Irish Homestead," a little penny paper which everyone who is interested in economic thought, as applied to rural problems, ought to read with attention.

Labour, Capital and the State

By George H. Roberts, M.P.

[This article by Mr. George Roberts, Labour M.P. for Norwich, should be read in conjunction with Mr Arthur Kitson's article on the same subject, published in LAND & WATER of October 5th. Mr. Kitson is a capitalist and an employer of labour, Mr. Roberts speaks for labour. And the outstanding fact is that these two writers approaching the same difficult question from the very opposite sides, agree together in principle.]

THOSE of the Labour movement who advocate that measures be adopted now to sustain industrial peace when the war ends are not the victims of illusion. They are conscious of the difficulties besetting such advocacy, yet are moved to action by considerations of urgent national necessity, as well as by desire to ameliorate the lot and life of the working-classes. They understand, and none better, that the antagonisms of capital and labour have not been dispelled by the war, but that a spirit of revolt smoulders beneath a comparatively calm exterior.

Before the war the industrial situation was heavy with menace. During the war a splendid subordination to national interests, together with certain legislative measures, have kept the wheels of industry revolving with exceptional smoothness and regularity.

Nevertheless the workers have not abated in the slightest their belief in the justice of their demands for betterment. Rather is it that war services will have strengthened the conviction that as their labour and co-operation were indispensable to the defence of the State, hereafter the State shall secure that their lives are enriched with a juster share of the wealth they help to create. Those acquainted with working-class aims and aspirations and the temper pervading that class, view with grave misgiving the after-war period unless the conditions of harmony are arranged immediately.

When threatened with a peril from without all parties and classes united for the common purpose of defending the State and the freedom of its citizens. This unity has insured military success. But when victory has been won there will remain the industrial problem, aggravated and foreboding. Coincidentally the rapid repair of war-wastage and an intensified world competition will require that the output of wealth be increased. If industrial war follows military war this will not be forthcoming, and recovery will be arrested and expansion frustrated, with the result that national decline and decay will ensue. Recognising enhanced production as the most pressing national need, all responsible persons will co-operate in devising the means requisite to its attainment. Thus both Labour and Capital are urged to consider the possibility of continuing the industrial truce which has prevailed during the war into the years after the war. If the occasion is allowed to slip by, another so favourable is not likely to recur. Common sacrifice and sorrow have welded classes into better understanding and relationship, so that the general atmosphere is congenial to consultation and even far-reaching decision. The alternative is industrial strife of corroding bitterness and devastating effect, for labour is increasingly coalescent, resourceful, and determined.

The detached observer may ask "Why does suspicion and antagonism characterise the industrial classes?"

To give an answer it is necessary to scan history in

intellectual life working on the land. No intellectual life when man is surrounded by mystery and miracle! When the mysterious forces which bring to birth and life are yet undiscovered; when the earth is teeming with life, and the dumb brown lips of the ridge are breathing mystery! Is not the growth of a tree from a tiny cell hidden in the earth as provocative of thought as the things men learn at the schools? Is not thought on these things more interesting than the sophistries of the newspapers? It is only in Nature, and by thought on the problems of Nature, that our intellect grows to any real truth and draws near to the Mighty Mind which laid the foundations of the world."

in conjunction with the facts and forces of the present. Professor Thorold Rogers, in *Work and Wages*, states that "for nearly five centuries the legislature had declared that labour partnership, that is associations of working-men for the purpose of selling their labour collectively to the best advantage, were under the ban of the law. The motive for this repression was never concealed. It was designed in order to increase and secure rents and profits at the cost of wages." Quoting further from the same source—"Employers will get cheap labour if they can; it is the business of the State to prevent them getting it so cheaply that they imperil the future of the race by the process; and it is the business of particular crafts of workmen to sell their labour at as good a price as they can." Herein is disclosed the cause of clashing interest and existent embitterment. Labour, progressive and enlightened, sees that hard battling against the employing and possessing classes has been necessary to secure concessions. It takes stock of the violent contrasts of opulence and penury, and refuses to believe these conditions are predestined, or that economic law is fixed and unchangeable. It observes, too, that rarely, if ever, are the workers invited to share in growing prosperity. Having had to contest every point of advance, its policy is ordered accordingly and will naturally be adhered to unless and until other methods bring industrial conditions into greater harmony with physiological law and moral principles. Given a mutual recognition of national need, combined with the improved spirit of the period, industrial classes should seize the opportunity to fashion a saner policy based on co-operation to give the best in substitution for that of grudgingly yielding the least.

To achieve this something approaching a revolution must occur in the mental attitude of employers and employed. The former must shed antipathy to trade unions, abandon the claim to do as they like with businesses, and acknowledge that in engaging human beings they become trustees of the State and responsible for insuring to labour the wherewithal to live decently and contentedly. Class conflict will be softened proportionately as they succeed in creating a community of interest between themselves and their workpeople.

Working class requirements can be summarised in the phrase—"Sufficiency and Security." So long as wages are inadequate and insecure industrial unrest will abide to weaken the nation's productive powers. Employers must cease to regard labour as a commodity to be bartered at will or caprice. Labour is a human quality which only yields its fullest in response to considerate treatment, whereby the fruits of industry are diffused so as to accord the largest comfort and the widest hope to all. In the greatest possible output of wealth lies an identity of interest for Capital, Labour and the State. Yet it is not sufficient merely to contemplate the fulness with which wealth is produced. The manner of its distribution is vital, for except this is equitable and just, consistent and efficient effort on the part of labour is discouraged. It is demonstrable that the productivity of labour tends to approximate to its reward. Cheap labour produces meagre results, inasmuch as that the clearest thinkers perceive that well-paid labour is the most economic. Hitherto the earning of high wages has not been fostered, with the result that national output has never been fully extended. Experience gained during the war proves this. Despite

the withdrawal from industry of some five million men national production exhibits expansion. Admittedly this is partly secured by methods of speeding up and intensification which cannot be maintained indefinitely, as they result in tension and fatigue, which ultimately affect adversely those subjected thereto. Still, making due allowance for this, it is unquestionable that methods have improved and output has been stimulated to an extent hitherto regarded as impossible.

Students of industrial questions have been at a loss to understand why the average output of American labour so greatly exceeded that in this country, especially as Americans do not appear to work harder than the British, indeed, in some cases hours are shorter. But they work under a system of scientific management, with the best and most powerful machinery. High wages have raised general efficiency, and workers are encouraged to expand production by their reward being graded proportionate to values created. If we are not to be hopelessly beaten in the world's markets our productive efforts must produce like results. Therefore we must aim at the highest efficiency so that the greatest output accrues from the least exertion. Scientists must apply themselves to discovering the means to this end. Our industrial classes must take these discoveries and utilise them to promote national trade, commerce, and general well-being.

But the utmost will not be extracted from the most perfect machinery and organisation unless confidence supersedes distrust and good-will prevails. Wages high enough to insure a decent living must constitute the minimum guaranteed to all workers. This should form the foundation of a system sufficiently elastic to allow ample scope for the exercise of superior skill and energy within which greater output is equitably remunerated. The minimum must be secured either by voluntary agreement or legislative enactment. Both sections must cultivate the qualities of honour and efficiency whereby each feels the other is doing the best, and can command a reciprocal best. A considerable and universal rise in wages fills many with the apprehension of ruin. This is a traditional fear. Whenever proposals are submitted

for the elevation of labour, greedy and timid souls predict the destruction of trade thereby. But each advance makes labour more intelligent and efficient, so that prosperity is aided. Moreover, trade-unionists are shrewd enough to perceive that demands pushed to the detriment of an industry recoil on those for whom they act. In practice, therefore, they prove reasonable and practical persons, ready to co-operate in developing industry on sound and secure principles.

In some quarters it is urged that the workers should be admitted to active participation in management. Investigation does not reveal any widespread demand for this. On the other hand there exists a profound mistrust of its practicability in respect of privately owned enterprises. The policy favoured is that control of labour conditions should be exercised through the trade unions and the State. Nevertheless it is desirable that the human touch, largely divorced from industry by those impersonal abstractions, joint-stock companies, be revived. Regular conferences between directors and managers and the workpeople, or their chosen representatives, would be helpful. At these gatherings matters relative to management, workshop conditions, the general prospects of the industry and those of the firm in particular, could be considered. The frank recognition of trade unions and workshop conferences would go far to establish closer intimacy, cordial relationship and harmony in industry.

A point to be closely watched is that of the real values of wages. As wages do not follow prices the workers are rightly resentful of the manipulations of food and other necessities whereby prices are artificially inflated. They are quick to understand that higher wages will not avail if purchasing values are whittled away. Again, the incidence of taxation may depreciate values. Not only must wages be elevated, but purchasing power safeguarded against speculative operations. Should the workers find themselves duped because the values of higher wages are filched from them by indirect methods, there will be aroused such a spirit of hostility and unrest as will keep industry in a condition of ferment and upheaval to the lasting detriment of the State.

Sleeping Beauty Awakened

By Joseph Thorp

I DO not envy anyone who could be bored at the Autumn Exhibition of the work of British Artists and Craftsmen, now by courtesy of the Academicians being held at Burlington House. I should like to record the deliberate conviction that no show of the last decade, whether organised by the orthodox or the eclectic schools, has sent forth so spirited a challenge to our national indifference in matters of art, or has offered so varied, stimulating and intelligible a collection of fine work.

The Arts and Crafts Society, which is responsible for this exhibition, has long deserved well of us and of the world. Perhaps, as is the way of pioneers tired with a long and desperate battle against "artistic" trade abominations of every kind, it too much distrusts the shop and the factory and has consistently neglected an opportunity of influencing on any wide scale the wholesale production of such things as fabrics, wallpapers, furniture, pottery, jewellery, printing, and the like. It has rather built its tabernacle on a high peak and decided that it was good for it to be there. And relatively few outsiders ever saw the inside of the tabernacle to profit by the really beautiful examples that were therein to be found. The present show seems to be a drawing of the curtain, a lifting of the light from under the bushel. In the consecrated headquarters of respectable British art, in a setting specially and most capably designed, the general world is invited to come and see. And not without misgiving a small place has been found for wares actually produced under trade conditions and sold vulgarly in real shops! Out of which heroic concession I will venture to prophecy that significant and valuable results will flow.

For though this exhibition is the direct descendant in method and appeal of the exhibitions held at Ghent

in 1913 and in Paris in 1914, and is not explicitly a war-show aimed at the "capture of German trade," it is impossible in discussing the matter to avoid mention of and comparison with the *Deutsche Werkbund*.

The *Werkbund* is an association of German artists and manufacturers who came together with a view to improving the designs and raising the standard of workmanship of German manufactures and of capturing by these means the lion's, plus the eagle's, share of the world's trade. This movement which has acquired considerable momentum in the fifteen years of its existence and commands ample funds, in part subscribed by its members and in part allocated by an astute Government, owes its origin directly to the English artistic revival led by William Morris. The two important German exhibitions of 1914, at Cologne of the crafts connected with the building and decoration of the house, and at Leipzig of Book-production, were proof enough of the good work done by this indefatigable association.

In England the rapprochement between the artist and the manufacturer has never come about. The two types are antagonistic, and in any case we have never really learnt to honour the artist in England. The man of business does not like the other's hair, or his hats and neckties; he suspects his food. He cannot understand his frequent casualness about money nor his ideas of punctuality. Many manufacturers (like Chesterton's grocer) keep a bevy of tame "artists" in a cage, or attic, expecting them to "turn out" designs from nine to six of the clock. They are very ill paid and trained and rank with office boys and warehousemen as indispensable accompaniments of production. The idea of going to the great artists and the master craftsmen of England for designs has simply not occurred to the manufacturer. I asked Mr. Brangwyn once why he did

not design a carpet. His reply was to the effect that no English manufacturer had ever offered him more than ten pounds for any design of any kind. While, on the other hand, a German carpet-maker had come over to ask him to design a rug for him and suggested a fee of two hundred guineas. German trade is not won exclusively by discreditable tricks. Imagination sometimes plays its part.

The Artist at Fault

If the British business man has relatively made little use of the treasures of skilled craftsmanship which he could have commanded, the fault has been shared by the artist himself. He has held preciously and suspiciously aloof. He has turned up his cultured nose at trade and the machine—curiously, because products of the machine affect the many, while fine handicraft is only available for the rich few, and your artist is quite commonly a sort of Socialist.

Perhaps this exhibition at Burlington House is to date a new era. The enchanted hundred years are past, the Princess awakes to take her rightful place in the school and the market, where she is badly needed.

And as to the show itself. Perhaps the most interesting feature is the practical demonstration of how decorative work can and should be done by students under the direction of a controlling master-hand, as the early painters worked. In the central Civic Hall, built up as a suggestion that there is no need for our town halls to be decorated exclusively by "sanitary engineers," the subordinate decorative work has been done by students under the direction of the President, Mr. Henry Wilson. Even in the mural paintings, as in the case of the fine Simms and Greiffenhagen panels, students have helped, and their work has been generously acknowledged by the painter-in-chief. This is no accidental contrivance. It is an attempt to show that in the workshop alone, in actual work by which the living is made, should art be taught—a view that is gaining ground in our more progressive art schools such as Birmingham, Leicester and Edinburgh, and in the excellent group of teachers at the L.C.C. Central Schools in Southampton Row. The academic art master, who teaches only, without producing, will soon be a thing of the past: as will the wholesale production of half-baked artists quite incapable of earning a living. The trained students should be turned into capable trained craftsmen and distribute themselves through the decorative trades to the immense advantage both of the trades and of themselves.

Not professional artists alone, but ordinary citizens should have some right of entry into an artistic craft. If we were sane we should demand it in the education of our sons and daughters. The elements of a craft rightly taught serve as the foundation for future skill, even if little time can be given. No man who cannot use his hands to some creative purpose is a full man—and there are men among us who cannot hammer in a nail! Practice of a craft, even as an amateur, opens a window into fairyland—such a window as cannot be opened—well, by many pennyworths of whisky! And really such windows are important.

At Burlington House, the mural decorations claim first attention. Excellent work signed by Clausen, Simms, Greiffenhagen, Moira, Guthrie, Walter Bayes, F. E. Jackson, Randolph Schwabe, hangs upon the walls. Then there are the debatable John and W. Rothenstein. Of the sculpture, the visitor should note the admirable reliefs of Gilbert Bayes and a really beautiful nude in white marble—a "John the Baptist"—by Ernest Coles.

Of furniture, there is much that is instructive. The standard of workmanship is amazingly high. The designs are more sane and "easier to live with" than has been the case with much even of the modern furniture. It is as well to remind ourselves that the finer pieces by Gimson, Romney-Green and Heal will have their considerable value in the future. It is indeed astonishing that with the universal cult of eighteenth-century furniture, the modern cabinet makers should have had the courage to keep to their creative work. They deserve all honour and patronage.

The jewellery and silversmith's work of Henry Wilson and Paul Cooper has a rare distinction, as has that of the versatile Stablers. The glass of the Whitefriars Works

still holds its place even against the Venetians. The calligraphers, Johnston, Graily Hewitt and their school, give abundant example for the treatment of Rolls of Honour and Regimental Records. When one remembers the countless "illuminated addresses" now cumbering the vaults of the Record Office which were let loose on Queen Victoria (for no other crime than attaining two jubilees), one can indeed thank the pioneers of the renaissance in calligraphy that we should not stand that kind of thing so readily now.

A hand carpet-loom and a hand weaving-loom are in operation in one of the rooms. The show of hand-woven fabrics and fine needlework is excellent. There are a few toys, notably a really wonderful hobby-horse by G. Simmonds and an elephant, hardly less good.

Of the pottery, the Omega workshops send some fine specimens. But one certainly resents the futurist table—all that a table should not be—from the same quarter. There are, of course, a few bad things. The worst I detected was a flower vase from the Elton Works, with a belly pierced with fantastic tracery, and an inner vessel to hold the water for the flowers! Shade of Morris!

The small exhibit of the Design and Industries Association shows some pieces made under trade conditions, ranging from fine porcelain to kitchen ware, and actually obtainable in shops. Is anything in the exhibition better than the large brown teapot in this collection, or the cider bottle, or the many bowls (costing but a few pence each) for kitchen use? While some cotton fabrics (at an incredibly small price the yard) printed in Manchester for the West African market, are a revelation of what these cultured savages demand, as compared with what is thought to be good enough for citizens of a great Empire by the buyers and commercial travellers, in whose hands our destinies in this matter are apparently placed.

But Sleeping Beauty is awakened—as I have said.

Politics and human interest blend in *The Shadow Riders*, by Isabel Patterson (John Lane, 6s.), in a way that grips the interest of the reader in the first pages and retains it to the end. The story concerns Alberta, and a new township in which Ross Whittemore is interested to such an extent that he places his nephew there for the superintendence of his affairs. The nephew becomes interested in a woman, and Whittemore, a *blasé* man of middle age, marries a girl out of pity and then falls in love with her—so that there are two love stories running side by side throughout the book, and of the two that of the elder man and his wife provides the most interest. Canadian life is cleverly sketched, and the story as a whole is one of broad human sympathies and great understanding. It is a notable book, and one that will rank high among the novels of the year.

The Coconut Planter, by Doris Egerton Jones, (Cassell and Co. 6s.) is the story of a girl who married at the age of twenty, and was then deserted by her husband. Three years later, having heard that the husband had been killed up country in Papua, she went there coconut planting, and fell in love with Neville, the dead husband's cousin. Then it transpired that her husband was a prisoner in the hands of savages up the Fly River, and Neville, the cousin, rescued him, making a pretty little problem for the girl to solve. The manner of its solving, and the fates of the girl and the two men, are affected by the outbreak of war—for the rest of the story one must read the book. It is well worth reading, being a simple and unaffected story of life in Papua and the islands thereabout; its simplicity is its main strength, and the author is to be congratulated on the production of a charming and sympathetic piece of work, from which the proverbial dull page is missing.

The Allen Rayne type of story seems to have found a host of imitators among Welsh authors, recent evidence of this being afforded by *The Call of the Soul* (Simpkin Marshall, 6s.) a novel in which Miss Marion Prys-Williams works out the usual plot with a poor but honest young Welshman who went to seek his fortune, a rich young lady who, even in his early days, was not averse to him, and a London theatre misnamed the "Frivolity" (about the fifteen hundredth "Frivolity" in fiction, by the way) at which another young man, very rich, gets an engagement as a super in order to be near the leading lady, whom he rescues from fire in the approved way. Here, in fact, is the whole bag of tricks with which the melodramatist works—and yet there is a charm about the story that will, it is to be hoped, ensure for it a good number of readers.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

AMONG the best signs of our nation's well-being in the present struggle are the eagerness with which it is attempting to learn "the lessons of the war," and the spirit in which on the whole this is being done. It is the spirit of one who takes advantage of a catastrophe for which he is not responsible to take stock of his previous shortcomings in order that he may emerge stronger and fitter than ever, as a wise shop-keeper (Napoleon has made the simile inevitable) may profit by a fire which has destroyed his old-fashioned premises. There is a danger in the present case, that with our national habit of self-depreciation we may be tempted to give the predominant tendency to destructiveness too free a play on national assets that we cannot easily replace. However, thanks probably to that comfortable doctrine of vicarious fault-finding which is enshrined in our constitution as the Responsibility of Ministers, our self-depreciation is not so real as it is apparent. In any case, as with our shop-keeper, this is not only a suitable but an enforced opportunity for taking stock both of the past and of the future.

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The above reflection was suggested by several reports of Societies and Committees and by several books I have read lately, but by nothing so much as an admirable little book called *Eclipse or Empire?* (Messrs. Nisbet and Co., 2s. and 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a book that will be widely read and widely discussed, for in it Dr. H. B. Gray, so well known for many years as Headmaster of Bradfield College, collaborates with Mr. Samuel Turner in an attempt to indicate the lines on which Great Britain should recover what the authors hold, with a mass of evidence to support them, to be her lost supremacy as the workshop of the world. The most valuable part of the book is its comprehensive glossary in which "Great Britain's industrial inefficiency" is brought home by a detailed examination of the comparative positions of every branch of business and industry. The chief point we gather from this is that while Englishmen either at home or in America have usually led the way in invention and discovery they have, at any rate at home, usually failed in the commercial application of their ideas. As we should expect from a book in which Dr. Gray takes a leading part, the authors find the remedy for the defect in a reformed system of education. This will naturally give rise to considerable controversy in which I fancy the general tendency of the moment will be to support the authors of *Eclipse or Empire?*

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The reform of education is too big a subject to tackle here, and I would only suggest a fear that in turning us all into Americans, which appears to be the tendency of most of the authors' suggestions (though there is an attempt that may be overlooked to counteract it), we might lose something of the spirit, which some of us cherish, that has not made us too proud to fight.

Again, surely too much may be made of the matter of teaching business as a profession. Both the man of business, through a natural self-esteem, and the man of learning, through ignorance, are inclined to magnify the mysteries of a business career, the fundamental principles of which (though, of course, not the capacity for applying them) might quickly be acquired in an up-to-date course of deductive logic, notoriously one of the easiest subjects to master. This mystery-making about business methods seems to have infected Dr. Gray and Mr. Turner. In justice to whom, however, it should be added that, in their undoubtedly stimulating book, they do not claim finality for their suggested remedies. "Our main object," they say, "is to create the consciousness of a need rather than to dogmatise on the methods to be applied." They have certainly produced a book that no one interested in the problems of reconstruction after the war can afford to neglect.

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Here is a refreshing book that recalls pre-war problems and pre-war faces and friendships. Mr. Edward Clodd, till last year secretary of the London Joint Stock Bank,

and author of the *Childhood of the World*, and many other books has great talent in many directions, but he seems to have a genius for making friends. In reference to his memories of Huxley, Grant Allen, and Henry Walter Bates, George Meredith once hailed him in good-natured chaff as "Conductor of the Biographical Bus along the Necrologic Tram." His *Memories* (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d. net.) may well be called the "Agnostics Who's Who." It is a notable collection of anecdotes and pen-portraits of a great group of well-known persons of the later Victorian period, full blooded men and women, great livers, and for the most part great laughers, whom only to name is to awaken stirring thoughts, and for many of us the pangs of severed friendships. Here are besides those named above, Cotter Morrison, Mary Kingsley, York Powell, Andrew Lang, Mrs. Lynn Linton and George Gissing, to select some of the best among a score or two of notable studies. Here is also much interesting information about curious little Clubs and the scientific coteries of London during the past half century. One is tempted to swap anecdotes with the author, the best test of the success of such a book as this. One is tempted above all to quote Mr. Clodd's own anecdotes, and I only refrain because I do not know where to begin and I certainly should not know where to stop. Nor would I have anyone believe that if I filled this page with extracts, he would have sampled one tithe of the banquet of good things that await him in the *Memories*.

* * * * *

There are not many novels of outstanding merit being published just now. In this week's batch the one that is pre-eminent for distinction of style and matter is *The Wave*, by Mr. Algernon Blackwood (Macmillan and Co., 5s. net). Mr. Blackwood calls his story "An Egyptian Aftermath," and in it treats the now familiar theme of re-incarnation in his own delicate and subtle manner. It has been said that the foundation of all comedy is "a man, a woman and a screen." For the screen Mr. Blackwood seems to substitute innumerable veils which are removed one by one with a deliberation that sometimes renders the reader impatient. Perhaps in view of the subject of the book these veils may be said to represent a mummy's wrappings which, as they are unrolled, seem every now and then on the point of revealing the human body within, only to become the next moment a shapeless mass again. Mr. Blackwood, however, just manages to retain our curiosity and interest to the end, and that end is worth while, though we have misgivings about the rather crude symbolism of the yellow cotton gloves that finally revealed the character of the heroine's unworthy lover. Lettice herself is one of the most fascinating, as she is one of the most elusive, of recent heroines; and both she and Tom Kilverdon are better sustained bits of characterisation than Mr. Blackwood has yet given us.

* * * * *

The Bathing Man, by Miss Agnes Gwynne (John Lane, 6s.), is a first novel of more than usual promise. In story it is a variant of the familiar theme of the wrongfully accused hero, with an historical parallel in the hero's family that adds to the romantic interest of the plot. But in its setting, which is chiefly in a sea-side resort on the Adriatic, there is both originality and charm. It may be regarded in one aspect as a novel of the Anglo-Italian alliance and, if it induces anyone to follow the example of one of its characters and "give up looking at Italy as a country starred all over by Herr Baedeker," it will not have been written in vain. In any case it is a quite entertaining story and will make one look out with interest for its author's next venture.

Miss Netta Syrett's new novel *Rose Cottingham Married* (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) is a sequel which need not be condemned out of hand on that account. Indeed many readers of the previous volume will be interested to learn what happened to the Cottinghams. This story brings their married life up to the war. It is an ambitious and not wholly successful study in unsuitably matched couples. Fortunately for the tender-hearted reader Miss Syrett has pity on one of the couples—after twenty years.

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Greenmantle

By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

SYNOPSIS: Richard Hannay is asked by Sir Walter Bullivant of the Foreign Office, to undertake a mission to unearth a secret connected with Turkey and Germany. The only clue is a scrap of paper bearing the words, Kasredin—cancer—v.I. Hannay undertakes the mission; his friend Sandy (the Hon. L. G. Arbuthnot) agrees to help him. Sir Walter introduces him to an American, John S. Blenkiron, a strong pro-Ally, who joins them. Three months later they meet in Constantinople, Hannay having reached there by way of the Danube accompanied by a Rhodesian friend, Peter Pienaar, after many adventures in Germany. Blenkiron also goes by way of Germany, and Sandy arrives at Constantinople disguised as a Mahomedan fanatic. After the three meet, Hannay, who has previously posed as a Boer from Western Cape Colony, assumes the character of an American engineer. Riding one evening on the outskirts of Constantinople with Pienaar they lose their way and find themselves in total darkness in a garden. Here Hannay, by chance, meets Sandy in disguise. While talking, a big car drives up in which a German lady, Hilda von Einem, is seated; this woman holds a clue to the secret. She provides Hannay with passports for Erzerum. Hannay, Blenkiron and Pienaar with Hussin, one of Sandy's followers, travel together. At Angora they hire a motor car. It breaks down. Eventually they reach Erzerum in a stolen car. They are taken before a German officer, who turns out to be von Stumm, from whom Hannay had fled in Germany. With difficulty they make their escape, stealing a precious map from von Stumm, and are hidden by Hussin in a cellar.

CHAPTER XIX

Greenmantle

PETER scarcely looked up from his breakfast. "I'm willing, Dick," he said. "But you mustn't ask me to be friends with Stumm. He makes my stomach cold, that one."

For the first time he had stopped calling me "Cornelis." The day of make-believe was over for all of us.

"Not to be friends with him," I said, "but to bust him and all his kind."

"Then I'm ready," said Peter cheerfully. "What is it?"

I spread out the map on the divan. There was no light in the place but Blenkiron's electric torch, for Hussin had put out the lantern. Peter got his nose into the thing at once, for his intelligence work in the Boer War had made him handy with maps. It didn't want much telling from me to explain to him the importance of the one I had looted.

"That news is worth many million pounds," said he, wrinkling his brows, and scratching delicately the tip of his left ear. It was a way he had when he was startled.

"How can we get it to our friends?"

Peter cogitated. "There is but one way. A man must take it. Once, I remember, when we fought the Matabele it was necessary to find out whether the chief Makapan was living. Some said he had died, others that he'd gone over the Portuguese border, but I believed he lived. No native could tell us, and since his kraal was well defended no runner could get through. So it was necessary to send a man."

Peter lifted up his head and laughed. "The inan found the chief Makapan. He was very much alive, and made good shooting with a shot-gun. But the man brought the chief Makapan out of his kraal and handed him over to the mounted Police. You remember Captain Arcoll, Dick—Jim Arcoll? Well, Jim laughed so much that he broke open a wound in his head, and had to have the doctor."

"You were that man, Peter," I said.

"Ja. I was the man. There are more ways of getting into kraals than there are ways of keeping people out."

"Will you take this chance?"

"For certain, Dick. I am getting stiff with doing nothing, and if I sit in houses much longer I shall grow old. A man bet me five pounds on the ship that I could not get through a trench-line, and if there had been a trench-line handy I would have taken him on. I will be very happy, Dick,

but I do not say I will succeed. It is new country to me, and I will be hurried, and hurry makes bad stalking."

I showed him what I thought the likeliest place—in the spurs of the Palantuken mountains. Peter's way of doing things was all his own. He scraped earth and plaster out of a corner and sat down to make a little model of a landscape on the table, following the contours of the map. He did it extraordinarily neatly, for, like all great hunters, he was as deft as a weaver-bird. He puzzled over it for a long time, and coned the map till he must have got it by heart. Then he took his field-glasses—a very good single Zeiss which was part of the spoils from Rasta's motor-car—and announced that he was going to follow my example and get on to the house-top. Presently his legs disappeared through the trap, and Blenkiron and I were left to our reflections.

Peter must have found something uncommon interesting, for he stayed on the roof the better part of the day. It was a dull job for us, since there was no light, and Blenkiron had not even the consolation of a game of Patience. But for all that he was in good spirits for he had had no dyspepsia since we left Constantinople, and announced that he believed he was at last getting even with his darned duodenum. As for me, I was pretty restless, for I could not imagine what was detaining Sandy. It was clear that our presence must have been kept secret from Hilda von Einem, for she was a pal of Stumm's, and he must by now have blown the gaff on Peter and me. How long could this secrecy last, I asked myself. We had now no sort of protection in the whole outfit. Rasta and the Turks wanted our blood; so did Stumm and the Germans; and once the lady found we were deceiving her she would want it most of all. Our only help was Sandy, and he gave no sign of his existence. I began to fear that with him, too, things had miscarried.

And yet I wasn't really depressed, only impatient, I could never again get back to the beastly stagnation of that Constantinople week. The guns kept me cheerful. There was the devil of a bombardment all day, and the thought that our Allies were thundering there half a dozen miles off gave me a perfectly groundless hope. If they burst through the defence Hilda von Einem and her prophet and all our enemies would be overwhelmed in the deluge. And that blessed chance depended very much on old Peter, now brooding like a pigeon on the housetops.

It was not till the late afternoon that Hussin appeared again. He took no notice of Peter's absence, but lit a lantern and set it on the table. Then he went to the door and waited. Presently a light step fell on the stairs, and Hussin drew back to let some one enter. He promptly departed, and I heard the key turn in the lock behind him.

Sandy stood there, but a new Sandy, who made Blenkiron and me jump to our feet. The pelts and skin-cap had gone, and he wore instead a long linen tunic clasped at the waist by a broad girdle. A strange green turban adorned his head, and as he pushed it back I saw that his hair had been shaved. He looked like some acolyte—a weary acolyte, for there was no spring in his walk or nerve in his carriage. He dropped numbly on the divan and laid his head in his hands. The lantern showed his haggard eyes with dark lines beneath them.

"Good God, old man, have you been sick?" I cried.

"Not sick," he said hoarsely. "My body is right enough, but the last few days I have been living in hell."

Blenkiron nodded sympathetically. That was how he himself would have described the company of the lady.

I marched across to him and gripped both his wrists.

"Look at me," I said, "straight in the eyes."

His eyes were like a sleep-walker's, unwinking, unseeing. "Great heavens, man, you've been drugged!" I said.

"Drugged," he cried, with a weary laugh. "Yes, I have been drugged, but not by any physic. No one has been doing my food. But you can't go through hell without getting your eyes red-hot."

I kept my grip on his wrists. "Take your time, old chap, and tell us about it. Blenkiron and I are here, and old Peter's on the roof not far off. We'll look after you."

"It does me good to hear your voice, Dick," he said.

"It reminds me of clean, honest things."

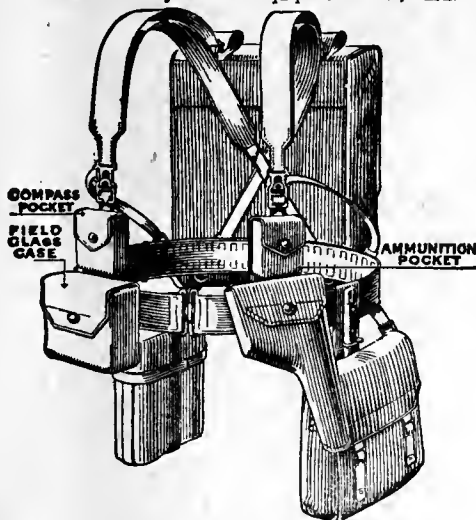
"They'll come back, never fear. We're at the last lap

(Continued on page 21.)

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(Continued from page 20.)

now. One more spurt and it's over. You've got to tell me what the new snag is. Is it that woman?"

He shivered like a frightened colt. "Woman!" he cried. "Does a woman drag a man through the nether-pit? She's a she-devil. Oh, it isn't madness that's wrong with her. She's as sane as you and as cool as Blenkiron. Her life is an infernal game of chess, and she plays with souls for pawns. She is evil—evil—evil. . . . And once more he buried his head in his hands.

It was Blenkiron who brought sense into this hectic atmosphere. His slow, beloved drawl was an antiseptic against nerves.

"Say, boy," he said, "I feel just like you about the lady. But our job is not to investigate her character. Her Maker will do that good and sure some day. We've got to figure how to circumvent her, and for that you've got to tell us what exactly's been occurring since we parted company."

Sandy pulled himself together with a great effort.

"Greenmantle died that night I saw you. We buried him secretly by her order in the garden of the villa. Then came the trouble about his successor. . . . The four Ministers would be no party to a swindle. They were honest men, and vowed that their task now was to make a tomb for their master and pray for the rest of their days at his shrine. They were as immovable as a granite hill and she knew it. . . . Then they too died."

"Murdered?" I gasped.

"Murdered . . . all four in one morning. I do not know how, but I helped to bury them. Oh, she has Germans and Kurds to do her foul work, but their hands were clean compared to hers. Pity me, Dick, for I have seen honesty and virtue put to the shambles and have abetted the deed when it was done. It will haunt me till my dying day."

I did not stop to console him, for my mind was on fire with his news.

"Then the prophet is gone, and the humbug is over," I cried.

"The prophet still lives. She has found a successor."

He stood up in his linen tunic.

"Why do I wear these clothes? Because I am Greenmantle. I am the Kaaba-i-hurriyyeh for all Islam. In three days' time I will reveal myself to my people and wear on my breast the green ephod of the prophet."

He broke off with an hysterical laugh.

"Only you see, I won't. I will cut my throat first."

"Cheer up!" said Blenkiron soothingly. "We'll find some prettier way than that."

"There is no way," he said: "no way but death. We're done for, all of us. Hussin got you out of Stumm's clutches, but you're in danger every moment. At the best you have three days, and then you, too, will be dead."

I had no words to reply. This change in the bold and unshakable Sandy took my breath away.

"She made me her accomplice," he went on. "I should have killed her on the graves of those innocent men. But instead I did all she asked, and joined in her game. . . . She was very candid, you know. . . . She cares no more than Enver for the faith of Islam. She can laugh at it. But she has her own dreams, and they consume her as a saint is consumed by his devotion. She has told me them, and if the day in the garden was hell, the days since have been the innermost fires of Tophet. I think—it is horrible to say it—that she has got some kind of crazy liking for me. When we have reclaimed the East I am to be by her side when she rides on her milk-white horse into Jerusalem. . . . And there have been moments—only moments. I swear to God—when I have been fired myself by her madness."

Sandy's figure seemed to shrink and his voice grew shrill and wild. It was too much for Blenkiron. He indulged in a torrent of blasphemy such as I believe had never before passed his lips.

"I'm damned if I'll listen to this God-darned stuff. It isn't delicate. You get busy, Major, and pump some sense into your afflicted friend."

I was beginning to see what had happened. Sandy was a man of genius—as much as anybody I ever struck—but he had the defects of such high-strung, fanciful souls. He would take more than mortal risks, and you couldn't scare him by any ordinary terror. But let his old conscience get cross-eyed, let him find himself in some situation which in his eyes involved his honour, and he might go stark crazy. The woman, who roused in me and Blenkiron only hatred, could catch his imagination and stir in him—for the moment only—an unwilling response. And then came bitter and morbid repentance, and the last desperation.

It was no time to mince matters. "Sandy, you old fool," I cried, "be thankful you have friends to keep you from playing the fool. You saved my life at Loos, and I'm jolly well going to get you through this show. I'm bossing the

outfit now, and for all your confounded prophetic manners, you've got to take your orders from me. You aren't going to reveal yours-elf to your people, and still less are you going to cut your throat. Greenmantle will avenge the murder of his forerunners, and make that bedlamite woman sorry she was born. We're going to get clear away, and inside of a week we'll be having tea with the Grand Duke Nicholas."

I wasn't bluffing. Puzzled as I was about ways and means I had still the blind belief that we should win out. And as I spoke two legs dangled through the trap and a dusty and blinking Peter descended in our midst.

I took the maps from him and spread them on the table.

"First, you must know that we've had an almighty piece of luck. Last night Hussin took us for a walk over the roofs of Erzerum, and by the blessing of Providence I got into Stumm's room and bagged his staff map. . . . Look there . . . d'you see his notes? That's the danger-point of the whole defence. Once the Russians get that fort, Kara Gubek, they've turned the main position. And it can be got; Stumm knows it can; for these two adjacent hills are not held. . . . It looks a mad enterprise on paper, but Stumm knows that it is possible enough. The question is: Will the Russians guess that? I say no, not unless some one tells them. Therefore by hook or by crook, we've got to get that information through to them."

Sandy's interest in ordinary things was beginning to flicker up again. He studied the map and began to measure distances.

"Peter's going to have a try for it. He thinks there's a sporting chance of his getting through the lines. If he does—if he gets this map to the Grand Duke's staff—then Stumm's goose is cooked. In three days the Cossacks will be in the streets of Erzerum."

"What are the chances?" Sandy asked.

I glanced at Peter. "We're hard-bitten fellows and can face the truth. I think the chances against success are about five to one."

"Two to one," said Peter modestly. "Not worse than that. I don't think you're fair to me, Dick, my old friend."

I looked at that lean, tight figure and the gentle, resolute face, and I changed my mind. "I'm hanged if I think there are any odds," I said. "With anybody else it would want a miracle, but with Peter I believe the chances are level."

"Two to one," Peter persisted. "If it was evens I wouldn't be interested."

"Let me go," Sandy cried. "I talk the lingo, and can pass as a Turk, and I'm a million times likelier to get through. For God's sake, Dick, let me go."

"Not you. You're wanted here. If you disappear the whole show's busted too soon, and the three of us left behind will be strung up before morning. . . . No, my son. You're going to escape, but it will be in company with Blenkiron and me. We've got to blow the whole Greenmantle business so high that the bits of it will never come to earth again. . . . First, tell me how many of your fellows will stick by you? I mean the Companions."

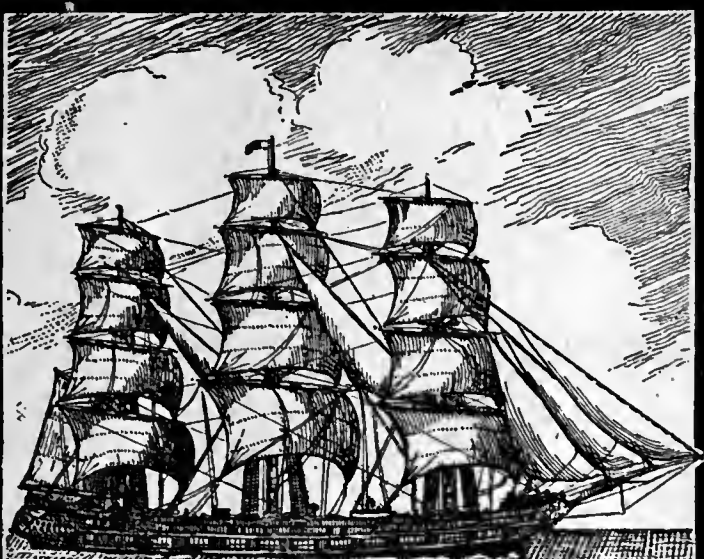
"The whole half-dozen. They are very worried already about what has happened. She made me sound them in her presence, and they were quite ready to accept me as Greenmantle's successor. But they have their suspicions about what happened at the villa, and they've no love for the woman. . . . They'd follow me through hell if I bade them, but they would rather it was my own show."

"That's all right," I cried. "It is the one thing I've been doubtful about. Now observe this map. Erzerum isn't invested by a long chalk. The Russians are round it in a broad half moon. That means that all the west, south-west, and north-west is open and undefended by trench-lines. There are flanks far away to the north and south in the hills which can be turned, and once we get round a flank there's nothing between us and our friends. . . . I've figured out our road," and I traced it on the map. "If we can make that big circuit to the west and get over that pass unobserved we're bound to strike a Russian column the next day. It'll be a rough road, but I fancy we've all ridden as bad in our time. But one thing we must have, and that's horses. Can we and your six ruffians slip off in the darkness on the best beasts in this township? If you can manage that, we'll do the trick."

Sandy sat down and pondered. Thank Heaven, he was thinking now of action and not of his own conscience.

"It must be done," he said at last, "but it won't be easy. Hussin's a great fellow, but as you know well, Dick, horses right up at the battle-front are not easy to come by. Tomorrow I've got some kind of infernal fast to observe, and the next day that woman will be coaching me for my part. We'll have to give Hussin time. . . . I wish to Heaven it could be to-night." He was silent again for a bit, and then he said:

(Continued on page 24.)



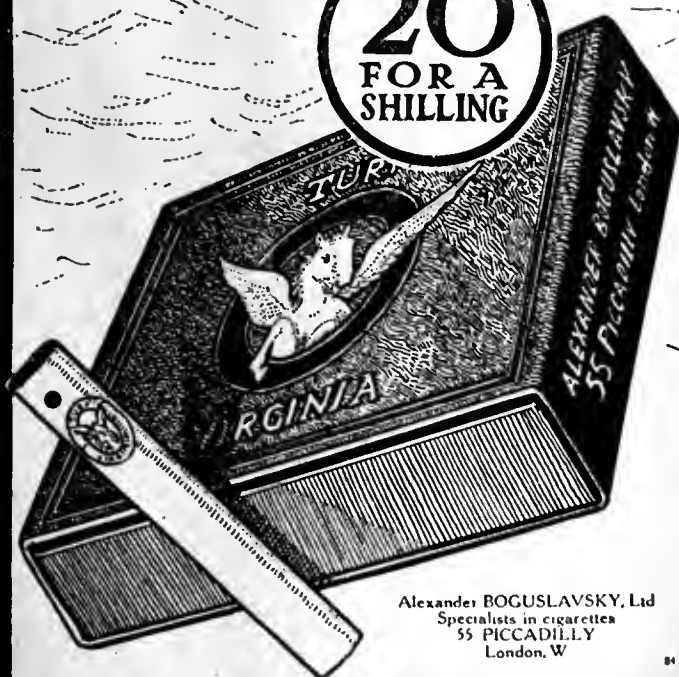
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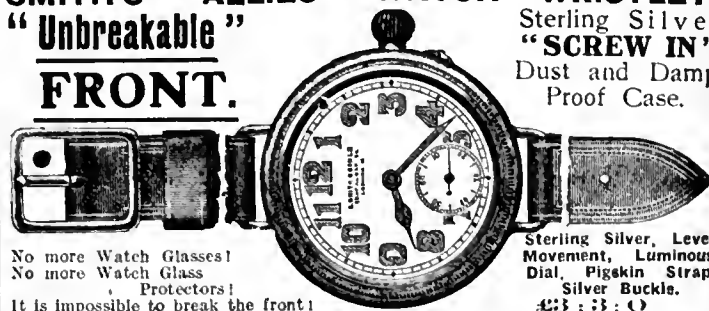
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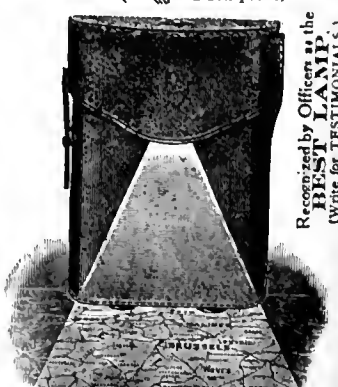
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(Continued from page 22.)

"I believe the best time would be the third night, the eve of the Revelation. She's bound to leave me alone that night."

"Right-o," I said. "It won't be much fun sitting waiting in this cold sepulchre; but we must keep our heads and risk nothing by being in a hurry. Besides, if Peter wins through, the Turk will be a busy man by the day after to-morrow."

The key turned in the door and Hussin stole in like a shade. It was the signal for Sandy to leave.

"You fellows have given me a new lease of life," he said. "I've got a plan, and I can set my teeth and stick it out."

He went up to Peter and gripped his hand. "Good luck. You're the bravest man I've ever met, and I've seen a few." Then he turned and went out, followed by an exhortation from Blenkiron to "get busy about the quadrupeds."

Then we set about equipping Peter for his crusade. It was a simple job, for we were not rich in properties. His get-up, with his thick fur-collared great-coat was not unlike the ordinary Turkish officer seen in a dim light. But Peter had no intention of passing for a Turk, or indeed of giving anybody the chance of seeing him, and he was more concerned to fit in with the landscape. So he stripped off the greatcoat and pulled a grey sweater of mine over his jacket, and put on his head a woollen helmet of the same colour. He had no need of the map, for he had long since got his route by heart, and what was once fixed in that mind stuck like wax; but I made him take Stumm's plan and paper, hidden below his shirt. The big difficulty, I saw, would be getting to the Russians without being shot, assuming he passed the Turkish trenches. He could only hope that he would strike some one with a smattering of English or German. Twice he ascended to the roof and came back cheerful for there was promise of wild weather.

Hussin brought in our supper, and Peter made up a parcel of food. Blenkiron and I had both small flasks of brandy and I gave him mine.

Then he held out his hand quite simply, like a good child who is going off to bed. It was too much for Blenkiron. With large tears rolling down his face he announced that if we all came through, he was going to fit him into the softest berth that money could buy. I don't think he was understood, for old Peter's eyes had now the faraway absorption of the hunter who has found game. He was thinking only of his job.

Two legs and a pair of very shabby boots vanished through the trap, and suddenly I felt utterly lonely and desperately sad. The guns were beginning to roar again in the east, and in the intervals came the whistle of the rising storm.

CHAPTER XX

Peter Pienaar goes to the Wars

THIS chapter is the tale that Peter told me—long after, sitting beside a stove in the hotel at Bergen, where we were waiting for our boat.

He climbed on the roof and shinned down the broken bricks of the outer walls. The outbuilding we were lodged in abutted on a road, and was outside the proper *enceinte* of the house. At ordinary times I have no doubt there were sentries, but Sandy and Hussin had probably managed to clear them off this end for a little. Anyhow he saw nobody as he crossed the road and dived into the snowy fields.

He knew very well that he must do the job in the twelve hours of darkness ahead of him. The immediate front of a battle is a bit too public for anyone to lie hidden in by day, especially when two or three feet of snow make everything kenspeckle. Now hurry in a job of this kind was abhorrent to Peter's soul, for, like all Boers, his tastes were for slowness and sureness, though he could hustle fast enough when haste was needed. As he pushed through the winter fields he reckoned up the things in his favour, and found the only one the dirty weather. There was a high, gusty wind, blowing scuds of snow but never coming to any great fall. The frost had gone and the lying snow was as soft as butter. That was all to the good, he thought, for a clear, hard night would have been the devil.

The first bit was through farmlands, which were seamed with little snow-filled water-furrows. Now and then would come a house and a patch of fruit trees, but there was nobody abroad. The roads were crowded enough, but Peter had no use for roads. I can picture him swinging along with his bent back, stopping every now and then to sniff and listen, alert for the foreknowledge of danger. When he chose he could cover country like an antelope.

Soon he struck a big road full of transport. It was the road from Erzerum to the Palantuken pass, and he waited his chance and crossed it. After that the ground grew rough with boulders and patches of thorn-trees, splendid cover where he could move fast without worrying. Then he was

pulled up suddenly on the bank of a river. The map had warned him of it, but not that it would be so big.

It was a torrent swollen with melting snow and rains in the hills, and it was running fifty yards wide. Peter thought he could have swum it, but he was very averse to a drenching. "A wet man makes too much noise," he said, and besides, there was the off-chance that the current would be too much for him. So he moved up stream to look for a bridge.

In ten minutes he found one, a new-made thing of trestles, broad enough to take transport wagons. It was guarded, for he heard the tramp of a sentry, and as he pulled himself up the bank he observed a couple of long wooden huts, obviously some kind of billets. These were on the near side of the stream, about a dozen yards from the bridge. A door stood open and a light showed in it, and from within came the sound of voices. . . . Peter had a sense of hearing like a wild animal, and he could detect even from the confused gabble that the voices were German.

As he lay and listened some one came over the bridge. It was an officer, for the sentry saluted. The man disappeared in one of the huts. Peter had struck the billets and repairing-shop of a squad of German sappers.

He was just going ruefully to retrace his steps and try to find a good place to swim the stream when it struck him that the officer who had passed him wore clothes very like his own. He, too, had had a grey sweater and a Balaclava helmet, for even a German officer ceases to be dressy on a mid-winter's night in Anatolia. The idea came to Peter to walk boldly across the bridge and trust to the sentry not seeing the difference.

He slipped round a corner of the hut and marched down the road. The sentry was now at the far end, which was lucky, for if the worst came to the worst he could throttle him. Peter mimicking the stiff German walk, swung past him, his head down as it to protect him from the wind.

The man saluted. He did more, for he offered conversation. The officer must have been a genial soul. "It's a rough night, Captain," said he in German. "The wagons are late. Pray God, Michael hasn't got a shell in his lot. They've begun putting over some big ones."

Peter grunted good-night in German and strode on. He was just leaving the road when he heard a great hulloo behind him.

The real officer must have appeared on his heels, and the sentry's doubts had been stirred. A whistle was blown, and, looking back, Peter saw lanterns waving in the gale. They were coming out to look for the duplicate.

He stood still for a second, and noticed the lights spreading out south of the road. He was just about to dive off it on the north side when he was aware of a difficulty. On that side a steep bank fell to a ditch, and the bank beyond bounded a big flood. He could see the dull ruffle of the water under the wind.

On the road itself he would soon be caught; south of it the search was beginning; and the ditch itself was no place to hide, for he saw a lantern moving up it. Peter dropped into it all the same and made a plan. The side below the road was a little undercut and very steep. He resolved to plaster himself against it, for he would be hidden from the road, and a searcher in the ditch would not be likely to explore the unbroken sides. It was always a maxim of Peter's that the best hiding-place was the worst, the least obvious to the minds of those who were looking for you.

(To be continued)

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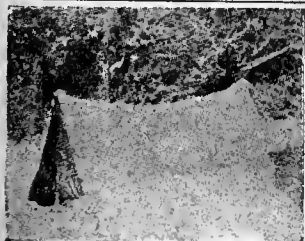
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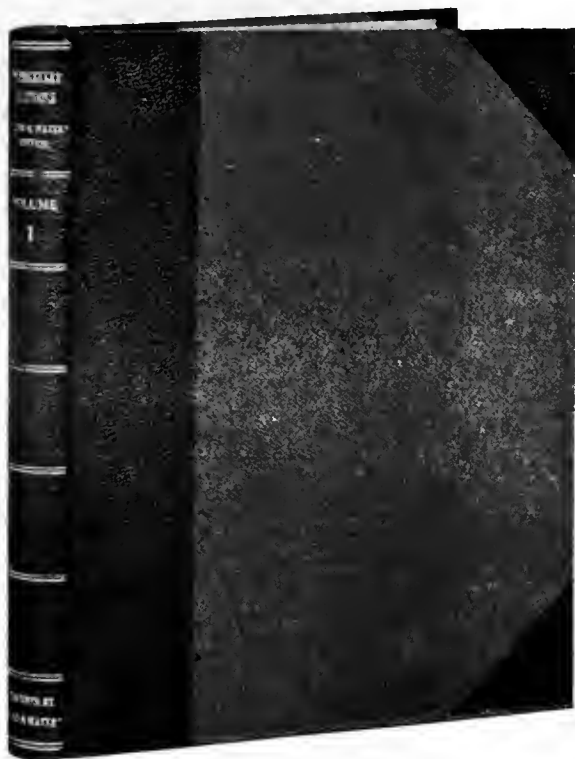
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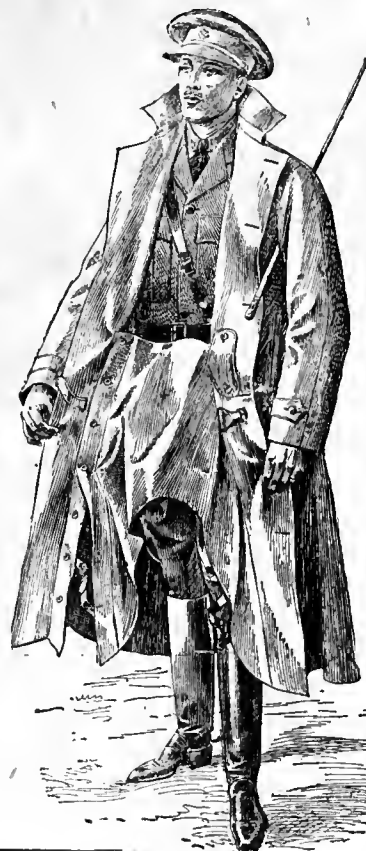
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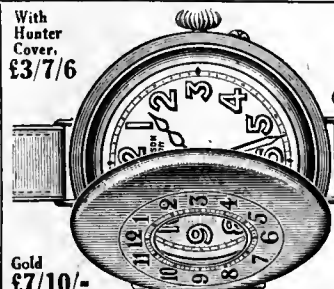
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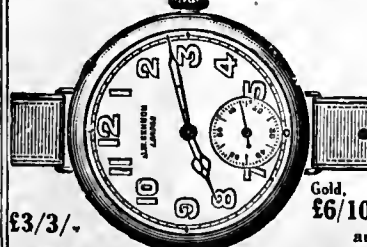
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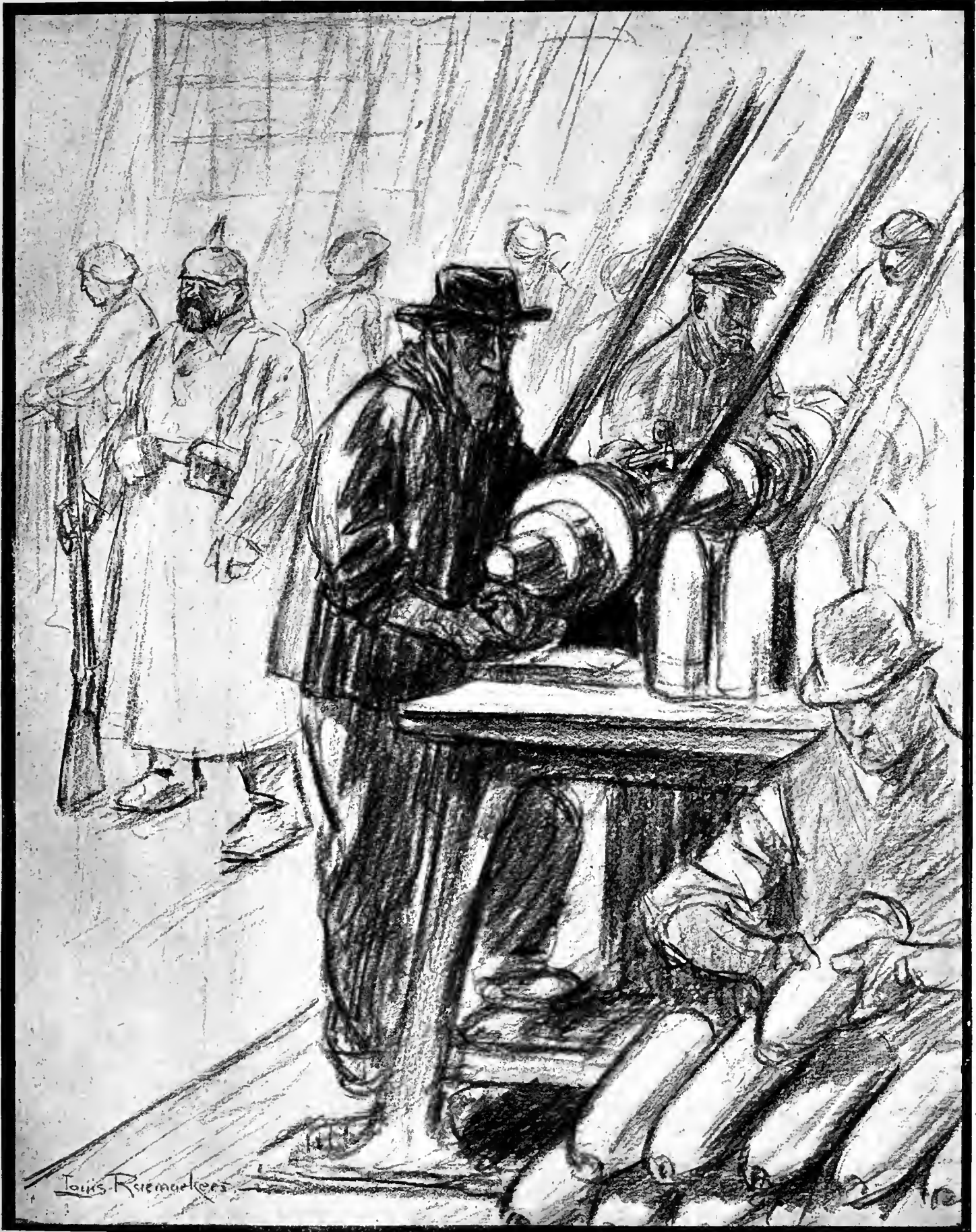


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CONSTANZA AND CONSTANCY

IT were easy to exaggerate the fall of Constanza, the more so inasmuch as it is the first success which has fallen to the Central Empires for several months. The moral effect for this very reason will be the greater in enemy countries, and nothing we may be sure will be left undone by the Kaiser and his well-organised and clever gang of advertisement writers to enhance its significance. That, however, is no reason why the Allies should lend themselves to their game. Roumania has been struck a heavy blow, but not a vital one. She made an initial mistake in subordinating the strategic to the political, of invading Transylvania instead of guarding the northern passes and assuming the offensive across her southern borders against the enemy's main line of communication—the Balkan Railway, and she has suffered accordingly; but if she continues to hold the Czernavoda bridge-head, her position from a military standpoint remains secure. In any case, the success has to be regarded from the general view-point of the war. The fall of Constanza can have no adverse effect on the battles of the Somme, or on the Eastern Front or on the Italian campaigns, those fields where we have to look for decisive action. The immediate result has been to quicken the offensive, and the victory which the French have gained at Verdun is vastly more significant than the loss of the Black Sea port.

Roumania, when she ranged herself on the side of freedom, was fully aware of the risks that lay ahead of her. She is playing a strong part which redounds magnificently to her credit. From her geographical position the only help which the other combatants can render must be by way of Russia; this is forthcoming as quickly as time and distance will allow. Russia and Roumania are already fighting shoulder to shoulder, not for the first time, and in this comradeship when it is yet further reinforced by men and munitions, there is strength. Hitherto the information that has reached the public from this the newest arena of battle has been scanty; and for reasons, not intelligible on the face of them, it has been deemed inexpedient to place before British readers the risks and perils which the Roumanian plan of campaign involved. As events have happened, it would have been wiser had publicists been permitted to explain clearly the exact position of affairs. But to-day, which is being celebrated in these islands as Roumania's Flag Day,

when all are invited to contribute towards the needs of the sick and wounded in that kingdom, the one fact to bear in mind is the noble and courageous action which this ancient Latin people have taken in the cause of humanity, and to contribute in so generous a spirit that they may find new inspiration in the knowledge that Great Britain is heart and soul with them in their trials and is determined that whatever sacrifices they may be called upon to make in the doubtful issues of war, will be generously compensated when at the last peace is restored to Europe.

That will not and cannot be yet, for to use the weighty words which Viscount Grey of Falloden spoke to the Foreign Press Association in London on Monday, "there must be no end to the war, no peace except a peace which is going to ensure that the nations of Europe live in the future free from the shadow of Prussian militarism in the open air and in the light of freedom. For that we are contending. We know that if mankind has any birth-right to peace and liberty as we believe it has, our cause is just and right, because it is for these we are fighting. When people ask us, 'How long is the struggle to be continued,' we can but reply that it must be continued until these things are secured." But though the deeply desired end is not in sight, there has never been less occasion for despondency than at present. It is an old saying that the onlooker sees most of the game, and we invite close attention to the remarkable article that appears on another page from the pen of Colonel Feyler. Colonel Feyler is of Swiss nationality, and a military critic of Continental fame, whose judgments are regarded as valuable in Germany as they are here; he remarks that the military observations in the German Chancellor's recent speech to the Reichstag, are a virtual confession that the armies of the Central Empires are now committed to a passive defensive which, judged by military history and military science, can only be regarded under the circumstances as the beginning of the end. Colonel Feyler is a writer who has throughout maintained a cold dispassionate view of the war, so that this opinion, for which exact reasons are given, carries the greater weight.

Lord Grey's speech, to which we have alluded, contained the most lucid, succinct and definite account of the beginnings of the war which has yet been given to the world. It will pass just as it was spoken into history, and all the misrepresentations and downright lies that German ingenuity has uttered and will continue to utter will prove powerless against its calm truth. Constancy was its keynote—constancy of the Allies one to another, constancy of them all towards the object we have in view. It is a good motto for these grey autumnal days when the very airs of nature tend to depress the spirits of man. But if we will only see the war as a whole, contrast the almost hopeless state of unpreparedness in which the Allies began this struggle for freedom, then there is no ground for depression.

As we write, good news comes from that field of constancy, Verdun. In a few hours the gallant soldiers of our great Ally have won back all that they slowly lost step by step during the months of furious, well-nigh overwhelming onset. The German General Staff will doubtless suppress the news of this defeat in so far as their own people are concerned, but they cannot minimise its significance in the eyes of Neutrals. Verdun has been trumpeted by them ever since the beginning of the year as the key of the position, the postern gate between France and Germany, and here they have been hurled back with ignominy in the hour when their bells were ringing and their streets beflagged to celebrate their invincibility. The tale of German prisoners lengthens daily; a sort of vacuum-cleaner process is in operation on the West, sucking up Huns from their trenches and dug-outs by the hundreds and thousands.

Mackensen's Success

By Hilaire Belloc

MACKENSEN'S successful attack in the Dobrudja, the fighting in the passes, the stabilisation of the Russian front, all mean the same thing. Munitionment.

Those who think it means something else and call it "men," or "the enemy's unexpected reserve of manpower" are mistaken. It is the *penury* of men upon the enemy's side which is the striking feature. Right away from Riga to the Danube his advantage is the advantage of munitionment and of heavy guns.

If we can keep that well in mind we shall understand both what has passed and what is to come. We shall know what the necessities of the moment are, and what the chances of the next season are.

Before returning to this capital point in more detail, let us note what has happened first in the passes and then in the Dobrudja.

Falkenhayn is attacking in the passes with numbers insufficient for his task. That is perfectly clear. He has at least to hold and, if possible, to traverse nine main issues and about half a dozen minor ones upon a mountain front of 350 miles.

He has now been occupied with this task for the better part of three weeks, and if he has hitherto carried it forward so little it is because he cannot be given the number of men he really requires. But he supplements this with an immense superiority in munitionment and in the number and calibre of his guns.

No pass has yet been carried. You read of fighting taking place in two passes a little further down towards the plain than was the case in the communiqués of last week, but the advance is insignificant in comparison with the time expended, and our Allies are even able to advance on their own account upon other sectors.

In a previous article the importance of the Oituz Pass was pointed out. It was the threat to the Oituz which made the Roumanians withdraw the head of their column in the neighbouring pass of Gyimes. The Predeal Pass, which is the direct road for an advance on Bucharest has been successfully held and the Roumanian positions have even slightly re-advanced. But the neighbouring pass, which the Germans call the Torzburg, has seen in the course of the week a slight withdrawal. A matter of rather less than three miles; and in the Vulcan Pass there has been an even smaller movement.

A pass is not taken—it does not become a military asset—until the whole of the defile is in one's hands and room to deploy from after debouching at the end of the defile on to the plain. So difficult is this operation that it was a sort of classical rule in the old days to let one's enemy attempt to debouch under difficulties and to defeat him as he did so. But under modern conditions that rule no longer holds. Two things have modified it. The great range of the modern gun and the great importance of observation. Give a commander all the road through the defile and possession of the foothills commanding the plain upon the far side and he will, if he has superior artillery, be able to debouch under cover of this at his ease.

It is almost as true to-day as ever it was that the question of whether you are actually on the crest or on your own side of the crest of an easy pass was unimportant. I say "almost as true." It is not quite as true, because observation comes in to some extent and the facility of moving heavy artillery by road. Still it is not the essential question, as much of the Press seems to consider it, whether the defence stands upon the one or the other side of the actual summit. The important thing is whether it can hold the defile at any point, or whether it shall be compelled to lose the whole of the defile and thus permit the enemy to debouch upon the plain. That is how we must look at the isolated points of fighting all along this Carpathian frontier. And, so far, no defile has passed as a whole into the hands of the enemy, while in most he is securely held.

There have been constant suggestions that the enemy's main effort was to force the extreme northern end of the frontier in order to cut the main Cernowitz-Bucharest railway in the valley of the Sereth, and thus separate the Roumanians from the Russians. It is obvious that a stroke of this kind, if it were successful, would have the effect of isolating the Roumanian army, but it is difficult to believe that the main effort—that is, the greatest massing of men and guns—would be allowed here, for the simple reason that communications are more difficult and the railway further off than is the case sixty or seventy miles to the south. If the enemy's main object be not to threaten Bucharest, but to cut the Sereth railway, the Oituz still remains his obvious passage for that effort.

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I shall still believe, unless direct evidence can be afforded to the contrary, that the weight of Falkenhayn's effort is distributed between the Oituz and the passes in front of Kronstadt which directly threaten Bucharest.

In the Dobrudja

Mackensen's success in the Dobrudja has also clearly been an affair of munitionment. He accumulated a great head of shell, submitted the entrenched line of our Allies to an intensive bombardment, which they could not meet on equal terms, and broke through.

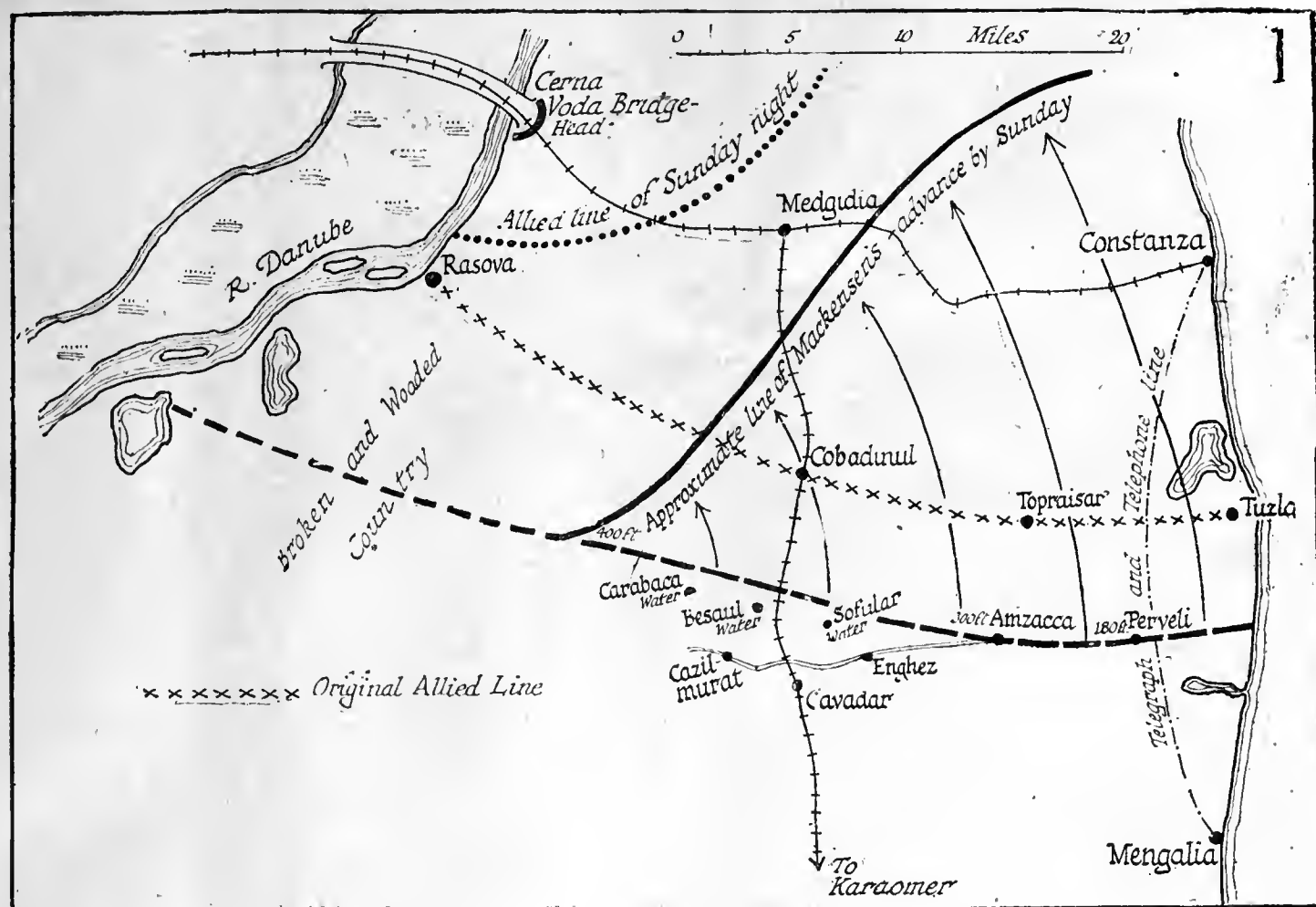
This entrenched line ran from Rasova through Cobadinul to Tuzla. It was a line drawn before the war and greatly strengthened since the war. It was the line following the crest from the Danube to the sea, just at a sufficient distance from the Cernavoda-Constanza railway to keep that line of communication safe. The average distance of the front trenches from the railway, was about 18,000 yards.

Behind this crest of the Rasova-Tuzla line there was no position on which an army could stand from the river to the sea. It will be remembered that I pointed out in a previous article how the ridge which is followed by Trajan's wall, running as it does *immediately* above the railway, was impossible for the modern defence thereof. It is all a matter of range. A position taken within a short distance of the railway and only just covering it would have been of no use at all under modern conditions. Mackensen failed to shift the line on the right and centre, that is towards the Danube, and in the middle of the 40 miles—the sector principally held by the Roumanians. Where he broke through was the left or Black Sea end, precisely over the same ground which witnessed his defeat some weeks ago.

Tuzla itself, Torprasair, Cobadinul were carried, and the left wing of the Allies did the only thing possible under the circumstances, it pivoted round its right, as along the arrows in Sketch IV., falling back towards the north-east to cover the bridgehead of Cernavoda. This retreat uncovered Constanza and Mackensen entered that town and port last Sunday.

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There has been no great loss of material or of men. The occupation of Constanza may have given certain stores of oil and corn to the enemy, but only local accumulations, which cannot affect his general economic situation. Nor can these be important for the place was evacuated in good order. So long as the bridgehead of Cernavoda is held the Danube is still turned, and the gate is open for ultimate co-operation between our Allies upon the north and the army based upon Salonika, but if the bridgehead of Cernavoda cannot be held, if Mackensen's superiority in munitionment (for that is what it is) breaks down the defence of that bridgehead, as it broke down the en-



trenched line of Tuzla, then the Danube stands for an indefinite time as an obstacle between the northern and the southern sections of the Alliance in the East.

The Roumanians, should they lose the bridgehead, will of course, destroy the bridge itself, but having done that they can no longer possess the power of turning the obstacle of the Danube,

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There is another aspect borne by this superiority in munitionment, which the enemy now clearly enjoys upon the eastern front. It is the advantage it gives him in any attempt to cross the Danube. The crossing places are few and closely watched; his numbers for such an attempt seem hardly sufficient; but the one essential factor of difference is the power of covering such an operation by a mass of fire to which the reply would be inadequate. It is a very real threat as things now stand and it would be a very stupid piece of policy or criticism that should try to hide it from opinion in this country.

Meanwhile we must, for the steadying of our judgment,

keep the converse truth well in mind, that this superiority in munitionment and calibre is balanced by an inferiority in men. With the exception of the artillery, there has been hardly anything German in the army in the Dobrudja, and the forces acting on the Carpathians are not in the main German either. Less than 30 per cent. in that region are German. In the Dobrudja certainly less than 5 per cent. Austria and the German Empire are, at this moment, of all the belligerents the most exhausted in men; that, and the rising western power of munitionment, are the decisive features of the war at the present moment.

The two intact forces, the two great reserves of manpower, which have as yet not suffered exhaustion in the East are the Roumanian and the Bulgarian. But we must always remember that the continued offensive based upon Salonika holds not less than eleven Bulgarian divisions. So long as that pressure is continued, whether there be movement upon the map or not, only the lesser half of the forces south of the Danube can be upon the banks of that river or in the Dobrudja, which extends that line.

The French Sector

I dealt the week before last with the British sector upon the Somme, and showed how the characteristic of this sector as to three-quarters of its length at least, was the creation, to the disadvantage of the enemy, of a great salient already as sharp as a right angle, which may be called the salient of Beaumont. We saw in that article how no very considerable further advance north of Le Sars would put that salient in peril. I propose in what follows to deal with the southern half of the great offensive curve, that is, with the French portion of the line.

The present front of the French from Saisy-Sallisel in the north to Chilly upon the south is in direct length 31 kilometres, or just under 20 miles. It is cut by the Somme in the neighbourhood of Peronne into almost exactly the proportion of one-third to two-thirds. One-third being north of the river and two-thirds south of it. But, though for the sake of clearness in communications distinction is made between the forces to the south and to the north of the river, the problem presented to the command on either side is essentially one. The two main

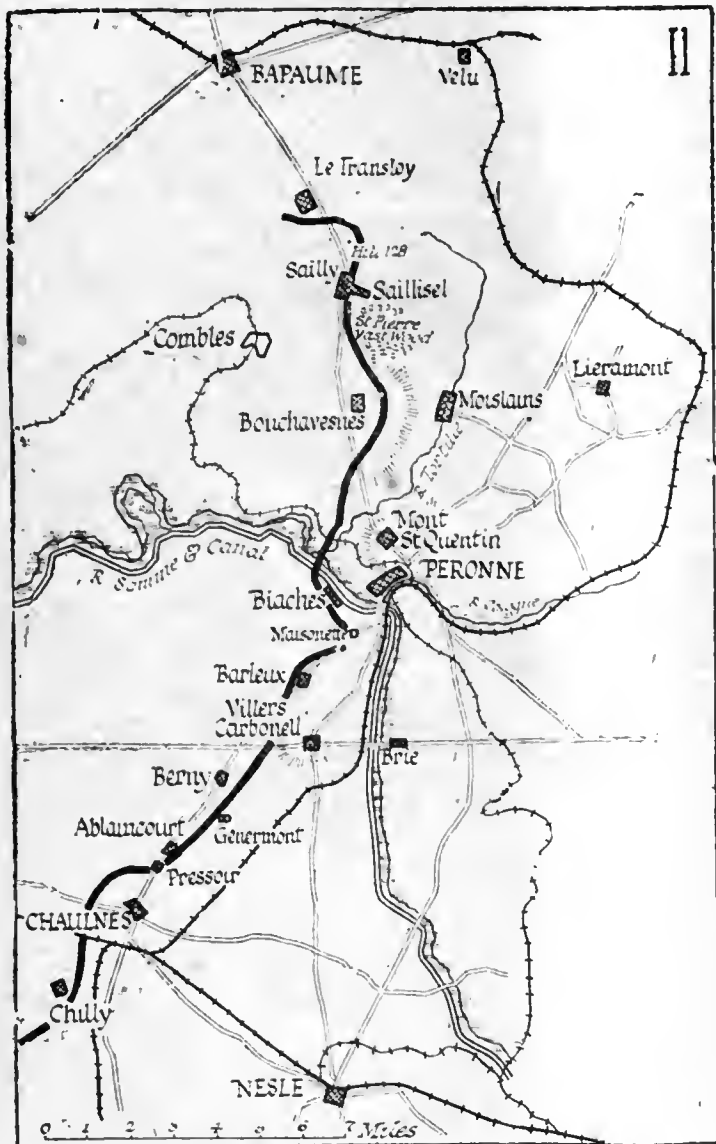
points of support, the artillery positions which are the pillars of the whole line stand upon either side the river, and support each other and the ground between them and to the north and to the south of them; and success upon either side of the stream would immediately react upon the conditions on the other.

These two main defensive points of the enemy are the Mont St. Quentin on the north of the river, and the hill of Villers-Carbonnel on the south.

I will first describe each of these positions separately. For it is only upon the comprehension of both that the whole line can be grasped.

Of the two the Mont St. Quentin is the most important, and I will therefore take it first.

The hill bearing this name is that rise of land which stands north of the town of Peronne and is enclosed upon the north by the little stream of the Tortille, upon the south by the town and the marshy valley of the little Cologne beyond it, and on the west by the flooded valley floor of the Somme, with its canal beyond. To-day the



cutting of the unfinished canal along the valley of the Tortille affords a further protection to the group. Even in the old days of small armies and of rapid movement the position was remarkable. It covered Peronne and the smaller and larger rivers made a sort of moat around it upon three sides. To-day it has far greater value and for a very different reason. It affords the best cover and position for the enemy's guns to be discovered in the whole of his line between Bapaume and Chaumes. The reason of this is that the far or eastern side of the Mont St. Quentin, the side turned away from the French, is curiously ravined with shallow depressions, excellently suited for the emplacement and concealment of the guns, while at the same time the position is central. Fire proceeding from this point and delivered at an average range of, say, 7,000 to 8,000 yards reaches the region of Combles on the north and the slopes of the hill of Villers upon the south; while the larger pieces can deliver shell almost as far as the region of Bapaume on the north and not very far from Chaumes itself upon the south. The Mont St. Quentin is exactly central in the line. The position is of particular value for the defence of the worst, that is, the most dangerous section which the Germans have to hold in the whole line. This section is the five miles between the Somme at Biaches near Peronne and the village of Berny which the French took the other day. The reason that this is so bad a piece of line for the Germans is that they have behind them, down hill most of the way and at the furthest not much over two miles away, the flooded valley of the Upper Somme. The Somme itself is here quite a small stream, and this is paradoxically enough a bad disadvantage for those who have to cross it. For that small stream, flanked by a canal, has upon the further side of it marshes differing in width but often expanding to close on half a mile. Whether these marshes are fully flooded at this particular moment I do not know. They are under water the greater part of the winter and there are few sights more curious than the aspect of Peronne standing up above a sort of lagoon of water as one comes up by the light railway from the south in winter.

Were the low-lying stretch behind the German line

filled by a broad and deep river the throwing of pontoon bridges across it and the replacing of them when they should have been observed and ranged by the enemy's fire would be a process normal to war. Even then the position would be a difficult one, for it is always perilous to fight with your back to an obstacle. But a narrow stream flanked by marsh is a much more serious matter.

The floating of pontoons to bridge a stream is a simple matter, rapidly accomplished, and if such a bridge be destroyed it can be quickly replaced elsewhere. But the crossing of many hundred yards of marsh, even if the marsh be not yet fully flooded, is quite another business. Whether you establish causeways or throw across a long bridge on piles you are in either case condemned to very slow work, expensive in men as well as in time, and fixed.

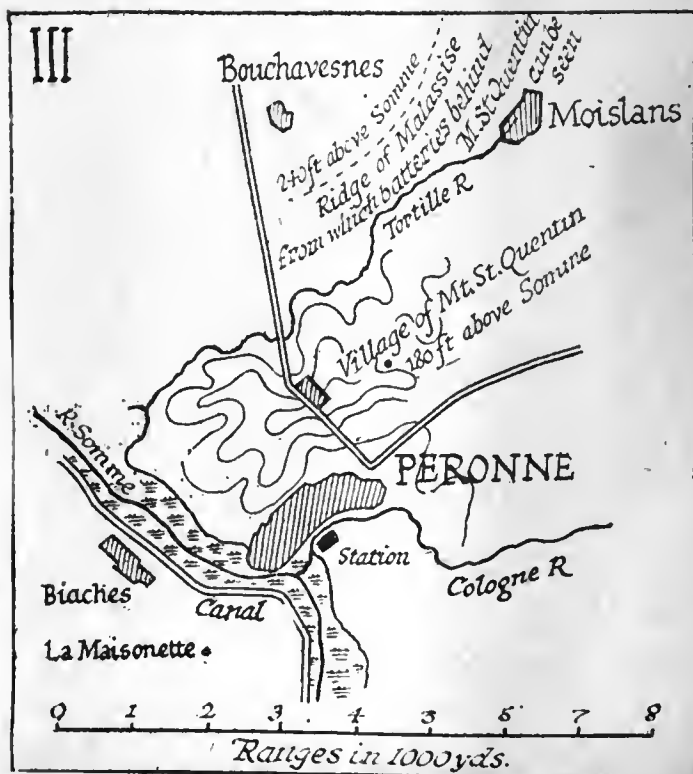
Now these long bridges which the Germans have established are perpetually being destroyed by the French artillery, thanks to the supremacy in the air which the Allies have established. They are as perpetually being replaced. But it is a very serious labour, and the result of this grave difficulty is that if the five miles of German line immediately in front of the river were to break or even if a very rapid retirement were necessary, there would be a local disaster.

Further, it is a difficulty which interferes with supply. The bringing of men and munitions and food up to these five miles between Berny and Biaches and the evacuation of wounded therefrom is still in part being conducted across the river, because that is the shortest though the most perilous way. But communication is depending more and more upon the roads (with their light railways) which come up from the south, and as the single line railway running from Chaumes to Peronne can no longer be used, the distribution has to come all the way from the neighbourhood of Nesle, west of which point on the main line the artillery of the Allies renders the line unusable; indeed, I believe Nesle (at a range of full 12,000 yards from the nearest French batteries) to be the German railroad.

But to break or even cause the retirement of this German sector between Biaches and Berny the French must seize the heavily fortified village of Barleux, standing in its hollow, and all the ground behind it is swept by artillery fire from Mont St. Quentin.

In the same connection we must note the second main gun position, that of the hill of Villers, for it not only supports Barleux to the north, but also the depression between Berny and the river to the south.

The word "hill" is perhaps a little misplaced for the large roll of land on which the village of Villers-Carbonne stands. It is barely 100 feet above the Somme behind it, and makes no more than a flattish lump against the sky as seen from the French positions to the west. But it is almost as well suited for the emplacement of the German pieces as the Mont St. Quentin itself, for, like the Mont St. Quentin it has parallel narrow depressions rounding

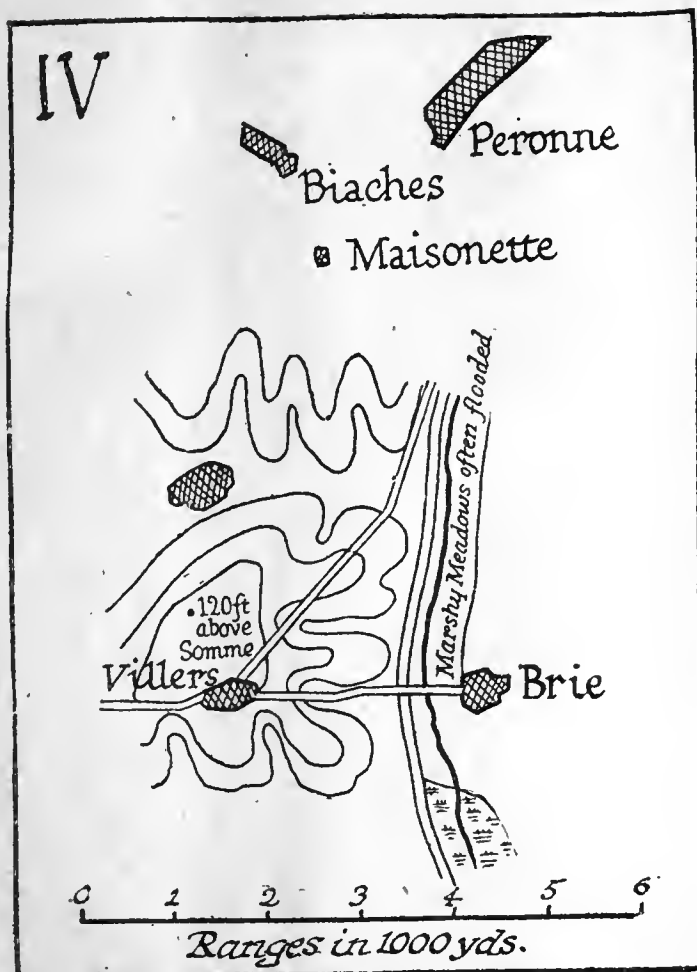


down the side furthest from the French and hidden from them.

These two heights, then, the Mont St. Quentin and the roll or lump of Villers, are the two elements of the position which the French are chiefly attempting to turn. Their action against Ablaincourt the other day and against Genermont behind, has not only for its object the creation of a salient at Chaulnes, which may ultimately compel the abandonment of that point, but also and more the obtaining of positions so far round the hill of Villers that the gun positions there shall be exposed.

The effort against the Mont St. Quentin is even more important, and it is here, far off as the point is, that the importance of Sailly-Sallisel comes in.

The two villages combined under the hyphenated title of Sailly-Sallisel (they made up together in peace a community of less than 800 souls and were under one Mayor, forming one Commune), are in shape exactly a T. Sailly, a string of houses stretched along the main Peronne-Bapaume road, forms the cross of the T, Sallisel along the side road running to the east forms the stem.



The French, at the time of writing, are in occupation of Sailly, that is, of the houses along the main road. They have not yet taken Sallisel, but they threaten it, and when they take it the wood of St. Pierre Vaast to the south will be untenable. The Germans have already begun to withdraw with great difficulty, and with heavy losses in material as well as in men, their guns and their posts from that wood.

The wood is a large one and in the very heart of it the Germans established not only a considerable number of batteries, but also before the great offensive had developed or while it was beginning, and when the place was still far from the most advanced lines of the Allies, very large shelters containing great bodies of men. These, I believe replaced a big group of huts which had stood in the wood during all the earlier part of the year. To compel the evacuation of all this material and of the greater part of this garrison is in itself a considerable step, and the occupation of Sailly has protected it. But the move upon Sailly to the north of the wood, the advance from Bouchavesnes to the south of it up the ridge and ultimately the occupation of the wood itself, will have consequences far more serious for the enemy than a mere withdrawal of men and guns, expensive as that operation has already proved to be. For when Sallisel is taken beyond Sailly, when the wood is in French hands, and the summit

of the rise in front of Bouchavesnes is crossed, a wholly new tactical disposition will arise in this field.

Sailly-Sallisel and the wood of St. Pierre Vaast and, south of the wood of St. Pierre Vaast, the ploughland east of Bouchavesnes, all of them stand in a line upon a ridge and come down over the far side of that ridge. It is the ridge overlooking the little river or brook of Tortille. But when the French shall be in full possession of that ridge they will look directly upon the now hidden gun positions behind the Mont St. Quentin.

The Germans have recently made new emplacements for their guns above and behind Moislais, so that the whole valley of the Tortille is swept by them. But though that will gravely interfere with infantry work further east, it will not prevent observation from the ridge against the Mont St. Quentin; and when full direct observation is obtained the gun positions behind Mont St. Quentin will no longer be tenable.

The moment the Germans guns now hidden behind Mont St. Quentin have to be withdrawn, the country to the south, that is the sector the peril of which we have described, will be exposed. It will only have the positions behind the Hill of Villers to support it, and if these should be exposed at the same time as the Mont St. Quentin by the French advance, the whole of that sector falls. With its fall the sharp salient thus produced at Chaulnes will be no longer tenable: neither will Peronne; and, should this plan be carried through without too great a delay, there must inevitably be a rearrangement of the whole German line upon this front. But such rearrangements are not easy matters to effect in the face of a successful enemy who has command of the air and great superiority in fire. Of such moment is the action now in process for the complete possession of Sailly-Sallisel and the whole ridge upon which it stands.

From the above summary it will be clear that the French are thrusting at four separate points, success upon all of which combined would have the full result I have just described, and success upon any one of which greatly improves the chances of success upon its neighbour. These four points are Sallisel, the ridge between Bouchavesnes and Moislais, Barleux and the sector Berny-Genermont-Ablaincourt and Pressoire. In the latter sector, which is of great importance, and which its distance from the region of the British work has somewhat withdrawn from observation in this country, the French have been exercising very great pressure during the last few days and that successfully. The line is roughly defined by the high road from Chaulnes to Berny. Berny has been carried and Ablaincourt, after a serious struggle, is completely held. So is Pressoire. Between Pressoire and Chaulnes is a long stretch of wood which covered the latter town. It was occupied at the end of last week. But the German batteries behind the hill of Villers are still covered and will remain of full effect until the French have mastered at least another two thousand yards of the belt in front of them here.

If Barleux, which is very strongly held indeed, should be carried, the effect upon Villers would be much sharper and more immediate. It is doubtful whether with ruins of Barleux in French hands, the batteries behind Villers could hold at all. The French would then have before them no more than a thousand yards of falling ground to cover, at the end of which Villers is certainly turned. But the importance of Barleux has been long grasped by the enemy; in fact, it is obvious. It has not only been very heavily strengthened upon the spot, but the great proportion of the guns both behind Villers and the Mont St. Quentin are detailed for its support and for the plastering of the ground immediately behind, should it fall.

The German units in front of the French here, subjected as they are to an extremely severe strain, are continually renewed, but we are able to establish their composition not later than ten days ago. The whole front down as far as Barleux is or was held by seven German divisions, none too strong a concentration for a front of 14,000 yards.

There originally stood upon the north of their line, down as far as the southern edge of the wood of St. Pierre Vaast, three divisions—the 51st of Reserve and the two so-called “new” divisions (which are really only fragments of older depleted divisions pieced together, as we saw in a former article), the 213th and the 214th. The line was prolonged to the south in front of Bouchavesnes by the

two divisions of the 18th corps, the 21st, and the 25th. Finally, the more easily defended sector behind the Tortille and south of the Somme up to the neighbourhood of Barleux itself, was held by only two divisions, the 212th, which is one of the so-called "new" divisions, hastily improvised by withdrawing fragments from other units, and the old 28th division of the 14th corps which in time of peace was in garrison I believe at Karlsruhe. It is the presence of this 28th division which explains the capture of letters which have been published in the Continental Press in which the soldiers complain of the French air raids upon Karlsruhe, and give us some impression of the tremendous effect produced by those reprisals.

At the end of the first week of the present month all this organisation was changed, and the units which have been forced back in the successful French advance upon Sailly and beyond Bouchavesnes, are comparatively fresh forces brought up in relief. The enemy apparently committed the error of believing that the Sailly sector was fairly safe, for when he withdrew the three divisions holding it (the 51st, 213th and 214th) he replaced them by only two divisions, the 17th of Reserve, and the 15th of the 8th corps, which in time of peace has its headquarters at Cologne. He correspondingly strengthened the sector south of the wood of St. Pierre, that is, the sector in front of Bouchavesnes and beyond, probably because he thought that this being nearer to the Mont St. Quentin the principal French effort would be delivered there. In the place of the two divisions which had stood here (the 21st and 25th of the 18th corps) he put in three: The 10th division of Reserve, the 9th of Reserve and the 113th.

The line was prolonged to the Somme and beyond it, to the neighbourhood of Barleux by the 44th of Reserve and by the 29th. The 29th division being the second division of the 14th corps, which was thus moved up to relieve its fellow, the 28th.

These last two divisions of relief were not fully moved up when the main French stroke was delivered in this region, and that is what accounts for the comparative ease with which our Allies seized the trenches immediately to the north of Barleux some ten days ago.

We happen to have peculiarly full details with regard to one of these divisions of relief, the 10th of Reserve, which has just been mentioned above as being moved up in front of Bouchavesnes. One of its regiments which was holding the trenches along the edge of the wood of St. Pierre has a history which can be followed in detail. It was put into the first great attack upon Verdun last February. Its first battalion lost upon that occasion at least *nine-tenths* of its effectives. It was reduced to less than 80 men. It was withdrawn and reconstructed with drafts of convalescents, of class 1916 and later with not a few drafts from 1917 (a class which, it will be remembered, the French have not yet had to use at all, but of which the Germans have already put into the field a large portion and probably the greater part). Then in the early summer it was put upon a quiet sector in Champagne. It was not moved until the 21st of September. It was brought up at the end of the month behind the Somme lines, and first appeared in action at the end of the first week of the present month. It immediately began to suffer very severely indeed. Two companies, of which we have precise details (the 10th and the 11th) lost, the one more than four-fifths, the other more than half their complement within the first three days, and it is worth remarking that this complement was already reduced to not much more than half the full establishment before the trenches in front of the wood were taken over.

It is only a detail, but it happens to be one on which we have very full knowledge, and it may fairly be taken as a specimen of what is going on everywhere along that front.

The loss of Sailly immediately led to a very sharp reinforcement of the insufficiently held line in the neighbourhood of that village. This reinforcement consisted of *portions* of three divisions. The 1st Bavarian, the 2nd Bavarian, and the 16th, the 2nd Bavarian having been brought up the last of the three. It was with these troops that the effort to re-take the village, which failed on Wednesday last, was made. But upon the rest of the line the units appear to be much what they were ten days ago. Thus the 11th Reserve division mentioned above was again in operation on this same day, the 18th, and the Saxons in front of Chaulnes (not mentioned in

the above analysis, which only applies to the country north of Barleux), are still there, according to the last communiqué describing the capture of the wood.

The reader may be interested to follow in connection with this detailed disposition of the German forces in front of the French sector certain very instructive notes, the publication of which has been permitted (?) They refer to units identified recently upon this front, and to their dispositions, and help us to understand the enormous congestion of men which the enemy has been compelled to gather for his defence, and the mechanical difficulties imposed upon this congestion by the superiority of the Allied fire.

Generally speaking, as the reader is aware from the previous articles in these columns, the reduced German division of the present phase of the war consists of only three regiments, and each regiment now of only three battalions. Generally speaking, again, the method of relieving the strain upon the immediate front is and has been for a long time past the arrangement of the three battalions with each regiment, one behind the other. That furthest away and supposed to be "in repose" replaces the existing battalion upon the front, or the central one replaces this exhausted battalion. In any case a circulation is kept up so that at any one moment only a third of the effectives present are under the heavy strain of the immediate front, and the other two-thirds are, one of them supposed to be in fair security, though near enough to support its comrade, the other in complete security at some distance behind.

Problem of Effective Support

Now it is remarkable that under the effect of the Allied superiority in the air, and in gun fire, and especially with the very large number of long range pieces which the Allies have gathered upon this front, a dilemma, already difficult and perhaps to become insoluble, has appeared before the German Command. The three battalions are separated now by very wide distances indeed. The heavy gun fire of the Allies spots the points where the enemy's forces are gathered with such accuracy through the superiority of its aviation arm, that you have in a particular case which has been carefully examined, the third battalion as much as five miles behind the first. The distance is even greater when the reserves of the division as a whole are in question. The system of rotation includes not only the relief of one battalion by another within the same regiment, but the relief of one regiment by another. Of the three regiments, of which the present depleted German divisions are usually composed, two will be at the front and one in reserve at any one moment.

Now this regiment in reserve will be as far back as ten miles from the front line. That is, nearly 18,000 yards range.

If the only thing of which a Commander had to think was the keeping of his men safe from gun fire, these very great distances would serve their purpose, but, as always happens in any problem, the whole thing is a balance of advantages and disadvantages. By putting the supports, reserves or reliefs, very far back, you save them proportionately from the long range fire of your opponent, but you expose them when they have to come up in relief, especially if they are hurriedly summoned, as has been more and more the case latterly upon the Somme, to a very long march through the open under the eyes of a superior service, which spots the movement exactly for the artillery which it directs. And even the very great distances which have hitherto been favoured do not completely shelter the units withdrawn to them.

As far back as Lieramont, according to the official French news of last week, a battalion came under fire and lost, before it could take cover, 45 men, and Lieramont is quite 10,000 yards range from the front trenches.

You have then, in this attempt to save men by very great depth of formation, first of all no complete guarantee of security even for the most distant posts, and secondly, such heavy losses in bringing the men up that you undo all the good you might have done by their distant withdrawal.

An Order of General von Hugel has been captured, about a month old, pointing out that "given superiority in guns and aviation of the enemy, this disposition only

leads to enormous losses and further causes the troops to separate (that is to lose their units, or for the units to lose contact) before they are in touch with the enemy."

It is this depth of formation which largely accounts for the failure of the German counter-attacks. Even the second line starts from a distance which handicaps it in its attempt to recapture the front trenches when they have been lost.

For instance, in the counter-attack upon the French a fortnight ago, on the 7th of October, the second battalion started from a distance nearly 2,000 yards behind the first trenches. And the battalions in the first trenches themselves did not sufficiently garrison the first line. Of four companies in the battalion, only two were discovered in the first line, the other two were some hundred yards behind in supporting trenches.

Another example of the congesting effect of pressure is the mixture of units, which has been proved to take place more than once the last few weeks. It is not easy for the

attack to identify this. We cannot tell how frequently it takes place. When a large number of prisoners are taken from many quite different units in a comparatively small space, the fact could be established. For instance, when the 10th Reserve Division went to pieces on the edge of the Wood St. Vaast a fortnight ago, it was hurriedly replaced by two regiments of the 113th division, which came from its left, and one regiment of the 17th Reserve which came from its right. And three days later the French were able to identify in the midst of the debris of the 10th division portions of three regiments which had been sent hurriedly in from three other distinct units, to prevent, if possible, the capture of Sailly.

H. BELLOC

Certain omissions in Mr. Hilaire Belloc's article have been made at the request of the Press Bureau. As these omissions often interrupt the thread of the argument, the places where they occur are marked by asterisks

Sea Fog

By Arthur Pollen

WHATEVER else a writer of naval events can attempt during the progress of the war, there is one thing absolutely barred to him, that is the task of writing contemporary history. In the military field something more than a bare outline of events is public property almost as soon as the events occur. And the skeleton that the official bulletins supply can be made living by the censored testimonies of correspondents at the front and the elucidations of skilled critics at home. But it would be a gross exaggeration to suggest that the scattered items of naval news that reach us afford even a skeleton outline of the truth, and if they did, for various reasons it would be impossible for the analytical writer to add materially to the picture. It is not difficult to illustrate the truth of this, or to see a reason for it. At the end of the third week in August, for instance, we heard, from our Admiralty communiqué, that the German fleet had entered the North Sea preceded by scouting Zeppelins, that these had found the British fleet were out in overwhelming strength, and that thereupon the Germans had retreated precipitately to their harbours. In searching for the enemy, two British light cruisers, *Nottingham* and *Falmouth* were, we are told, lost by submarine attack, but that we had sunk one German submarine and rammed the second. Behind all this there was obviously an interesting story, and its interest was far from limited to the bare fact that the German fleet avoided action, as soon as it learned that action meant engaging a superior force. But the Admiralties of both sides agree in maintaining absolute silence as to all the things we want to know. For instance the German press had told us shortly before this expedition was announced, that *all* the ships injured at Jutland were repaired and once more ready for action. The British communiqué says that the "German High Seas Fleet" came out, but does not specify either its numbers or its composition. Yet our lookouts presumably saw them all, and any way they passed a considerable number of Dutch trawlers, so that the identity of the constituent ships must have been known to many besides the enemy. If we could be told the facts, we should have an important check on the presumed losses of the Germans at Jutland, and an index to their present strength. Again, we do not know how far north nor how far west the Germans ventured. Clearly not so far but that retreat, when retreat became necessary, was open. But it certainly would be interesting to know exactly where the turning point was, for without knowing this the significance of the sortie can hardly be judged.

Next, take submarine attacks. We would give something to know how far the German submarine that attacked *Nottingham* and *Falmouth* was from the main fleet when the attack was made, for this would tell us something about the German plan. Was the sortie just a trap that had achieved its purpose when our look-out forces ran into the under-water ambush? It seems

certain that it was not the ambush that checked the pursuit, for that must have become impossible earlier. We ask all these questions in vain.

The German communiqué, if reliable, which is, of course, very unlikely, supplied some illuminative comment, in spite of its silence as to the main operation, to wit, the sortie of the fleet. The enemy's first story was only that one of his submarines sighted five British cruisers accompanied by two destroyer flotillas on the south-easterly course at five in the afternoon. Behind these were six battle cruisers protected by a second flotilla. The submarine proceeded to sink a four-funnel destroyer, whereupon the whole British squadron turned about, when a cruiser of the *Chatham* class was torpedoed twice. Two and a half hours later the submarine, which had in the meantime been dodging the patrols, got in a third shot on this wounded cruiser, which was now being towed home. And the third shot proved fatal. Still later a second submarine got another British cruiser. Of this story all that related to the sinking of a destroyer was contradicted by the Admiralty. But the rest of it, which is not inconsistent with the British communiqué, was published without official comment. On balance the enemy were something to the good, but, as usual, the facts were not sufficient, so he characteristically proceeded to magnify the event. On the 22nd August a new official communiqué was issued in Berlin, in which the British fleet encountered by the submarines had battleships added to it, and of these the submarines claimed to have hit one, with terrible and picturesque results to the battleship in question. But beyond claiming this additional success this communiqué added nothing to our information about the time of the attacks or the disposition of the forces. And the additional success was incontinently denied at Whitehall.

Fleet Disposition

What are we to make of such material? As it stands it throws little light on the intentions of the enemy, and none on his present strength, and it leaves us still in complete ignorance as to the dispositions of our own fleet. At Jutland, of course, we know that the Vice-Admiral commanding the Battle Cruiser Fleet had a squadron of battleships under his command. A little less than a month before Mr. Balfour, in his much-discussed communication to the mayors of the East Coast towns, had said that important units of force would be moved further south. Has the Vice-Admiral this battle squadron still? The Germans say he has. But then they are not to be believed. Still the Germans must know exactly what were our dispositions on August 19th. It is one of the advantages of Zeppelin scouting that the enemy can get this knowledge when he pleases in clear weather. But such are the exigencies of naval war that we, whose interest in the British fleet is surely not less, cannot be

allowed to share the information. And, as a result, it is impossible to present any clear picture of the strategic position in the North Sea, or to indicate how, if at all, the Battle of Jutland has affected it. Now we have retaliated for the loss of *Nottingham* and *Falmouth* by sending a torpedo into *Munchen*, but we do not claim to have sunk her. But this throws no light on the strategic situation.

Now take the other field of naval war—namely, the submarine campaign against the trading ships of all nations. This has been veiled in almost as great a mystery as conceals the movements and dispositions of the opposed fleets. Some information, it is true, is published about the losses of ships as they occur, but not all details about all losses, and without such details no attempt can be made either to total them, to analyse the progress of destruction according to the theatre in which it takes place, to elucidate the main characteristics of the campaign, to indicate how far our enemies are complying with the very definite undertaking that they gave to the United States of America, or to forecast the future.

Far be it from me to dispute the wisdom of fogging every aspect of the sea war, so far as it can be fogged, if by doing so we can confound the knavish tricks of the enemy. But it is impossible at the same time to keep public opinion, in this and neutral countries, rightly informed and, as it seems to me, properly balanced. If the broad facts are not known, the meaning and consequences cannot be known, nor right expectations as to the future formed. How easily contradictory inferences can now be drawn is illustrated by the following. On October 14th the very brilliant writer who, Sunday by Sunday, sums up the world position for us in the *Observer*, told us that our naval methods had been so successful in home waters that the enemy submarines were no longer a grave menace to our trade, and that, thanks to the untiring work of our Allies, they had ceased to be formidable even in the Mediterranean. But on the Friday following, the *Times* began a leading article on the return of the Duke of Connaught by saying that it was a matter of universal satisfaction that he had crossed the sea safely. And on Tuesday of this week, we were told that the previous day had made a fresh record at Lloyd's—no less than twenty-five casualties by mines and submarines having been announced. This last item of news makes it clear enough that the submarines are distressingly busy. But surely it is unthinkable that a point has been reached when the safe arrival of any named ship cannot be guaranteed?

Could not some way be found by which the public could be kept abreast of the truth in a matter of such tremendous importance as this without any details being given away that would make the enemy's task easier? If the facts now available indicate that the efficiency of the submarine campaign is likely to be increased, surely nothing is lost but everything gained by preparing the public for news which, however disagreeable, can hardly be disastrous? And if the increased efficiency of the submarine campaign is due to a deterioration in the humanity of the enemy's methods, is it not all gain and not loss to the Allies that opinion in neutral countries should be stirred to resent these methods by the utmost publicity being given to the enemy's outrages? These, of course, are matters which only those in the chief command can judge; and it is easier for the onlooker to see the disadvantages than advantages of our present methods.

The writer in the *Observer*, whom I have already quoted, affords us, in last Sunday's issue, an illustration of the frame of mind which may ensue from our general ignorance of the strategic position in the North Sea. For he asked with evident anxiety whether the War Committee knew all that could be known of German plans of invasion in present conditions. "Do they know the exact situation of the German Navy? What fresh machinations are being planned with submarines and mines? Are there not always enough merchant ships laid up in German ports to carry a German army? Is the co-operation of our Navy and of our home defence land forces assured?" and much to the same effect. Now here again I cannot but think that if Mr. Balfour could continue in the career of candour which he began in the month of May, there could be not only no alarm

but no enquiries as to the possibility of Germany invading these islands. Is there no way in which the broad simple facts of the case can be kept before us? At present it looks as if the public were being invited to form views as to the danger from submarines that are alternately far too optimistic and unnecessarily alarming, and as to the danger of invasion that are altogether baseless.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

The Real Serbia

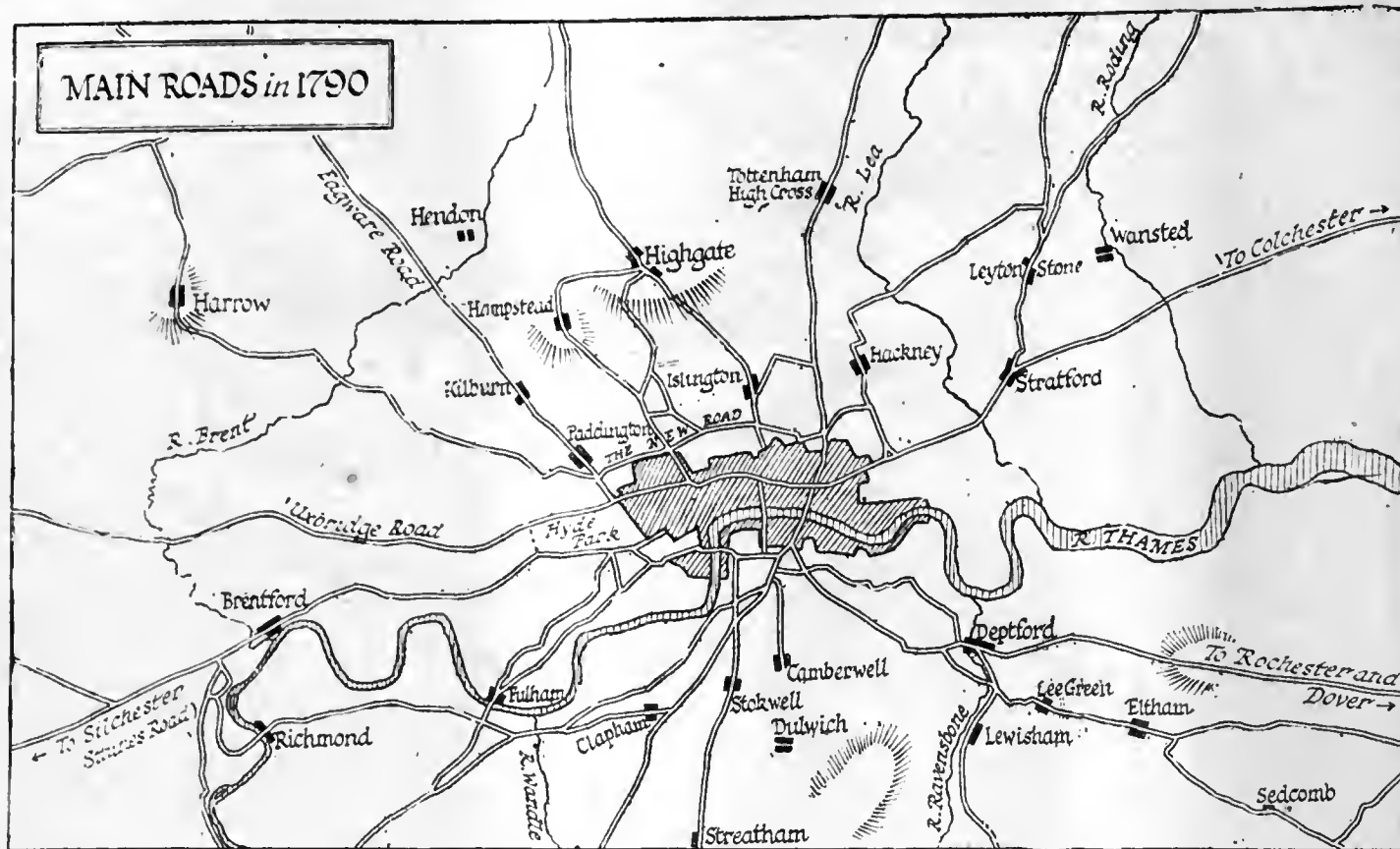
THOSE who would understand the Serbian attitude toward the war would do well to take up *A Balkan Freebooter*, by Jan Gordon (Smith Elder and Co., 7s. 6d.), and read the whole of the book carefully. For, though the writer deals with events of the days of the Obrenovitch rule in Serbia for the most part, and though his story ends before the breaking of the European war, he shows quite clearly, in this story of Petko Moritch, how Austria and Austrian intrigue made hell in Serbia, how Turkish rule made worse hell in Macedonia, and how the Serb is indomitable, a cunning fighter and a gallant man.

Petko told this story to the author, the story of his own life. It includes certain escapes from prison, certain adventures which prove the man's great bravery and his possession of a strong sense of humour, certain soldierly episodes in the time when Petko was comitadj, and at the end an appalling story of Turkish brutality, into which comes an incongruous picture of Turkish chivalry and real kindness. It is, as all stories of real happenings must be, a little inconsequent—so many of Petko's adventures lead to nothing, and were one writing romance they would be left out; as it is, they add to the atmosphere of reality that envelops the tale.

In the days of Petko's childhood, "songs and tales dealt with the exploits of the heroes of Serbian romance, the defeat at Kossovo, of the exploits of Marko Kralievitch, or of the deeds of brigands and robbers and of such men as Kara George and Voivoda Velko, his chief general, and Stephen Singelitch. The subject matter was either bloodshed, or ingenious robberies, or other dare-devil exploits, and upon such strong meat the infant morals were fed, producing naturally a point of view somewhat estranged from our own."

It is the presentation of that point of view in the person of Petko Moritch that makes the book so noteworthy. One knows the whole of the Balkans better for perusal of it, for it throws new light on Balkan intrigue, and shows up racial antagonisms and hereditary animosities which have always been hard for the Western mind to understand. Serbian virtues are not Western virtues; Serbian ideals are not western ideals—these facts cry out from every page, and yet the author has got so far into the Serbian mind that he makes clear the fact that the Serb is a man equal to any Western product, one who lives a little nearer to nature, and is in reality quite simple; only by reason of the different mode of thought prevailing in the West does he appear complex. The student of racial problems will find much here that is of value, for not only Petko himself, but also the people with whom his adventures brought him in contact, are clearly limned, and the book is a picture of Serb, Bulgar, Roumanian, Turk, and Montenegrin character.

Yet, in considering these serious aspects of the work, sight must not be lost of its interest as a story of adventure. Stevenson himself never told a more exciting tale, for Petko was one to whom adventures came naturally—or it may have been that the country in which he lived was so disturbed that what civilisation counts as adventure was commonplace. However this may be, here is matter in which a schoolboy will revel and a grown man stay out of bed to find out what happened next. Brigands are commonplace in the story, and of fighting there is as much as men could compass, while Petko's escapes and exploits form a network in which the reader is inevitably caught and held. With no pretence of fine writing, but simply, as befits the life history of a simple and courageous man, the author recites the main events of Petko's career, and the result is such that it is to be hoped he will fulfil certain half-promises made in the course of this book, and give us more stories of the real Serbia and her sons and daughters.



II.—Main Roads in 1790

routes makes it essential that newer and speedier routes should be rendered available.

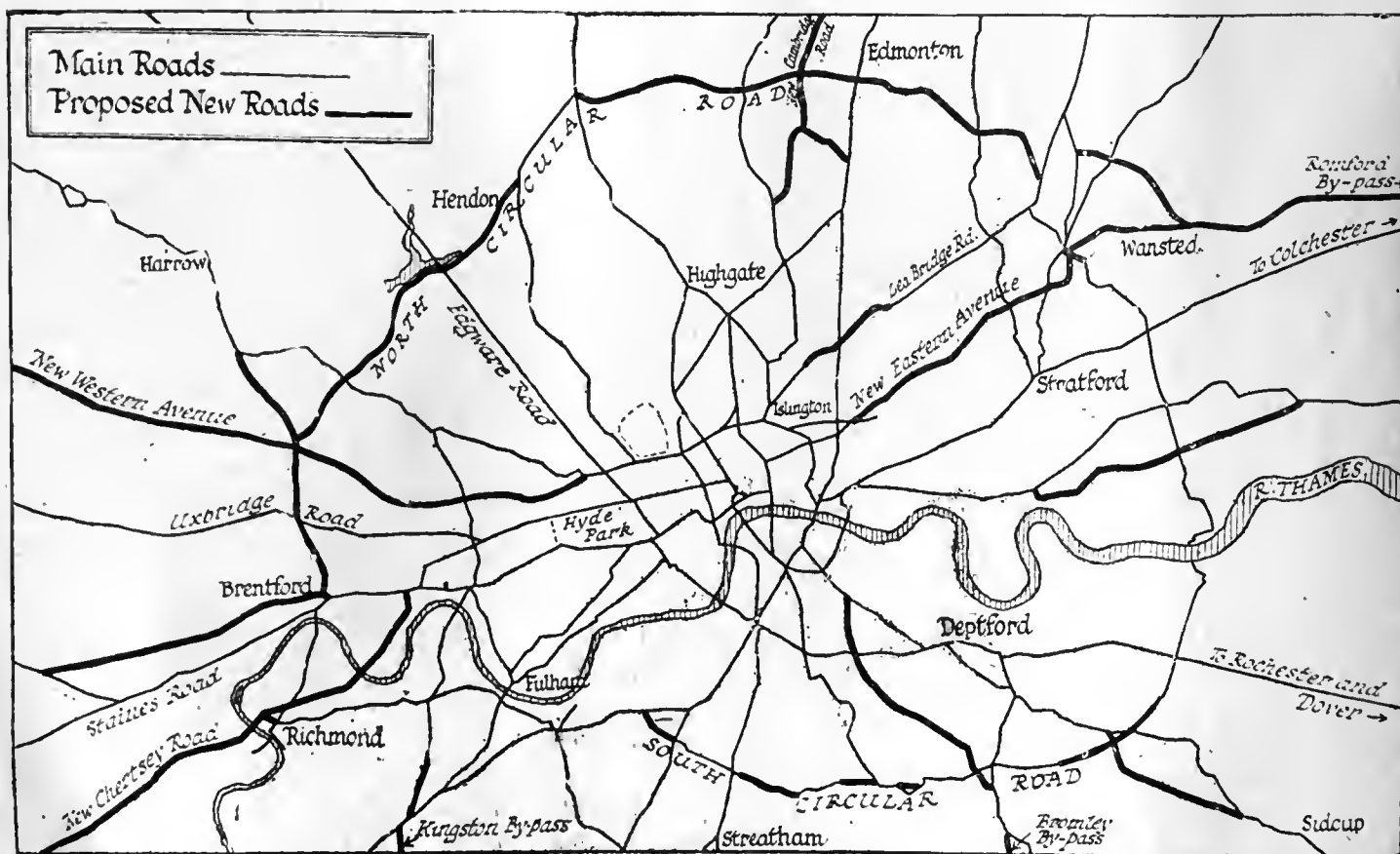
The London Traffic Commission of 1905 made a beginning in the consideration of the problem, and the recently abolished London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade has by many years of careful investigation prepared the necessary data as to the needs and direction of the traffic. Meanwhile, the loss of life and the number of injuries to persons using the streets of the Metropolitan Police Area has grown to this alarming extent.

1905	Killed ..	172	Injured ..	11,688
1910	" ..	388	" ..	17,560
1915	" ..	847	" ..	26,487

These figures alone demand that provision should be made, and made at an early date, to deal comprehensively with the traffic problem.

Prior to the war, the urgency of the problem was recognised on all sides, and in 1913, very strong representations were made to Mr. Asquith and the Local Government Board that steps should be taken to put into execution the excellent road schemes suggested by the London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade. In November, 1913, Mr. John Burns called a Conference of the 135 Local Authorities in Greater London, and of various societies and professional institutions interested in the matter, and as a consequence six sectional conferences were formed to deal in detail with the various proposals. The reports of the conferences which have been published from time to time are unanimous in their approval of the proposed new roads, many of which they regard as immediately necessary.

The whole of these "necessary roads" have been



III.—Proposed New Roads

closely investigated by the conferences, and the accompanying plan shows the proposals in their final form. The work of the conferences has, like everything else, been injuriously affected by the war, but it was decided that the proper course was to continue it in order that at the end of the war everything should be ready to put the work into execution and thus provide, if necessary, an outlet for the labour of large bodies of men.

The proposed roads, including 51 miles of existing roads, have a total length of about 130 miles, of which about 109 miles pass through open country and about 21 miles through built-up property.

Briefly, the main proposals are a NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD round the north of London from Kew Bridge, round to Leytonstone, *via* Ealing Common, the Welsh Harp, Hendon, Palmer's Green, and Edmonton, linking up all the main roads, and on the south of the river a SOUTH CIRCULAR ROAD, formed by linking up and improving existing roads, from Well Hall, Woolwich, to Clapham Common, passing on the way Catford, Forest Hill, Dulwich Common and Tulse Hill.

Other proposals are: A new main road WESTWARDS, a new main road EASTWARDS, a new main road NORTHWARDS and another SOUTH-WESTWARDS to Chertsey. BYPASS ROADS or loop roads at BRENTFORD and CROYDON are already arranged for, and other or loop roads are proposed to avoid ROMFORD, EAST HAM, ELTHAM, BROMLEY, SUTTON, KINGSTON and KINGSTON HILL.

Two important internal improvements are proposed, one from ESSEX ROAD to LEA BRIDGE ROAD, which will give a badly wanted new outlet to the north-east, and one from CITY ROAD to HACKNEY ROAD, to connect the proposed eastern and western avenues *via* the Euston Road, and thus form a new way right across London.

The NORTH and SOUTH CIRCULAR ROADS are of the utmost importance for present-day traffic, but it may well be questioned whether on national grounds they should not be supplemented by one or more additional roads in a general circular direction. The great plan being prepared by the London Society, by a committee under the chairmanship of Sir Aston Webb, R.A., is taking this point into consideration, and it is hoped that the Government will do likewise, either by laying down additional roads, or by permanently reserving a belt of open country which would be of service at a later date, either for defensive purposes or for military training and aerial defence, which recent experience has shown to be so necessary.

The other official proposals are for convenience divided into the six sections into which Greater London was divided for the purpose of investigation.

NORTH-EAST SECTION :

Eastern Avenue, a new artery of great importance midway between existing main roads. Commencing in Hackney Road at Great Cambridge Street and passing north of Victoria Park through Leyton and Leytonstone, and north of Ilford to a point in the Romford bypass (constructed to avoid the town of Romford), just east of Gidea Park. The details of this route through Leyton and Leytonstone are open to criticism, but the absolute necessity for a new thoroughfare is admitted. A new Dock Road at Canning Town, affording relief to the present traffic congestion near the Victoria and Albert Docks.

East Ham and Barking Bypass, a new road avoiding these towns from the Beckton Road to a point on the Ripple Road beyond Barking, greatly facilitating dock and other traffic in the direction of Tilbury, which will be of still greater value if a new bridge is constructed over the Lea at Canning Town. Other improvements are proposed in the town of Barking and a new road from *South Woodford to Ilford*.

NORTH SECTION :

New Cambridge Road, an entirely new artery leading due north from the L.C.C. White Hart Lane Estate, Tottenham, parallel with the existing road, and terminating at its northern end at Turnford, on the existing Cambridge Road, and with branches at its southern end to Green Lanes and Tottenham.

NORTH-WEST SECTION :

New Western Avenue, starting from Blenheim Crescent, Kensington, crossing into Silchester Road and then under the West London Railway, south of Wormwood Scrubs, then north of Hanger Hill and across open country just south of the G.W.R. High Wycombe line, and ter-

minating in the Oxford Road a mile beyond Uxbridge, thus relieving the existing main road to Uxbridge and Oxford.

Sudbury Extension, another much-needed link, forming a bypass avoiding Willesden and Wembley, giving an alternative route to Harrow, and forming a valuable connection from Kew Bridge northward.

SOUTH-WEST SECTION :

Brentford Bypass is already provided for, the Middlesex County Council having secured powers for the construction of an 80 ft. road, avoiding the narrow High Street of Brentford, with its eastern end at Kew Bridge and its western end in the Bath Road just beyond Hounslow. An extension to the Basingstoke Road from Staines is badly needed.

Kingston Bypass.—The first proposal was to avoid not only the town of Kingston, but the steep climb up Kingston Hill by a somewhat circuitous new road from Robin Hood Gate, Kingston Vale, skirting New Malden and Surbiton, and rejoining the Portsmouth Road near Esher. Although probably too circuitous to be much used as a bypass on the existing road, this line will be of great value in taking traffic from Tooting and Merton direct to the Portsmouth Road. This proposal has been agreed, and also an inner bypass road suggested by the Kingston Town Council from Surbiton Assembly Rooms to Norbiton, on the line of an existing pipe track; an important connection is also suggested from Surbiton to Copse Hill, Wimbledon.

Thames Bridges.—A new bridge is suggested at Richmond, also the widening of Putney Bridge and the rebuilding of Wandsworth Bridge and its approaches.

The proposed *CHERTSEY ROAD*, from High Road, Chiswick, through Richmond and Twickenham to Chertsey, will also eventually involve the construction of a new bridge between Mortlake and Chiswick.

SOUTHERN SECTION :

Sutton Bypass and Merton Connection.—In connection with this road there is an opportunity of linking up the main roads by a line from Morden Hall to Mitcham Lane, which ought not to be neglected.

Croydon Bypass has been undertaken by the Croydon Borough Council, and although somewhat steep at the Purley end, it will materially assist traffic on the Brighton Road wishing to avoid Croydon.

SOUTH-EASTERN SECTION :

Bromley Bypass, avoiding the town of Bromley and following the valley of the Ravensbourne, the only difficulty being the limited headroom where the road passes under the railway bridge at Shortlands Station.

Eltham Bypass, avoiding the High Street of Eltham, and opening out fresh country between Lee Green and Sidcup. *Old Kent Road to Catford*, a somewhat difficult route to negotiate, and like the other internal improvements suggested, necessitating special legislation to accomplish. A very great saving of time and distance would, however, be effected by its construction.

No estimates as to the cost of the proposals have been prepared, but it appears probable that in most cases the landowners will willingly co-operate, as the local authorities have already expressed their willingness to do, in making these proposals an accomplished fact, and it remains for the Government to put the machinery in motion, so that the work may be carried out at the earliest opportunity, so soon as labour is available.

The credit for these magnificent proposals for the relief of London traffic is due primarily to Sir Herbert Jekyll and his successor Colonel R. E. Hellard, R.E., the latter of whom has for many years patiently laboured, in fair weather and foul, for these great improvements. There have been many discouragements and compromises by the way, but at last the united voice of the representatives of Greater London has emphatically endorsed the proposals as being necessary, vitally necessary, for the traffic of London, and as a first step towards a well-ordered plan of development for Greater London. We have seen too, that the problem is a national one, upon which the safety of the capital of the Empire may one day depend.

The strategical importance of these new roads for London will be dealt with in a special article by Mr. Hilaire Belloc in LAND & WATER of November 9th.

The Chancellor's Latest Speech

By Colonel Feyler

In the following remarkable analysis of Herr Bethmann-Hollweg's speech to the Reichstag, Colonel Feyler, the distinguished Swiss military critic, shows that this utterance presupposes that Germany has reached a state of passive defensive, which is tantamount to the admission that the crumbling of the Central Powers has begun.

COMMENT upon the political side of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's latest speech has been abundant in all quarters; but it seems to me that there were military considerations in the speech which do not deserve to be neglected, and it is of these that I shall speak in the present article. We are not going too far if we venture to suggest that the Chancellor must have been somewhat embarrassed in composing the military portion of his utterance. His preceding speech, delivered April 5th, 1916, and which will be known to history as the "War Map" speech, was already somewhat daring in its manipulation of strategic principles, although it could claim to be in accord with general appearances. The deliverance of September 27th, however, is manifestly contrary to all appearance

A Comparison

We can hardly consider these speeches separately. Although given in very different spirit the second is to all intents and purposes a complement to the first. On April 5th von Bethmann-Hollweg was still on the offensive, and his speech demonstrated how victory continued to establish the new map of the Central Empires, the "War Map." On September 27th, however, he passes to the defensive and shows how the German armies are maintaining this new map, firmly and indestructibly, by allowing the enemy to destroy himself in a multiplicity of unsuccessful attacks until he shall be convinced of the vanity of his efforts and sue for peace.

This is a radical change. In 1914 and 1915 German policy demanded that its armies should *take*; in 1916 it demands that they should *keep* what they have taken until the original owners consent to let go. In more concise terms this is a policy of "Your money or your life." From a strategical point of view the difference between the two moods is enormous. The German Staff has constantly given proof of its adherence to the principle of the offensive, which alone can procure decisive results. It has shown this adherence quite recently in the Dobrudja where it deprived the Allies of an initiative which they should have been prepared to take themselves, and the results of which would have probably been most marked. This offensive was decided upon notwithstanding the difficulty of the general situation and the slenderness of its chances of success. Can it be said that this principle has been deliberately abandoned on the Western Front. We are entitled to have our doubts.

Two facts prove the contrary. Firstly, the battle of Verdun where the violent German offensive did not cease until it was necessary to resist the Allied attacks on the Somme. This was the first proof of a drainage of the Imperial resources, for the German army had to give up an attack in order to assure a defence.

The second fact is the Berlin communiqué of September 26th, with regard to the defeat at Comblès. To palliate this defeat mention was made of "the intervention *en masse* of the material manufactured for many months by the war industry of the whole world." As a matter of fact, this recalls Blucher speaking of Napoleon: "What on earth do you want me to do with those Hussars? Against those brutes we need guns and plenty of them." War material prepares the territory which the infantry seize. As long as the Germans believed themselves to have a superiority of material, they stuck to the offensive; if they have now given up the offensive it is not so to speak in order to give their enemy a choice of the moment when he will consent to hand over his money—it is rather that the superiority and material has changed sides during the last few months.

The Chancellor then was constrained to confess a

substitution of the defensive for the offensive, and it was only necessary to conceal the weakness to which this substitution was due. But is this new state still intact? "Our strength remains firm and unbroken," says the Chancellor. *This is false*; for the last six months it has been neither firm nor unbroken, for it has been sadly damaged at least three times under conditions whose full effect is not yet manifest.

The first occasion was at Erzerum, where the Russians forced the Turks to a strategy of defensive and of retreat. German military circles know quite well that their Turkish Ally is broken and that the Turks are of no further use other than to supply drafts to the German armies.

The second occasion was on the Sereth. Not only was the Austrian Ally very much damaged here, but he involved German armies in his defeat. Generals von Bothmer and von Linsingen cannot be quite ignorant of this and Marshal von Hindenburg himself must know something about it.

The third occasion is more recent still. However we may regard the operations on the Somme, they at least show a German front which has *not* remained firm and unbroken. It remains to be seen whether a consolidation slightly in rear will obviate a more complete smash or whether fresh Allied progress during the next few weeks will oblige the German front to withdraw, not only in the region of these attacks, but also on a more extended scale.

This is not all. Even if the crumbling of the Central Empires had not yet begun we would be justified in dwelling upon the risks involved by the Chancellor's new strategy; for the defensive always implies a certain amount of risk. To hold fast in all quarters and only to retreat step by step when it is impossible to do otherwise presupposes an extraordinary, almost supernatural, strength of will, for the defender is always nearer the boundary of demoralisation than the attacker. The latter is always able to choose the moment for ceasing attack, whereas the former is confined to speculation as to whether he can hold out so long.

Different Kinds of Defence

Of course, there is defence and defence. The resistance even of inferior forces can often be long sustained without much moral decay if there is a likely hope of a future re-establishment of balance which will allow of an offensive and a probable victory. Fabius Cunctator adopted this strategy against Hannibal and sustained public opinion at home by the hope of a subsequent offensive and a knowledge that means were being prepared to turn the tables on the enemy.

We need not go back to ancient history to find similar examples. Neither Belgium nor Serbia, despite the purely defensive character of their present strategy, have given up hope, as they anticipated an improvement in the general situation which should enable them to compensate for their losses. We can say the same of France which during 1914 underwent the gravest anxiety, and during 1915 the greatest alternations of hope and despair; but France founded her courage on the hope of a return to the offensive when her British Allies should have had time to prepare. Neither Belgians, Serbians nor French would admit that the end of the struggle depended upon the will of the enemy, but are confident of their own victory which with their Allies they have been steadfastly preparing.

Germany to-day is not in the same condition; the defensive proclaimed by the Chancellor ("firm and unbroken") is to be prolonged, not until new means shall allow it to be replaced by a victorious offensive, but for a time (indeterminate) until the Allies shall admit their incapacity to break it. This defensive will have no moral support from a belief in the promise of a better situation, but will need to rely upon a strength of will ready to hold off all attempts and all risks without any definite hope of ultimately avoiding collapse. Such a state might be expected of an isolated man or of a small

group of men inspired by the glory of a superhuman pass; but it cannot be expected of an army, all of whose men will not remain heroes forever. Of course, national defence is greatly stimulated by the knowledge that it is a matter of life or death; this stimulant acted with great force upon the French, and there is no reason to believe that the instinct of self-preservation is less profound with the Teuton than with the Latin. But there are three great differences.

The hope of a return to the offensive, which was great in the one case, but must be much less powerful in the present case. Secondly, the fact that the Allied defensive began at a moment when their moral was more or less intact, whereas in the case of the Germans this has already sensibly diminished owing to the length of the war. Lastly, confidence in a just cause. There is not a soul amongst the Allies who has the slightest doubt as to the war having been provoked by an iniquitous aggression

on the part of the German Empire, whereas not all Germans continue to repose faith in their leaders or in the sanctity of the motives invoked to justify their declaration of war.

Under such conditions a passive defensive with the object of tiring the enemy is but a vain hope; it is condemned to failure unless the very nature of things has undergone a transformation. Either the German Army will need a great change in the general situation, sufficient to allow them the means and the opportunity of an offensive, or else it will succumb to the superiority of its enemies. Time and manner count for little. A passive defensive, a front "firm and unbroken," can only end in ruin and disaster, for "unbroken" is not synonymous with "unbreakable." If the German army is already at this phase it can hardly be worth its while to wait for the campaign of 1917 before suing for peace. *Mene Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*; Cyrus seems to be beneath the walls of Babylon.

Development of British Agriculture

By Sir Herbert Matthews

Sir Herbert Matthews reviewed in a recent number of LAND & WATER Mr. Middleton's Official Report on the Development of German Agriculture. The various reforms which Germany had undertaken to make agriculture a really national industry on which that country could rely at all times and in all crises were defined. In the present article the writer goes a step further, and explains some of the more important reforms which are immediately necessary in order to place British agriculture on an equally secure basis in the best interests of the State.

THE great lesson that this war has taught everyone holding any position of authority is—that the basis of national defence is an assured food supply. Another lesson that the nation at large is still learning is—that the necessary food supply is not assured unless it is actually grown in this country. There may be in the future, as there are to-day, ample supplies of all we need in our Dominions and Colonies, which may be (as they are to-day) anxious to get them into our markets, but the difficulties of a state of war prevent many things being done we should like to do, apart from loss or damage inflicted by the enemy.

Speaking in pre-war values it is estimated that the United Kingdom spends £400,000,000 per annum on food grown in temperate zones, and another £60,000,000 on food from tropical climates. Of the former about one-half is produced in the United Kingdom. We ought at the very least to increase this to three-fourths, i.e., £300,000,000 measured in pre-war values.

If the nation is to profit from the lessons of the war increased production of foodstuffs can be brought about (a) by enlarging the output per acre, (b) by converting grass land to arable, (c) by reclaiming waste land. To bring about any increase under either of these heads the result must be commercially profitable. For the moment it is immaterial to the argument to whom the profit may accrue—whether to the State (if the State becomes the owner of the land), to the present landowners, or to the tenant farmers. In either case the cost of production must be less than the market price of the resulting produce, if it is to be continuous. The interests of the State and the producer have, therefore, to be reconciled. In other words if the State wants the largest possible output, conditions must be such as will induce the grower to obtain the largest possible output.

It was shown in my review of Mr. Middleton's report on the development of German Agriculture, that under recent financial conditions it usually paid farmers to lay land down to grass, because although their returns per acre were smaller their total profits were larger. The individual gained at the expense of the State. To reverse this process two closely related factors are required—fair prices, and reasonable security for their continuance. Wide fluctuations, even if prices are frequently high, will not bring about any permanent increase of output. Like other phases of national defence the reconciliation

of these two interests will cost money. The question that the nation has to determine is whether it is worth while to find the money—which admittedly will directly benefit the agriculturist—as a sort of insurance premium against starvation.

The desired result can be attained either by (a) the Government guaranteeing a minimum price for certain essential foods produced in the United Kingdom, e.g., wheat, meat, potatoes; (b) by duties on such imported articles of food as we can grow at home; (c) by grants for breaking up pasture or for reclaiming waste land; or (d) by a combination of some or all of these methods. A combination of all three will be found to be the cheapest and most effective.

The guarantee of a minimum price for wheat if effective, will increase the World's crop of wheat, with the result that the market price of wheat will have a downward tendency. An import duty on wheat will give the market price an upward tendency. By combining the two a large revenue accrues to the Treasury, and the counter-acting influences will tend to keep the market price about the level at which it stands when the system becomes operative. The grant for breaking up pasture (c) will be needed to give an impetus to this desirable course. It would eventually come about by the effect of (a) and (b) alone, but it would take much longer.

The arguments used against these methods may be summarised briefly as follows:

- 1.—Taxing the whole community for the benefit of one class.
- 2.—Raising the cost price of food.
- 3.—Interfering with free trade.
- 4.—Benefiting the farmer at the expense of the labourer.
- 5.—If the farmer obtains higher prices he will be no better off because the landlord will take it all in the shape of higher rents.

Let us examine these in the order given.

(1) It is true that the whole community will be taxed, including the agriculturist, and that that class will incidentally benefit. But this equally applies to all the workers in munition factories or employees in naval yards. It is not done in order to benefit any class, but to insure the nation against panic prices, or something even worse.

(2) The larger proportion of the cost of producing food was wages, even with the low rates paid to the agricultural labourer before the war. It would be impossible to go on producing food at, say, the average prices of 1885-1905, and to pay a higher wage than ruled during that period. If, therefore, the labourer is to have such a wage as he ought to get it is obvious that the average price of agricultural commodities must be kept at a higher average than that in the period referred to. For example, wheat must not be less than from 42s. to 45s. per quarter.

The Government have been frequently urged to control the price of the necessities of life; a demand has even been made that it should commandeer bread and meat, and distribute them as required. When you want to

cook a hare the cookery book tells you to "first catch your hare." Before the Government can commandeer supplies, or before they can control distribution, they must first acquire possession of the articles they intend to deal with. If, however, the larger proportion of our supplies are several thousand miles away, and some of those supplies are under the control of neutral and, not of necessity friendly, countries, the Government are not in a position to act in the manner suggested. So far as imported meat is concerned the Government have done all that is possible. With regard to both bread and meat we are in a much more favourable situation than might have been the case. Our Dominions have bumper crops when they might have had a deficiency, and this lucky fact has enabled the Government to purchase the Australian surplus as officially announced. We have the upper hand with submarines; next time we may have surprises sprung upon us.

England's Paltry Wheat Crop

The paltry crop of wheat we grow now has practically no effect on the world's prices, and if the Government took over every sack of wheat recently harvested, and sold that at a reduced rate it would only simplify the operations of gamblers two months hence. No, if the Government are to interfere in times of stress, with any effect, the home-grown supply must be large enough to enable them to control the market. At the present juncture potatoes and milk are the only important foods which the Government could effectively control, because they are practically entirely produced in this country. These are the two commodities which have risen least in price during the war period.

The general average of prices must be considerably higher than in the 1885-1905 period if a rural population, is to be retained.

(3.) This contention is hardly worth noting, for the person who adheres to his ideas of free trade in spite of the changed conditions will not get much of a hearing. He is a dangerous person, nevertheless, because he will make use of other arguments, such as number 5 for instance.

(4.) To ensure the labourer getting a fair share of better prices a minimum wage, controlled by properly constituted Wages Boards must be set up. This must be an integral part of any scheme for permanently improving prices. Higher wages are necessary to induce men to come to work on the land, and higher prices are necessary to make either large or small holdings worth having.

(5.) If this assertion were correct it would contradict 4, because the farmer would not be benefited at the expense of the labourer if the landlord reaps all the advantage. It is wholly incorrect. It was used, however, by a certain M.P. at Carnarvon the other day. Without any qualification as to change of conditions he urged that there was a real danger to farmers, that while he would say nothing about tariff reform he did want to see real protection against a rise in rents. We are often told that agriculture wants more capital put into it. But is the capitalist who invests in land never to get a better return than the miserable 1 or 2 per cent. which is all that fairly good land now pays the owner? Such a return will hardly attract capital to agriculture. Rents were double, sometimes treble the average of to-day in the 'sixties and 'seventies, yet farmers made large profits. In those days too farmers had plenty of capital, yet with falling rents we hear a constant cry of "want of capital."

There is one, and only one, certain remedy against the risk of rents being raised, and that is to become the owner of the land one occupies. Ownership settles all difficulties of land tenure, removes all sense of insecurity, gives absolute freedom of cropping, and removes all friction due to alleged damage by game. If even approximate figures could be arrived at, showing the dead loss incurred every year through the constant changes of tenancy under our present system of holding land, they would provide a startling argument against tenancy. The aggregate cost of removals from one farm to another, personal expenses incurred in viewing farms, solicitors', auctioneers', and valuers' fees, added to the inevitably lessened production on the part of the outgoing tenant, and the further loss incurred by the incoming tenant,

who has to learn the capacity and peculiarities of his holding, must run into many hundreds of thousands of pounds per annum.

Every tenant cannot become an owner at once, of course. Like all great changes it must take some time; but there is a very large area of land changing hands every year, and opportunities of acquiring land are constant and numerous. An alternative is for existing owners to resume possession of their land and farm it themselves. Unfortunately a number of them are quite ignorant of the scientific management of land, but that would soon right itself in many cases. If owners cannot, or will not, insist upon making their land produce all that can possibly be got out of it, then it should be compulsory for them to sell it in the open market. If a tenant is farming badly, either from ignorance, laziness, or want of capital, he should be compulsorily turned out to make room for a better man.

Such action is a necessary corollary to any action by the State for raising prices.

Still another alternative is for joint stock companies to acquire large blocks of land, throw several farms together, remove fences, and cultivate by motor power on extensive principles. It is quite certain that under some conditions a system of extensive farming can be made profitable where small farms will fail, simply because the cost of production per acre can be reduced by this method.

The Four Handicaps

Agriculture in England suffers from four serious handicaps. Low prices: lack of capital: lack of education: and lack of self-reliance. In order to remove the first the farmer must be given a feeling of security in steady and remunerative prices for his produce by means of a moderate and scientific scale of duties, and he will respond at once, as Mr. Middleton tells us the German farmer did. As in the case of Germany it will be less because of the actual amount of the duties imposed, than because he will realise that the State needs his help, and will see that he is not crushed out of existence. Directly that sense of security is realised the second handicap will soon be removed.

The third is not so easy to deal with. The process of education takes time, and the result cannot be expected all at once, but it is as essential as capital if this country is to hold its own. A general system of agricultural colleges, farm schools, and continuation schools is required, with facilities for the more intelligent boys and girls to pass upwards by means of scholarships. All these grades must be endowed by the State so that pupils need not be charged prohibitive fees.

No one can seriously advocate import duties on food except on the ground of the political necessity of increased production. The only effective way to secure that increase is—as has been said—to make it worth the while of agriculturists to grow all they can; but if these advantages are to be given, those who will benefit must realise that they are the servants of the State, holding a responsible position of trust, and must qualify themselves for that position. The last generation of farmers scoffed at education. A large number of the present generation firmly believe that they can learn nothing from science or from books, and look upon the scientist as a kind of nuisance who must be borne with, but who should be ignored as far as possible. That attitude has to be changed. The owner of land when letting a farm ought to be as careful to ascertain the prospective tenant's technical capabilities as he is to determine his ability to pay the rent. In fact a diploma from an agricultural school or college should be more carefully scrutinised than a bank reference.

The owner of land must consider himself just as much a servant of the State as the tenant, and it is his duty, under our assumed new conditions, to see that all his land is in charge of really competent men. A technical training in agriculture will never become general unless some such course is adopted. The average farmer will not help to raise the average until technical training becomes accepted as necessary.

The lack of self-reliance is more obscure. It may be observed in the majority of landowners by their complete dependence on their lawyers and agents. The reason given for this dependence is that their time is too much

taken with public work, political ties, financial or other business connections, or military duties which possibly compel long absence abroad. All these are quite good and sufficient reasons so long as the nation said, "We don't care where our food comes from so long as we get it cheap." But once the nation says: "We will grow as much as possible of our food at home, and make it worth your while to grow it," then it is incumbent on owners to be landowners first and other things incidentally. They must learn the business of land, and rely on their own judgment.

The Tenant Farmer

The lack of self-reliance is much more pronounced in the tenant farmer. Owing to the long period of depressed prices he naturally followed the line of least resistance. Not having a very wide outlook the remedy for falling prices seemed to him to be reduced rents. He got them reduced, in some cases to vanishing point, and in very many cases to a point which did not represent $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the cost of the buildings on the farms, leaving the land rent free. He then gave up doing any repairs, whatever his agreement might stipulate, and the landlords shouldered this burden. Tithes were transferred to the landlord, and frequently even the nominal rents were handed back on rent day. All this shows an extraordinary generosity on the part of owners, and it enabled many thousands of tenants to struggle on until the tide turned about 1905. During this period landlords became spoken of as in two classes—good and bad. The former meant the generous, the latter the man who took all he could get, or insisted upon his farm agreements being carried out. The fact that the former was able to be generous because his income was independent of land was overlooked, and the latter's misfortune in having his investment in land was equally forgotten. As the larger part of the land in Great Britain was in the hands of wealthy men most of it remained under cultivation at an estimated loss of nearly £1,000,000,000 in the capital value of land, and £77,000,000 per annum between 1874 and 1891 in the loss of tenants' capital. These figures were laid before the Royal Commission on Agriculture by Sir Robert Giffen in 1894.

One result of this was that the staple articles of food were sold below the cost of production for many years, and the British consumers were fed cheaply through the charity of our large landowners. That may be a startling fact to certain politicians, who not long ago were railing at dukes, but if the class of landowners had acted wisely instead of generously, many millions of acres must have gone derelict, our dependence on foreign production would have become absolute, and cheap food would ultimately have become a dream.

The other result was that tenants lost self-reliance. Landlords have come to be looked upon as props to help men in distress. They have helped to such an extent that many have presumed upon this traditional prop, and, like parasites, have sought to smother their hosts. The cry of "security of tenure" has grown out of this lack of self-reliance. This cry has been seized upon by a section of politicians, a few exceptional cases have been made much of, and a few tenants have been martyred, but it has been taken up by a number of other tenants, usually bad farmers, who see in it a possibility of preventing any raising of rents even if prices of produce go up. The man who fears eviction because of bad farming thoroughly agrees with the maxim of "security of tenure," and compensation for disturbance. The landlord who gives a tenant notice, for whatever cause, loses popularity. He fears he may be looked upon as a "bad" landlord, and thus frequently a really bad farmer is allowed to go on deteriorating the land when he ought to be turned out. The onus of disturbing a bad farmer must not be laid upon the landowner under our new conditions. Every proclaimed instance should be adjudicated upon by an official tribunal, and if found guilty the farmer should be ejected without any claim for compensation.

If there were any real desire for greater security of tenure the system of farm leases would not have died out so entirely as is the case. It was because farmers feared falling prices more than insecurity of tenure that annual agreements have become general.

The best remedy for this lack of self-reliance is owner-

L'Yser

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE YSER
(16TH-30TH OCTOBER, 1914.)

By EMILE CAMMAERTS

Ce qu'il était? Un gros ruisseau.
Courant en lacets à travers les prairies
Entre les grosses fermes et les maigres hameaux,
Dont les toits rouges brillaient au soleil de midi.
Un ruban d'eau vive enguirlandant la plaine
De la grâce féconde des vaches au pis lourd
Et de la chanson ferente et saine
Des coqs sur les fumiers et des cloches sur les tours.

Ce qu'il est?
Un marais
D'où surgissent quelques ruines,
Un marais pourri de vermine,
Accablé de silence,
Où la Mort pêche à coups de lance.

Ce qu'il sera, ce qu'il sera, mes frères? . . .
Le Nil de nos splendeurs, le Tibre de notre gloire,
Le Jourdain de notre espoir,
L'eau lustrale de notre terre.
L'ultime sanctuaire
Où nous viendrons, chaque année, en longs pèlerinages,
Comme les bêtes à l'abreuvoir,
Comme les bergers et les mages,
Aspirer à longs traits la piété des souvenirs
Et purger nos cœurs de toute aigreur, de tout désir
Qui pourrait porter ombrage
À Ceux dont les mains blêmes
Ont purifié nos fronts du sang de leur baptême.

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ship instead of tenancy. In order to assist tenants desirous of becoming owners a Land Bank is needed, and the creation of such a bank is perfectly feasible. Without going into further detail it is claimed that if the people will realise their responsibility in the matter of food production, the four handicaps which now throttle our premier industry can be removed. When this is accomplished we shall have no need to go to Germany or anywhere else to learn how to turn our land to the most profitable account. There is plenty of room for a happy mixture of large and small holdings in the country, but while the small owner should direct his attention to producing market garden or similar produce, the main advantage from the economic point of view of small properties is to give a ladder for small capitalists to climb to larger fields.

To prevent misunderstanding, I add one word of explanation. I do not wish to convey the impression that the foregoing remarks are intended to apply to all tenant farmers, or to all landowners. There is no class without its exceptions. Landlords are not all "good," and some become classed as "bad" through want of tact on the part of their agents. Tenants are not all "bad." Among the latter there are many in Great Britain who can give a lead to the world. Mr. Christopher Turnor in his book *Land Problems and National Welfare* calls them "Star Farmers." Their brilliant capabilities well deserve the name; but, alas, there are so many who do not even try to hold a candle to them.

The continuation of Miss Kathleen Burke's vivid studies of the French Army, entitled "The White Road to Verdun" will appear in next week's issue.

The *Elements of Tactics*, by Captain O. A. Forsyth-Major (Gale and Polden, 4s. net.) is an exceedingly able summary of the general principles of military tactics, illustrated with numerous plans of actual operations, and evidently based on careful and comprehensive study of the subject. The author has done his work in such fashion that the book, in addition to being a valuable manual of instruction, is also a very interesting work for lay readers.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

WHATEVER other may be the literary need of the fighting man, lyric poetry is certainly one. "The Tommy is a singing soldier," says Mr. Patrick MacGill in his *Soldier Songs* (Herbert Jenkins, 3s. 6d. net), but he is only recording a truth that is as old as war—as old, that is, as love and death. He has more to tell us when he describes what songs the soldiers sing, when he is working out the greatest common measure of the lyrical impulse in our armies. As to this he is fain to confess that "The soldier has in reality very few songs," and that what he has may be summed up in the word of his friend Rifleman Bill Teake: "These 'ere songs are no good in England. They 'ave too much guts in them." Tommy's own songs indeed approximate much more in tone and temper, and in absence of literary values, to those of Mr. R. W. Campbell in *The Making of Micky McGhee* (George Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d. net), than to Mr. MacGill's own songs. Mr. Campbell's verses are not good, but their narrative quality, their obvious sentiment and their appreciation of the Bacchanalian element in a soldier's life may attract the reciter of the camp sing-song.

* * * * *

What the soldier sings in companies and platoons is less the business of the literary critic than what satisfies the lyrical desires of the individual soldier. I have hinted that Mr. MacGill's poems have a factor or so, in the way of literary glamour and the like, too many to appeal to Tommy *en masse*. When he goes out on the listening-patrol, he sees all sorts of wonderful things: "Now Bill never sees any marvels like these." But many an individual Tommy will recognise the truth and the vision in Mr. MacGill's verse, and those at home will be glad to have a lyrical counterpart to his previous volume, *The Great Push*. For here the reader may see the soldier at the front, both in his lighter moments when "Tommy takes his puttees off and strafs the blooming fly," and in the most poignant moment of all:

"Chum o' mine, and you're dead, matey,
And this is the way we part,
The bullet went through your head, matey,
But Gawd! it went through my 'eart."

* * * * *

Patrick MacGill still has his spurs to win as a poet. Thomas Hardy, though he has written about the best, because one of the simplest and most direct, songs of the present war, *Men Who March Away*, is already a classic. Hence the propriety of including his selected poems in Messrs. Macmillan's famous *Golden Treasury Series* (2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. net). This is not the place to attempt any sort of final appraisal of the poetical output of one who, like George Meredith, returned after a long career as a novelist to the verse-making of his youth; but I recommend any poetry-loving soldier going back from leave to slip this little volume into his pocket. If he does not already know Thomas Hardy as a poet, he will be surprised at the savour of the homeland there is in his poems. These are for the most part dramatic lines with many such pictorial flashes as this of the old lady with tales to tell of the scare of Napoleon's invasion: "With cap-framed face and long gaze into the embers—"

We seated around her knees—

She would dwell on such dead themes, not as one who remembers,

But rather as one who sees.

There are difficulties, hesitations, reservations that restrain very often the free play of the emotional faculties, but every now and then the poet warms even his stoic philosophy into a lambent flame:

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness,
Had other aims than my delight.

Above all—and this is why this collection is particularly welcome at this moment—these poems belong to England; they are racy of her soil, and they are true to the central ideals of her people.

William Butler Yeats belongs to a poetic generation mid-way between that of Thomas Hardy and Patrick MacGill. I make no apology for thus placing him in the point of time, for, in his latest utterances the weight of years seems to hang heavy on him. He is, as he tells us in his *Reveries Over Childhood and Youth* (Macmillan and Co., 6s. net), "sorrowful and disturbed." The cause of his sorrow will seem strange to those who know his achievements in contemporary poetry. "When I think," he says, "of all the books I have read, and of the wise words I have heard spoken, and of the anxiety I have given to parents and grandparents, and of the hopes that I have had, all life weighed in the scales of my own life seems to me a preparation for something that never happens." There is the same mood in his new poems *Responsibilities* (Macmillan and Co., 6s. net):

"When I was young,
I had not given a penny for a song,
Did not the poet sing it with such airs
That one believed he had a sword upstairs;
Yet would be now, could I but have my wish,
Colder and dumber and deader than a fish."

In effect Mr. Yeats has been passing through a period of somewhat melancholy self-examination, but now that he has taken stock of himself and his forbears, as he does in these wistful and engaging *Memories* (as informative as to the growth of the poet's mind as the *Prelude* itself), let us hope that a new period of activity is about to begin that will rival even that ultra-romantic one that gave us *The Isle of Innisfree*. Indeed, there are signs of such a renaissance in the new volume of poems in which there are many that add a new note of virility to the haunting plaintiveness of his old tunes, but in which there is nothing so significant as the much stronger and more dramatic re-setting of his little play *The Hour Glass*. For the rest—to discuss these volumes fully would be to discuss modern Ireland, a task outside my sphere, but certainly a task which should be approached with an understanding of the point of view, albeit a somewhat detached and special point of view, from which Mr. Yeats looks with sadness and love on his countrymen.

* * * * *

From a poet of the sword to John Galsworthy, the humanitarian, is at first thinking a far cry. Read, however, the collection of pamphlets, letters to the press and other miscellanea that are gathered together into *A Sheaf* (Heinemann, 5s.), and behold a chivalry as fine, if not as romantic, as the Irishman's. These writings stretch from before the war and have to do, first with rights of animals and rights of women problems, then with the war and then with after the war. From them you will learn why the humanitarian fights for England, in the hope that he is fighting in the last fight, and how he hopes that this will come about. You will also see, painted by a dramatist, some wonderful pictures of the war moods of the men and women about you. And, while you consider the publicist's plea and enjoy the artist's beauty, you may take pride in active well-doing, for Mr. Galsworthy's book is being sold on behalf of St. Dunstan's and the National Institute for the Blind.

* * * * *

One of the most obvious problems of the reconstruction before us is that of our future relations with the Dominions. We are getting to know more of their men than we ever did before; we should not neglect any opportunities afforded us of learning about their history and environment. Such a book therefore, as Capt. Burton Deane's *Mounted Police Life in Canada* (Cassell and Co., 6s. net.) is welcome, more particularly so as it is written without any reference to the present day and is consequently unbiassed in its evidence. This book gives us a graphic, interesting and unvarnished tale of the development of the great North West provinces for the last thirty and more years, and incidentally reveals much of the good and of the evil that have gone to the building up of the Dominion. Captain Deane provides material for romance as well as for history. Thus there are some



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Contributions, marked "National Rumanian Relief Fund," should be sent to, and will be acknowledged by the HON. TREAS., SIR GEO. ANDERSON, The Bank of Scotland, 30, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. A list of contributions will be published in the Press from time to time.

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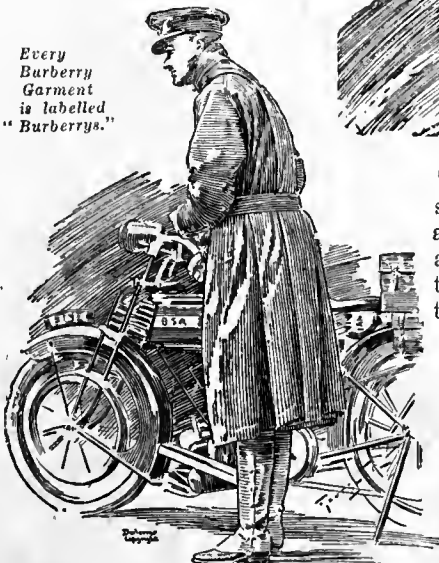
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By John Buchan

A Sequel to "The Thirty-Nine Steps"

CHAPTER XX (continued)

PETER waited till the lights both in the road and the ditch came nearer, and then he gripped the edge with his left hand, where some stones gave him purchase, dug the toes of his boots into the wet soil, and stuck like a limpet. It needed some strength to keep the position for long, but the muscles of his arms and legs were like whipcord.

The searcher in the ditch soon got tired, for the place was very wet, and joined his comrades on the road. They came along, running, flashing the lanterns into the trench, and exploring all the immediate countryside.

Then rose a noise of wheels and horses from the opposite direction. Michael and the delayed wagons were approaching. They dashed up at a great pace, driven wildly, and for one horrid second Peter thought they were going to spill into the ditch at the very spot where he was concealed. The wheels passed so close to the edge that they almost grazed his fingers. Somebody shouted an order and they pulled up a yard or two nearer the bridge. The others came up and there was a consultation.

Michael swore he had passed no one on the road.

"That fool Hannus has seen a ghost," said the officer testily. "It's too cold for this child's play."

Hannus, almost in tears, repeated his tale. "The man spoke to me in good German," he cried.

"Ghost or no ghost he is safe enough up the road," said the officer. "Kind God, that was a big one!" He stopped and stared at a shell-burst, for the bombardment from the east was growing fiercer.

They stood discussing the fire for a minute and presently moved off. Peter gave them two minutes' law and then clambered back to the highway and set off along it at a run. The noise of the shelling and the wind, together with the thick darkness made it safe to hurry.

He left the road at the first chance and took to the broken country. The ground was now rising towards a spur of the Palantuken, on the far slope of which were the Turkish trenches. The night had begun by being pretty nearly as black as pitch; even the smoke from the shell explosions, which is often visible in darkness, could not be seen. But as the wind blew the snow-clouds athwart the sky patches of stars came out. Peter had a compass, but he didn't need to use it, for he had a kind of "feel" for landscape, a special sense which is born in savages and can only be acquired after long experience by the white man. I believe he could smell where the north lay. He had settled roughly which part of the line he would try, merely because of its nearness to the enemy. But he might see reason to vary this, and as he moved he began to think that the safest place was where the shelling was hottest. He didn't like the notion, but it sounded sense.

Suddenly he began to puzzle over queer things in the ground, and, as he had never seen big guns before, it took him a moment to fix them. Presently one went off at his elbow with a roar like the Last Day. These were the Austrian howitzers—nothing over 8 inch, I fancy, but to Peter they looked like leviathans. Here, too, he saw for the first time a big and quite recent shell-hole, for the Russian guns were searching out the position. He was so interested in it all that he poked his nose where it shouldn't have been, and dropped plump into the pit behind a gun-emplacement.

Gunners all the world over are the same—shy people, who hide themselves in holes and hibernate and mortally dislike being detected.

A gruff voice cried "*Wer da?*" and a heavy hand seized his neck.

Peter was ready with his story. He belonged to Michael's wagon-team and had been left behind. He wanted to be told the way to the sappers' camp. He was very apologetic, not to say obsequious.

"It is one of those Prussian swine from the Märta Bridge," said a gunner. "Land him a kick to teach him sense. Beat to your right, mannikin, and you will find a road. And have a care when you get there, for the Russkoes are registering on it."

Peter thanked them and bore off to the right. After that he kept a wary eye on the howitzers, and was thankful when he got out of their area on to the slopes up the hill. Here

was the type of country that was familiar to him, and he defied any Turk or Boche to spot him among the scrub and boulders. He was getting on very well, when once more, close to his ear, came a sound like the crack of doom.

It was the field-guns now, and the sound of a field-gun close at hand is bad for the nerves if you aren't expecting it. Peter thought he had been hit, and lay flat for a little to consider. Then he found the right explanation, and crawled forward very warily.

Presently he saw his first Russian shell. It dropped half a dozen yards to his right, making a great hole in the snow and sending up a mass of mixed earth, snow, and broken stones. Peter spat out the dirt and felt very solemn. You must remember that never in his life had he seen big shelling, and was now being landed in the thick of a first-class show without any preparation. He said he felt cold in his stomach, and very wishful to run away, if there had been anywhere to run to. But he kept on to the crest of the ridge, over which a big glow was broadening like a sunrise. He tripped once over a wire, which he took for some kind of snare, and after that went very warily. By and by he got his face between two boulders and looked over into the true battlefield.

He told me it was exactly what the predikant used to say that Hell would be like. About fifty yards down the slope lay the Turkish trenches—they were quite dark against the snow, and now and then a black figure like a devil showed for an instant and disappeared. The Turks clearly expected an infantry attack, for they were sending up calcium rockets and Verey flares. The Russians were battering their line and spraying all the hinterland, not with shrapnel, but with good solid high-explosives. The place would be as bright as day for a moment, all smothered in a scurry of smoke and snow and debris, and then a black pall would fall on it, when only the thunder of the guns told of the battle.

Peter felt very sick. He had not believed there could be so much noise in the world, and the drums of his ears were splitting. Now, for a man to whom courage is habitual, the taste of fear—naked, utter fear—is a horrible thing. It seemed to wash away all his manhood. Peter lay on the crest, watching the shells burst, and confident that any moment he might be a shattered remnant. He lay and reasoned with himself, calling himself every name he could think of, but conscious that nothing would get rid of that lump of ice below his heart.

Then he could stand it no longer. He got up and ran for his life.

But he ran forward.

It was the craziest performance. He went hell-for-leather over a piece of ground which was being watered with H.E., but by the mercy of Heaven nothing hit him. He took some fearsome tosses in shell-holes, but partly erect and partly on all fours he did the fifty yards and tumbled into a Turkish trench right on the top of a dead man.

The contact with that body brought him to his senses. That men could die at all seemed a comforting, homely thing after that unnatural pandemonium. The next moment a crump took the parapet of the trench some yards to his left, and he was half buried in an avalanche.

He crawled out of that, pretty badly cut about the head. He was quite cool now and thinking hard about his next step. There were men all around him, sullen dark faces as he saw them when the flares went up. They were manning the parapets and waiting tensely for something else than the shelling. They paid no attention to him, for I fancy in that trench units were pretty well mixed up and under a bad bombardment no one bothers about his neighbours. He found himself free to move as he pleased. The ground of the trench was littered with empty cartridge-cases, and there were many dead bodies.

The last shell, as I have said, had played havoc with the parapet. In the next spell of darkness Peter crawled through the gap and twisted among some snowy hillocks. He was no longer afraid of shells, any more than he was afraid of a veld thunderstorm. But he was wondering very hard now how he should ever get to the Russians. The Turks were behind him now, but there was the biggest danger in front.

Then the artillery ceased. It was so sudden that he thought he had gone deaf, and could hardly realise the blessed

(Continued on page 22.)

A Munition Worker and BOVRIL

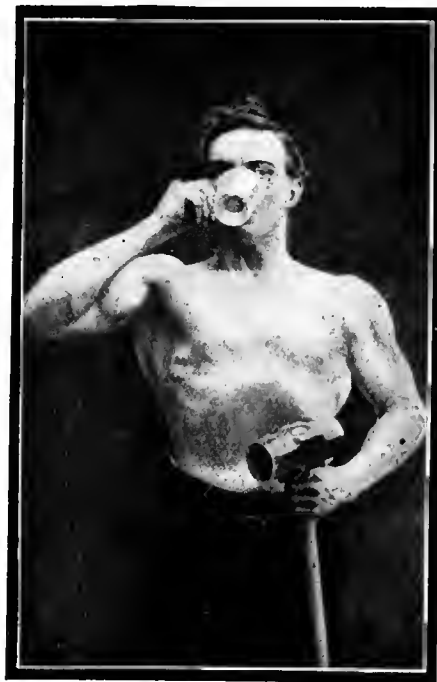


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(Continued from page 20.)

relief of it. The wind, too, seemed to have fallen, or perhaps he was sheltered by the lee of the hill. There were a lot of dead here also, and that he couldn't understand, for they were new dead. Had the Turks attacked and been driven back? When he had gone about thirty yards he stopped to take his bearings. On the right were the ruins of a large building set on fire by the guns. There was a blur of woods and the debris of walls round it. Away to the left another hill ran out farther to the east, and the place he was in seemed to be a kind of cup between the spurs. Just before him was a little ruined building, with the sky seen through its rafters, for the smouldering ruin on the light gave a certain light. He wondered if the Russian firing-line lay there.

Just then he heard voices—smothered voices—not a yard away and apparently below the ground. He instantly jumped to what this must mean. It was a Turkish trench—a communication trench. Peter didn't know much about modern war, but he had read in the papers, or heard from me, enough to make him draw the right moral. The fresh dead pointed to the same conclusion. What he had got through were the Turkish support trenches, not their firing-line. That was still before him.

He didn't despair, for the rebound from panic had made him extra courageous. He crawled forward, an inch at a time, taking no sort of risk, and presently found himself looking at the parados of a trench. Then he lay quiet to think out the next step.

The shelling had stopped, and there was that queer kind of peace which falls sometimes on two armies not a quarter of a mile distant. Peter said he could hear nothing but the far-off sighing of the wind. There seemed to be no movement of any kind in the trench before him, which ran through the ruined building. The light of the burning was dying, and he could just make out the mound of earth a yard in front. He began to feel hungry, and got out his packet of food and had a swig at the brandy flask. That comforted him, and he felt a master of his fate again. But the next step was not so easy. He must find out what lay behind that mound of earth.

Suddenly a curious sound fell on his ears. It was so faint that at first he doubted the evidence of his senses. Then as the wind fell it came louder. It was exactly like some hollow piece of metal being struck by a stick, musical and oddly resonant.

He concluded it was the wind blowing a branch of a tree against an old boiler in the ruin before him. The trouble was that there was scarcely enough wind now for that in this sheltered cup.

But as he listened he caught the note again. It was a bell, a fallen bell, and the place before him must have been a chapel. He remembered that an Armenian monastery had been marked on the big map, and he guessed it was the burned building on his right.

The thought of a chapel and a bell gave him the motion of some human agency. And then suddenly the notion was confirmed. The sound was regular and concerted—dot, dash, dot—dash, dot, dot. The branch of a tree and the wind may play strange pranks, but they do not produce the long and shorts of the Morse Code.

This was where Peter's intelligence work in the Boer War helped him. He knew the Morse, he could read it, but he could make nothing of the signalling. It was either in some special code or in a strange language.

He lay still and did some calm thinking. There was a man in front of him, a Turkish soldier, who was in the enemy's pay. Therefore he could fraternise with him, for they were on the same side. But how was he to approach him without getting shot in the process? Again, how could a man send signals to the enemy from a firing-line without being detected? Peter found an answer in the strange configuration of the ground. He had not heard a sound till he was a few yards from the place, and they would be inaudible to men in the reserve trenches and even in the communication trenches. If somebody moving up the latter caught the noise, it would be easy to explain it naturally. But the wind blowing down the cup would carry it far in the enemy's direction.

There remained the risk of being heard by those parallel with the bell in the firing trenches. Peter concluded that that trench must be very thinly held, probably only by a few observers, and the nearest might be a dozen yards off. He had read about that being the French fashion under a big bombardment.

The next thing was to find out how to make himself known to this ally. He decided that the only way was to surprise him. He might get shot, but he trusted to his strength and agility against a man who was almost certainly wearied. When he had got him safe, explanations might follow.

Peter was now enjoying himself hugely. If only those infernal guns kept silent he would play out the game in the

sober, decorous way he loved. So very delicately he began to wriggle forward to where the sound was.

The night was now as black as ink round him, and very quiet, too, except for sighings of the dying gale. The snow had drifted a little in the lee of the ruined walls, and Peter's progress was naturally very slow. He could not afford to dislodge one ounce of snow. Still the tinkling went on, now in greater volume, and Peter was in terror lest it should cease before he got his man.

Presently his hand clutched at empty space. He was on the lip of the front trench. The sound was now a yard to his right, and with infinite care he shifted his position. Now the bell was just below him, and he felt the big rafter of the woodwork from which it had fallen. He felt something else—a stretch of wire fixed in the ground with a far end hanging in the void. That would be the spy's explanation if any one heard the sound and came seeking the cause.

Somewhere in the darkness before and below him was the man, not a yard off. Peter remained very still, studying the situation. He could not see, but he could feel the presence, and he was trying to decide the relative position of man and bell and their exact distance from him. The thing was not so easy as it looked, for if he jumped for where he believed the figure was, he might miss it and get a bullet in the stomach. A man who played so risky a game was probably handy with his firearms. Besides, if he should hit the bell, he would make a hideous row and alarm the whole front.

Fate suddenly gave him the right chance. The unseen figure stood up and moved a step, till his back was against the parados. He actually brushed against Peter's elbow, who held his breath.

There is a catch which the Kaffirs have which would need several diagrams to explain. It is partly a neck hold, and partly a paralysing backward twist of the right arm, but if it is practised on a man from behind, it locks him as sure as if he were handcuffed. Peter slowly got his body raised and his knees drawn under him, and reached for his prey.

He got him. A head was pulled backward over the edge of the trench, and he felt in the air the motion of the left arm pawing feebly but unable to reach behind.

"Be still," whispered Peter in German; "I mean you no harm. We are friends of the same purpose. Do you speak German?"

"Nein," said a muffled voice.

"English?"

"Yes," said the voice.

"Thank God," said Peter. "Then we can understand each other. I've watched your notion of signalling, and a very good one it is. I've got to get through to the Russian lines somehow before morning, and I want you to help me. I'm English—a kind of English, so we're on the same side. If I let go your neck will you be good and talk reasonably?"

The voice assented. Peter let go, and in the same instant slipped to the side. The man wheeled round and flung out an arm but gripped vacancy.

"Steady, friend," said Peter; "you mustn't play tricks with me or I'll be angry."

"Who are you? Who sent you?" asked the puzzled voice.

Peter had a happy thought. "The Companions of the Rosy Hours?" he said.

"Then are we friends indeed," said the voice. "Come out of the darkness, friend, and I will do you no harm. I am a good Turk, and I fought beside the English in Kordofan, and I learned their tongue. I live only to see the ruin of Enver, who has beggared my family and slain my twin brother. Therefore I serve the *Muscov ghiaours*."

"I don't know what the Musky Jaws are, but if you mean the Russians I'm with you. I've got news for them which will make Enver green. The question is, how I'm to get to them, and that is where you shall help me, my friend."

"How?"

"By playing that little tune of yours again. Tell them to expect within the next half hour a deserter with an important message. Tell them, for God's sake, not to fire at anybody till they've made certain it isn't me."

The man took the blunt end of his bayonet and squatted beside the bell. The first stroke brought out a clear, searching note which floated down the valley. He struck three notes at slow intervals. For all the world, Peter said, he was like a telegraph operator calling up a station.

"Send the message in English," said Peter.

"They may not understand it," said the man.

"Then send it any way you like. I trust you, for we are brothers."

After ten minutes the man ceased and listened. From far away came the sound of a trench-gong, the kind of thing they used on the Western Front to give the gas-alarm.

"They say they will be ready," he said. "I cannot take

(Continued on page 24)

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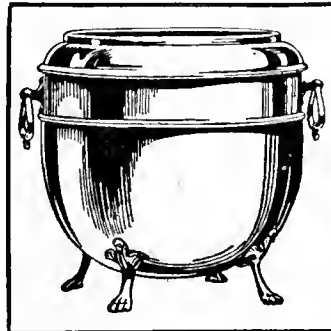
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DEANS GATE,
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(Continued from page 22.)

down messages in the darkness, but they have given me the signal which means 'Consent.'

"Come, that is pretty good," said Peter. "And now I must be moving. You take a hint from me. When you hear big firing up to the north get ready to beat a quick retreat, for it will be all up with that city of yours. And tell your folk, too, that they're making a bad mistake letting those fool Germans rule their land. Let them hang Enver and his little friends, and we'll all be happy once more."

"May Satan receive his soul!" said the Turk. "There is wire before us, but I will show you a way through. The guns this evening made many rents in it. But haste, for a working party may be here presently to repair it. Remember there is much wire before the other lines."

Peter, with certain directions, found it pretty easy to make his way through the entanglement. There was one bit which scraped a hole in his back, but very soon he had come to the last posts and found himself in the open country. The place, he said, was a graveyard of the unburied dead that smelt horribly as he crawled among them. He had no inducements to delay, for he thought he could hear behind him the movement of the Turkish working party, and was in terror that a flare might reveal him and a volley accompany his retreat.

From one shell-hole to another he wormed his way, till he struck an old ruinous communication trench which led in the right direction. The Turks must have been forced back in the past week, and the Russians were now in the evacuated trenches. The thing was half full of water, but it gave Peter a feeling of safety, for it enabled him to get his head below the level of the ground. Then it came to an end and he found before him a forest of wire.

The Turk in his signal had mentioned half an hour, but Peter thought it was nearer two hours before he got through that noxious entanglement. Shelling had made little difference to it. The uprights were all there, and the barbed strands seemed to touch the ground. Remember, he had no wire-cutter; nothing but his bare hands. Once again fear got hold of him. He felt caught in a net, with monstrous vultures waiting to pounce on him from above. At any moment a flare might go up and a dozen rifles find their mark. He had altogether forgotten about the message which had been sent, for no message could dissuade the ever-present death he felt around him. It was, he said, like following an old lion into bush when there was but one narrow way in, and no road out.

The guns began again—the Turkish guns from behind the ridge—and a shell tore up the wire a short way before him. Under cover of the burst he made good a few yards, leaving large portions of his clothing in the strands. Then quite suddenly, when hope had almost died in his heart, he felt the ground rise steeply. He lay very still, a star-rocket from the Turkish side lit up the place, and there in front was a rampart with the points of bayonets showing beyond it. It was the Russian hour for stand-to.

He raised his cramped limbs from the ground and shouted, "Friend! English!"

A face looked down at him, and then the darkness again descended.

"Friend," he said hoarsely. "English."

He heard speech behind the parapet. An electric torch was flashed on him for a second. A voice spoke, a friendly voice, and the sound of it seemed to be telling him to come over.

He was now standing up, and as he got his hands on the parapet he seemed to feel bayonets very near him. But the voice that spoke was kindly, so with a heave he scrambled over and flopped into the trench. Once more the electric torch was flashed and revealed to the eyes of the onlookers an indescribably dirty, lean, middle-aged man with a bloody head, and scarcely a rag of shirt on his back. The said man, seeing friendly faces around him, grinned cheerfully.

"That was a rough trek, friends," he said; "I want to see your general pretty quick, for I've got a present for him."

He was taken to an officer in a dug-out, who addressed him in French, which he did not understand. But the sight of Stumm's plan worked wonders. After that he was fairly bundled down communication trenches and then over swampy fields to a farm among trees. There he found staff officers, who looked at him and looked at his map, and then put him on a horse and hurried him eastwards. At last he came to a big ruined house, and was taken into a room which seemed to be full of maps and generals.

The conclusion must be told in Peter's words.

"There was a big man sitting at a table drinking coffee, and when I saw him my heart jumped out of my skin. For it was the man I hunted with on the Pungwe in '98—him whom the Kaffirs called 'Buck's Horn,' because of his long curled moustaches. He was a prince even then, and now he is a very great general. When I saw him, I ran forward and

gripped his hand and cried, 'Hoe gat het, Mynheer?' and he knew me and shouted in Dutch, 'Damn, if it isn't old Peter Pienaar!' Then he gave me coffee and ham and good bread, and he looked at my map.

"What is this?" he cried, growing red in the face.

"It is the staff-map of one Stumm, a German *skellum* who commands in yon city," I said.

"He looked at it close and read the markings, and then he read the other paper which you gave me, Dick. And then he flung up his arms and laughed. He took a loaf and tossed it into the air so that it fell on the head of another general. He spoke to them in their own tongue, and they too laughed and one or two ran out as if on some errand. I have never seen such merrymaking. They were clever men, and knew the worth of what you gave me.

"Then he got to his feet and hugged me, all dirty as I was, and kissed me on both cheeks.

"Before God, Peter," he said, 'you're the mightiest hunter since Nimrod. You've often found me game, but never game so big as this!'"

CHAPTER XXI

The Little Hill

IT was a wise man who said that the biggest kind of courage was to be able to sit still. I used to feel that when we were getting shelled in the reserve trenches outside Vermelles. I felt it before we went over the parapets at Loos, but I never felt it so much as on the last two days in that cellar. I had simply to set my teeth and take a pull on myself. Peter had gone on a crazy errand which I scarcely believed could come off. There were no signs of Sandy; somewhere within a hundred yards he was fighting his own battles, and I was tormented by the thought that he might get jumpy again and wreck everything. A strange Companion brought us food, a man who spoke only Turkish and could tell us nothing; Hussin, I judged, was busy about the horses. If I could only have done something to help on matters I could have scotched my anxiety, but there was nothing to be done, nothing but wait and brood. I tell you I began to sympathise with the general behind the lines in a battle, the fellow who makes the plans which others execute. Leading a charge can be nothing like so nerve-shaking a business as sitting in an easy-chair and waiting the news of it.

It was bitter cold, and we spent most of the day wrapped in our greatcoats and buried deep in the straw. Blenkiron was a marvel. There was no light for him to play Patience by, but he never complained. He slept a lot of the time, and when he was awake talked as cheerily as if he were starting out on a holiday. He had one great comfort, his dyspepsia was gone. He sang hymns constantly to the benign Providence that had squared his duo-denum.

My only occupation was to listen for the guns. The first day after Peter left they were very quiet on the front nearest us, but in the late evening they started a terrific racket. The next day they never stopped from dawn to dusk, so that it reminded me of that tremendous forty-eight hours before Loos. I tried to read into this some proof that Peter had got through, but it would not work. It looked more like the opposite, for this desperate hammering must mean that the frontal assault was still the Russian game.

Two or three times I climbed on the housetop for fresh air. The day was foggy and damp, and I could see very little of the countryside. Transport was still bumping southward along the road to the Palantuken, and the slow wagon-loads of wounded returning. One thing I noticed, however. There was a perpetual coming and going between the house and the city. Motors and mounted messengers were constantly arriving and departing, and I concluded that Hilda von Einem was getting ready for her part in the defence of Erzerum.

These ascents were all on the first day after Peter's going. The second day, when I tried the trap, I found it closed and heavily weighted. This must have been done by our friends, and very right too. If the house were becoming a place of public resort, it would never do for me to be journeying roofward.

Late on the second night Hussin reappeared. It was after supper, when Blenkiron had gone peacefully to sleep and I was beginning to count the hours till the morning. I could not close an eye during these days and not much at night.

Hussin did not light a lantern. I heard his key in the lock, and then his light step close to where we lay.

"Are you asleep?" he said, and when I answered he sat down beside me.

"The horses are found," he said, "and the Master bids me tell you that we start in the morning three hours before dawn."

(To be continued)

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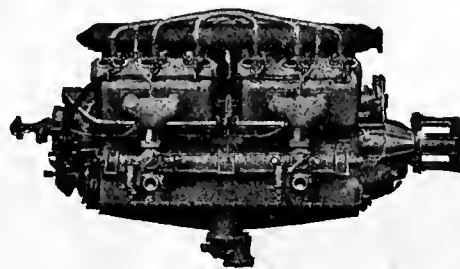
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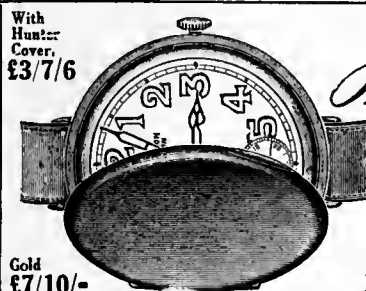
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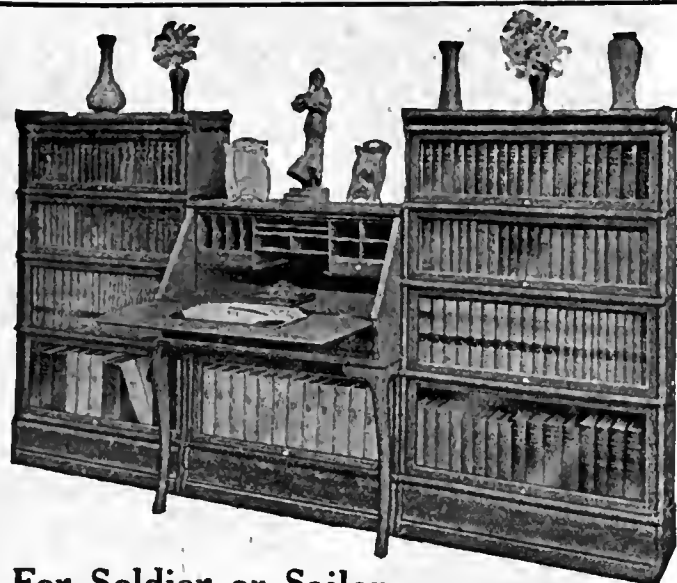
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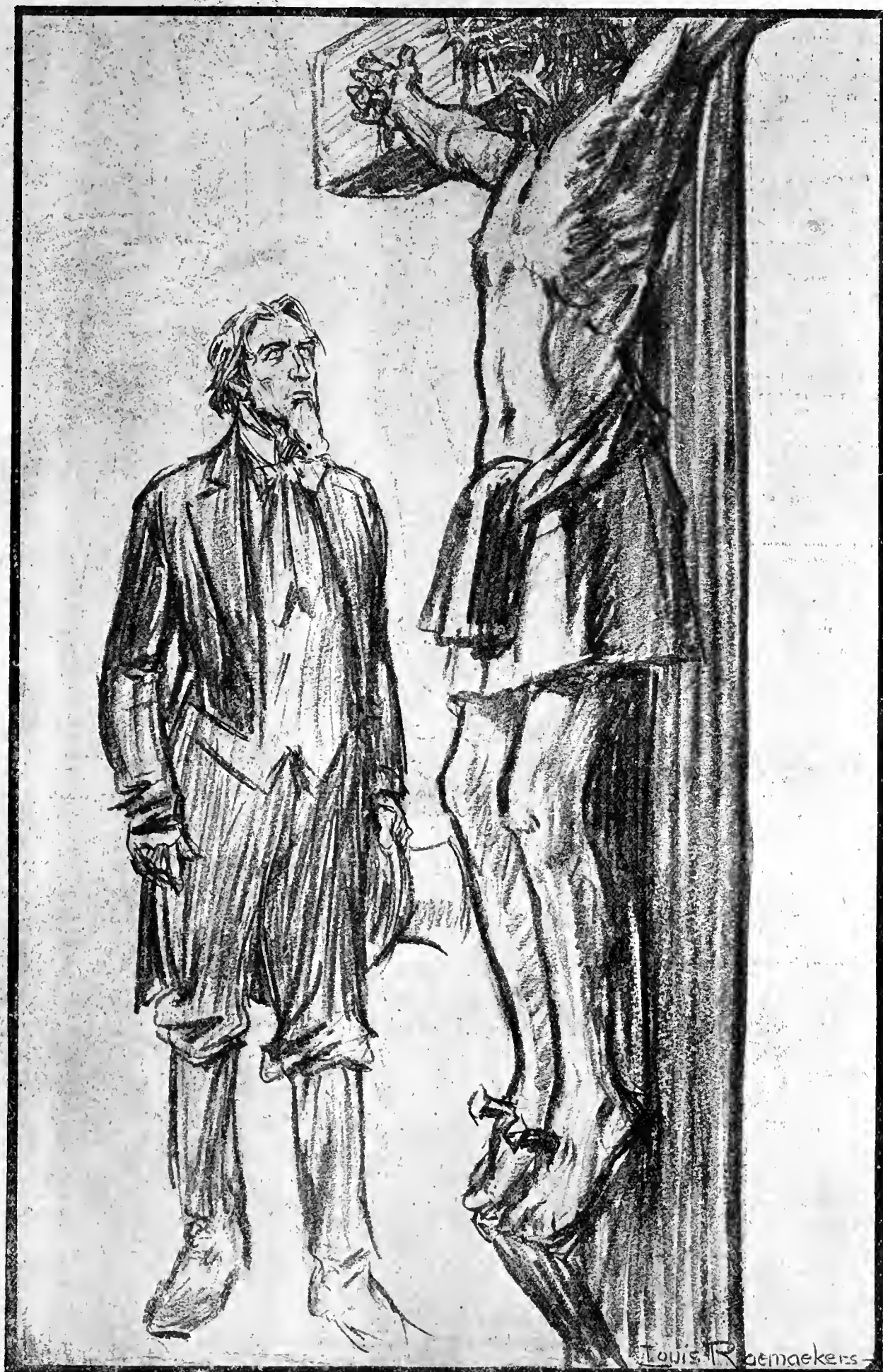
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GERMAN MAN-POWER

WE would draw particular attention to the special article upon the present reserve of man-power within the German Empire which Mr. Belloc has been able to compile from statistics submitted to him during a recent visit to the Continent. Although the sources of this information cannot be fully described, they are of a character which gives them the fullest authority.

Of all elements affecting public opinion during the course of the war, none perhaps have had such varied fortunes with the civilian public at home as this question of the enemy's numbers, and particularly of the numbers of men available within the German Empire at various stages in the struggle. This, like so many other novel phenomena of the campaign, has undoubtedly been due to the reaction following upon estimates made at the beginning of the war too favourable for the Allied cause. In the first month's campaign, the losses, being upon a scale quite novel in warfare, were, paradoxically enough, exaggerated for that very cause. It was as though men, seeing the tremendous effect of modern defensive upon the German close formation, had lost their sense of proportion, and faced with something double or treble what had been expected in time of peace, were led to imagine an even greater slaughter than this.

When the period of trench warfare set in with the autumn of 1914, conditions were so novel that no one, however expert in strategy under the old conditions of war, was competent to draw a just conclusion. For instance, the proportion of deaths to total casualties proved to be far higher than had been the case with open warfare, yet the best observers fell for some time into the error of multiplying deaths by 7 or 8 in order to get the total number of casualties, while the real multiple should have been 4 or 5. There was also this obstacle to a right calculation, that for some time the sources on which it had been based—intelligence supplied from enemy observation, interrogation of prisoners, captured documents, etc., were not received in sufficient numbers to provide a basis for judgment. But about February 1915, these difficulties had largely disappeared. From that date onwards, say, during the last eighteen months, calculations upon which all military judgment must be based, had continually increased in exactitude and the power to foresee the rate of enemy wastage, etc., had proportionately increased.

No better example of this can be found than the studies which have appeared from time to time in the

columns of LAND & WATER, and which from about the date just mentioned, have been verified. The date for the re-examination of rejected men in the early autumn of the same year was foreseen to be within a few days of the exact moment chosen by the German authorities for that operation. The same is true of the date for the calling out of class 1917 and for its probable appearance in the field. The study presented to our readers in the present issue of this journal is of another sort, complementary to the study of losses by the calling up of younger classes. It deals with the total existing reserve of man-power behind the German armies in the field, the strength and constitution of which is also described. It is physically impossible for the enemy to make any useful call upon boys younger than class 1918, the greater part of whom are at present at school. Such boys might be summoned, but they could not be of service until at least the late summer of next year, and even if they were put under the strain of modern war so early as that, the effect of such a policy upon the general constitution of the enemy's units would be such as to make the game not worth the candle.

There is a complementary study to this analysis of the enemy's reserve which every reader naturally has in mind, which unfortunately cannot be stated in the same exact terms. While we know the progress of the enemy's exhaustion, we are, of course, aware of a similar process affecting the Allies, and since, for these obvious reasons, statistical analysis of the same sort cannot be given upon the other side of the account, those who have not yet fully considered the nature of the problem sometimes regard the enemy's exhaustion and that of the Allies as proceeding at a similar rate and with similar consequences. This is an error which nothing but publication of the full facts can confute. Thus we have in the Austro-Hungarian Empire class 1918 long ago incorporated and even present in the field, and in the German Empire class 1918 for the greater part already in depots under training, while prisoners from 1917 class began to be taken as early as June and July in this year. The French who suffered more severely from their prolonged defensive upon their front than any other of the Allies, have not even summoned 1918, and though they have called up 1917 some months ago, have not yet had to put a single man from that class into the field. The other conscript belligerents, the Italians and the Russians, have a reserve of man-power, which is far greater than their existing field armies. The British position is somewhat anomalous, because the system of recruitment does not follow that of an old-established conscript army. There are no classes in the strict sense. But men are called up by the actual date of birth and not by the year in which the birth takes place.

These calculations, and the conclusions that are drawn from them, affect not only the strength of armies in the field, and their future rate of recruitment, but also—and this should not be forgotten—the all-important question of munitionment and supply. If Germany and Austria-Hungary are now surpassed in the rate of such production by the Western Powers, it is only because the numbers of men available for all purposes are more and more limited. There is a strict proportion between the younger able-bodied men used in such work as mining and metallurgy, and the replacing of these by inferior classes of labour can never be successful. Nor is there much in the argument one often hears that a large number of prisoners in the hands of the enemy relieves the strain upon their capacity in any special method. The number of prisoners in the hands of the Allies, east and west, is approximately the same, or very little less, than the corresponding number in the hands of the enemy. There was a long period in the earlier part of the war when this was not the case, but it is the case to-day.

German Reserves Fully Analysed

By Hilaire Belloc

I AM in a position this week to lay before my readers a detailed analysis of the existing reserves of men in the German Empire.

The matter is so important that I trust I may be excused if I repeat at the beginning of this article a number of elementary points, both to the advantage of those who have not read my previous articles upon the subject, and for the sake of obtaining the greatest possible clearness in my exposition.

Capital Importance of German Reserve Man Power

A just appreciation of the German man power has been the foundation of all sound judgment upon the great war from the beginning. Great national wars must always ultimately turn upon this factor, granted equality in material, supply and training, discipline and organisation between the opposing parties. But the matter has obtained a special importance in the course of the last few months and will be of increasing importance as the war proceeds, for the following reasons:

FIRST.—The West has recently passed the Central Empires in the power of production. It is making more guns and larger guns and more munitionment for them than the enemy is making. Its rate of increase in this productive power is also greater.

It is true that side by side with this there goes the grave handicap suffered by our Eastern Allies in exactly the same field and the fact that they depend for this heavy munitionment, which has proved vital to modern war, principally upon the West, their communications with which are long, few, and difficult. Meanwhile, we have in our calculations no longer to condition in the decisive theatre, which is the Western theatre, our comparison of man power by an adverse comparison of material. The second variable, material, is eliminated. Man power alone remains to be noted, and its curve to be established.

SECONDLY.—In this decisive Western field the German army alone is concerned. The great mass of it stands there, and the best quality of it stands there. Therefore, an appreciation of the remaining German reserve of men is the chief factor in any judgment concerning that front.

THIRDLY.—It is more and more evident with every day that passes that the German Empire—not only the directing hand of Prussia, but the organised military body drawn from German population—is the vital nucleus of all the armies opposed to us. We note the use by our enemies of their Bulgarian Allies, and of a certain very insufficient and precarious Turkish recruitment. But such exceptional features in the situation hardly modify the truth that *German recruitment is the core of the whole matter*. Austria-Hungary is notoriously exhausted compared with her master. The Turkish Empire has proved and will further prove capable, or willing, of providing but insignificant contingents for Central Europe. There is no question of Prussia's using the Bulgarians in any field at will. Moreover, the great mass of them will necessarily be tied to the Southern front for so long as the offensive from Salonika is continued; that is, indefinitely—for no one who counts in the councils of the Allies now fails to recognise the wisdom and the necessity of keeping that door pressed open upon the Balkans.

An excellent proof can be given of the way in which German recruitment has become essential to our enemy as a whole. I would beg my readers to note it carefully, for it is convincing.

Brussiloff attacked, it will be remembered, upon the 4th of June. There were at that time between the central Russian marshes of the Pripiet and the Aegean Sea exactly *three* German divisions and *three* only.

These were the 48th division of reserve on the Strypa, under Bothmer; the 101st division in Macedonia with the Bulgarians; the third and last, the 105th division

was dispersed south of, and upon, the Danube in various localities.

Brussiloff's great and successful offensive accounted within a few weeks for about 800,000 Austrian troops, of whom roughly, one-half were valid prisoners which the Russians took.

For a moment it seemed as though the south-eastern sector of the great siege-ring would break. In the event it held—or rather, the rent was mended.

As we know, that enormous gap was stopped. It was partly stopped by draining the Austrians' depots, *but much more by the throwing into the breach one after the other of a very rapidly increasing number of wholly German divisions*. With the entry of Roumania into the campaign the process was continued, and at the present moment in place of the old *three* German divisions between the central Russian Marshes and the Aegean there are *no less than forty-one*. It was the German Empire which prevented a total collapse upon the Eastern front at the expense, of course, of largely depleting that reserve of man power which it had at the moment when Brussiloff attacked.

In other words, it is the German Empire which, by increasing its army in the field for 1916 at the expense of its fortunes for 1917, and by gambling upon an inconclusive peace, has propped up for some months further the ruined fortunes of its Ally.

What the German Empire has therefore left to draw upon in the last phases of this gamble is the chief matter for our consideration to-day. To be accurately informed upon it is of supreme importance if we are to judge of the war rightly and to grasp its nature not in vague terms, but in detail and with precision. And our knowledge in this matter of numbers has a further value, because we are dealing with conditions of siege, that is with conditions of attrition. We have been dealing with such ever since the Marne, and we shall be dealing with such until a war of movement is inevitably restored by the gradual exhaustion of the enemy. For the holding of these immense lines strictly depends upon their reposing securely upon either distant flank. They must be held as a whole. So to hold them demands a certain minimum of men. Below that minimum you have the breaking point.

New German Formations

We shall do well to grasp at the outset what the recent German effort has been. Germany has now not only a larger number of men in the field (and therefore a correspondingly weaker reserve of man power), than she has ever had before, but she has also organised these men in a much larger number of divisions.

The character of such an effort will be confused or missed by those who fail to comprehend what is meant by an increase in the number of divisions composing an army. It does not necessarily mean an increase in the number of men put forward, although it usually does so, and in this case certainly does so. It means rather the increase in the number of units with which you are working. For the division, whether large or small, at full strength or heavily depleted, is the *working unit* of an army. And the motive of an increase in the number of divisions is the desire to attain greater elasticity in movement and greater power of acting in several separate fields.

It is like changing money. You have a five pound note. It will do the work of one purchase to the value of five pounds. But if you have a number of smaller purchases to make you must multiply your units. You do not necessarily add to the total amount in your pocket before making these purchases, though you *may* have to do so as well.

Here is another metaphor to explain the policy of multiplying divisions:

Suppose one has to organise a gang of men for the

putting out of a fire, and suppose the only instrument one has for putting out that fire are buckets of water. Suppose we have, say, ten thousand gallons of water in a cistern at our disposal, and a great number of buckets of various sizes, holding four gallons, three gallons, two gallons.

At first the fire is confined to one spot, and it seems the best policy to try to put it out by deluging that spot with water in the largest possible quantity. We use buckets as large as a man can conveniently carry from the cistern to the fire. A hundred of them, say, holding four gallons each are in action, and as each is emptied it is refilled from the reservoir.

But the fire breaks out in another place and yet another. With each new field of action we need a separate supply of water. It may well become a better policy in the face of these new perils to use the smaller buckets in larger numbers. The water has to be carried further; must in some places be taken up on ladders to a considerable height; the strain on the men is increasing, etc., and in the place of 100 four-gallon buckets we shall change to using perhaps fifty four-gallon buckets and one hundred two-gallon buckets.

There will probably be an actual increase in the amount of water used per minute and a consequent more rapid exhaustion of the reservoir than at the beginning of the fire, but there might well be a great increase in the number of buckets by this using of smaller ones, without an increase in the amount of water used per minute.

In such a metaphor the water actually in the buckets at any moment is the army in the field. The buckets are the *divisions* into which it is divided and organised. The reservoir is the total man power of the nation.

Why is a *division* thus treated as the essential unit of action?

The reason that a *division*, whether larger or smaller, remains the fighting unit, is that the division is in itself a little miniature army complete with all its elements of guns, infantry, medical service, staff, etc. Its commander is the true head of one body. It is the cell of the organism.

The full division, the largest bucket convenient for handling, is normally of some 20,000 men in the French and German services—a little less in the British service; far more in the Bulgarian. And of the 20,000 or so in a German division at full strength on a war footing you may say that some 60 per cent. are normally infantry, or, as the traditional term goes, "bayonets." The German division at full strength counts roughly 12,000 bayonets; a perfect model of it would be three regiments of infantry, each regiment composed of four battalions, and each battalion of a thousand men; a battalion being made up of four companies, each company 250 strong.

But a division is still a division, though these numbers be grievously lowered. We speak of the 5th Brandenburg Division (which is the first division of the deservedly famous and repeatedly massacred 3rd Prussian Army Corps); we recognise its traditions and its corporate existence even when, as was the case last spring in front of Verdun, it is for the moment little more than a *third* of its old self in numbers. When it reappeared the other day upon the Somme, it was in strength perhaps three-quarters or rather more of its full establishment—and very nearly every man in it was either a man returned from hospital or a new recruit. But though it was lessened in number and deteriorated in quality, it was still the 5th division.

Similarly, though new divisions are created out of old material and, therefore, do not represent an increase in numbers of infantry in the field, we must note the increase in units because it means an increase in elasticity and a change in the general plan.

Thus, if Ludendorff takes away one regiment each from three full divisions and combines them to make a new division with a new number and a new name, he has added nothing to the German army in numerical strength save whatever complement of artillery he may choose to give the division (for to-day he will hardly add cavalry), and possibly certain elements of the staff. But we must none the less take note of the action, because of its effect upon the machine he is wielding.

With those preliminaries we are in a position to judge the action of the German military authorities during the past summer.

And to present a full statistical analysis:

I am about to put before the reader from information recently afforded me and passed for publication—(1) a statement on the present size of the German armies in the field, including their auxiliary services. (2) A full tabular statement of the remaining reserve of man-power lying behind this field army and available to repair its wastage between the present moment and, say, August of next year (before which date it is impossible that any of class 1919 should be called up). (3) A summary showing that these reserves now represent only more than one man in five, but less than one man in four of the field armies. In other words, that Germany could just, during the next nine months, replace a loss of 20 per cent., but not a loss of 25 per cent., and wastage proceeds at a far higher rate than that.

Present Total of the German Army

The total number of German divisions at present in the field is not less than **203**, of which **129** are upon the French front, and **74** upon the Oriental front. Of this great number of units not less than **32** are of quite recent formation. The 32 have not been all of them actually identified in the field. Only 26 of them have been thus identified, but from the numbering and the use made of those 26 we are justified in deducing the existence of the remaining six.

Out of the 26 new divisions certainly identified one has been found in process of formation (it is not yet completed) in the camp of Lokstett, 16 have been identified upon the Western front, and 9 upon the Russian.

As the reader is aware from previous detailed statements in these columns, by far the greater part of these new divisions is created by the depletion of existing divisions: by taking away a regiment from this division and a regiment from that and joining them together under a new name as a new unit. But a certain number of these new divisions are wholly composed of material not hitherto in the field. In other words, they are made up entirely from the reserves of trained men in the depots. What that term means exactly will be explained later.

Of such completely new divisions **FIVE** have been identified in the field and **ONE** is in formation. The **ONE** which is still in formation is that just alluded to in the camp at Lokstett. It is numbered the 203rd division. The other five are the 201st upon the Russian front, the 204th upon the Belgian front by Dixmude; its neighbour the 12th Bavarian Division; and lastly the 19th and 20th division of Landwehr.

Such is the instrument with which the German Empire is now fighting.

To recapitulate: **203** divisions form to-day the German field army, of which rather less than two-thirds (**129**) are on the Western front, and more than one-third (**74**) upon the Eastern. This means, *counting auxiliary services and communications*, that the German Empire has swollen its armies to over **FIVE MILLION** men.

With such figures in mind we are in a position to approach the heart of the subject; the reservoir standing behind this large field force to make up its enormous and rapid wastage.

A FULL TABLE OF THE PRESENT RESERVE OF GERMAN MAN POWER

The German Empire possesses behind its existing organised army a reservoir for the replacement of wastage between this and the height of the most expensive season next year, that is, the height of the summer—say next August—more than one-fifth but less than one-quarter of that army. It can replace one man in five. It cannot replace one man in four. That is the situation.

How we do arrive at this and what are the details of the statement?

There are four categories and only four in the full total of men behind the army who can be called upon. These four categories are:

- (1) The men trained or in training *in the depots*.
- (2) The men *capable of service* before next summer, but not yet trained.
- (3) The wounded who will return cured.
- (4) The men capable of bearing arms but, whether

trained or untrained, kept behind the army for necessary services such as the railways, mines, munitions, etc.

I will deal with these in their order.

(1) Men in the Depots

The German Empire has at present in its depots **560,000** men.

The meaning of this phrase "the depots" is the places where men either so fully trained as to be immediately ready for drafting to the front, or in process of training for that task, are gathered together. It does not include the groups just behind the front from which immediate drafts are drawn. It only describes the principal reservoir of men within the country.

The way in which these 560,000 is made up is as follows:

(A) The bulk of class 1918 is now in the depots and constitutes more than half of their total roll call. Class 1918 is the last or youngest class which Germany can possibly call up at this moment. Class 1919 cannot be usefully called up for many months to come.

My readers are acquainted with the meaning of these terms. Class 1918 signifies the lads who were born in the year 1898, about five-sixths of whom have, therefore, at the present moment, passed their 18th birthday and about one-sixth of whom have not yet reached it. We have fairly exact knowledge of the state in which the lads of this age stand relatively to the German army at the present moment. The total number of the boys born in 1898 in the German Empire still living to-day and still resident there is (to within 5,000) 685,000. (1) Of these a certain small fraction are not so much as examined. They are imbecile, or deaf and dumb or blind or crippled.

Another small fraction is accounted for by the few volunteers, naturally a very restricted number at so young an age, but including not only volunteers for active military service, but for sundry auxiliary services, medical, scientific and other.

Another very small fraction is accounted for by emigration, those who left Germany as children before the war.

The remaining number which passes before the military committees for examination amounts in round numbers to 650,000.

Of these the total number already passed for service and therefore at present in the depots, either already trained (according to the very short period of training the Germans allow, or still in process of training), are just under half the total, and rather more than two-thirds of the fit; they are about **320,000**. It is not remarkable that the proportion should be so low when we consider that even in the case of young men mature, that is in their 21st year, the normal proportion obtainable is only 75 per cent., and that with every effort to use even the worst material 80 per cent. is never reached. As a matter of fact, the Germans have only rejected as hopeless less than a quarter even of this very young class. There are only 150,000 to 160,000 of them finally refused who will never be called. But another 150,000 to 160,000 are still in their homes waiting to be called, either because they still appeared too young or immature, or because they have some weakness which time may cure. And there is a small margin, probably, of young men postponed for a very short period, which small margin (say 10,000) accounts for there being only 320,000 actually in the depots instead of, say 340,000.

(B) After this body drawn from Class 1918, which we have seen to be the largest part of the men in the depots, (320,000 out of 560,000) we have the category of the wounded who are cured, returned fit for service, and for the moment kept in the depots.

This category is a small one for the natural and simple reason that these men are fully trained and mature men and are drafted out as soon as possible after reaching the depot. There are at present not more than **20,000** such men in the German depots. (2)

(1). We know this in the following manner. The total number of males born in 1898, and living at the census taken six years ago was 699,317. The death rate between the years 12 and 18, as established in peace time varies from 1.9 to 2.2 per cent. The number remaining alive, therefore, towards the end of 1916 is roughly, 685,000. The census was taken on December 1st 1910, that is, all but six full years ago.

(2). The phrase "at present" refers to the 25th of October, the date for which this study was composed.

A good example of the rapidity with which such men are used is a comparison with the figures of a single month recently obtained. In that single month 144,000 cured men were sent into the depots and 150,000 taken out. And the normal margin of 20,000 was reduced to 14,000. At any rate, this category is a small one, and in the midst of such large figures almost negligible. It is, as I have said, for the present moment about 20,000, certainly not more, probably less.

(C) The lads of Class 1917 who, when the bulk of their fellows were called out from a year to eight months ago, were rejected for various reasons, though not finally rejected and have since been put into the depots for training. These amount to some 150,000 men. Most of them over 19, but some sixth of them under age. It is about the same proportion of belated or postponed men, as we saw obtained for class 1918. With these very young classes you can only take for military work about one-half or a little more than one-half. You completely reject one-quarter or a little less and you keep another quarter or a little more back until they shall be more mature. We have seen that 150,000 to 160,000 have so been kept back from 1918 class at the present moment and are still in their homes, and this 150,000 of 1917 are the corresponding batch of that class.

(D) That category which is composed of the "combed-out cripples," or in more academic phrase the rejected men who have been re-examined and passed for service. I need not say that the re-examination which has sometimes dealt with the same man as much as six times is exceedingly strict, and that every possible sort of human material is taken. But in this 29th month of the war the numbers still to be obtained from this source are not considerable. The comb has been passed through too often to leave much behind. The actual numbers now under training or trained in the depots of this category is certainly not more than **70,000**.

Summary

We may now sum up the analysis of the German Reserve as it stands in the depots—that is, immediately available for drafts:

We have in the depots 560,000 men composed thus:	
(a) The bulk of Class 1918	320,000
(b) The cured wounded for the moment in the depots	20,000
(c) The men formerly rejected and called for service after re-examination	70,000
(d) The remainder of Class 1917	150,000
<hr/>	
560,000	

So much for the depots.

(2) Men Capable of Service before next Summer but not yet Trained

When I say "the men capable of service before next summer," I mean the lads of 1918 class, who will presumably be thought mature enough (or well enough in cases where they have been sick at the moment of examination) to come up for training before the height of the next open season. This category consists entirely of the men of the 1918 class who have not been rejected as impossible, but who have been left in their homes because they seemed as yet too immature to be called upon, or because they are for passing reasons otherwise unfit, or (in small numbers) postponed for very short periods on various accounts. Their total is known. We need not delay upon it, because it requires no examination, and it suffers from no complexity. It is in round numbers **150,000** to **160,000**. It makes up, with the 320,000 of this class already in the depots a total of from 470,000 to 480,000, which is certainly the largest figure which the young class 1918 can be made to muster within the interval. Class 1917, be it remembered, has still 150,000 in training as late as the present moment, and it is a generosity to the enemy to pretend that he can put forward 1918 quicker than he has put forward 1917.

(3) Wounded who will Return Cured

This is the category upon which calculation most often goes wrong. The problem is a tricky one. If the main principles governing that problem be kept clearly in

mind it presents no difficulties; but too often they are confused or forgotten. What we have to remember is that the only recruitment an army can receive from its sick, wounded and convalescents is a certain proportion of these sick, wounded or convalescent *as they stand at the present moment*. It is perfectly true that the men who will fall sick later and will be wounded later will, in the same proportion, ultimately return to the army. And it is the presence of this factor which confuses so many students of the problem. The total number of sick and wounded men who will rejoin the German army before, say, August 1917, is much larger than the figure we are about to give, because it will include a great number of cases which will come into hospital between this date and that.

But this factor does not, if we clear our minds upon the subject, disturb the calculation at all.

Every man who goes into hospital after the present date comes out of the existing field army. His return (when he does return) is no increase to the present forces, and is no recruitment of them. The only true field of recruitment to the *existing* field forces in this category is the recruitment afforded from men *now* actually in hospital or convalescent who will return before the height of next summer, say, before August of next year.

We have here a margin of error greater than in the other categories we have hitherto been considering. We know to within a very small margin of error what the situation of the 1918 class is in Germany. We know with absolute certitude that the 1917 class is altogether out of the depots by this time, with the exception of the 150,000 remainder who are still being trained. We know the number of formerly rejected men "combed out," etc., etc.

But the figure for returned wounded and sick is approximately ascertainable as a general figure based upon the analogy of the other belligerents and upon the intelligence acquired from within enemy territory during two years of war. For we have in round figures the numbers in hospital or convalescent. We have from long experience an average delay for complete cure and an average percentage of such cures. We may here be wrong by as much as 10 per cent., though hardly by more. Let us take that as conservative, that is, an over large margin of error and state a maximum.

Well, upon such a basis we may estimate the return of German wounded and sick to the fighting front between this and, say, August 1917, at about **500,000** men, or at the most less than **600,000** men.

The total hospital figures of the German Empire are at a floating balance of about 800,000. The returned cured from this total between the present date and next August will probably not be more than 66 per cent., it cannot possibly be 75 per cent.

We must not be misled by figures given to neutrals of absurdly high percentages of cures. The percentages of cures have proved to be very much the same among all the belligerents. If anything, as we have seen in previous articles, the number of hospital cases *that could really return to the same full active service that they left*, is much less than the paper figure, but we will take that paper figure in order to be on the safe side, and that paper figure always keeps somewhere between 68 and 70 per cent., and never reaches 75. I repeat that as a matter of practice and experience a good many of the 60 odd per cent. have to be used in lighter work than that which they originally left before they were wounded or sick. But we may give the enemy the benefit of the doubt and say that **500,000** men, at least (62 per cent.) and **600,000** men at most (75 per cent.), is all that you will obtain for any useful service in this category.

I trust I have made this point quite clear. For instance, far more than 600,000 men will return to the German army from hospitals between this and the height of next summer, say between this and next August upon the present rate of casualty and sickness. But beyond this 600,000 all who return will be men drawn from the existing armies, which are perpetually wasting under the general offensive to which they are subjected.

(4) The Exempted Fit

The last category consists of what the French call men *en sursis d'appel*, that is men postponed from

service or specially exempted from service, though physically fit and of age. The number of these is also known and their story since the beginning of the war forms a curious and interesting chapter.

No nation, least of all an industrial nation such as modern Germany; no war, least of all a mechanical war such as the present great campaign, can be kept in continuity at all without the presence in the mines, the workshops, the shipbuilding yards, the munition factories, on the railways, etc., of a considerable number of men who would be capable of bearing arms.

Many of these will be trained men. In all conscript countries much the greater part will be trained; but whether trained or untrained, the point is that a very large number, which, were the world made otherwise, might be used upon the front, have to be kept back "to run the war and the nation." No one is better conscious of this than our own authorities in Britain to-day; for Great Britain lives by its Fleet, by its merchant service, by its mines, and by its industrial production.

Those who have not given any thought to the subject, still less any observation, but only a little emotion and a mass of vague visions conceive of this sort of work as being done by women, or by prisoners of war—sometimes they eliminate this idea of such necessities altogether. But the common experience of life is against them as it is against all fools and in favour of all calculation. You cannot get good signalling or tolerably efficient engine driving or stoking; you certainly cannot get coal mining or riveting or puddling of iron (to quote but half a dozen things that occur to one as one writes), by calling upon prisoners at random or upon the work of women or old men or invalids.

At the very beginning of the war the German Empire, like the French Republic (and they were the only two nations that thoroughly went into the thing), did all that was possible to relieve such labour. Yet in the case of the German Empire we know that for many months something like a million and half were kept back. That was the figure expected, that was the figure which turned out to be certainly not less than the truth. As the strain increased effort after effort was made to release men even at the expense of the national well-being. Fuel and food became more difficult to obtain; communications became gradually more and more difficult. The whole machinery of the national life was more and more hampered and still the call upon the men kept back for industry continued.

It has now reached its last possible minimum. It has been whittled down to about 600,000 men. Those who are acquainted with the necessities of our own country will, I think, marvel that it has been brought down as low as this in the enemy's territory. At any rate, it has been brought down to this level at a very severe strain upon the moral and tenacity of the civilian population, let alone at the expense of anxiety to the commanders of the military forces. It will not go lower. It cannot go lower any more than you can get rid of the ordinary laws of nature.

The last draft made upon this necessary residuum was 50,000 men from the railway. They were replaced by women, though they were replaced with difficulty. No more can go. The results of the experiment are not yet fully developed, but it is admittedly the last effort of the kind. Somewhat earlier, late in the summer just passed, an attempt was made to withdraw only 20,000 men from the factories. It broke down. These 20,000 already present in the depots had to be sent back.

We may sum up, then, in this fourth category and say that the 600,000 which it contains are eliminated from our conspectus of remaining man power for the German armies.

General Summary

We are now in a position to make a general summary of the situation. Let us present it in tabular form:

I.—The total number of men in the present establishment of the German field force and its auxiliaries is somewhat over five million.

II.—The reserve of man power behind this greatly increased force, available up to, say, August of next year, is not more than 1,310,000 or 1,320,000 upon a general estimate. It may well in practice prove to be not over

1,200,000. It cannot upon any calculation be made to reach a million and a half.

III.—That is a replacement of one man in five, but not of one man in four of the existing German armies. In other words, of every five men, the first man who falls or who is sick can be replaced but the next one cannot.

IV.—This round figure of 1,310,000 to 1,320,000 is arrived at by the consideration of four categories:

- 1.—The depots.
- 2.—The men capable of service before next summer not yet called.
- 3.—The men now in hospital who will return cured.
- 4.—Men capable of bearing arms, but kept back for necessary work within the country.

Of these four categories only the first three are available as a reserve of man power. These three amount:

The first to some 560,000 men.

The second to some 150,000 men, or at the most 160,000 men.

The third to not more at the very most than 600,000 men.

The total of these is 1,310,000 to 1,320,000.

Such is the situation of our principal enemy at the present moment, the opening of November 1917.

The Method of Proof

My readers will next ask how figures of this sort, which are the basis of calculation by the responsible authorities of the Allied armies are obtained.

There are very many sources of information which cannot, of course, be published, but those the general nature of which can be explained are, I think, sufficient to indicate the methods employed.

We have the reports of the Intelligence Departments. We have the statistical basis of calculation afforded us by the Official German returns in time of peace: Notably the statistical Year Books coupled with the Census of 1910. We have side by side with the latter a vast mass of official and private documentary statistical evidence regional and professional. We have the rate of losses calculated from private lists as I showed in a previous article. Above all, we have the observation upon the front which consists of the noting of movements behind the fronts by air reconnaissance, the capture of documents and the most important category, the interrogation of prisoners.

Upon this latter point I think that elaboration may be of advantage. People do not always understand how thorough an acquaintanceship with the enemy's numerical position can be obtained by the interrogation of prisoners when these are numerous and culled from very many points of a wide front. It is imagined that because the greater part will be ignorant; because many will patriotically lie, and because many more will be confused or self-contradictory, that therefore the final result of such indications is of doubtful value. This is not the case. The thousands and thousands of answers received are carefully co-ordinated. The probable distinguished from the improbable. Numerous cases of agreement noted. The coincidence of even a rumour among private soldiers with facts known from other sources is observed and the corroboration of some piece of evidence which seems especially trustworthy by some other corresponding piece of evidence at a distance, is registered.

In the early days of a campaign the process is still floating and in doubt. After two years it has become, in many of its departments, an exact science.

Let me give the reader some idea (it is only a fragment, but I think it is illuminating) of the way in which was established, for instance, the position of class 1917 during the past summer.

The Allies are now fully instructed as to the presence of the whole of this class (with the exception of the 150,000 men in the depots already mentioned) upon the front. I have before me and am allowed to publish a few out of many hundred records which establish this important matter.

Thus, the exact position of class 1917 in the 368th regiment (belonging to the 214th division) was established upon the 10th of last September. It was known that upon that date a draft of 300 men had arrived all drawn from class 1917. Not quite a month earlier, upon the 19th of August, the 100th regiment from Baden, belonging to the 28th division, received 800 men of

this same class 1917. The 208th regiment of the 44th division of reserve received, a month earlier still, a draft of 200 from the same class. The 167th regiment of the 17th division of reserve was discovered, at the beginning of October, to be then composed as to no less than a quarter of its effectives of this class, of whom the greater part had been drafted in since the end of August.

I repeat, these four instances taken quite at random are only so many (out of several hundreds of observations, which I happen to have before me at the moment of writing).

It would be easy to add to them, though they are only given for the sake of example. The 414th regiment, for instance (in one of the new divisions, the 204th), had also a quarter of its effectives composed of the class 1917. The 206th regiment of the 44th division of reserve was recently found to have 22 per cent. of its effectives composed of this class. (In some of the depleted companies as many as 60 men were lads of the 1917 class.) The 23rd division, a Saxon one, showed in the 100th regiment a draft of between 250 and 300 upon the 15th of September, which was also of class '17.

The 13th regiment from the 13th division gave another instance of the same sort. Its 5th company passing from Verdun to the Somme received 60 men, all class '17.

Now the reader will appreciate how, if he will imagine in place of a few instances chosen at random here, hundreds of thousands of special questionings of prisoners, the truth is established.

At any rate, the figures laid before the reader in the above-detailed analysis and summary table, are accurate within so small a margin of error that they fully inform our judgment, and in the chaos of wild rhetorical and sensational talk—some time ago absurdly gloomy, then much too cheerful, and always full of ups and downs—the very best thing we can do is to keep track of careful statement and calculation.

I owe it to myself and to this paper to point out that in the past many detailed calculations of this sort have been made and have been verified in the event.

With the exception of quite the first phase of the war when information was more doubtful, and when the enemy losses were exaggerated in all estimates, this work has been faithfully and accurately done with the aid of those competent to advise me.

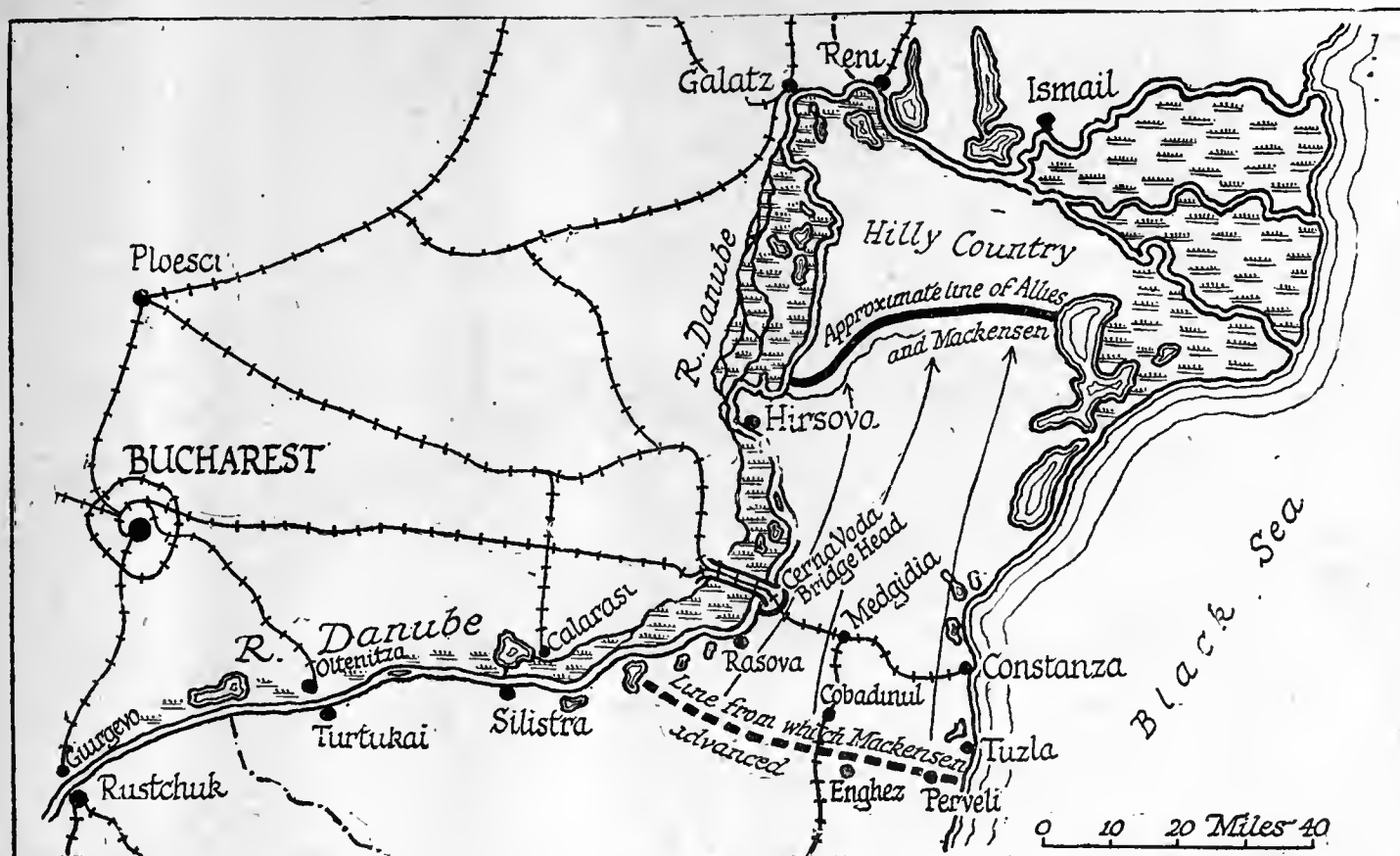
I think it has not been the least of the tasks undertaken in defence of reasonable judgment and sanity during this great trial. From the early summer of 1915 onwards official statistics of this kind had acquired a certitude which has since only been more and more confirmed. It will be remembered that the dates upon which class 1916 was called in the German Empire, the dates upon which the first revision of rejected men was ordered, the dates upon which 1917 began to be called out, the date upon which each of the younger classes first appeared in the field, and many other minor statistical details, the fruit of calculation, appearing in these columns during the last eighteen months, have been proved accurate long after by the event, and I hope that this detailed statement, which I know very well that the future will similarly support, may be of service to the establishment of a solid judgment upon the position of the principal enemy during the coming year.

It is clear that the peril the enemy now runs from the exhaustion of his reserves—less than a quarter of his field armies as I have shown and probably not more than a fifth—will be increased by the vigorous continuation throughout the winter of that Western offensive, and indeed, of that general offensive, upon the slackening of which he calculates.

He remembers the lull of a twelvemonth ago. He forgets that it was a lull of preparation. I think that in the ensuing difficult months the superiority of artillery in the West, and the growing munitionment of the East, will impose such a wastage upon him that the opening of the season in 1917 will find his remnant inadequate for that task of replacing wastage which it will have to fulfil.

THE MOVEMENTS IN THE FIELD

Nearly all my space this week has been used up in the considerable analysis of the enemy's present numerical position which has just been put before the reader. I have, therefore, a very restricted opportunity for dealing



with the chief movements in the field which have taken place since the issue of the last number. I will, however, attempt to deal with them briefly.

The important ones are three in number. The French advance on the Verdun sector over a crescent 3,000 yards at its broadest and including the ruined fort of Douaumont; the continued but very embarrassed pressure of Falkenhayn upon the Roumanian border, and Mackensen's victory in the Dobrudja with its consequences.

As to the first of these, it is not the advance in territory nor even the ironical coincidence of this with a long and stupid German official document upon the motives of the Verdun fiasco, which should chiefly concern us. Nor even the fact which everyone has noted that ground which cost the German 5th army perhaps 250,000 men and several months of effort was recaptured in a few hours and at a loss of between 1 per cent. and 2 per cent. of such a figure. The main lesson of this very successful detail in the general operations is the simple one that the enemy has more pressure brought upon him now in the West than he can adequately meet. He has had to move away guns as well as men, and his opponents when they select their point and make sufficient preparation can always advance against a sector which they find weakened. When that sector is one like Douaumont, which strikes the impressionable imagination of the German civilian, so much the better. But it might have been the Woeuvre or Rheims—the lesson would have been much the same.

The enemy has already had to put upon the Somme front alone 89 divisions, twenty of which have appeared twice after considerable intervals and some few of which I believe have even appeared three times. He has certainly lost upon that front at the rate of at least 100,000 men a month. He has been compelled to concentrate upon it more guns than he can afford and more munitions than he can afford, because the West is now his master in the number, the calibre, and the munitionment of heavy pieces. He cannot do that and maintain the integrity of his whole line—and the pressure will continue and it will increase. But although the days get shorter and the mud worse, the heavy pieces grow and grow, and their revenue piles up increasingly beyond their expenditure.

The Carpathian front of Roumania may be numerically stated in a few words.

The enemy has increased his forces there slowly from the original ten divisions to the equivalent of 17. He has from 180 to 184 battalions in action between the Bukovina and the Danube. Of these the equivalent of some six small divisions, say, 54 battalions, are German, and a 7th is already partly identified. There is first of all the Alpine division. There are next the 76th and 48th

division of reserve drawn from the Russian front. The 89th division (Landwehr) and the 87th division, which has been brought from the French front. There are further units, Bavarian Landwehr from the French front, the 12th and the 16th regiments, which are collected together as a small division—it is in size but a brigade. These between them make the equivalent of six. The 7th, one regiment of which has already been identified, will probably prove to be the 8th Bavarian division of reserve. This force, large as it is (and it will grow larger with the withdrawal of men from the Italian front as the winter permits) is not sufficient in itself for the task of forcing the Passes. One can only repeat what was said here last week that the hope the enemy still entertains of accomplishing this task depends upon his superiority in heavy pieces. But that is a superiority which the West has learnt to understand, to meet and to counter. Our latest Allies are rapidly learning the same lesson.

Lastly, we have Mackensen's victory in the Dobrudja. The main effect of this may be very simply stated. The enemy has obtained possession of the Cerna Voda bridgehead, which was his principal object from the beginning. It is a grave matter, and it is folly to underestimate it. His chances of destroying the army which is retreating before him towards the North of the Dobrudja are not great. It has pontoon bridges behind it and the news comes as I write that it has been able to undertake a new offensive. But with the capture of the Cerna Voda bridgehead the one great strategical asset of the Roumanian forces for an action in co-ordination with the pressure from Salonika has been lost. It was with this strategical objective that Mackensen set forth several weeks ago. It was this which he failed to secure in the battle in which he was defeated in September, and it is this which he has now acquired, a month later. By his success he has shut the door to all immediate pressure from the north against the Bulgarian forces, and it is a heavy setback to the plans the Allies had formed.

This success in its turn was due to the preponderance of heavy pieces and munitionment on the enemy's side.

Of German infantry Mackensen had with him dispersed among the numerous Bulgarian divisions and his few Turkish reinforcements no more than ten battalions. It is said that a new German division, the 217th coming from the Russian front, has, or is about to join him. But that is not very material. His object was to seize the Cerna Voda bridgehead. He has seized it and his victory must be recognised. Though its effects are negative they are of very great weight in the general strategic situation of the Near East. H. BELLOC

The Channel Raid

By Arthur Pollen

IT is hard to conceive of a more utterly thankless job than the headship of the British Navy in this war. We have an enemy who is keenly military in all his aims; completely unscrupulous in his methods; extraordinarily skilful in seeking his objects without having to fight for them. The submarine—and his own ingenuity—have enabled him to carry the art of evasion in naval war to a point hitherto undreamt of. It follows that the chances of the superior force gaining popular or picturesque successes must be singularly few. Conversely, there is thrown on the British Navy a task that has never in any war been perfectly performed, and in modern war, never can be. The trade we have to protect is not merely our own trade, nor our own and our Allies'. It is the trade of the whole world, on which all the belligerent countries are entirely dependent. Under-water attack, whether active from the submarine, or passive from the mine—and the mine may be laid by submarine—is absolutely sure of taking a certain toll from it. The toll may sometimes be large, sometimes moderate, but any toll can, and certainly will be, looked upon as proving the failure of the Admiralty's defence. The unfortunate thing is that the public has no means, when this toll is large, of judging whether it arises from an increase in the enemy's resources and an improvement in his military skill, or, on the other hand, from some decline in the energy, resolution or power of direction of our counter-campaign.

Further, if the whole of the naval forces of a country that is anything but poor in these, are concentrated on a comparatively narrow front that can be made not only impenetrable but almost unapproachable by mines, it is as if these forces had been spirited off the field altogether, in the sense that there exists apparently no means either of hunting them down in their lairs or even of blockading them there. As a consequence, we have in naval war the curious phenomenon that the initiative is with the weaker and fugitive force. In other words, the navy that has vanished from our ken may strike like a bolt from the blue at any moment and in any direction, and however strong the stronger power may be, it cannot be equally strong at every point that is open to attack. This again has always been so in naval war, and the modern inventions of scouting aircraft and slinking under-sea craft have added greatly to the possibilities of the sortie fleet. Thus, a naval war in which one side is so predominant that the other avoids action, is bound—in the absence of a decisive battle—to resolve itself, so far as naval incidents go, into a succession of successes by the weaker power, and a story of failure by the stronger. And as the world generally is tempted to judge of the progress of the war, not by the permanent and abiding conditions set up, but by the occurrences, it may well happen from time to time that public confidence will rise and fall, and that there will be no, or little, relation between these and the true progress of the war.

Sometimes the public will form an opinion broadly right in its general complexion, but account for holding it by an entirely wrong explanation. For example, at the end of the month of October, 1914, the Admiralty was in uncommonly bad odour. Everybody felt that things were as wrong as they possibly could be, but most of us were completely misled as to the cause of this state of things, and therefore as to the cure. The former was alleged to be that the First Sea Lord had been born a German subject. The latter, we were assured, would be found in substituting Lord Fisher for Prince Louis. But the cause was something entirely different. It lay broadly in the fact that for a great many years the Navy had been administered on entirely wrong strategical principles; that it was neither technically nor, what was much more serious, mentally prepared for war, so that the problem of adapting it for war was of an acutely baffling kind. By the old constitution of the Board of Admiralty the whole of the conduct of war fell into the hands of a courageous, energetic, but entirely ignorant

young layman, who happened to be First Lord when hostilities broke out. There was no machinery for guiding or directing his energies in any authoritative way, no immediate means by which the direction of naval activities by naval knowledge and naval skill could be assured. We were paying the penalty, in other words, of ten years' naval misdirection. Now clearly it was no remedy for this state of things to call into a partnership with Mr. Churchill, the naval officer who, during the previous ten years had been chiefly responsible for making naval administration what it was. When, therefore, Prince Louis left and Lord Fisher came in, there was and could be no real change for the better in the things that mattered, and as a fact there was just no change at all.

A Change of System

The change from the Churchill-Fisher to the Balfour-Jackson regime was something more than a change of personnel. It was to a great extent a change of system, and it has stood the strain of the last eighteen months with a success that it would not be polite to call extraordinary. Now it is faced by a new condition. The year has been marked by continuous manifestations of German naval activity. On the morning of April 26th a squadron of German battle cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers appeared off Lowestoft and bombarded the town. It was engaged by the local naval forces, and after a 20 minutes stay retreated, pursued by the light cruisers and destroyers. Two of our cruisers and one destroyer were hit but none was sunk. On May 8th and May 17th there were encounters between destroyers of both sides, and on the latter occasion monitors were also engaged. On May 31st, as we all remember, the whole German fleet came out, and after being engaged from half-past three till 6.20, by our battle cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers, executed a masterly retreat under cover of smoke screens and torpedo attacks, from the British Grand Fleet. Early in June there was another long-range affair off Zeebrugge, in which both sides vehemently denied that any damage had been done. On the 23rd of that month, the Harwich-Rotterdam steamship *Brussels* was captured by enemy destroyers and taken into Zeebrugge. And outrage was added to insult by the judicial murder of her heroic captain. On the 22nd July there were two affairs between torpedo boats, one off the North Hinder light vessel and another off the Schouwen Bank. According to the British story, the German forces, consisting of three destroyers, retired in the first of these engagements before they could be damaged. In the second six enemy destroyers were found, and were engaged in a running fight during which they were repeatedly hit, nevertheless they succeeded in reaching the Belgian coast. Our vessels acknowledged the receipt of one hit, which slightly wounded an officer and a man, otherwise our forces were untouched. The German story put a very different complexion on the affair. Alluding apparently to the second of these engagements, it declared that reconnaissance had been made as far as the mouth of the Thames without meeting any enemy forces at all. That on the return journey on the morning of the 23rd, some cruisers of the *Aurora* class and some destroyers were encountered, and that some lucky hits were secured against them. But there was no acknowledgment of any casualties suffered. I dealt with the sortie of August, and the adventures of the *Muenchen* with a British submarine last week. And now we have the news of the raid on our transport routes on Friday last.

The facts of this case are at the time of writing somewhat difficult to disentangle. There is no doubt that the *Queen*, fortunately empty, was found by the enemy and destroyed. From the fact that the officers and crew were saved, it must I think be inferred that the enemy did not sink at sight, but gave those on board the

opportunity to save themselves. Perhaps it was thought that she was a cross-Channel boat and might have American travellers on board. The *Queen* then would seem to have been completely surprised. If this surmise is correct, the fighting between destroyers on the two sides would be entirely unconnected with any attempts to defend her. It was a night affair in which a certain amount of confusion is not only pardonable, but to be expected. How soon before or after the destruction of the *Queen* our destroyers got into action we are not informed, but that there must have been some pretty brisk action is borne out by the fact that two of the enemy destroyers were sunk and that one of ours, *Flirt*, is lost, and that the second had to be towed from the scene of action after being hit by a torpedo. The British communiqué is quite silent as to any details of time and place, except that the raid took place during the night, and that it was attempted against our cross-Channel transport service.

The Germans, as usual, throw in a great deal of picturesque information. Portions, they say, of their torpedo-boat forces moved through the Straits of Dover and Calais as far west as the line between Folkestone and Boulogne. The Commanding Officer reports that at least eleven patrol steamers, and either two or three destroyers were sunk quite near our ports. But he does not say whether they were English or French. The "two or three" destroyers is probably a euphemism for *Flirt* and *Nubian*. If there is any foundation for the eleven patrol steamers story, it will probably be found that they are the drifters, trawlers, etc., normally engaged to watch minefields, for scouting purposes, etc. Such craft must always be exposed—and are quite deliberately exposed—to risks of this character. The French Admiralty admits the loss of some small craft, and possibly before these lines are in print our own Admiralty will have obtained, and will give us, the details of our own losses.

From one point of view this little affair is insignificant. So far as it brings discredit on the Admiralty, it is a discredit that is the natural consequence of previous immunity. We feel inclined to criticise now because we have never had occasion to criticise before. It is the kind of stroke that, from the first day of the war, has been well within the power of Germany to deliver. It was no doubt a pretty little enterprise, but with the scouting facilities that aircraft and submarines afford, it should hardly have needed, one would have thought, two years and some months of war, to have found out the exact location of our Channel minefields, or to pluck up courage for a night destroyer raid on the incalculably important target—the transports—that these minefields amongst other devices, are employed to protect. Just as one's first feeling on learning of the *Moewe's* sortie was surprise at its singularity, so of this raid, really its most remarkable feature is that it is the first of its kind.

But we must not disguise from ourselves that the reason why it is the first is not really that the Germans have only just developed the energy required for such adventures, but that it has now become a rigorous requirement of the general military position that risks have to be taken at sea that seemed prohibitive 12 and 24 months ago. If we view the thing as an isolated German action; and measure it by the military loss to ourselves, its importance is trivial. If, on the other hand, we look at it in its larger implications, we shall probably agree that it must be grouped with all the other naval activities to which I have already alluded, and that so grouped it confirms our previous deductions from the enemy's belated embarkation on a forward naval policy.

And here we come back to its influence on the public judgment of the Admiralty. It is quite evident from the tone of press allusions to this event that there is a tendency to find in it some proof, either that the Admiralty is not awake to its responsibilities, or has not the will power, decision and initiative to fulfil them. From the day it was decided to forbid a full statement and an adequate discussion of the submarine campaign, the risk of a strain on public confidence in the Admiralty became inevitable. Undoubtedly what finally shook any belief in the 1914 Board towards the end of October, was the conviction that the public was not being told of our casualties with that precise candour that had been promised. For some months now the truth about the submarine campaign has been withheld, no doubt for reasons

that seemed convincing. Last week I drew attention to the curious blunder into which the *Observer* fell in its issue of October 21st. The worst of blunders of this kind is that public opinion leaps from one extreme to the other. From the happy belief that the enemy's submarines are innocuous, it swings to the desperate opinion that nothing is safe against them. Where the policy of caution defeats itself is this, that the enemy in the meantime is able to circulate as a boast what we seem afraid to publish as a record. Monday's *Times* for instance, informs us that a Berlin paper, the *Lokal Anzeiger* asserts that in the first nine months of the year over 1,400,000 tons of Allied and neutral shipping have been sunk, and that more than 2,000,000 tons would be accounted for before the year ends. According to this paper, in January and February, 238,000 tons were sunk; in March and April, 432,000; in May and June, 219,000; in July and August, 274,000; and in September alone 254,000 tons. Judging from what we see of what has been done in the past month against neutral ships, particularly Norwegian, it would look as if the 2,000,000 ton total would be reached long before the year was over. It is just in the last fortnight that the scale of the submarine successes has been brought home to the British Public. And the suddenness of the thing reacts unpleasantly.

A Policy of Desperation

But the public will fall into a very grave error if it is rushed into criticism and distrust without knowing the facts and the measures in hand for dealing with them. The Admiralty undoubtedly has to deal with a new phase of war. It is not for nothing that the report is circulated in Germany that the navy as well as the army has been placed under Hindenberg's sole control. It is not for nothing that *U53* made its sudden appearance off Nantucket or that Norwegian craft in the Baltic and the North Sea have suddenly been subjected to a campaign of extermination. We are dealing now with an enemy who is literally desperate, fighting that is to say without the hope of victory, and who sees the only chance of ending the war, without final disaster to the caste and dynasty that created it, in sickening the world of Armageddon by multiplying its horrors. Then naval sorties and raids combine with this new vigour of the submarine campaign to convince the Germans of the reality of their sea power and its potency as a factor in securing the final victory, and it is an absolute necessity of the German Higher Command to instil and feed this belief, for without it the pursuance of the war until a peace that saves the Imperial House is won would be impossible. The promise to Washington of May 4th, has already and will henceforward be ignored when inconvenient. The German Government seems convinced either that in no circumstances will America fight, or that in any circumstances her doing so will make no difference. The German people at least are persuaded that it is American munitions that are turning the scale on the French front, so that American neutrality already seems to them a name only.

Mr. Balfour then is faced with a new naval position that can be met only by new measures and greater energy. It is fortunate that his administration during the last eighteen months has been such as to secure him public confidence while he shapes his policy to these ends.

Meantime there is one technical point worth brief examination, to which the recent raid attracts our attention. In my article last week I drew attention to the fact that in the German account of the August sortie, in which *Falmouth* and *Nottingham* were torpedoed, it was asserted by the enemy that it took three torpedoes fired at an interval of two hours between the first and the last, before *Falmouth* was sunk. It has been rumoured that *Nottingham* had to be hit more often even than this before she was disposed of. Last week we learned that the *Muenchen* had been torpedoed by a submarine and had yet made her way home. These incidents are in line with a great many more narrated in the Jutland despatch. In that document, my readers will remember, Sir John Jellicoe and Sir David Beatty gave the details of eleven separate instances in which our destroyers fired torpedoes successfully against the German ships, and in only one instance, namely the attack led by Captain Ansalan Stirling, was it stated as certain that the torpedoed ship

blew up. In all the other cases, many of which occurred in the course of the daylight action, it was not even claimed that the injured ship had to leave the line. In the British fleet, of course, only *Marlborough* was hit, and the excellence of her shooting afterwards, and the ease with which she kept her place in the line and then made her way home under her own steam were duly emphasised by the Commander in Chief. Last August year it may be remembered, the German battle cruiser *Moltke* was torpedoed in the Gulf of Riga and won back to Kiel all across the Baltic Sea without difficulty. Now the Admiralty communiqué tells us that the *Nubian*, whose sides and bulkheads must be of the frailest possible, not only survived torpedo attack, but was in a condition in which she could be towed home.

All this stands in sharp contrast with the fate of the

older vessels that fell to submarines in the earlier part of the war. *Aboukir*, *Cressy*, *Hogue*, *Niger*, *Hermes*, *Formidable*, *Triumph*, *Majestic* and the rest were utterly doomed from the moment they were hit. It seems clear then that during the last ten years naval constructors have provided against under water attack with very singular success. I am, of course, far from suggesting that a single torpedo *could* not possibly sink the stoutest battleship in the world. But it certainly is startling and, as it seems to me, extremely consoling, that here we have nearly twenty cases of modern ships being torpedoed, of which *only one* was known to have proved fatal. The experience of Jutland, then, is on all fours with an almost equal number of cases before and since, and this may not improbably prove one of the most important lessons of that most instructive engagement.

ARTHUR POLLEN

“Pusillanimous Neutrality”

By John C. van der Veer (London Editor of the Amsterdam “Telegraaf”)

THE King and people of Roumania joined the Allied cause, said Mr. Asquith recently in the House of Commons, “in defiance of a thousand calls to a pusillanimous and self-regarding neutrality.” I have taken the liberty to use these words for my subject, of course without implying that Mr. Asquith meant them for any neutral country. But in my honest opinion they fittingly describe the attitude of all those who remain looking on at the struggle “on behalf of the threatened independence of small nationalities.” I always held, and often wrote in our paper, that no country which took part in the Peace Conferences at The Hague, ought to have remained neutral after Germany intentionally rejected any peaceful settlement of the dispute and provoked war by violating one of the main objects of the Hague Conventions—to protect neutral territory. And the cruel and brutal manner in which Germany violated the Law of Nations, even in regard to the rights and safety of neutrals, made the maintenance of neutrality towards her utterly pusillanimous.

In a certain sense, the other adjective is less appropriate. For due self-regard concerning their highest interests ought to induce any neutral country to follow the courageous example of Roumania. Every one of them was implicitly threatened by Germany's ambition. Her intended hegemony endangered as much the independence of Spain and Switzerland as of Denmark and Holland. And Lord Grey did well to remind them all, in his memorable speech at the luncheon of the Foreign Press Association, of a statement made by the German Professor Ostwald, that “the principle of absolute sovereignty of individual nations must be given up.” Professor Ostwald meant, of course, the small nations. And if that was the opinion of a moderate German; who called himself a pacifist, what then must have been at the back of the mind of the prime-movers to war, the pan-Germans? But they never concealed their view that Germany was “destined” to conquer and lead the world. They even had their eyes on America, as Professor Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania revealed in the *New York Times* of September 27th.

It is worth while to quote his revelation. Professor Newbold recorded a conversation, which some years ago he had on a Transatlantic boat with three Austrian officers, one of whom said that the Germans, being like the ancient Romans the most conspicuous “male” race, were resolved “to fulfil their manifest destiny by conquering the entire earth,” for which “the military plans had long ago been drawn up,” and professed to have been seen by that officer. They included the conquest of the United States and Canada, which was “scheduled for the near future.” That conquest would be aided by a strong organisation of Germans throughout the North American continent, with the object of keeping German Kultur and allegiance alive; and some of whose leaders that officer had been visiting. This does not sound so Utopian, after all that happened in the United States. Professor Newbold, writes:

At the time, Lieutenant ——'s revelations, and prognostications excited in my mind more amusement

than alarm; in fact, I laughed at them. . . . But a few weeks later I had reason to take a more serious view of Lieutenant ——'s ideas, in so far as they related to the attitude of the ruling class in Germany. I met in Munich a German who had long been, so I was told, in the diplomatic service, who spoke English as well as I did, and was thoroughly conversant with American conditions, having lived long in Washington. I told him something of Lieutenant ——'s views as an illustration of the extremes to which patriotism, when not regulated by intelligence, would carry a man. To my surprise he replied, in effect: “I see nothing extravagant in all that. Nothing counts nowadays except brains. We Germans have them and the rest of you haven't. I don't say we shall conquer the entire earth, but I do say that we shall conquer as much of it as we please, and you cannot prevent it. Try to if you dare.”

Now, though such ideas may seem prodigious, they faithfully interpret the Teutonic mind. Only a few months ago the German Professor, von Stengel of Munich, a well-known expert on International Law, said in a statement which he submitted to the Dutch anti-War Council:

“The whole war up to date has shown (*si*), that Germany has been chosen by Providence to lead all other peoples. We shall march at their head and bring them to abiding peace. For this mission we have the force and also the spiritual gifts, and we are the crown of the whole civilisation. . . . The whole world, and especially the neutral countries, have only one means of profitable existence. It is to submit to our guidance, which is superior to all others from every point of view. No people has more widespread or higher ideals than we, and no one under our rule (mark the word) need worry about his rights.”

This was not spoken in Bedlam, but coolly put on paper in one of the German Universities. We know to what kind of “abiding peace” Germany would bring other peoples, and how “profitable” their existence would be “under” German rule. It would be Zabern on a big scale! But that a German professor could still talk in that manner after two years futile war to bring other peoples “under (their) rule!” proves clearly how thorough and decisive must be Germany's defeat to crush that baneful spirit of danger to other peoples. Left with any shred of power or the least opportunity, Germany will find other means and ways to accomplish her end, in bringing other peoples “under” her rule. And who will then help them, when they now withhold their support from the Allies, while they are engaged in a terrific struggle to thwart the Teutonic domination of the world? I have particular fear for the future independence of Holland, if she does not in time gain the support of the Entente Powers, who now have pledged their manhood and full resources for the restoration of Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro.

I cannot help having little faith in a League of Nations after the war, to which Germany should belong, for it will take a long time to cure her of the deeply-rooted habit of intrigue. I should have more trust in a League of Free Nations to keep Germany for a long time under restraint, powerless to do mischief again, or to draw other peoples

"under" her rule by means of a Zollverein, which otherwise will surely be her method to regain strength for a renewed attempt to carry out the pan-German ideal; especially if Prussia should remain the predominant partner in the German Empire. One cannot expect a quick change of the character of a people like the Prussians. I would like to see, what we have advocated in our paper, that all still neutral free nations, who value their national freedom and independence join the Allies, thereby finishing the war so much sooner in the only way that the safety of the world demands, and, fighting together, establish a permanent League of Free Nations to keep Germany in check until she is thoroughly cured of her vain ambition. The destruction of lives and wealth would not become greater if all neutral countries joined the Allies; it would become actually less, by overwhelming Germany quicker.

But I would hold that, even without fighting, the neutral nations could help to finish the crushing of Germany's evil power sooner, by breaking off all connections with her and stopping all supplies to her. One single country doing that might suffer for it, although hardly more than Germany makes them individually suffer now. But acting together, she would be powerless to do them much harm. Not only would that be an historic act of solidarity for Right and Justice, but the neutral countries would be fully justified to take those steps.

The Germans have a sense of humour, which is tragical to others and yet tolerated. All neutral countries of Europe have, with supplies of foodstuffs and other things they produced, sustained Germany in her struggle for domination. Take the case of Holland. From there more foodstuffs have gone and are still going to Germany than the Dutch people can afford to spare. In a country like Holland, which, with the exception of wheat, produces more foodstuffs than her own people can consume, there ought not to be, but there has actually been, much scarcity of foodstuffs, of which the prices have risen considerably. Not long ago the price of potatoes was double the pre-war price, though the production of potatoes was more than required for home consumption. So much of it was exported to Germany, partly in the form of potato-meal. Just now there is scarcity of fat in Holland for the same reason. Although the Dutch Government kept control over pork, people find a way to gain the high prices Germany offers for fat. Pork is melted, mixed with impure fat, then as "technical fat" supplied to soap-factories, and that soap is with Government consent exported to Germany. A Dutch expert recently revealed that trick in the *Telegraaf*.

Now, neutrals have a perfect legal right to sell their produce to any belligerent who offers the highest prices. But from a moral point of view, which ought to count in a war like this not less than material advantages, such acts are deplorable. Our great countryman Grotius, three centuries ago, laid down a lofty maxim for the conduct of neutrals towards belligerents. He wrote, that "neutral peoples were bound to abstain from doing anything to strengthen those whose cause is bad." Individually we like to sacrifice something for a good cause, and we dislike to profit by a bad cause. Why should not nations follow that precept? Besides, while neutrals help to sustain the power that provoked the war, they complain about its long duration. Why then not help to shorten the struggle by withholding supplies from those "whose cause is bad?" And what thanks do they get from Germany?

While the Dutch people are paying high prices for their own foodstuffs, because so much of it is sent to Germany, she sinks Dutch steamers on their way with cargoes of wheat, consigned to the Dutch Government for distribution in Holland. Last year that happened with the *Katwijk*, and quite recently again with the *Blommersdijk*. Another steamer, the *Lodewijk van Nassau*, was last year sunk by a German mine with a cargo of saltpetre, which Dutch agriculture badly needed for manure. "We have already," said the *Telegraaf* on October 14th, "lost the *Medea* and the *Katwijk*, the *Palembang*, *Tubantia*, *Berkelstroom* and many smaller ships. And how many others were lost by striking German mines? Our merchant fleet is paralysed, and nothing can compensate the loss suffered by our trade. Even if every lost ship and cargo was paid according to the value it is impossible to compensate the loss of millions and

millions of guilders to our trade, because many of our best ships were destroyed, while we have not the opportunity to build new ships for Germany withholds from us the necessary material. Thus we are curbed. While Germany has destroyed already an important part of our merchant fleet and withholds from us the necessary material to build new ships, she is feverishly expanding her own merchant fleet."

Destruction of Neutral Steamers

It is really surprising, that neutrals stand almost anything from Germany. They make a fuss about the interference of their mails, which Germans flagrantly misuse. But the destruction of numerous neutral steamers with the loss of many neutral lives, evokes but protests on paper, to which Germany pays no heed whatsoever. She simply plays with neutrals.

Her warfare with mines is even worse than with submarines, because it enables her to deny responsibility for the ships and lives lost. Only two weeks ago the Dutch steamer *Fortuna* was sunk by a German mine, fourteen men of the Dutch crew lost their lives, including the captain. Germany has not given Holland satisfaction for the sinking of the *Tubantia* and *Palembang*, although it was proved that those steamers were sunk by submarines. How can Holland expect satisfaction for the loss of the *Fortuna* and fourteen lives through a secretly placed German mine? And then remember the fine words, used in 1907 at The Hague by Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, who found that a formal prohibition to place in time of war mines in the open sea was really superfluous, because there were in his opinion other factors than the stipulations of International Law. He declared: "The conscience, the good sense and the perception of the duties imposed by the principles of humanity, will be the surest guide for the conduct of naval men and constitute the most efficient guarantee against abuse." And loudly he added, that "the officers of the German fleet will always adhere in the strictest manner to duties which result from the unwritten law of humanity and civilization."

How has Germany befooled the whole world and put her off with fine words, pledges and promises which, as we have seen, were never meant to be kept. Will the neutral world stand that any longer? If so, they must expect more insults and injuries from that country, which knows no Right but Might, and which recognises no law on earth, be it written or unwritten. Neutral countries can still save part of their lost prestige by throwing in their lot with the Allies, for which due self-regard for their highest interests and the pact they helped to make at the Hague give them the best possible motive. To maintain neutrality still longer is nothing but pusillanimity. To take part in the great struggle for right and justice and national liberty may entail sacrifices, but they will be rewarded by increased vigour, uplifted prestige, and lasting honour. I say again: there is something dearer than life, and it is nobler to fight for Right than to submit to Wrong. Though the fate of Belgium and Serbia has been tragic, they will survive as stronger and more exalted nations. And Holland's history of her eighty years of war proves how stimulating and inspiring is a fight for Liberty and Right.

As we have said all this just as plainly in our own paper, the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*, I see no reason not to repeat it in LAND & WATER to a wider world.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Owing to the Government having commandeered the offices of "LAND AND WATER," the address of its Editorial and Advertising Offices will be from Monday, November 6th,

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The White Road to Verdun—IV

By Kathleen Burke

THE men of Verdun were full of admiration for the glorious Commander of Fort Vaux. They told me that the Fort was held, or rather the ruins of the Fort, until the Germans were actually on the top and firing on the French beneath.

I discussed with my neighbour the fact that the Germans had more hatred for us than for the French. He said the whole world would ridicule the Germans for the manner in which they had exploited the phrase *Gott strafe England*, writing it even on the walls anywhere and everywhere. He added laughingly that it should not worry the English comrades. "When they read 'Gott strafe England,' all they needed to reply was 'Ypres, Ypres, Hurrah!'"

Poilu and Tommy

He told us that he had been stationed for some time with his regiment near the English troops, and there had been loud lamentations among the Poilus because they had been obliged to say good-bye to their English comrades. He added that the affection was not entirely disinterested. The English comrades had excellent marmalade and jam and other good things which they shared with their French brothers who, whilst very well fed, do not indulge in these luxuries. He told me a delightful tale of a French cook who, seeing an English officer standing by, began to question him as to his particular branch of the service, informing him that he himself had had an exceedingly busy morning peeling potatoes and cleaning up the pots and pans. After considerable conversation he inquired of the English comrade what he did for his living. "Oh," replied the Englishman, "I get my living fairly easily, nothing half so strenuous as peeling potatoes. I am just a colonel."

The clean-shaven Tommy is the beloved of all France. I remember seeing one gallant khaki knight carrying the market basket of a French maiden and repaying himself out of her store of apples. I regret to say his pockets bulged suspiciously. Whilst at a level crossing near by, the old lady in charge of the gate had an escort of "Tommies" who urged her to let the train "rip." This was somewhat ironical in view of the fact that the top speed in that part of the war zone was probably never more than ten miles an hour.

Tommy is never alone. The children have learned that he loves their company and he is always surrounded by an escort of youthful admirers. The children like to rummage in his pockets for souvenirs. He must spend quite a good deal of his pay purchasing sweets so that they may not be disappointed, and that there may be something for his little friends to find. I remember seeing one Tommy, sitting in the dusty road with a large pot of marmalade between his legs, dealing out spoonfuls with perfect justice and impartiality to a circle of youngsters. He speaks to them of his own little "nippers" at home, and they in turn tell him of their father who is fighting, of their mother who now works in the fields, and of baby who is fearfully ignorant, does not know the difference between the French and the "Englesch," and who insisted on calling the great English General who had stayed at their farm "Papa." It matters little that they cannot understand each other, and it does not in the least prevent them from holding long conversations.

I told my companion at table that whilst visiting one of the hospitals in France I heard how one Englishman had been sent into a far hospital in Provence by mistake. He was not seriously injured, and promptly constituted himself king of the ward. On arrival he insisted on being shaved. As no shaving brush was available the "piou-piou" in the next bed lathered him with his tooth brush. The French cooking did not appeal to him, and he grumbled continuously. The directress of the hospital sent her own cook from her chateau to cater for Mr. Atkins. An elaborate menu was prepared. Tommy glanced through it, ordered everything to be removed, and commanded

tea and toast. Toast-making is not a French art and the chateau chef was obliged to remain at the hospital and spend his time carefully preparing the toast and seeing that it was served in good condition. When Mr. Atkins felt so disposed he would summon a piou-piou to give him a French lesson or else request the various inmates of the ward to sing to him. He would in turn render that plaintive ditty "Down by the old Bull and Bush." A nurse who spoke a little English translated his song to the French soldiers. Whilst not desiring to criticise the rendezvous selected by their comrade anglais, they did not consider that "*près d'un vieux taureau*" (near an old bull) was a safe or desirable meeting-place. When I explained to the nurse that "The Bull and Bush" was a kind of *cabaret* she hastened from ward to ward to tell the men that after all the Englishman might have selected a worse spot to entertain his girl. He was at once the joy and despair of the whole hospital, and the nurse had much trouble in consoling the patients when "our English" was removed.

Abbreviated French

When Tommy indulges in the use of the French language he abbreviates it as much as possible.

One hot summer's day, driving from Boulogne to Fort Mahon, half way down a steep hill we came upon two Tommies endeavouring to extract a motor cycle and a side-car from a somewhat difficult position. They had side slipped and run into a small tree. The cycle was on one side and the side-car on the other, and a steel rod between had been rammed right into the wood through the force of the collision.

My three companions and myself endeavoured to help the men to pull out the rod but the united efforts of the six of us proved unavailing. We hailed a passing cart and tied the reins around the motor cycle, but immediately the horse began to pull the leather of the reins snapped. Behind the cart walked a peasant. Only one adjective can possibly describe him, he was decidedly 'beery'. He made no attempt to help but passed from one Tommy to the other patting them on their backs, assuring them "that with a little goodwill all would be well." There was a dangerous glint in the youngest Tommy's eye, but in the presence of ladies he refrained from putting his thoughts into words. Finally his patience evaporating he suddenly turned on the peasant and shouted at him *Ong Ong*. It took me some time to grasp that this was Tommy's abbreviated version of *Allez vous en* (clear out.) In any event it proved quite useless, as he continued to pat the Tommies affectionately and to bombard them with impracticable suggestions.

We were joined later by three villagers, two gendarmes and a postman, and all pulling together we managed to extract the rod from the tree. A large lorry was passing and on to it we heaved the wreckage. Up clambered the Tommies, followed by their unwelcome friend, who managed to sit on the only unbroken portion of the side-car. This was too much for Messrs. Atkins' equanimity. Limp from laughter we watched them pass from sight amidst a chorus of *Ong Ong*, followed by flights of oratory in the English tongue which do not bear repeating, but which were received by the peasant as an expression of deep esteem and to which he replied by endeavouring to kiss the Tommies and shouting "*Vive l'Angleterre!* All right! Hoorah!"

Our guiding officer began to show some signs of anxiety to have us leave before ten o'clock, but the good-byes took some time. Presents were showered upon us, German *dragées* (shell heads and pieces of shrapnel) and the real French *dragées*, the famous confectionery of Verdun.

We crept out of the city, but unfortunately at one of the dangerous cross-roads our chauffeur mistook the route. A heavy bombardment was taking place and the French were replying. We were lucky enough to get on to the

route and into safety before any shells fell near us. It appears that the Germans systematically bombard the roads at night hoping to destroy the *camions* bringing up the food for the city, fresh munitions and men.

We slept that night at Bar-le-Duc and next morning saw the various ambulances and hospitals which the Service de Santé had particularly requested me to visit. I was impressed by the splendid organisation of the Red Cross even quite close to the firing line.

Passing through one tent hospital an Algerian called out to me:

"Ohé, la blonde, viens ici! J'ai quelque chose de beau à te montrer."

He was sitting up in bed, and, as I approached, unbuttoned his bed-jacket and insisted on my examining the tag of his vest on which was written, "Leader, London." The vest had come in a parcel of goods from the London Committee of the French Red Cross, and I only wished that the angel of goodness and tenderness who is the Présidente of the Croix Rouge, Mme. de la Panouse, and that Mr. D. H. Illingworth, Mr. Philip Wilkins, and all her able lieutenants, could have seen the pleasure on the face of this swarthy defender of France. In the next bed was a Senegalais who endeavoured to attract my attention by keeping up a running compliment to my compatriots, my King, and myself. He must have chanted fifty times: "*Vive les English, Georges, et toi!*" He continued even after I had rewarded him with some cigarettes. The Senegalais and the Algerians are really great children, especially when they are wounded. I have seen convalescent Senegalais and Algerians in Paris spend hours in the Champs Elysées watching the entertainment at the open-air marionette theatre. The antics of the dolls kept them amused. They are admitted to the enclosure free, and there is no longer any room for the children who frequented the show in happier days. These latter form a disconsolate circle on the outside whilst the younger ones, who do not suffer from colour prejudice, scramble on to the knees of the black soldiers.

The Sister in Charge

The sister in charge was a true daughter of the "Lady of the Lamp." Provided they are really ill she sympathises with all the grumblers, but scolds them if they have reached the convalescent stage. She carries a small book in which she enters imaginary good points to those who have the tables by their beds tidy, and she pinned an invisible medal on the chest of a convalescent who was helping to carry trays of food to his comrades. She is indeed a General, saving men for France.

Not a man escaped her attention, and as we passed through the tents she gave to each of her *chers enfants*—black or white, a cheering smile or a kindly word. She did, however, whilst talking to us omit to salute a Senegalais. Before she passed out of the tent he began to call after her: "*Toi pas gentille aujourd'hui, moi battre toi,*" (You are not good to me to-day, me beat you). This it appears is his little joke—he will never beat anyone again, since he lost both his arms when his trench was blown up by a land mine.

It was at Triancourt that I first saw in operation the motor cars that had been sent out fitted with bath tubs for the troops, and also a very fine car fitted up by the London Committee of the French Red Cross as a moving dental hospital.

I regret to add that a Poilu near by disrespectfully referred to it as "another of the horrors of war," adding, that in times of peace there was some kind of personal liberty, whereas now "a man could not have toothache without being forced to have it ended, and that there was no possibility of escaping a dentist who hunted you down by motor."

It was suggested that as I had had a touch of toothache the night before, I might take my place in the chair and give an example of British pluck to the assembled Poilus. I hastened to impress on the surgeon that I hated notoriety and would prefer to remain modestly in the background. I even pushed aside with scorn the proffered bribe of six Bosche buttons, assuring the man that "I would keep my toothache as a souvenir."

At one of the hospitals beside the bed of a dying man, sat a little old man writing letters. They told me that

before the war he had owned the most flourishing wine shop in the village. He had fled before the approach of the German troops, but later returned to his village and installed himself in the hospital as scribe. He wrote from morning until night, and watching him stretching his lean old hands I asked him if he suffered much pain from writers' cramp. He looked at me almost reproachfully before answering, "Mademoiselle, it is the least I can do for my country, besides my pain is so slight and that of the comrades is so great. I am proud, indeed proud, that at 67 years of age, I am not useless."

At one hospital I was shown a copy of the last letter dictated by a young French officer, and I asked to be allowed to copy it—it was indeed a "chic" letter.

Chers Parrain et Marraine,

Je vous écris à vous pour ne pas tuer Maman qu'un pareil coup surprendrait trop. J'ai été blessé le... devant... J'ai deux blessures hideuses et je n'en aurai pas pour bien longtemps. Les majors ne me le cachent même pas.

Je pars sans regret avec la conscience d'avoir fait mon devoir. Prévenez donc mes parents le mieux que vous pourrez: qu'ils ne cherchent pas à venir, ils n'en auraient pas le temps. Adieu vous tous que j'aimais.

VIVE LA FRANCE!

Dear Godfather and Godmother,—I am writing to you, so as not to kill Mother whom such a shock would surprise too much. I was wounded on the... at... I have two horrible wounds and I cannot last long. The surgeons do not attempt even to conceal this from me. I go without regret, with the consciousness of having done my duty. Kindly break the news to my parents the best way you can; they should not attempt to come because they would not have time to reach me before the end.—Farewell to all you whom I have loved.

Whilst loving his relatives tenderly, the last thought of the dying Frenchman is for his country. Each one dies as a hero, yet not one realises it. It would be impossible to show greater simplicity; they salute the flag for the last time and that is all.

From Triancourt we went straight to the headquarters of General Nivelle. They had just brought him the maps rectified to mark the French advance. The advance had been made whilst we were standing on the terrace at Verdun the night before. We had seen the rockets sent up, requesting a *tir de barrage* (curtain of fire). The 75's had replied at once and the French had been able to carry out the operation.

Good news had also come in from the Somme, and General Nivelle did not hesitate to express his admiration for the British soldiers. He said that there was no need to praise the first troops sent by Britain to France, everyone knew their value, but it should be a great satisfaction to Britain to find that the new Army was living up to the traditions of the old Army.

He added: "We can describe the new Army of Britain in two words: *Ca mord*—it bites."

The father of his own men, it is not surprising that General Nivelle finds a warm corner in his heart for the British soldier, since his mother was an Englishwoman.

At lunch General Nivelle and the members of his staff asked many questions as to the work of the Scottish Women's Hospitals. I told them that what appealed to us most in our French patients was the perfect discipline and the gratitude of the men. We are all women in the Hospitals, and the men might take advantage of this fact to show want of discipline, but we never had to complain of lack of obedience. These soldiers of France may some of them before the war have been just rough peasants, eating, drinking, and sleeping; even having thoughts not akin to knighthood, but now, through the ordeal of blood and fire, each one of them has won his spurs and come out a chivalrous knight, and they bring their chivalry right into the hospitals with them. We had also learned to love them for their kindness to one another. When new wounded are brought in and the lights are low in the hospital wards, cautiously watching if the Nurse is looking (luckily Nurses have a way of not seeing everything) one of the convalescents will creep from his bed to the side of the new arrival and ask the inevitable question: "*D'où viens-tu?*" (where do you come from?) "I come from Toulouse" replies the man. "Ah" says the enquirer, "my wife's grandmother had a cousin who

lived near Toulouse." That is quite a sufficient basis for a friendship; the convalescent sits by the bedside of his new comrade, holding the man's hand whilst his wounds are being dressed, telling him he knows of the pain, that he, too, has suffered, and that soon all will be well.

Lions to fight, ever ready to answer to the call of the defence of their country, yet these men of France are tender and gentle. In one hospital through which I passed there was a baby. It was a military hospital, and no civilian had any right there, but the medical officers who inspected the hospital were remarkably blind—none of them could ever see the baby. One of the soldiers passing through a bombarded village saw a little body lying in the mud, and although he believed the child to be dead he stooped down and picked it up. At the evacuating station the baby and the soldier were sent to the hospital together; the doctors operated upon the baby and took a piece of shrapnel from its back, and once well and strong it constituted itself lord and master and king of all it surveyed. When it woke in the morning it would call "Papa" and twenty fathers answered to its call. All the pent-up love of the men for their own little ones from whom they had been parted for so long they lavished on the tiny stranger, but all his affection and his whole heart belonged to the rough miner soldier who had brought him in. As the shadows fell one saw the man walking up and down the ward with the child in his arms, crooning

the Marseillaise until the tired little eyes closed. He had obtained permission from the authorities to adopt the child as the parents could not be found, and remarked humorously:—"Mademoiselle, it is so convenient to have a family without the trouble of being married!"

What we must remember is that the rough soldier, himself blinded with blood and mud, uncertain whether he could ever reach a point of safety, yet had time to stoop and pick that little flower of France and save it from being crushed beneath the cannon wheels. I told General Nivelle that the hospital staff intended to keep the child for the soldier until after the end of the war and we all hoped that he might grow up to the glory of France and to the eternal honour of the tender-hearted fighter who had rescued him.

After lunch we stood for some time watching the unending stream of *camions* proceeding into Verdun. I believe it has been stated that on the average one passed through the village every fifteen seconds, and that there are something like twelve thousand motor vehicles used in the defence of Verdun. The splendid condition of the roads and the absence of all confusion in the handling of this immense volume of traffic form a great tribute to the organising genius of the chiefs of the French Army.

We left General Nivelle, as General Pétain predicted we should find him—smiling.

(To be concluded)

Property and the State

By Arthur Kitson

SINCE the rise of the Labour party, the demand for increasing the power of the State over property has grown amazingly. In almost every journal one reads nowadays dealing with trade, industry, labour and capital, writers of all shades of political opinion suggest or insist upon the necessity for the State taking a more active interest in economic affairs which formerly were regarded as entirely outside the scope of Government control.

The classical school of Mill and Spencer with its doctrine of *laissez-faire*, seems to have dwindled to microscopic proportions. The old bogey of State Socialism—with which members of the various individualistic schools were wont to frighten the public—seems to have lost its terrors. Indeed, we are now experiencing a degree of State interference in every department of life which would have seemed incredible a decade ago, and which if attempted half-a-century ago would have driven our fathers and grandfathers into revolt. This encroachment on the part of the State is not confined to this country. It is part of a world-wide movement in which every Government has found it essential for economic reasons to identify itself more and more with the trade and industry of its own people. Moreover, it is certain that this movement is bound to increase as the war proceeds. Whether we like it or not we are in for an era of State control over hundreds of matters which formerly were regarded as purely personal. Let us then inquire what we mean by the terms State and Property as well as the cause of this momentous change which has led the public—including many who were formerly classified as individualists—to regard the increased powers of Government with complacency if not with favour.

By the word State, broadly speaking, we usually mean the governing power, consisting of the three Governmental departments, Administrative, Legislative, and Judicial. In this country it would comprise King, Cabinet, Parliament, Judiciary and Governmental officers, including the military and police. But since the Cabinet of late years has become practically supreme, one frequently speaks of this body, which wields entire political power, as alone representing the State. In Germany, where the Kaiser is an autocrat, he might with truth define the State in the words of another despot, "*L'Etat, c'est moi!*"

In the minds of some, the word has a much more comprehensive meaning. The advocate of State Socialism, for instance, regards himself and every other

citizen as a part of the State. He considers the State officials and members of Parliament as merely *directors* of the State which comprises the entire nation. Therefore when he asks the Government to nationalise the land, and the implements of production generally, he does so in the belief that everything will be conducted by the State officials for the sole benefit of the nation—including himself. To individualists, the State represents merely a gang of office holders—often a corrupt and ignorant gang. The strength of individualism has been derived from history and experience. In all ages the State, whether autocratic, aristocratic, oligarchic or democratic in form, has been more or less oppressive, wasteful and corrupt, and the greatest human struggles in the past have been those in which the people have attempted to escape from or overthrow the tyranny of the State.

With the recent extension of the representative system, the public have ceased to connect tyranny with Government—except in countries where the autocratic system still prevails. Fifty or more years ago the fear of State oppression in England was still acute, and the average citizen was more concerned about preserving his personal liberty and freedom than developing the trade of the Empire, or securing the country against invasion. The improvement in the education and status of the labouring classes has altered the political conditions of all industrial countries very materially. The working classes regard the State more as their friend and saviour than as a tyrant. For it is to legislation they owe most of the advantages denied to their forefathers. They point to the numerous Factory Acts, Employers Liability Act, Education, Trades Union and Pension Statutes as responsible for their improved condition. And not unnaturally they contend that by extending the powers and scope of the State, all their disabilities can be removed and the age-long struggle between Labour and Capital can be finally and peacefully settled.

Many modern writers point to the fact that both from the moral and economic standpoints the economic policy of *laissez-faire* has been a dismal failure; that it tended to divide society, and keep it divided—into two classes—the very poor and the very rich! The wisdom or folly of the "let-alone" policy depends entirely upon the particular stage when and where the policy begins. Supposing for example, a surgeon attempted to cure a disease by the use of the knife which might readily be cured by some more natural remedy. Before the operation

was begun, one would be justified in exclaiming with the Flemish merchants in answer to Condé, the French Statesman, who asked them what he could do to improve their trade—"Laissez le faire"! But supposing when the surgeon was half way through his experiment he were to leave the patient with a bleeding gaping wound! The application of the "let-alone" policy at this stage might result in the patient's death!

The stage at which the British Government adopted the *laissez-faire* policy was when certain already privileged classes controlled two of the essential factors of trade and production, *i.e.*, land and credit, and the attitude of the capitalistic class towards labour at that time was such that hundreds and thousands of the labouring classes died of misery and starvation! No wonder the *laissez-faire* policy failed! The theories of Mill and Spencer were to the effect that the State should confine itself to the duty of protecting the life, liberty and property of the citizens. But here again nothing was said as to the particular stage of social development at which the State could safely relinquish all its other functions. And unless or until a system of economic justice is firmly established, by which each member of the community is enabled to provide properly for the needs of himself and family, the State must interfere to save society from civil war or anarchy.

The protection of property has always been regarded as a duty of the State co-equal with the protection of life. Now what is property? Probably the two most famous definitions of both property and the State originated with two Frenchmen. "*L'Etat c'est moi!*" came from the lips of the autocratic Louis XIV. "*Qu'est ce que la propriété? C'est le vol!*" wrote Pierre J. Proudhon in his famous Essay on Property. But Proudhon referred not to material things, which we term property, or commodities, but to the *legal right to increase* which the ancients termed usury (*i.e.*, payment for the use of things), and which the modern world disguises under the terms interest, rent and profits.

But there are other reasons which have influenced a vast number to advocate a greater control by the State over wealth and production. Whilst the nation is an aggregation of millions of individuals, it is *per se* an *organic whole*, and the moral, economic and physical condition of the individuals affects the entire organism. A nation is weak or strong according as the physical, moral and economic condition of the bulk of its population is bad or good. Men cannot live wholly to themselves. They must therefore take some interest in the condition of their neighbours in order to enjoy a certain measure of safety, comfort and happiness themselves. With the vast increase in the population, the question of food supplies, transportation, banking facilities, sanitary conditions, good housing accommodation, good roads, good light, pure water, pure milk, and hundreds of others, are of vital importance to every citizen.

The Roman law regarding property upon which European laws are generally based, asserted the right of the property owner "*to use and abuse*" his property. And whilst this right exists to-day in regard to most articles which are easily reproduced, such as clothing, furniture, newspapers, matches, etc., it is not permissible with property which is recognised as a public necessity and difficult to reproduce—a railway or canal for instance. To-day we should regard anyone who deliberately destroyed good food, oil, machinery, coal, leather or any commodity necessary for maintaining our armies or the navy, as a criminal. The claims of the nation are beginning to be regarded as superior to those of the individual. And private ownership in its original meaning—especially of such things as are essential to society, to wealth production, to national defence—is beginning to be recognised more and more as an anomaly, as a possible menace to the community.

The right to *use* properly a thing would be generally conceded, but the right to *abuse* (*i.e.*, weaken or destroy) is now seriously challenged. Society has already forbidden a man to abuse his dog or his horse simply on moral grounds. It is but a short step to forbid the abuse (*i.e.*, destruction or even misapplication) of inanimate things. In a community where every inch of the soil is needed for agriculture for the support of the population, it should be a crime to convert acres into a mere game preserve. We have recently witnessed two of the most

important Club buildings in London given up by their members readily on behalf of State requirements. Thousands of privately owned works have been willingly placed under State control for munition work. In short, we are rapidly approaching a condition when private ownership will be transformed into or limited to, public trusteeship.

Germany's Industrial Power

Another reason why State control is meeting with general favour, is due to economic considerations. One of the greatest factors in the recent prodigious growth of industrial power is organisation. Germany's unparalleled industrial development during the past 40 years is due to her genius for organisation. The organised efforts of 100 men are enormously more effective than that of thousands unorganised and operating independently. If the millions of men comprising the Italian armies had exerted themselves separately and independently, not a single gun would have been raised a single foot towards the summit of their mountain ranges where our brave Ally is now successfully beating back the enemy's organised preparedness of 50 years past. *Union is strength in every department of human activity, whether physical, industrial, moral, social, political, financial, or military.*

The economic strength of a nation is as much the result of organisation as is its military strength. And organisation to be effective must be concentrated in few hands. How can this be accomplished except through the State? The State is the only body at present existing through which the industrial energies of the millions comprising a nation can be organised into a united force. Of course, the weakness of State control lies in the possibility of its offices being filled by incompetents or something even worse. Theoretically, however, State control in economic affairs should stand for strength and efficiency. To-day the State is already an active participant in most of our industrial affairs, and to a degree undreamt of two years ago. Is this participation to continue after the war? Personally, I am inclined to think that it will, through force of circumstances. Our people have been compelled to transform themselves from a peaceful industrial nation into a militant type of society, and the voluntary co-operative system has had to give way to the compulsory system. The aggressiveness of the German character has not only forced militancy upon all the nations of Europe, but for years past it has completely changed the character and conditions of international trade. The peaceful character of trade as preached by Cobden and his disciples, has given place to industrial warfare, and the possession of markets are among the professed objects for which armies and navies are maintained. It is not generally known, but the day that Bismarck established the gold-standard in Germany—under the advice of an international Jew moneylender, Bleichroeder—saw the end of England's free-trade system. Since then, international trade has been a system of warfare—an international struggle for gold as the prize. Prior to 1870 our trade with Germany was absolutely an exchange of labour products. Competition began as soon as Germany was placed on the same monetary plane. Consequently from 1874 to 1900 our exports remained stationary—in fact, they actually declined *per capita*—although during the previous 30 years our export trade had increased to the extent of over 500 per cent.!

There is every indication that this hostile character of Trade will be greatly intensified after the war, and hence we shall require the strongest possible system of organisation in all our industrial, financial, and commercial operations.

Father, Nicholas Velimirovic, Professor of Theology in the University of Belgrade, is giving two lectures in the large hall of King's College, Strand, in aid of the Workers' Educational Association. The first, which takes place on Saturday afternoon, deals with "Serbian Architecture and Poetry," and the influence they have had on that people's education. The following Saturday afternoon he will speak on "The Russian Democracy," when the Dean of St. Paul's will be in the chair. Tickets for the two lectures, 8s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., can be obtained from Mrs. Hugh Dalton, 39, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea; Mrs. Sanderson Furniss, 14, Red Lion Square, W.C.; or the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, 16, Great College Street.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

WE cannot learn too much about our Allies at such a time as this, and they, to judge from the books which are being abundantly published and eagerly read in their countries and our own, cannot learn too much about us. This is as it should be. Without mutual understanding there cannot be effective co-operation. I have been reading several such books recently.

* * * * *

Let us give place of honour to the French, the pioneers of modern European civilisation. Many of us are too apt to think that we know all about France. We all read French books, more or less; talk the language, less or more, and have been to Paris for a holiday or two, and have found there precisely what we expected to find, a discovery that has left us more profoundly ignorant than before. It is well, therefore, to have a guide to France, who knows, as it were, the Paris of the Frenchman and not of the cosmopolitan. Laurence Jerrold has before now placed at our disposal his intimate knowledge, his understanding and his powers of detached observation. We are glad, even at the expense of some repetition, to have his information brought up to date in *France of To-day* (John Murray, 7s. 6d. net). Here, even if we do not always accept the author's judgment on every phase of French life, we have abundant material on which to form our own. Here we have reasoned judgments, founded on well-compiled evidence, on such topics as why the French military system is so essentially democratic; what disestablishment has done for the Church; why the birth-rate is stationary and likely to remain so; how the philosophy and literature of France are founded on reason, and, above all, how France went to war, the most consciously united country in Christendom. These are only a few of the many important topics which Mr. Jerrold discusses in his comprehensive survey. Their treatment gives his book its permanent value, but it should be added that incidentally he gives a very fresh and instructive little sketch, from the French point of view, of military operations from the opening of the war to the German failure before Verdun. This is distinctly a book not only to read but to possess.

* * * * *

Miss Winifred Stephens has faced in *The Soul of Russia* (Macmillan and Co., 10s. 6d. net), a harder task than she undertook last year when she gave us a similar collection of literary and pictorial matter to express *The Soul of France*. Yet the very reason that made her new book more difficult to compile makes it more interesting and more valuable. We all of us think we know something about France; most of us know that we know little or nothing about Russia, even though we may not have committed "the English blunder about Russia," on the subject of which G. K. Chesterton contributes a characteristic note, in which he says of the view of the two English parties on the Russian: "One pictured him as everlastingly parading with a knout in the Ural mines, and the other as everlastingly lurking with a rifle in the Khyber Pass." Few English writers have done more to remedy this blunder than Maurice Baring, several of whose sonnets are deservedly given places of honour in the various sections of this volume. Yet we are many of us still very ignorant, and in the urgent desire for enlightenment which a common war in a great cause has quickened, *The Soul of Russia* comes as a very welcome acquisition.

* * * * *

"Mighty is the world of ideas which teaches us how to bear ourselves towards the world of external facts." These words in an essay on "Shakespeare's Influence in Russia," which Nestor Kotlyarevsky contributes to *The Soul of Russia* might well be taken as a motto for the compilation. For the rest its scope can best be described in the words of the editor: "In art, it extends from the early icon, the tenth-century folk-song, and the homely creations of peasant industry to the music of Stravinsky, the paintings of Goncharova, and the elaborate repre-

sentations of the Russian ballet. It describes a circle, so to speak, in the tendency to revive the archaic exhibited by Stelletsy's pictures. In the domain of literature, poems, tales, and critical essays portray the influences which direct, the ideals which inspire, and the ardent sentiments which impassion contemporary Russian thought." It only remains to be added that the proceeds of the book's sale are to be devoted to the admirable work which is being undertaken by that most significant of all war committees, that of the All Russian Union of Zemstvos, in aid of Russian refugees.

* * * * *

So much for our Allies, what of ourselves? In *Through French Eyes* (Constable, 6s. net), M. Henry D. Davray describes in a complimentary fashion, which it were churlish not to acknowledge, Britain's effort in the war. Though his book consists of little more than a series of journalistic articles on such subjects as visits to munition works, to training camps and to the British lines in France, the stages by which compulsory service was introduced in England and the memorial service to Miss Cavell, it is continually illuminating from the point of view from which it is written. Particularly is this the case with the final chapter, "How War has Transformed the English." In this M. Davray points out that, while it was the call of *La Patrie* that instantly made France one, "the unanimity in his (the Englishman's) case is based on the words 'honour' and 'justice.'" But, he thinks, we have now got over that.

* * * * *

I have before me three novels of very different types, all of which have something to commend in them. Let me take the most topical first. It is a translation of a Dutch novel called *A Young Lion of Flanders* (Headley Bros., 3s. net), and has the added attraction of four illustrations by Raemaekers. With a view to impressing on the younger generation the horrors of war, its author, J. van Ammers Kvellier, has written a very vivid and graphic story, all founded in fact, of the German surprise of Belgium. For the youthful reader the glamour of the young hero's adventures will no doubt defeat the author's object, and outweigh the ugliness of "the unholy thing." Meanwhile, it is a book to read. *Farm Servant* (G. Allen and Unwin, 6s.), is a book of a very different type, a patient and well-written variant of an old theme of the problem novel days, the *liaison* and subsequent marriage of two of different classes in society. Its author, E. H. Anstruther, has some sense of character and will probably make better use of it on some subsequent occasion. Finally, for a *bonne bouche*, here is a really exciting and well-constructed detective novel. It is called *At 1.30*; is written by Miss Isabel Ostrander, evidently an American, and is published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co. (6s.), but wild horses would not drag from me what it is all about.

Dead Cities of the Orient

OF all the Asian mysteries none appeals to the modern mind more strongly than the dead cities of the Orient which abound. Tyre and Nineveh, Palmyra and Babylon are only representatives of others whose names are unknown or almost unknown in western regions. There is no deeper tragedy than these ruins of mighty capitals that in their day housed the highest civilisation, the most affluent prosperity that it then seemed possible for man to boast of. And they perished, usually by the perverseness of mankind, working through war, slaughter and slavery. And Nature would complete the devastation, now by withdrawing the main source of life which is water or, again, by burial beneath shifting sands or, as in Ceylon, by casting over the wasted places a heavy shroud of jungle.

Anuradhapura, the capital of Ceylon, was but a name for centuries. Until less than a hundred years ago, the site of it was unknown, but then came the curious Anglo-Saxon, with his indomitable quest of adventure, and bit by bit its secret has been penetrated, its tragedy unveiled until

(Continued on page 20)

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(Continued from page 18)

to-day its ancient temples and palaces are revealed and the road to the Sacred Bo Tree, the oldest historical tree in the world, is as easy as though it lay through English counties. But little is known about these marvellous ruins in this country, and Miss Mitton, in her new work, *The Lost Cities of Ceylon* (John Murray, 10s. 6d.), has rendered good service in bringing the knowledge within the reach of all.

The three most famous of Ceylon's 'Royal' cities are Anuradhapura, Polonnaruwa and Sigiriya; the first is the oldest, and in its prime is thought to have covered an area almost as large as London to-day. A successful invasion from the mainland led to the sack of the city. Then the Cingalese kings built themselves a new capital, Polonnaruwa, some seventy miles distant, but the fate of this after a few centuries was the same as its predecessor. The greatest of the Cingalese Kings was Tissa, who reigned in the third century before Christ. To him came from India the missionary prince, Mahinda, pious son of King Asoka, and converted Tissa and his people to Buddhism. Mahinda's sister, who followed him to the island, brought with her a branch of the Bo tree (*Ficus Religiosa*), under which Buddha had sat in meditation, and this branch planted in the pleasure-grounds of King Tissa, three hundred years before Christ, still flourishes at Anuradhapura, and for centuries was a favourite pilgrimage for devout Buddhists, thus bringing great wealth and high repute to that city. This tree continues to be visited by numbers of devout Buddhists who journey from all over the world.

If Tissa was the David of Anuradhapura, Parakrama the Great, who reigned for three and thirty years in the twelfth century, was the Solomon of Polonnaruwa. He made that city all glorious within; his fame was great in all lands, and he built a navy and carried war against his enemies on the Indian Continent. All these facts and many more like unto them are told in this volume, which, by the way, is illustrated with photographs that give an excellent idea of the beauties and wonders of these lost cities. Miss Mitton, of set purpose, writes in order to induce people to follow in her footsteps and visit Anuradhapura, and the narrative is therefore at times hampered by details which are, however, eminently useful, once Ceylon is reached.

We are sorry the author did not consistently unravel the often voluminous and complicated names of men and places which are so perplexing to Western eye and tongue, but which when the English equivalent is explained, become simple and easy to understand. But these are minor criticisms. The great thing is that the story of the dead capitals of Ceylon is at last told in straightforward, untechnical language, and the glory of the ancient kingdom of Lanka is now discovered.

Vivid Portraiture

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL has the enviable power of being able to remove the sting of death with the nib of his pen. He has never used this gift to better effect than in *Portraits of the Seventies* (T. Fisher Unwin, 15s). Some of these portraits are mere sketches, but all are alive, and part of this vitality derives from the author drawing the weaknesses as well as the strengths of those whom he has recalled for elderly readers from the dead years of their youth. There are many good stories, which at times inevitably remind one of others, not set down here. For instance, he mentions that one of the rare occasions when he saw Lord Hartington really animated was when he advocated gaming at "two towns which I own—Buxton and Eastbourne—both full of idle people and invalids. Gaming tables are just what they want." This reminds one of that other story which a political colleague used to tell, that the only occasion when he ever saw the Duke (the Duke of Devonshire as he then was) animated in conversation, was when wine was under discussion, and he declared that champagne ought always to be served in a stable-bucket. Mr. Russell refers to the old Duke of Argyll's sense of his own importance and his clinging to the "hereditary jurisdiction" which his forefathers exercised. Perhaps this traditional family pride is best brought out in a story of one of the Duke's daughters who observed to a friend that she had no ear for music, "indeed," she added, "she could never distinguish between 'God save the Queen' and 'The Campbells are coming.'"

While most of this portraiture gains its greatest fascination from carrying the reader back to forgotten days, part of it assumes interest from the light it throws on present events and personalities. Are the Ministers of the present Cabinet who to-day think of the son in the same manner as the then Prime Minister thought of the father? "When some of

Lord Randolph Churchill's friends urged on Lord Salisbury the desirability of asking Churchill to resume his place in the Cabinet, he replied: "When one has had a boil on one's neck and it has burst, one doesn't invite it to return." Also, we wonder whether women play as big a part in high politics as then. Dizzy, Gladstone and Lord Salisbury were three Prime Ministers who owed immeasurable help to their wives? Does this influence still go on? Would Mr. Balfour have been a more effective Prime Minister had he been married? An inspiring topic for a Woman's Debating Society!

Ezekiel, in the valley of dry bones, was conscious of a rustling when the bones came together and lived again. And on every page of this volume, the reader is conscious of a similar rustling. The dry bones live; dead episodes reform themselves, and we are back in those old days, when politics and society seemed to be the only two things in the world that really mattered. That was before Armageddon, and we are grateful to this prince of raconteurs for so pleasantly reminding us that such days really have been.

Canadians at Ypres

THE history of the first Canadian contingent—or rather of a thinly disguised regiment thereof, forms the subject matter of *Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields*, by Herbert Rae (Smith Elder and Co., 5s. net), a book which may be compared with Boyd Cable's *Between the Lines* for vivid narrative, humour, and the spirit of the fighting men "over there." The author starts his story with the enrolling of the men; he takes them on to Valcartier and Salisbury Plain, and then on to their initiation in Flanders and their epic defence of Ypres. "The City of Distress" as the author calls it. A little after this the story ends, fittingly enough, for there were, after that great battle, so few of the first contingent left that the regiment round which the story is written had only two of its original officers, and was filled up by drafts which rendered it almost unrecognisable. But the heroes who first formed the "Pompadors" had lived, in their time in Flanders fields, as they had never lived before, and one gathers, though it is not said, that they died content with their fate.

The biting humour of the flea-bitten colonial, and the liking for a good joke, are evident throughout the work; here and there is a story that will give the reader a thrill—that story of the man who, with a big ulcer under his arm through a badly fitted pack, begged to be allowed to go up to the trenches, and the still greater story of his death. Knowing that he was for hospital on the next day, he put his head up over the parapet in company with his rifle to bag a German and that was the end. But there are many stories in the book, and all are good.

The doctor, the transport officer, the colonel, the adjutant and the rest of them—they are all personal friends of the reader by the time the last page is reached, and one puts down the book with a feeling of regret at parting from such "live" company. The story of their deeds at Ypres will live as long as the name of Canada endures, and it has been told in this book in a manner worthy of the deeds of the first contingent. Its members wore among them the medals of a score of wars; they were hardened to the game before they saw Valcartier, and they played their parts nobly and with fine contempt of death. Herbert Rae has shown clearly what manner of men they were, and his book is an outstanding one among the many personal records of the war.

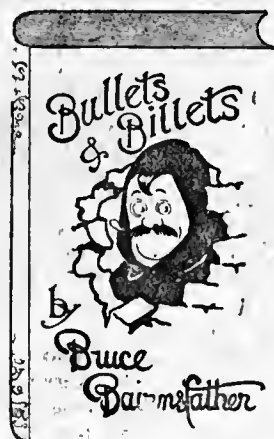
Major Corbett-Smith, whose *Retreat from Mons* is in the very first rank of war-books, is also a composer. He has written the music for Mr. Cant Wall's naval ballad "The Battle of Jutland Bank," which was published on Trafalgar Day. It is a fine stirring song (publishers, Weekes and Co., of 14, Hanover Street, W.). The first verse runs:—

The Horn Reef guards the silvery track
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The waves come dancing;
Where Beatty watches through the mist
That veils a sea of amethyst
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CHAPTER XXI (continued)

AFTER Hussin had told me we would start in the morning I did not sleep much, for I was strung too high with expectation, and I envied Blenkiron his now eupletic slumbers. But for an hour or so I dropped off, and my old nightmare came back. Once again I was in the throat of a pass, hotly pursued, straining for some sanctuary which I knew I could not reach. But I was no longer alone. Others were with me: how many I could not tell, for when I tried to see their faces they dissolved in mist. Deep snow was underfoot, a grey sky was over us, black peaks were on all sides, but ahead in the mist of the pass was that curious *castrol* which I had seen in my dream on the Erzerum road.

I saw it distinct in every detail. It rose to the left of the road through the pass, above a hollow where great boulders stood out in the snow. Its sides were steep, so that the snow had slipped off in patches, leaving stretches of glistening black shale. The *kranz* at the top did not rise sheer, but sloped at an angle of forty-five, and on the very summit there seemed a hollow, as if the earth within the rock-rim had been beaten by weather into a cup. That is often the way with a South African *castrol*, and I knew it was so with this. We were straining for it, but the snow clogged us, and our enemies were very close behind.

Then I was awakened by a figure at my side. "Get ready, my lord," it said; "it is the hour to ride."

Like sleep-walkers we moved into the sharp air. Hussin led us out of an old postern and then through a place like an orchard to the shelter of some tall evergreen trees. There horses stood, champing quietly from their nose bags. "Good," I thought; "a feed of oats before a big effort."

There were nine beasts for nine riders. We mounted without a word and filed through a grove of trees to where a broken paling marked the beginning of cultivated land. There for the matter of twenty minutes Hussin chose to guide us through deep, clogging snow. He wanted to avoid any sound till we were well beyond earshot of the house. Then we struck a by-path which presently merged in a hard highway, running, as I judged, south-west by west. There we delayed no longer, but galloped furiously into the dark.

I had got back all my exhilaration. Indeed I was intoxicated with the movement and could have laughed out loud and sung. Under the black canopy of the night perils are either forgotten or terribly alive. Mine were forgotten. The darkness I galloped into led me to freedom and friends. Yes, and success, which I had not dared to hope and scarcely even dream of.

Hussin rode first, with me at his side. I turned my head and saw Blenkiron behind me, evidently mortally unhappy about the pace we rode and the mount he sat. He used to say that horse-exercise was good for his liver, but it was a gentle amble and a short gallop that he liked, and not this mad helter-skelter. His thighs were too round to fit a saddle-leather. We passed a fire in a hollow, the bivouac of some Turkish unit, and all the horses shied violently. I knew by Blenkiron's oaths that he had lost his stirrups and was sitting on his horse's neck.

Beside him rode a tall figure swathed to the eyes in wrappings, and wearing round his neck some kind of shawl whose ends floated behind him. Sandy, of course, had no European ulster, for it was months since he had worn proper clothes. I wanted to speak to him, but somehow I did not dare. His stillness forbade me. He was a wonderful fine horseman, with his firm English hunting seat, and it was as well, for he paid no attention to his beast. His head was still full of unquiet thoughts.

Then the air around me began to smell acrid and raw, and I saw that a fog was winding up from the hollows.

"Here's the devil's own luck," I cried to Hussin. "Can you guide us in a mist?"

"I do not know." He shook his head. "I had counted on seeing the shape of the hills."

"We've a map and a compass, anyhow. But those make slow travelling. Pray God it lifts!"

Presently the black vapour changed to grey, and the day broke. It was little comfort. The fog rolled in waves to the horses' ears, and riding at the head of the party I could but dimly see the next rank.

"It is time to leave the road," said Hussin, "or we may meet inquisitive folk."

We struck to the left, over ground which was for all the world like a Scotch moor. There were pools of rain on it, and masses of tangled snow-laden junipers, and long reefs of wet slatey stone. It was bad going, and the fog made it hopeless to steer a good course. I had out the map and the compass, and tried to fix our route so as to round the flank of a spur of the mountains which separated us from the valley we were aiming at.

"There's a stream ahead of us," I said to Hussin. "Is it fordable?"

"It is only a trickle," he said, coughing. "This accursed mist is from Eblis." But I knew long before we reached it that it was no trickle. It was a hill stream coming down in spate, and, as I soon guessed, in a deep ravine. Presently we were at its edge, one long whirl of yeasty falls and brown rapids. We could as soon get horses over it as to the topmost cliffs of the Palantuken.

Hussin stared at it in consternation. "May Allah forgive my folly, for I should have known. We must return to the highway and find a bridge. My sorrow, that I should have led my lords so ill."

Back over that moor we went with my spirits badly damped. We had none too large a start, and Hilda von Einem would rouse heaven and earth to catch us up. Hussin was forcing the pace, for his anxiety was as great as mine.

Before we reached the road the mist blew back and revealed a wedge of country right across to the hills beyond the river. It was a clear view, every object standing out wet and sharp in the light of morning. It showed the bridge with horsemen drawn up across it, and it showed, too, cavalry pickets moving along the road.

They saw us at the same instant. A word was passed down the road, a shrill whistle blew, and the pickets put their horses at the bank and started across the moor.

"Did I not say this mist was from Eblis?" growled Hussin, as we swung round and galloped back on our tracks. "These cursed Zaptiehs have seen us, and our road is cut."

I was for trying the stream at all costs, but Hussin pointed out that it would do us no good. The cavalry beyond the bridge were moving up the other bank. "There is a path through the hills that I know, but it must be travelled on foot. If we can increase our lead and the mist cloaks us there is yet a chance."

It was a weary business plodding up to the skirts of the hills. We had the pursuit behind us now, and that put an edge on every difficulty. There were long banks of broken scree I remember, where the snow slipped in wreaths from under our feet. Great boulders had to be circumvented, and patches of bog, where the streams from the snows first made contact with the plains, mired us to our girths. Happily the mist was down again, but this, though it hindered the chase, lessened the chances of Hussin finding the path.

He found it nevertheless. There was the gully and the rough mule-track leading upwards. But there also had been a landslip, quite recent from the marks. A large scar of raw earth had broken across the hillside, which with the snow above it looked like a slice cut out of an iced chocolate-cake.

We stared blankly for a second, till we recognised its hopelessness.

"I'm trying for the crags," I said. "Where there once was a way another can be found."

"And be picked off at their leisure by these marksmen," said Hussin grimly. "Look!"

The mist had opened again, and a glance behind showed me the pursuit closing upon us. They were now less than three hundred yards off. We turned our horses and made off eastward along the skirts of the cliffs.

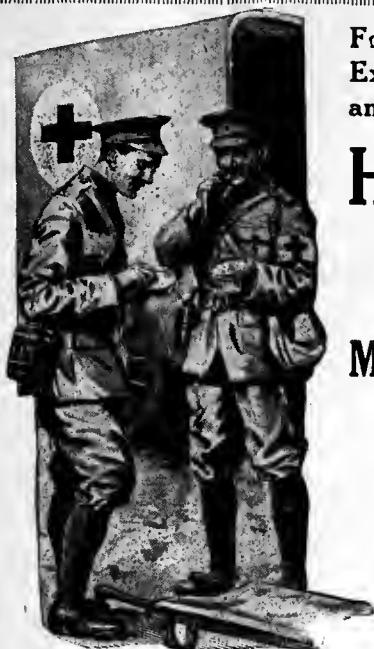
Then Sandy spoke for the first time. "I don't know how you fellows feel, but I'm not going to be taken. There's nothing much to do except to find a good place and put up a fight. We can sell our lives dearly."

"That's about all," said Blenkiron cheerfully. He had suffered such tortures on that gallop that he welcomed any kind of stationary fight.

"Serve out the arms," said Sandy.

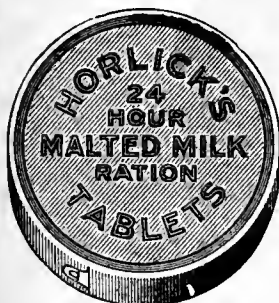
The Companions all carried rifles slung across their

(Continued on page 24)



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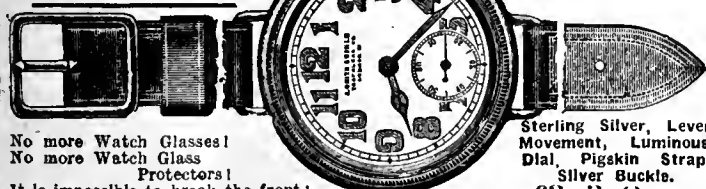
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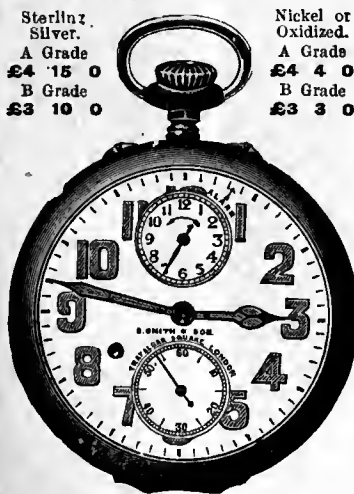


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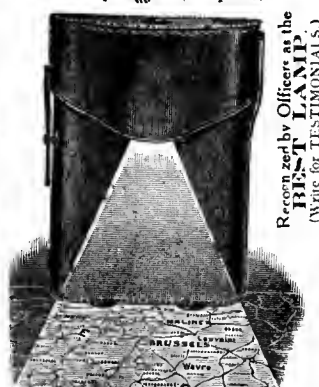
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(Continued from page 22.)

shoulders. Hussin, from a deep saddle-bag, brought out rifles and bandoliers for the rest of us. As I laid mine across my saddle-bow I saw it was a German Mauser of the latest pattern.

"It's hell-for-leather till we find a place for a stand," said Sandy. "The game's against us this time."

Once more we entered the mist, and presently found better going on a long stretch of even slope. Then came a rise, and on the crest of it I saw the sun. Presently we dipped into bright daylight and looked down on a broad glen, with a road winding up it to a pass in the range. I had expected this. It was one way to the Palantuken pass, some miles south of the house where we had been lodged.

And then, as I looked southward, I saw what I had been watching for for days. A little hill split the valley, and on its top was a *kranz* of rocks. It was the *castrol* of my persistent dream.

On that I promptly took charge. "There's our fort," I cried. "If we once get there we can hold it for a week. Sit down and ride for it."

We bucketed down that hillside like men possessed, even Blenkiron sticking on manfully among the twists and turns and slithers. Presently we were on the road and were racing past marching infantry and gun teams and empty wagons. I noted that most seemed to be moving downward and few going up. Hussin screamed some words in Turkish that secured us a passage, but indeed our crazy speed left them staring. Out of a corner of my eye I saw that Sandy had flung off most of his wrappings and seemed to be all a dazzle of rich colour. But I had thought for nothing except the little hill, now almost fronting us across the shallow glen.

No horses could breast that steep. We urged them into the hollow, and then hastily dismounted, humped the packs, and began to struggle up the side of the *castrol*. It was strewn with great boulders, which gave a kind of cover that very soon was needed. For, snatching a glance back, I saw that our pursuers were on the road above us and were getting ready to shoot.

At normal times we would have been easy marks, but, fortunately, wisps and streamers of mist now clung about that hollow. The rest could fend for themselves, so I stuck to Blenkiron and dragged him, wholly breathless, by the least exposed route. Bullets spattered now and then against the rocks, and one sang unpleasantly near my head. In this way we covered three-fourths of the way, and had only the bare dozen yards where the gradient eased off up to the edge of the *kranz*.

Blenkiron got hit in the leg, our only casualty. There was nothing for it but to carry him, so I swung him on my shoulders, and with a bursting heart did that last lap. It was hotish work, and the bullets were pretty thick about us, but we all got safely to the *kranz* and a short scramble took us over the edge. I laid Blenkiron inside the *castrol* and started to prepare our defence.

We had little time to do it. Out of the thin fog figures were coming, crouching in cover. The place we were in was a natural redoubt, except that there was no loopholes or sand-bags. We had to show our heads over the rim to shoot, but the danger was lessened by the superb field of fire given by those last dozen yards of glacis. I posted the men and waited, and Blenkiron, with a white face, insisted on taking his share, announcing that he used to be handy with a gun.

I gave the order that no man was to shoot till the enemy had come out of the rocks on to the glacis. The thing ran right round the top, and we had to watch all sides to prevent them getting us in flank or rear. Hussin's rifle cracked out presently from the back, so my precautions had not been needless.

We were all three fair shots, though none of us up to Peter's miraculous standard, and even the Companions made good practice. The Mauser was the weapon I knew best, and I didn't miss much. The attackers never had a chance, for their only hope was to rush us by numbers, and, the whole party being not above two dozen, they were far too few. I think we killed three, for their bodies were left lying, and wounded at least six, while the rest fell back towards the road. In a quarter of an hour it was all over.

"These are dogs of Kurds," I heard Hussin say fiercely. "Only a Kurdish *ghiaour* would fire on the livery of the Kaaba."

Then I had a good look at Sandy. He had discarded shawls and turban and wrappings, and stood up in the strangest costume man ever wore in battle. Somehow he had procured field-boots and an old pair of riding-breeches. Above these, reaching well below his middle, he had a wonderful silken jibbah or ephod of a bright emerald. I call it silk, but it was like no silk I had ever known, so exquisite in the mesh, with such a sheen and depth in it. Some strange pattern was woven on the breast, which in the dim light I

could not trace. I'll warrant no rarer or costlier garment was ever exposed to lead on a bleak winter hill.

Sandy seemed unconscious of his garb. His eye, listless no more, scanned the hollow. "That's only the overture," he cried. "The opera will soon begin. We must put a breastwork up in these gaps or they'll pick us off from a thousand yards."

I had meantime roughly dressed Blenkiron's wound with a linen rag which Hussin provided. It was from a ricochet bullet which had chipped into his left shin. Then I took a hand with the others in getting up our earthwork to complete the circuit of the defence. It was no easy job, for we wrought only with our knives and had to dig deep down below the snowy gravel. As we worked I took stock of our refuge.

The *castrol* was a rough circle about ten yards in diameter, its interior filled with boulders and loose stones, and its parapet about four feet high. The mist had cleared for a considerable space, and I could see the immediate surroundings. West, beyond the hollow, was the road we had come, where now the remnants of the pursuit were clustered. North, the hill fell steeply to the valley bottom, but to the south, after a dip, there was a ridge which shut the view. East lay another fork of the stream, the chief fork I guessed, and it was evidently followed by the main road to the pass, for I saw it crowded with transport. The two roads seemed to converge somewhere farther south out of my sight.

I guessed we could not be very far from the front, for the noise of guns sounded very near, both the sharp crack of the field-pieces and the deeper boom of the howitzers. More, I could hear the chatter of the machine-guns, a magpie note among the baying of hounds. I even saw the bursting of Russian shells, evidently trying to reach the main road. One big fellow—an 8-inch—landed not ten yards from a convoy to the east of us, and another in the hollow through which we had come. These were clearly ranging shots, and I wondered if the Russians had observation-posts on the heights to mark them. If so, they might soon try a curtain, and we should be very near its edge. It would be an odd irony if we were the target of friendly shells.

"By the lord Harry," I heard Sandy say, "if we had a brace of machine-guns we could hold this place against a division."

"What price shells?" I asked. "If they get a gun up they can blow us to atoms in ten minutes."

"Please God the Russians keep them too busy for that," was his answer.

With anxious eyes I watched our enemies on the road. They seemed to have grown in numbers. They were signalling too, for a white flag fluttered. Then the mist rolled down on us again, and our prospect was limited to ten yards of vapour.

"Steady," I cried; "they may try to rush us at any moment. Every man keep his eye on the edge of the fog, and shoot at the first sign."

For nearly half an hour by my watch we waited in that queer white world, our eyes smarting with the strain of peering. The sound of the guns seemed to be hushed, and everything grown deathly quiet. Blenkiron's squeal, as he knocked his wounded leg against a rock, made every man start.

Then out of the mist there came a voice.

It was a woman's voice, high, penetrating, and sweet, but it spoke in no tongue I knew. Only Sandy understood. He made a sudden movement as if to defend himself against a blow.

The speaker came into clear sight on the glacis a yard or two away. Mine was the first face she saw.

"I come to offer terms," she said in English. "Will you permit me to enter?"

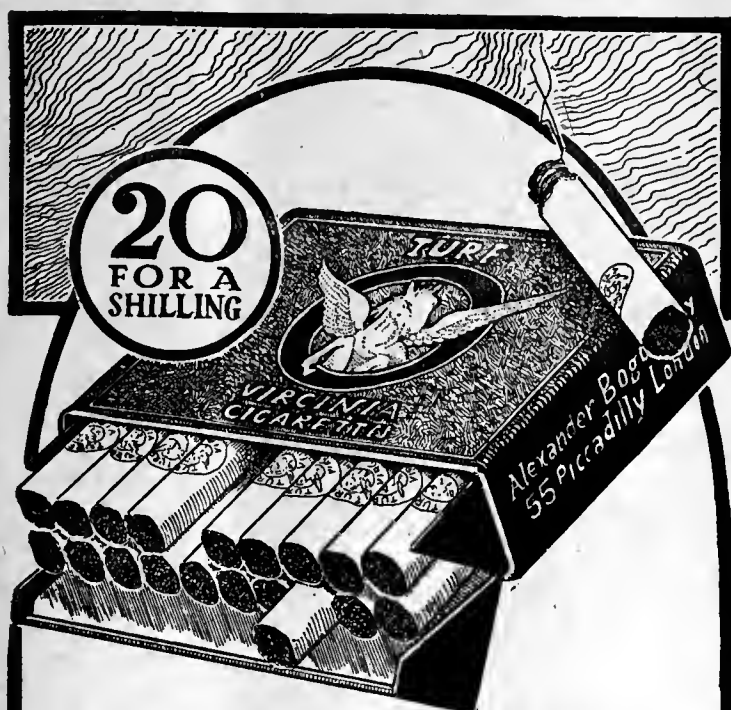
I could do nothing except take off my cap and say, "Yes, ma'am." Blenkiron, snuggled up against the parapet, was cursing furiously below his breath.

She climbed up the *kranz* and stepped over the edge as lightly as a deer. Her clothes were strange—spurred boots and breeches over which fell a short green kirtle. A little cap skewered with a jewelled pin was on her head, and a cape of some coarse country cloth hung from her shoulders. She had rough gauntlets on her hands, and she carried for weapon a riding whip. The fog crystals clung to her hair, I remember, and a silvery film of fog lay on her garments.

I had never before thought of her as beautiful. Strange, uncanny, wonderful, if you like, but the word beauty had too kindly and human a sound for such a face. But as she stood with heightened colour, her eyes like stars, her poise like a wild bird's, I had to confess that she had her own loveliness. She might be a devil, but she was also a queen. I considered that there might be merits in the prospect of riding by her side into Jerusalem.

Sandy stood rigid, his face very grave and set. She held

(Continued on page 26)



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(Continued from page 24)

out both hands to him, speaking softly in Turkish. I noticed that the six Companions had disappeared from the *castrol* and were somewhere out of sight on the farther side.

I do not know what she said, but from her tone, and above all from her eyes, I judged that she was pleading—pleading for his return, for his partnership in her great adventure, pleading, for all I knew, for his love.

His expression was like a death-mask, his brows drawn tight in a little frown and his jaw rigid.

"Madam," he said, "I ask you to tell your business quick and to tell it in English. My friends must hear it as well as me."

"Your friends!" she cried. "What has a prince to do with these hirelings? Your slaves, perhaps, but not your friends."

"My friends," Sandy repeated grimly. "You must know Madam, that I am a British officer."

That was beyond doubt a clean, staggering stroke. What she had thought of his origin God knows, but she had never dreamed of this. Her eyes grew larger and more lustrous, her lips parted as if to speak, but her voice failed her. Then by an effort she recovered herself, and out of that strange face went all the glow of youth and ardour. It was again the unholy mask I had first known.

"And these others?" she asked in a level voice.

"One is a brother officer of my regiment. The other is an American friend. But all three of us are on the same errand. We came east to destroy Greenmantle and your devilish ambitions. You have yourself destroyed your prophet, and now it is your turn to fail and disappear. Make no mistake, Madam; that folly is over. I will tear this sacred garment into a thousand pieces and scatter them on the wind. The people wait to-day for the revelation, but none will come. You may kill us if you can, but we have at least crushed a lie and done service to our country."

I would not have taken my eyes from her face for a king's ransom. I have written that she was a queen, and of that there is no manner of doubt. She had a soul of a conqueror, for not a flicker of weakness or disappointment marred her air. Only pride and the stateliest resolution looked out of her eyes.

"I said I came to offer terms. I will still offer them, though they are other than I thought. For the fat American, I will send him home safely to his own country. I do not make war on such as he. He is Germany's foe, not mine. You," she said, turning fiercely on me, "I will hang before dusk."

Never in my life had I been so pleased. I had got my revenge at last. This woman had singled me out above the others as the object of her wrath, and I almost loved her for it.

She turned to Sandy, and the fierceness went out of her face.

"You seek truth," she said. "So also do I, and if we use a lie it is only to break down a greater. You are of my household in spirit, and you alone of all men I have seen are fit to ride with me on my mission. Germany may fail, but I shall not fail. I offer you the greatest career that mortal has known. I offer you a task which will need every atom of brain and sinew and courage. Will you refuse that destiny?"

I do not know what effect this vapouring might have had in hot scented rooms, or in the languor of some rich garden; but up on that cold hill-top it was as unsubstantial as the mist around us. It sounded not even impressive, only crazy.

"I stay with my friends," said Sandy.

"Then I will offer more. I will save your friends. They, too, shall share in my triumph."

This was too much for Blenkiron. He scrambled to his feet to speak the protest that had been wrung from his soul, forgot his game leg, and rolled back on the ground with a groan.

Then she seemed to make a last appeal. She spoke in Turkish now, and I do not know what she said, but I judged it was the plea of a woman to her lover. Once more she was the proud beauty, but there was a tremor in her pride—I had almost written tenderness. To listen to her was like horrid treachery, like eavesdropping on something pitiful. I know my cheeks grew scarlet and Blenkiron turned away his head.

Sandy's face did not move. He spoke in English.

"You can offer me nothing that I desire," he said. "I am the servant of my country, and her enemies are mine. I can have neither part nor lot with you. That is my answer, Madam von Einem."

Then her steely restraint broke. It was like a dam giving before a pent-up mass of icy water. She tore off one of her gauntlets and hurled it in his face. Implacable hate looked out of her eyes.

"I have done with you," she cried. "You have scorned me, but you have dug your own grave."

She leaped on the parapet and the next second was on the glacié. Once more the mist had fled, and across the hollow I saw a field-gun in place and men around it who were not Turkish. She waved her hand to them, and hastened down the hillside.

But at that moment I heard the whistle of a long-range Russian shell. Among the boulders there was the dull shock of an explosion and a mushroom of red earth. It all passed in an instant of time: I saw the gunners on the road point their hands and I heard them cry. I heard, too, a kind of sob from Blenkiron—all this before I realised myself what had happened. The next thing I saw was Sandy, already beyond the glacié, leaping with great bounds down the hill. They were shooting at him, but he heeded them not. For the space of a minute he was out of sight, and his whereabouts was shown only by the patter of bullets.

Then he came back—walking quite slowly up the last slope, and he was carrying something in his arms. The enemy fired no more: they realised what had happened.

He laid his burden down gently in a corner of the *castrol*. The cap had fallen off, and the hair was breaking loose. The face was very white but there was no wound or bruise on it.

"She was killed at once," I heard him saying. "Her back was broken by a shell-fragment. Dick, we must bury her here. . . . You see, she . . . she liked me. I can make her no return but this."

We set the Companions to guard, and with infinite slowness, using our hands and our knives, we made a shallow grave below the eastern parapet. When it was done we covered her face with the linen cloak which Sandy had worn that morning. He lifted the body and laid it reverently in its place.

"I did not know that anything could be so light," he said.

It wasn't for me to look on at that kind of scene. I went to the parapet with Blenkiron's field-glasses and had a stare at our friends on the road. There was no Turk there, and I guessed why, for it would not be easy to use the men of Islam against the wearer of the green ephod. The enemy were German or Austrian, and they had a field-gun. They seemed to have got it laid on our fort; but they were waiting. As I looked I saw behind them a massive figure I seemed to recognise. Stumm had come to see the destruction of his enemies.

To the east I saw another gun in the fields just below the main road. They had got us on both sides, and there was no way of escape. Hilda von Einem was to have a noble pyre and goodly company for the dark journey.

Dusk was falling now, a clear bright dusk where the stars pricked through a sheen of amethyst. The artillery were busy all around the horizon, and towards the pass on the other road, where Fort Palantuken stood, there was the dust and smoke of a furious bombardment. It seemed to me, too, that the guns on the other fronts had come nearer. De Boyun was hidden by a spur of hill, but up in the north white clouds, like the streamers of evening, were hanging over the Euphrates glen. The whole firmament hummed and twanged like a taut string that has been struck.

As I looked, the gun to the west fired—the gun where Stumm was. The shell dropped ten yards to our right. A second later another fell behind us.

Blenkiron had dragged himself to the parapet. I don't suppose he had ever been shelled before, but his face showed curiosity rather than fear.

"Pretty good shooting, I reckon," he said.

"On the contrary," I said, "they know their business. They're bracketing. . . ."

The words were not out of my mouth when one fell right among us. It struck the far rim of the *castrol*, shattering the rock, but bursting mainly outside. We all ducked, and barring some small scratches no one was a penny the worse. I remember that much of the debris fell on Hilda von Einem's grave.

I pulled Blenkiron over the far parapet, and called on the rest to follow, meaning to take cover on the rough side of the hill. But as we showed ourselves shots rang out from our front, shots fired from a range of a few hundred yards. It was easy to see what had happened. Riflemen had been sent to hold us in rear. They would not assault so long as we remained in the *castrol*, but they would block any attempt to find safety outside it. Stumm and his gun had us at their mercy.

We crouched below the parapet again. "We may as well toss for it," I said. "There's only two ways—to stay here and be shelled or try to break through those fellows behind. Either's pretty unhealthy."

But I knew there was no choice. With Blenkiron crippled we were pinned to the *castrol*. Our numbers were up.

(To be concluded)

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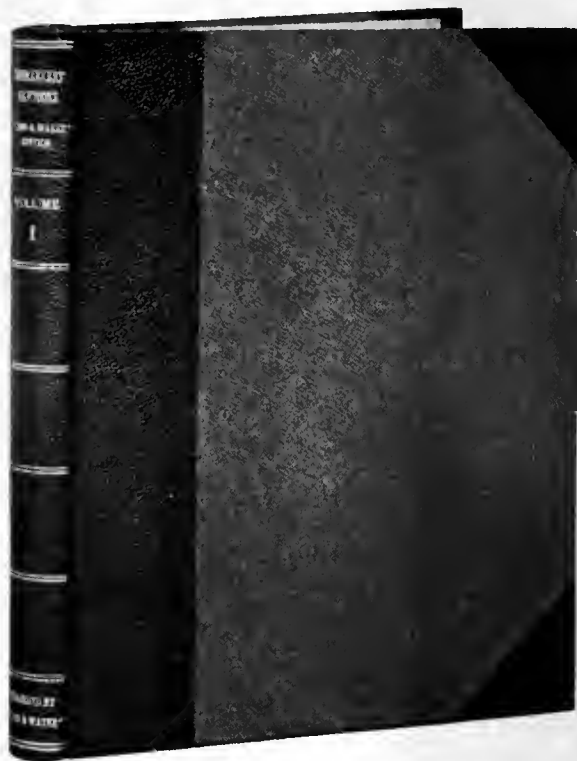
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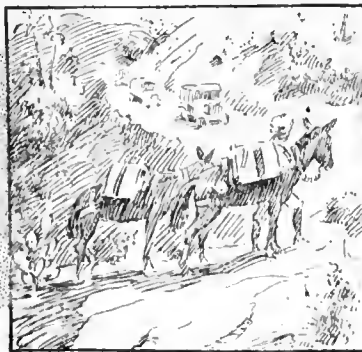


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UNWISE RETICENCE

SINCE the war began the country has now and again witnessed with considerable surprise certain outbreaks of hysteria or emotional nervousness which previously had been thought to be alien to the British character. The origin in almost every instance has been due to bad news, exaggerated by rumour, but having a basis of fact more or less accurate. While deploring these outbreaks, we cannot help feeling that they might have been obviated, had only those in authority shown greater confidence in the people and realised that the spirit of the people at home is not a whit less dauntless than the spirit of our fighting men on sea and land, and that we have entered the war, well knowing we must take hard blows as well as give them. No better illustration of this truth can be given than the recent Channel raid ; had only the facts been communicated in a more lucid and equivocal manner, the present outcry against the Admiralty, which has almost developed into a screech, would not have occurred, though the criticism against the apparent passiveness of our Naval forces would have remained. On this question of strategy our Naval writer, Mr. Arthur Pollen, has much to say to-day, which is entirely to the point.

The position of the Admiralty is not an easy one in so far as the announcement of naval action is concerned. Of necessity the news which first reaches Whitehall is incomplete, and it is only when later reports are received, which for obvious reasons may not be for a considerable period of time, that it is possible to issue a communication which is in all respects reliable and comprehensive. If no report is sent out until it be full and complete, it follows naturally that the German Admiralty, unrestrained by any decent consideration of truth or honesty, is able to flood Neutral countries with flamboyant falsehoods. But these falsehoods will not be checked by an incomplete statement issued in Whitehall ; indeed, such a statement may quite possibly be regarded by Neutrals as more or less corroborative of Teuton lies. The British Admiralty would therefore act more wisely were they in the future, when issuing their first reports to make it perfectly plain that these were necessarily incomplete, and then content themselves with a simple denial of the German version, and afterwards keep silent until it were possible to make a communication which was both accurate, reliable and complete. No Neutral, to say nothing of ourselves or the Allies, doubt that the British Admiralty is truthful, but they are perplexed by seemingly

contradictory communications that are now put forth without sufficient explanation, and are inclined to wonder whether the Naval authorities may not for some reason or other be withholding bad news.

The plain truth has to be stated that the country is growing more and more restive under the reticence which the Government displays in all branches of the administration. This restiveness is in part the outcome of the Cabinet's mistaken fear of publicity in the past. From the earliest days of the campaign, it has withheld information to which the nation was entitled, and which could have furnished no assistance to the enemy had it been made public. The blame for this is often cast upon the Censorship, but in our opinion the main fault lies in the old traditions of Government departments which take an almost childish delight in secrecy, and will only tell what is doing when it is extracted from them piecemeal by Parliamentary question and answer. This system is all very well in normal times, but it is not to the public advantage during a great national struggle.

Sir Edward Carson spoke to the point on Tuesday evening in the House of Commons when the question of more publicity regarding our foreign policy was under discussion. He alluded to the "considerable discontent at the present moment" in the country regarding what appear to be failures of diplomacy, which might be allayed were more information forthcoming, but so far as the Foreign Office was concerned he went on to say, that "much as he would like to know many facts, never in the many years that he had been in the House had he been able to see in what manner such communication could be made to the country without doing far more harm than good." There is no gainsaying the truth of this assertion, but foreign policy is a thing apart, and as Lord Robert Cecil during the same discussion observed, the responsible Minister cannot share his responsibility but must continue to discharge the duties of his office until publicly censured by his fellow countrymen and thus dismissed.

To leave foreign policy at one side, why cannot the public be told exactly what is being done to shut down German businesses in these islands at the earliest moment possible. The effect of the shuttlecock game in the House of Commons which has grown up round this subject, has been to create the worst impression possible. Yet none seriously doubt that the Government is not at one with the country in its desire to eliminate utterly German influence over British trade and commerce, but this being so, it is not understood why progress should not be reported from time to time, and if long delays are absolutely essential, why they should not be explained. We have taken this subject as an illustration, because there is not a problem arising out of the war upon which public opinion is more unanimous or pronounced. Business has to be purged of the German taint, now and for all time, not only in the British Islands, but throughout the British Empire, and by the German taint we mean precisely that secret and treacherous undermining of British trade and commerce that went on as a prelude to the war. Yet we are kept in a state of uncertainty regarding the efficiency of the methods which have been adopted to achieve this end.

There is at the present time much work of reconstruction in hand in which public interest increases daily, and the Government will be well-advised to assume a more communicative manner. Never has the nation been so deeply concerned, both collectively and individually, in vital problems of the hour. We are a people in arms ; more than that we are an educated people in arms, who have learnt to think out things for themselves, and the greater the confidence the Government reposes in the people, the better for the country and for the cause in which we are engaged.

The Roumanian Defence

By Hilaire Belloc

THE Roumanian field of war is still that to which two circumstances direct the greatest attention, in spite of the fact that it is, in the number of men engaged, the least of the various theatres of war. These two circumstances are the fact that it is a field in which movement is still taking place upon a considerable scale, and the fact that it is the theatre of the only enemy offensive.

The object of the Austro-German alliance in this field is threefold.

First, defensive and negative: to prevent the pressure of Roumanian troops, aided by Russian contingents, from threatening Bulgaria from the north, and, with Bulgaria, the communications with Turkey in the east.

Secondly, offensive: The invasion of Roumania through the Carpathian passes.

Thirdly, also offensive: a movement across the Danube, if that be possible, in co-operation with the last.

The first, or negative one of these objects has been amply attained. Mackensen has defeated the Russo-Roumanian army in the Dobrudja and forced it into the hilly country in the extreme north of that district. He has thereby uncovered and possessed himself of the bridgehead of Czernavoda and in so doing has reached his strategic objective. The power, hitherto possessed by our Allies, of turning the Danube obstacle by first-class communications, has disappeared, and, as we have repeatedly pointed out, both before and since the event, it is one of grave importance to the eastern situation as a whole.

Of the two offensive objects remaining, the third, the threat to the re-crossing of the Danube, can be dealt with more briefly than the second. I will therefore take it first.

The elements of the position are these.

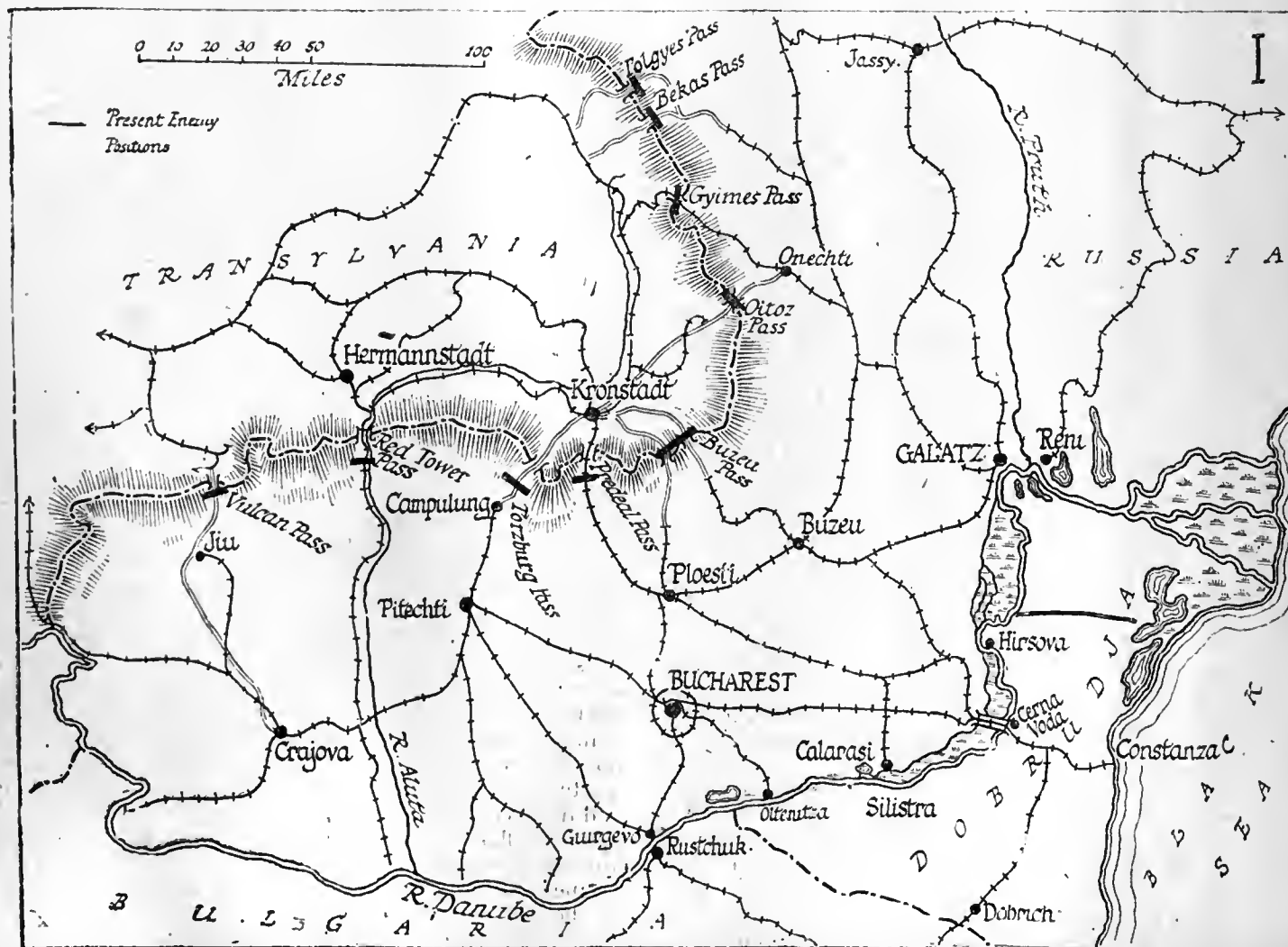
It is possible for Mackensen to establish a bridgehead

upon the left, northern, or Roumanian, bank of the Danube. He can do so because his recently acquired superiority in the calibre, number and munitionment of his heavy guns enables him now to dominate the further bank at any one point he may choose. If the task were nothing more than this it would already have been accomplished. But an offensive action on a large scale involving the crossing of such an obstacle is a very much larger matter than merely establishing a local bridgehead.

The character of the Danube obstacle is well known to the readers of this journal. Very wide belts of marsh with occasionally a doubtful path threading through them, but usually no communication at all, line the northern bank. There can be no question of attacking in considerable force across the obstacle at such points, for in the first place the obstacle is marsh and not water, and therefore cannot be rapidly passed in pontoons but can only be crossed by a causeway taking a very long time to establish, and in the second place the width is such that no effective screen of artillery fire from the one bank can be established upon the other. But this belt of marsh is interrupted, though at only rare intervals, by banks or projections of solid land which come down to narrow fronts upon the river bank itself. Wherever such an accident occurs you have—in some dozen places at the most—a staith, a road, a town—or, at least a large village, and often a railway, on the Roumanian side.

Now I say that it would not be difficult, so long as this now established superiority in the number, calibre and munitionment of heavy artillery is in the hands of the enemy upon the southern bank, to establish a bridgehead at one of these points upon the northern bank; but the bridgehead once established, what about permanent communication and deployment?

What about the continued power to pass over troops to



the far side and the spreading of them out for action when they had reached the far side? The force just across would be under the worst conditions of a defile and of a defile peculiarly vulnerable. The enemy's superiority in heavy artillery permits him to concentrate a crushing force from long range upon one comparatively short sector, but does not permit him to destroy at will weaker pieces properly concealed and mobile on a much wider arc. And the bridge would be at the mercy of these.

It would also, unless a complete command of the river could be established (which so far has not been the case), be in perpetual peril from the water. For one cannot imagine a concentration of artillery in this one field alone such as would secure complete safety from such attacks. These conditions of defile would continue not only upon the bridge itself, but in the bank of land beyond to the north, and when the moment came for deployment that deployment would have to be undertaken under conditions where the superiority in heavy artillery had nothing like the weight it had for the mere establishment of a bridgehead. For a much larger sector would now have to be covered and a sector increasing as the deployment proceeded. There are no good positions for observation of such an effort upon the northern bank of the river. You do not find, therefore, the conditions you have in a mountain pass, where deployment upon the plain, after the pass has been carried, is aided under modern conditions by observation from the last foothills.

The number of men rendered useless at any moment by the fact that they were in column passing the defile, bridge and the bank of land beyond, or packed ready for that movement on the further side of the river, is another adverse consideration.

The enemy's difficulty is men. Though he has superiority in machines his trouble for numbers will, as he knows, continue to increase, and the crossing with such large numbers out of action through the length of the defile could only be supported, at its head, with a very small balance of troops. Altogether, then, the experiment of forcing a Danube passage is a doubtful one. Upon the whole, I think the military opinion of Europe rather inclines to its being attempted than not—though such judgments are necessarily guesswork. No one would deny, least of all, I should imagine, the enemy himself, that the odds are against success if it be attempted.

What of the second main offensive operation, the enemy's action against the Carpathian border?

The main characteristic—which is also the main necessary limitation—of this Austro-German effort against the Roumanian western border is sometimes not fully grasped.

It is not an effort to get through at *some one* of nine main gates and six smaller ones. It cannot be compared, for instance, to the pressure of water upon a dyke, which, if it succeeds in getting through at any point, has succeeded altogether. To force *some one* only of the passes, even that nearest Bucharest, while the rest remained firmly held by the Roumanians, would be perfectly useless to the enemy for the purpose of an advance. An advance under such conditions would mean unprotected flanks, unprotected communications (of nearly a week's march in extent) and a large concentration of guns and supplies against the permanent works of Bucharest, a concentration dependent upon such very perilous lines behind it! Armies do not act in that fashion.

On the other hand, it is an error to assert, as has been done in some quarters, that the enemy does not achieve his object unless he forces *all* the passes. The truth is between the two. He achieves his object, that is, undertakes an invasion of Roumania in force, if he seizes a sufficiently broad belt of the frontier to make his advance secure from attack upon the flanks. For instance, if he were unable to force the passes upon the northern sector of the frontier, but could master all those upon the southern, he could then advance upon a sufficiently broad front across the Roumanian Plain and secure his right flank upon the Danube; his left flank upon the mountains. Such an operation would be called "holding upon the left of his line and manœuvring by his right," and that is exactly what Falkenhayn is at the present moment attempting to do.

Falkenhayn's main effort (excluding the preliminary

successful battles at the beginning of his concentration when he cleared Transylvania)—Falkenhayn's main effort at invasion proper has lasted now just five weeks and the period may roughly be divided into two nearly equal halves. During the first period the manœuvre was to hold upon his right and pivot upon his left with the object of forcing the Northern Passes and thus cutting the communications between the Russians and the Roumanians. The second was a change of plan: holding upon his left to manœuvre upon his right; that is, holding the Northern Passes and attempting to force the southern ones.

In the first of these plans he failed. The second is still proceeding. He is for the moment holding upon the northern sector and doing what he can to force an advance upon the south.

In that attempt to force an advance upon the south, that is, through the passes nearest Bucharest and westward as far as the Vulcan Pass, we note three phases of operation.

There is first the main effort across the Predeal Pass and its twin the Torzburg. These are the two passes that lead out from Brasso or Kronstadt. In the first of these the enemy have a railway. In the next they have a road only. Upon both they have gone some five to six miles past the crest of the mountains, reaching in the first beyond Predeal and in the second to within a day's march of the railhead at Campulung. A general operation here is, if successful, more fruitful than elsewhere, not only because these passes are the nearest to the capital, but also because the nearest flanking pass to the west, the Red Tower Gorge, is 50 miles away without any direct communication by road or by railway. The next pass open to the west beyond the Red Tower Gorge, the Vulcan Pass, comes after an even longer interval. This great distance of the next nearest Roumanian forces and this absence of communication between them and the two Brasso passes (the Predeal and the Torzburg) mean that if the enemy should push right down to the plain from the Predeal and Torzburg Passes his exposed right flank would be secure for a longer time than would otherwise be the case. Suppose he were to get right down to the plain, seizing as he went the railhead at Campulung, he would, upon the map, have his right flank entirely exposed, but as there are no direct communications with the next pass, the Red Tower Gorge 50 miles away, he could hold these for some days without fear of an attack from the Roumanians from the direction of the Red Tower Gorge, and meanwhile begin to exercise new pressure upon the Red Tower Gorge immediately afterwards.

An advance right through the Predeal and the Torzburg Passes to begin with is the most practical plan for the enemy to adopt, and it is the plan he has adopted after the defeat of his attempt to master the Northern Passes and to cut the communications with Russia. But however successful in the Predeal and Torzburg he cannot act from them alone, and the menace of invasion only becomes serious when we hear that he has also mastered the Red Tower in its entirety and even the Vulcan.

It is here that the comparison of numerical strength upon this front comes in. A superiority of munitionment, and of numbers of heavy pieces and of their calibre, the enemy has unfortunately for certainty. It is this superiority which enables him to advance where he does. But the question of whether you can compel a distant force upon your flank to retire, or whether upon the contrary it will menace you; the question of which of the two forces manœuvring one against the other shall be the enveloping force is almost entirely a question of numbers. This should be clear from the most elementary consideration of such a situation. If I, coming with a force of ten men in line against six men in line succeed in forcing back the six, the fact that I have against me another man making a seventh some distance off upon my right does not trouble me. I have enough men to spare out of my ten to make a sort of subsidiary front upon that flank and deal with any attempt of that isolated man to strike upon my flank. In practice, so far from his attempting any such thing he would quite certainly make it his business to rejoin his six colleagues and add his strength to their direct resistance against my ten. But if from any local tactical superiority such as superiority in heavy

guns, I am with ten men forcing back ten and yet leave upon my flank an enemy force of five able to act independently, it is quite another matter. I have no men to spare to form a new subsidiary front to defend that flank, and I cannot proceed while it is still in danger. Everything will therefore depend upon the comparative numbers of the invader or invaded when or if the plain should be reached by the Austro-Germans upon the comparatively narrow front which includes the Campulung railway and the Predeal railway.

If—supposing that situation to be established—the Roumanians or their Russian Allies have equal or superior numbers acting both in front of the invaders and to the west of them upon their flank, further enemy advance will be menaced. It will not even be undertaken until the Red Tower Pass and its road have been thoroughly cleared right down to the plain. But if the invaders have a superiority of numbers they can proceed immediately even upon this comparatively narrow front, and by their mere advance compel the forces of our Ally to the west to fall back.

That is the situation. Now what are the opportunities of the enemy for concentrating in the future a superior number along this southern sector of the Carpathian frontier?

Hitherto, as we know, he has been unable to do so. The Austro-Hungarians and Germans combined have, as we saw last week, mustered 17 divisions, but all those divisions are weak; one of them indeed is no more than a brigade in strength, that brigade consisting of two much depleted regiments of probably only three battalions each, and these battalions not at full strength (the 12th and 16th Bavarian Landwehr Regiments).

Further we know that of these 17 divisions more than half are drawn from the perilously exhausted forces of Austria-Hungary and that only six are German.

The calculation would seem to be that with the advance of winter men can be withdrawn from the Alpine front to reinforce the effort against Roumania. Whether this calculation is just or not only the future can show. But the rapid and striking recent Italian success upon the Carso (to which we will turn later), is not a favourable omen. Winter will not stop the pressure upon the Carso, which is very hard land and from its proximity to the sea and southern position largely free from snow. Further, the political importance of Trieste compels the Austrian Government to make every effort to hold the Italian superiority in men and guns upon this short but vital front. A continuation of the Italian pressure here, a succession of such blows as have recently been dealt, will certainly divert such men as can be spared from the Alpine front down to the now seriously weakened Carso front, and will check the power of reinforcing Falkenhayn's effort in the Southern Carpathians.

The actual progress of the enemy upon the only three passes, the southern passes, where he is for the moment seriously trying to manoeuvre, has been very slow up to the present moment. It is doubtful whether the general reader, confused by strange names and possessed of no large scale maps of the district, appreciates how slow it has been.

In the Vulcan Pass the enemy's effort has completely failed. He has lost the equivalent of at least a division, probably more, many guns, nearer 2,000 than 1,000 prisoners, and the Roumanians, continuing their pursuit towards the summit, have already buried nearly 1,500 of his dead. All that has been the work of the last week.

He will be compelled to reinforce here at the expense of some other sector.

In the Red Tower Pass he has been, up to the moment of writing, for all practical purposes at a standstill. He attacks, sometimes gains a little ground and piles up a certain number of wounded, but he—so far—has not gone seriously forward. He is within a very short distance of where he was after the failure to envelop the Roumanian army weeks ago, and after the falling back of that army to the neighbourhood of Chineni. He has for the moment abandoned the attempt to push along the railway and the road directly, and during the past week he has confined his efforts to attacks upon the foothills on either side. His most serious effort has been made in the Predeal Pass and its western flanking neighbour the Torzburg or Pasul Bran.

No detailed sketch map could give the reader a just

impression of what has taken place here. But I think a general description can do so.

In both cases the enemy is opposed by the Roumanians entrenching on what are called "secondary crests." We all know that in most mountain regions there is first of all the main crest. From this spread out perpendicularly to it ridges going down to the plain upon either side, like ribs from a backbone. From these again much shorter crests strike out parallel to the main crest and come down from either side upon the valleys of the streams which the mountains feed. It is these short spurs which are called the "secondary crests," and when they occur in fairly even succession, each pair facing upon either side of the stream, they form excellent opportunities for defence against enemy forces attempting to descend the valleys after they have forced the summits of the passes. All mountain warfare is full of such examples.

When we look at the map of the Transylvanian Alps we find that the places mentioned as positions defended by our Allies are exactly of this nature, and that resistance is easier in proportion to the regularity and succession of such secondary crests. Take, for instance, the case of the Globucetu position, which the Germans acquired last Sunday. It is formed by a series of steepish rounded heights parallel to the main crest and only about four or five miles from it.

This ridge was, as we have seen, lost last Sunday, but another similar ridge confronts the invader a very short distance further down the road to the south, and it is a matter of 20 miles before the plain shall be reached.

Unfortunately, upon the twin passes of the Torzburg secondary crests of this sort are rare. The main valley runs right down to the railhead at Campulung with very little interruption by spurs jutting out upon either side, and defensive positions are correspondingly difficult to find. Nevertheless, the enemy has been held up for the better part of a month upon the most serviceable of these—those which dominate the little hamlet of Dragosavele, which is a full eight miles from Campulung station.

ITALY

The significance of the Italian success upon the Carso has already been touched upon. We will now return to it in somewhat more detail.

Upon Wednesday last, November 1st, after accurate and intensive artillery preparation, the Italian infantry was launched at 11 in the morning, in what strength we are not told, but the heaviest of the work being done by four divisions, the 11th army corps and the 4th and 45th divisions. It carried all the high land to the east of that depression through the Carso plateau called the Valoni and by evening had also established itself in the lowlands



to the north upon the line of crosses marked I, I, upon the foregoing Sketch II. This line passed through the foothills of San Marco, beneath the mountains which rise on the east of Gorizia. It included Sober in the plain, just touching the low hills which near Sober diversify that plain, and rising on to the Carso passed through the rocky summit called Pechinka, went east to Segeti across the road between Oppochiasella and Castagnevizza, nearer the latter of the two points, and struck the Adriatic somewhere near Duino.

In this first blow 4,731 men were taken prisoners and 132 officers, two heavy pieces and 18 field guns. It was a complete destruction of the second line of defence which the Austrians had thrown up after their first heavy defeat of the summer.

But the remarkable thing about the action was the way in which the advance could proceed the next day. Though reinforcement was pouring in on the enemy's side, the Italians upon Thursday, November 2nd, carried the line up to the positions marked 2 2 2 with a broad black line on the accompanying sketch. The characteristic of this advance was that it reached the dominating summit of the Falti, which stands about 1,500 feet above the plain of the Vipacco. It is a most excellent observation point for the whole region. It is not the best or completely dominating point. That lies two or three miles off to the east in the shape of the Tristelj rock, which is 400 feet higher still. But it commands all the neighbourhood of the present fighting, and has a view stretching right down to the sea upon the southern side. It has been correspondingly

strongly fortified and the carrying of it was a signal proof of the ascendancy the Italian troops have acquired.

On the Friday the weather somewhat changed, and on the Saturday there was a heavy fog upon these high hills, rolling in from the sea. But when on this day the full total of prisoners could be counted it was found they had increased to no less than 8,986, of whom 270 were officers. While the Italian authorities announced at the same time that the total of prisoners since the first great offensive stroke of three months ago, was no less than 40,471, of whom 1,008 were officers.

This success was due at once to the superiority of our Ally's heavy artillery and its munitionment—for in the west that superiority is getting clearly evident everywhere. But it was also due to the inability of the Austrian command to furnish the proper quality of troops for this vital sector. The numbers are still kept up. What is gone is the homogeneity of the organisation and the solid human material of the earlier part of the war. All testimonies as to the type of prisoner taken bear witness to this, and it is particularly significant that the Italians discovered among their prisoners such a very large proportion of Croats.

It is not so long ago that all the strength of this front depended upon the Hungarian regiments, but the revolution of the whole character of the war which has followed Brusilov's great success of last June, has been particularly conspicuous in the exhaustion of the Austrian forces and the consequent degradation of the human material available even for so vital a point as the sector covering Trieste.

The Somme

The British and French forces upon the Somme have taken, but in part lost again during the present week, two positions, the final holding of which would be very perilous to the enemy and the recapture of which he has therefore attempted to effect—and partially succeeded in effecting at heavy expense.

These two positions are, upon the British front, the island or Butte of Warlencourt, and upon the French sector the ruins of Saillissel.

The value of the Butte de Warlencourt is not only that it is the last high land before Bapaume and commands the two roads converging upon that town, but also I think that it gives the first view of that shallow valley in front of Bucquois, which I described a fortnight ago. I cannot remember whether the view from the highest part of the Butte commands enough of this valley to discover the gun positions hitherto concealed in the folds of its southern slope, but I know that it gives some view of the lower part of the depression. The full view is not obtained until one is across the brook 2,000 yards further to the north-east upon the edge of Loupart Wood, and if such a position is obtained the results upon all the enemy salient beyond the Ancre will be immediately felt.

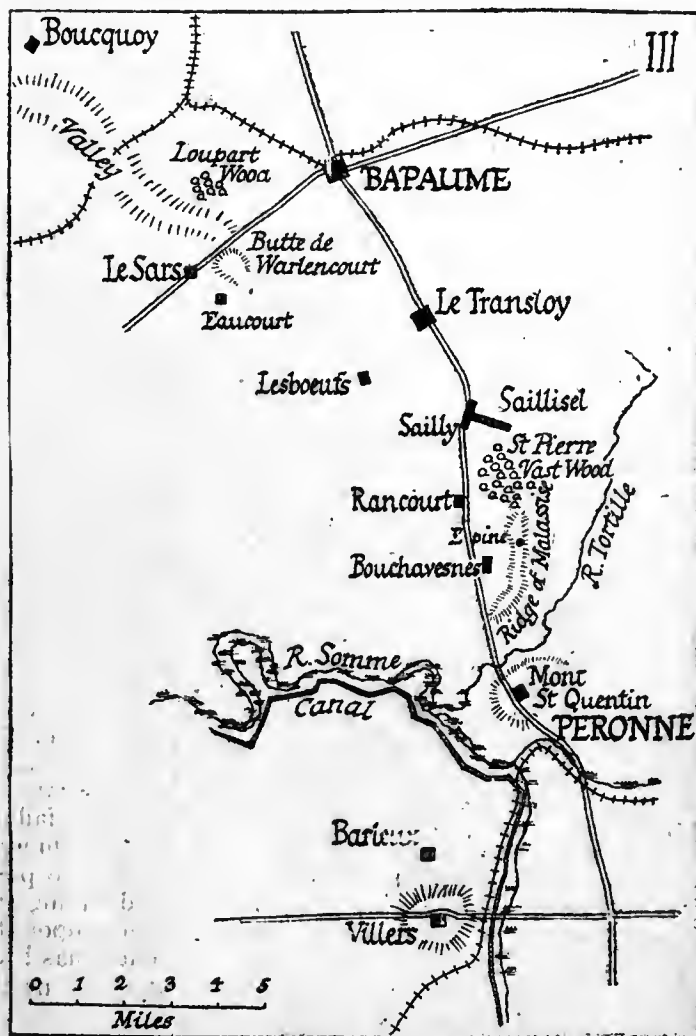
At any rate, the presence of British pressure, which was advancing upon the slope of the Butte and according to the account, was for a moment on its summit, constitutes such a menace in the eyes of the enemy that a counter-attack delivered with great force and at great expense in the course of last Monday, partially succeeded in its object, and recovered a section of the more advanced trenches here which had been reached the day before. But on all the rest of the line the British advance of the week was maintained.

The German counter-attack upon Saillissel had the same motive and much the same result. It will be remembered that the presence of the French upon the summit of the ridge dominating the valley of the little Tortille river gives them a view upon the gun positions behind the hill of St. Quentin, and that hill, as was described in detail a fortnight ago in these columns, is the cover and position which renders possible the German seizure of all the positions south of the summit as far as Barleux.

It was the German gun positions behind the hill of St. Quentin, for instance, which gave the enemy the power to bombard and rush the section of the most advanced French trench on the land which falls from the Maisonette

farm to the Somme. It is therefore of the utmost importance to the Germans that the French should not reach this ridge. They have heavily reinforced the sector in front of the "Epine" of Malassise, where the best view of the mount St. Quentin position could be obtained, and temporarily checked the French advance from Buchavesnes. The most advanced French trenches are here from 400 to 500 yards from the summit, if I am not mistaken.

But the French will also have a complete, though much



more distant view, if they could take the whole of the wood of St. Pierre Vaast, for this wood folds over the top of the ridge like a carpet.

Now the Wood of St. Pierre Vaast is threatened on the south by the French positions and also from the west. The threat from the north, which, if it can be developed, would render the wood untenable, depends upon the occupation of the village of Saillissel. That village forms, as I have explained before, the standing part of the letter T, the cross part being the adjoining village of Saily. This standing part of the T projects out eastward from the main road running parallel with the northern edge of

the wood, and it or when the French completely occupy the ruins of Saillissel, the wood becomes untenable.

Now the French seized Saillissel on Saturday and Sunday last, and the effect was immediately felt in the loss of the first German trenches in the wood, but before this advance could proceed much further the Germans upon Monday last developed a very strong counter-attack upon a position so critical to their whole line and succeeded in re-taking a part of the ruins of Saillissel.

With regard to both this critical point and to that of the Butte de Warlencourt, the position stands thus undecided at the moment of writing.

H. BELLOC

The Chief Command

By Arthur Pollen

FOR the third time in the course of the war the paramount naval question of the moment is the character of the administration at Whitehall.

The first crisis occurred quite early in the war. Save for the raid into the Bight of Heligoland late in August, the public had few evidences of British naval activity, and far too many stories of German naval success. The thing began with perhaps the most deplorable failure of all when the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* were allowed to get past the whole French Fleet, a squadron of British battle cruisers more than three times as powerful as the fugitives, and a squadron of four armoured cruisers as well. Then there was the lamentable episode of the Naval Brigade at Antwerp. The situation culminated when, after the German submarine successes in the North Sea, it was found that the enemy was laying mines when and as he liked and with impunity. A few knew that we had begun the war without there being a single harbour protected on the North East coast. Everyone knew that something must be radically wrong. Shortly after Lord Fisher's return to office things took a turn for the better. Sir Doveton Sturdee's victory at the Falkland Islands, the capture of the *Emden* and the disappearance of the *Karlsruhe* put a new complexion on the war. But as the October crisis had brought no change of system, but only a change of persons, there was no security against further blunders of a capital kind. There was no ground for supposing that any better doctrine or principle would lie behind naval administration, and the adventure of the Dardanelles came as a rude reminder that we could have no guarantee against the continuance of disasters at sea until the conduct of naval war was taken out of lay, and put into professional hands. The strength of the present regime has consisted chiefly in the fact that it has not been lay. The seamen on the Board or the War Staff have not, that is to say, been overridden and driven to mad adventures by their civilian chief. This, of course, is a purely negative merit. The positive achievement was keeping in far closer touch with the fleets, so that the Commander-in-Chief was at least able to exercise some influence on the general conduct of the war.

The weakness of the present regime has lain in the fact that its constituent members are entirely without war experience—a grave disadvantage when it is remembered that none of the administrations immediately preceding the war had succeeded either in getting the fighting fleet ready for its business, or in preparing an organisation for its general direction from home, trained to act on the right principles of strategic offence, or prepared with adequate defensive plans against the more obvious forms of offence that the enemy might adopt. The art of running a naval war had therefore to be acquired in the course of the war itself. It was an obvious weakness that Whitehall should remain without the assistance of any officer who had seen fighting. That this was the weakness of the position was pointed out very frankly in these columns more than a year ago. Writing on the fourth of last December on the occasion of Mr. Asquith's saying that the Board of Admiralty were jointly and severally responsible for naval policy, I pointed out that this represented a change in theory since most of the then Sea Lords had

been appointed to their office, not less remarkable than the change which had occurred in the character of the sea war, and proceeded:

"None of them have had direct experience of the war, either in its first stage or in the second. Nor is this all. The personnel of the War Staff has, it is true, been altered since the war began, but I believe I am right in saying that only one of its chief members was taken from the Fleet. But the War Staff is only concerned with plans of operations, with mobilisation and with intelligence. It has no department dealing with the technique of the use of weapons, although all tactics—and hence all strategy—must ultimately be founded upon weapons and the ways of using them. This war has been fruitful in surprises, and rich in revelations of the unexpected power of weapons, and not less in the proofs of the deficiencies of many of our methods. The use of guns when ships are at speed and manœuvring, the possibilities of indirect fire, whether from the stationary or steaming ships, the possibilities of the submarines, and the scope and power of its antidotes, the art of using mines and of frustrating their use—on all of these things the Admiralty should be advised by those who can speak with authority, because in the light of the complement and most recent knowledge.

"It would, of course, be the merest folly to send every officer now at Whitehall to sea, and to start with an entirely new team taken from the sea. But the gradual substitution of men whose war experience is personal and direct, for those whose knowledge is only second hand, could be begun at once to the great advantage of all. And in this connection let it be remembered that the direction of all the fleets is a far more difficult and certainly a far more important affair, than the command of any single fleet.

"The constitution of proper staffs for gunnery, torpedoes, mines and submarines, so that it should be impossible for us to witness once more the employment of fleets without reference to the limitations of their weapons, this is a matter of the utmost urgency. These should be constituted at once, and, as no such staffs exist, there is not in this case any question of swapping horses in mid-stream. In the last seven months the Navy has discovered a mind of its own and knows what it wants to do. Mr. Asquith has restored it to its constitutional Government. Can Mr. Balfour get his Council into closer touch with the Fleets? He will not have an easy task. Every officer will be eager to get to sea. But the men at sea will fight like tigers to stay there. There is nothing more hated in the Navy than an office stool."

On another occasion I set out Mr. Balfour's dilemma to be this. The number of best men in the Fleet is necessarily limited. The experience they are getting in war is invaluable to them if the most is to be made of their forces in battle. How far is it wise to remove them from these squadrons, to replace them by less experienced men, thus apparently weakening the fleets for the sake of strengthening the Admiralty? Make a list of the best men at sea, and it is easy enough to persuade yourself that they are indispensable where they are. Still, the major counsel of wisdom must after all be the guide, and that I submit is as in the passage I

have quoted, "that the direction of *all* the fleets is a far more difficult and certainly a far more important affair than the command of any single fleet."

Nearly a year has passed since these words were written, and it is perhaps the best possible evidence of the success of Mr. Balfour's administration that it is only now that these matters come once more into controversy. A great many things have happened in that year, and it is idle to pretend that there has been no loss of efficiency through the neglect to make good the most startling of all the omissions of Mr. Churchill's pre-war administration—namely, the failure to place the arts of using and of parrying the weapons with which naval war is waged, under the care of efficient staff administration. Victory must ultimately depend upon getting the most out of mines, torpedoes, and guns and in thwarting the enemy's effort to use them against us. Mr. Churchill put the matter into a nutshell in his famous memorandum of January 1912, when he told the world that almost all errors of strategy and tactics could be redeemed by "unit efficiency," and that, without it, the best combinations were but the preliminaries of defeat. Having said a wise thing, he proceeded to do the foolish one by establishing a staff to elaborate "the preliminaries of defeat," without moving a step towards securing the "unit efficiency," upon which the value of all strategy and tactics must depend. It is almost unbelievable that, with every naval weapon an untried novelty there existed at the outbreak of war no organisation for the study of any one of them. This defect could surely with advantage have been made good long ago.

The Channel Raid

The passage I have quoted above from an article written last December is proof enough that the necessity for an occasional rearrangement of tasks amongst the leading men in the navy can be admitted without causing either surprise or excitement. It may perhaps be useful to add that neither Parliament nor the Press are at all likely to contribute any suggestions of value as to the character of the changes that should be made. The Civil Chief of the Admiralty is the only man who has access to all the evidences by which the capacities of the different officers can be judged. It is for the Government, advised by him and his colleagues, to settle on naval policy, and after examining his evidences as to the merits of the several admirals and captains, to choose the instruments for its execution. That in many directions there will have to be changes, or at least extensions of policy, is clear, and it is much to be regretted that, at the moment when the personnel has to be readjusted to meet them, a controversy over certain aspects of Admiralty policy should have arisen. The attack on Mr. Balfour for the character of his communications about the Channel raid are, when examined, even more trivial than the raid itself, and it is a pity they should have been made, because they hardly create an atmosphere favourable to the right solution of the very complex and delicate problems now before him.

During the past year the situation, as we saw last week, has been complicated by the necessity the enemy is under to use his naval forces to the utmost. He has not sought and will never seek a *decisive* fleet action, but he has developed the submarine to the utmost, and is backing his submarine activities to the utmost of his daring in raids. In his recent sorties he has been unfortunate. Thrice he has had ships—two or more dreadnoughts, and one cruiser—torpedoed, a discouraging experience and eloquent of our submarine skill and daring. For all these attacks were delivered very near the German bases. But we can never produce the fullest possible defence against either occasional surface raids or systematic submarine attack upon our trade, until our whole cruiser and destroyer force is available, and they cannot be so available until the enemy's fleet is finally disposed of—an excellent reason why Admiral Scheer, if he is still in command, or Prince Henry, if he has superseded him, should seek to evade that issue as long as possible. But failing the completest means of defence, we have to use the second best, and as the enemy seems to be devoting the bulk of his ship-building capacity, not to preparing for a decisive battle, which he cannot hope to win, but for the new *guerre de course* in which his prospects

The Proprietors of LAND & WATER beg to announce that they intend to publish early in the New Year a paper to be entitled:

AIR

This journal will deal with Aeronautics, military and civilian, and with all subjects connected therewith. Further particulars will be announced in due course.

are far brighter, it is inevitable that the defensive, to which in this matter we are condemned, must be at a permanent disadvantage. And in the result the reputation of the Admiralty suffers.

It has suffered more than it need have done in the present crisis, owing to the incredible folly of Mr. Churchill, in announcing that a decisive victory at sea is absolutely unnecessary, because we already enjoyed every advantage that such a victory could bestow. The unfortunate thing is that a statement like this cannot be dismissed by saying that it is not intrinsically more absurd than certain other of Mr. Churchill's sayings, nor more in conflict with every right naval principle than so many of his actions when he was First Lord. Nor is the case really mended when it is pointed out that it was not on this principle that the fleet acted at Jutland, and that no doctrine more abhorrent to the men at sea could easily be imagined. For the fact remains that from the autumn of 1911 until the spring of 1915, Mr. Churchill was not only the First, but the only Lord of the Admiralty and, inconceivable as it appears to us now, there does seem to be every reason for supposing that he always thought that, if our fleet was sufficiently superior in numbers to the enemy's, it need never be called upon to fight at all. That any man in his senses thought we could and should conduct a naval war on the theory of the navy being neutral—too strong and therefore too proud to fight—sounds now, of course, like madness. But it is the only supposition which explains the neglect to develop to their utmost the means of fighting, to prepare for a complete policy of naval offensive.

A Policy of Passivity

The neglect to prepare an instant and effective blockade derives immediately from the theory that the rôle of the fleet is purely defensive, that if it is strong enough in numbers it is in no danger from attack. For, in the old wars one of the chief means of *forcing* an enemy to fight was to stop his sea supplies. But if you do not want the enemy to attack, if your prejudice is entirely in favour of passivity, then you will neglect the means of provoking a fight, just as you will neglect the methods for ensuring victory when the opportunity for a fight comes. Now, as I have already pointed out, everything in the conduct of the fleet itself is a flat contradiction to the Churchillian heresy. But it has not been repudiated by the Admiralty, and we cannot be surprised if some critics interpret the lack of initiative of which they complain, by the supposition that Whitehall is still tainted by the wholly defensive ideas that marked its policies under its former chief. It follows then, that Mr. Balfour's administration is for the moment suffering, not only from the consequences of the failure of its predecessor to prepare for war and to run it on right principles, but from the obloquy attaching to the wrong theory that explains those failures.

The whole situation has now been complicated by the trouble over the Air Board. Into the merits of this question I do not propose to enter. But so far as one can judge from public controversy it looks as if the root of the trouble lay in the failure of the men at the top to appreciate the operations and, therefore, the needs of the men who do the actual work. Is it possible that a similar weakness marks the administration of the anti-submarine campaign? Most of us now have a general idea of the character of the work that the anti-submarine force is called upon to carry out. The Admiralty's recent reply to the German slanders over the destruction of *U41*,

shows further light upon the matter. It is work that is necessarily carried out from a great number of separate bases and must therefore locally be under a great number of separate commands. We know nothing of how these commands are co-ordinated; to what extent and how the forces from one base co-operate with their neighbours to the right and left; what organisation exists at Whitehall, not only for securing the right inter-action of separate forces, but the best and most effective action by all the forces. How far, for instance, are the experiences of one command made accessible to the others? How long does it take when any device or method proves successful in one locality to equip all the other independent forces with the device in question, or to communicate to them the nature of the manœuvre that has brought good results? Again, we know nothing of there being any Admiralty authority for controlling the movements of trading vessels with a view to the closest and most constant co-operation between these and the forces that are to defend them. Is the staff—whatever it may be—responsible for the whole of this work at Whitehall, composed of men personally familiar with the work in the outlying districts? Does it, in fact, elicit the utmost possible energy and efficiency of the local men?

All naval administration is open to the weakness that the head of each organisation *must* be senior to all of those serving under him. In the war of the air and in the war of the under-sea, we have no senior men with actual experience and, as in everything else, there was no pre-war study of the matter. What is going forward is the result, not of right theory derived from previous analysis, but of actual experiment, the conclusions from which will not always be correctly drawn, unless those whose business it is to interpret them, have a knowledge which, without experience, it is exceedingly difficult to acquire. Fortunately, there is no real reason why, in the absence of the best theoretical organisation, the best practical man should not be discovered and put in charge. No matter how junior he may be, it is always possible to give him, temporarily, whatever rank is necessary for the command he is to hold. And it is unnecessary to add that it is more than probable that in circumstances like the present the best man would be found far lower down in the list of seniority than officialdom, trained in peace ways, would be inclined to search.

Possibly a general reorganisation of the Admiralty may be required. If so it will probably have to extend far beyond measures for securing closer touch between the Chief Command and the working service in the Air and Anti-Submarine departments. The War Staff and the Board itself may need reconstitution. The navy is rich enough in men of first-class ability with war experience to fill every post at Whitehall open to seamen, and yet leave the fleets at sea commanded as the country would wish them to be, should a second opportunity for battle arise. If the necessity for such changes has arisen it is one that need occasion neither uneasiness nor surprise. France and Italy alone of the belligerent powers have to-day their armies commanded in chief by the officer who held command at the beginning of war. Great Britain, Russia, Germany and Austria have changed their field commands completely. Why should the British Navy be an exception? There are indeed many obvious reasons why it should not, and not the least of them is that the command of a fleet at sea in the conditions of modern war is a strain that only very exceptional men can carry year after year without risking a total breakdown. To many men at sea, therefore, the change from command afloat to a billet on shore, though perhaps anything but welcome, would most certainly be salutary. Conversely, the change from shore to sea, to those who have been kept for so many years upon office stools, would be most gloriously welcome—and salutary as well. ARTHUR POLLEN

A little anthology of verse issued by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson has just been issued at 6d. net by this firm, and, by consent of the authors, all profits arising from the sale of the book will be devoted to war charities. With two exceptions, all the poems have been published since the outbreak of the war. The collection is representative of the work of Rupert Brooke, Herbert Asquith, John Drinkwater, Captain W. G. Shakespeare, Katharine Tynan, and others. In addition to being thoroughly representative of the poetry of the war, this little volume forms a guide to the work of a number of writers, each one of whom is worth attention.

Earth to Moon

Lines written after observing the tragic likeness between the battlefields of Picardy and the face of the moon seen through a telescope

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Moon, thy mystery is read—
Sister moon, so full and fair,
Now I know why thou art sped,
Why thine antres, grey and bare
Lack their oceans, forests, air.

Thy sad face behold again—
Furrows, craters, riven, torn,
Ragged cup and shattered plain,
Scarred and seamed and rent and worn—
On mine own, since man was born.

Earth thine ashy pattern knows.
See my rounded bosom's grace
Bleeding from the cruel blows
Struck their mother, by this race
Risen now upon my face.

Thou art past that agony.
Conscious things within thy breast
Surely slew and strangled thee—
Now a planet corpse, at rest,
Grave and victim of the pest.

Warring on thine innocent globe,
Doubtless they have lived their day;
Fouled thy bosom, torn thy robe;
Blown thy veil of clouds away;
Left thee scorched and mangled clay.

Showing now the self-same scars
Bitten to the heart of me,
Soon among the old, dead stars,
Sister Moon, I, too, shall be;
Twin and counterpart of thee.

Ruin so complete as thine
Here remaineth to be writ;
Man is learning, line by line,
Till his power has reached to it.
Then his works will match his wit.

The Story of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment (6s. net), has just been added to the *Country Life* library, an excellent series of regimental histories which our contemporary is publishing. Lord Derby, who has in these latter times done so much for "The King's," contributes a preface, and the story is well told by Mr. T. R. Threlfall. It is illustrated.

Detective story readers will rejoice in *The Ivory Snuff Box*, by Arnold Fredericks (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 6s.), a book that goes with a rush from the first chapter to the last, and displays an ingenuity on the part of the author, which is rare in this class of fiction. The snuff box belonged to a diplomat, and concealed a cypher; how it was stolen, and how recovered with the secret of the cypher still kept, makes exciting reading, and a love story woven into the plot supplies the human interest. It is a book that will keep its readers out of bed till they have finished the last chapter.

Redwing, by Constance Smedley (John Lane, 6s.), is a novel concerned most of all with the women's movement, and thus is a little out of date in these days when women and men are both concerned over more serious matters than the well-being of a certain well-known and very slightly disguised club. Mimsy (diminutive for Miriam), the heroine, is an attractive character, but most of the people who move round her are almost impossible, while the cleverness of the early chapters is rather wearisome—the conversations are like those of Mrs. Humphry Ward at her cleverest and worst, and the descriptions reek of attempted epigram. This, however, only concerns the opening chapters; when the author settles down to her work and gets interested in it, there is enough to interest the reader as well, while many people will think they recognise one or other of the characters, and many of the scenes.

Germany's Gift to Poland

THE stroke which the enemy threatened at the end of the summer, and which was mentioned and analysed first in these columns, has been delivered. The card has been played and the bid for Polish recruitment by the enemy is before us.

Let us first recapitulate what was said here at the time when the first news of such a project reached us.

The crying need of the enemy is for men. We know the condition of his reserves. He has, in the German Empire, remaining as absolutely the last reserve of men, within sight and upon paper, not a quarter of what he has in the field. He has in sight for the Austro-Hungarian Empire less than a sixth of what he has in the field from that Empire. This peril—the approaching impossibility of maintaining his effectives and of holding his ground, because of the impossibility of shortening his line without disaster now that he has put it off so long, is crying, urgent, immediate. It affects his power of munitionment, and, indeed, all his power of production, quite as directly and as menacingly as it does his maintenance of forces under arms, of their communications and of their auxiliary services. He is approaching the edge of a precipice.

An Imperative Necessity

He has long been approaching the edge of that precipice. He has seen it against the sky for many months past. He has been hoping against hope for some accident to relieve him before his fatal march should reach the gulf. But now it is in his immediate neighbourhood, and a policy which he had threatened, but characteristically postponed, has at last been urged upon him, and he at last attempts to approach the new recruiting field of the Russian Polish population. That recruiting field could give him some 500,000 men of military age, if all were obtainable. That is, if all valid and able to pass the doctor were obtainable. Those two other portions of the Polish race subjected, one to the obscene tyranny of Prussia, the other, to the milder rule of Austria, have long ago been incorporated as conscripts. The Russian Empire had not this severity. Many Poles escaped service. The younger classes especially were not called. There is, therefore, within the district of Russian Poland occupied by the enemy this reservoir of about 500,000 odd men.

Those who think crudely upon the war have imagined that the Austro-German alliance could simply command such a recruiting field without any consideration of policy or compromise. Talk as foolish has been indulged in with regard to problems nearer at home. European problems are not of such simplicity. The chief concern of both the Central Empires for more than a century has been the subjection of the Polish people. The crime of Frederick of Prussia hangs round the neck of his dynasty like the murdered albatross of the poem. Acquiescence of the Austrian house in that crime, reluctant though it was and in part atoned for by some regard for civilisation and tradition in their treatment of their Polish subjects, has none the less borne its own fruit for the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. Even to speak of autonomy, an autonomy however modified, for even a portion of the Polish nation is on the part of Berlin to play a dreadfully hazardous experiment. It is as though a murderer were to play with occult forces that might restore his victim to life.

But in the alternative if Berlin should attempt to recruit from this field without some promise at least of nationhood Prussia would provoke immediately behind that front which she now fears she cannot much longer hold, terrible reprisals. She would burden herself with the necessity for garrisoning, policing, and torturing something far vaster in extent than Belgium, less concentrated and with communications infinitely less facile. Such a policy of mere tyranny would be insane. Yet the men she must have somehow. They are as imperative a necessity for her (now that she has fully realised the temper of England and France) as food for a starving man, and she has risked the great experi-

ment at last: not when it would have been most useful and when it would have been most productive, but now when clearly in the eyes of all the instructed, even among her proposed victims, it is sheer necessity that is driving her.

What are her chances of success in this experiment?

We must first of all remember that the accounts we shall hear from the enemy will be false. It is to his advantage to represent the new recruiting field as completely satisfactory. He may add, in order to give verisimilitude to the falsehoods which he is almost compelled to tell in this regard, some exceptions. He may instruct his agents in Amsterdam and Copenhagen and his lesser avowed servants in the belligerent countries, to speak of a hitch here and there, of local revolts and difficulties, but it is fairly certain that he will attempt to impress the opinion of his executioners and of the neutrals who are watching the process of his execution that he has received the fullest possible support from the Poles. His own account, therefore, of the thing may be discounted beforehand. What we have rather to consider is the time left to him, the nature of the recruiting problem which he has to face and then to make our own judgment, though with grossly insufficient evidence, from elements so afforded.

We note in the first place that he cannot make a true Polish army. He cannot provide within the very short limits of time that remains to him even partially instructed national subalterns for the line, let alone gunners and engineers—still less a staff or staffs.

Can he incorporate Polish contingents (should the Polish nation in part accept the paper offer made) with existing regiments? He certainly cannot use them as ordinary drafts; the material would be too hopelessly heterogeneous. You could not draft the Poles of the Russian provinces by twenties and thirties to fill the gaps in a Pomeranian or Bavarian unit. Will he incorporate them with the Polish speaking units of his Ally, or with those of his own army who are more largely recruited from Prussian Poland than from elsewhere? That is his only possible policy.

Method of Recruitment

He will pretend to form a national Polish army. He will certainly reject the impossible mechanical solution of treating the Polish population merely as general drafts. He will in practice create mixed regiments of Slavonic type dependent for drafts upon the new Polish recruitment. To what extent will that recruitment be forthcoming? It depends upon a great number of factors which can only be dealt with here in as many brief phrases.

There is first the factor of religious organisation. If the Polish religious organisation as a whole is suspicious of the proposal he will get no men worth speaking of. There is next the factor of the so-called national leaders. That is, the men bearing historic names connected with the Polish fight for freedom in the past, and justly revered not only in the Russian but also in the Prussian and Austrian provinces of that immortal people. Some of these names we know are borne by the men who have been deceived by this lengthy siege-war and by the impossibility of obtaining information from outside, into believing that the Austro-German Empire can still save themselves from the justice of Europe. They would seem to have been further duped into believing that the Prussian policy here announced has something permanent about it. Of that more in a moment. These men will prove the standby of the new experiment. Their local influence rather than their national influence will count, for they are great landowners and certain of them have also a traditional influence over the population of the towns. But though we have not yet any sufficient evidence to guide us, we may judge from the immediate past that only a minority of such leaders will be moved to act thus against the ultimate interests of their race. They are men often of great wealth, always of high education. Their knowledge of Europe and their comprehension of western

civilised psychology is far superior to that of the Prussian Government, for the Polish nobles are wholly western in their traditions, and what may be called the European standard among them is very high. It will not be more than a minority of them which will suffer even a partial illusion as to the future of the great war. They know very well that Western Europe, with its ancient civilisation, has always proved stronger than any attack that any barbarian could make, and that sooner or later the barbarian always suffers for his insolence, whatever his odds of numbers or surprise.

There is, as a third factor, the natural reluctance of any population morally or technically neutral to be used as pawns in that game which is now reaching a fatal term for our enemies. This reluctance stands clearly apparent among the smaller nations. It has influenced the action of all those in the occupied territories. It often takes the form, as in the case of the Bulgarians, of refusal to act outside a limited province in favour of their Allies, although they should have cast the die for action and have abandoned neutrality.

Lastly, there is the factor—the unknown factor—of the future accidents of this war.

Conceive a Polish recruitment undertaken and, let us say, a fifth or sixth of its total potential numbers already engaged. The accidents of the near future will affect all voluntary action upon the part of the rest. It is true that progress by the Alliance is likely to be less rapid in the winter months than in the coming spring, but the winter will not be quiescent. We must not be deceived by the parallel of last year when the winter lull was so largely due to the necessity for accumulating munitions. And since it is not possible for the instructors available, the opportunities of space, etc., available, to train more than comparatively small fractions from the new recruiting field at a time, the attempt to use that field will certainly find the Allies' spring offensives disturbing all the enemy's calculations long before it has been fully exploited.

To sum up. The enemy's opportunity of finding here any very considerable recruitment is to be doubted. He will certainly not obtain the whole of what he is bidding for. It is doubtful that he will obtain the half. In other words, he probably will add 10 per cent. to his existing reserves most certainly can not add another 15 per cent.

But there remains another parallel political consideration which, added to the development of the war as it proceeds adversely to the Central Empires, will come into play. It is simply this. The word of Prussia is of no value. And here we may remark that it is more likely

that certain sections of educated and partly cosmopolitan opinion in the provinces affected, will be moved to believe a little in a Prussian promise than will the populace. True, there is here no Polish tradition of Prussian duplicity such as has been familiar to every Frenchman for a life time, and such as is now familiar to every Englishman. But the Prussian method will of itself suggest that duplicity. For it is like everything else that Prussia has done since the first disastrous miscalculation which caused her to commit her first abominations in Belgium and Northern France, a compromise and a compromise of the blundering sort which we expect from hands whose fingers are all thumbs. They will not produce a native dynasty for Poland. They cannot even promise a united Poland. They will emphasise local autonomies which are immaterial to an intelligent and chivalric people with strong traditions like the Poles—they will be compelled to water down all expressions of that general and national freedom which is for the Poles the one great good desired. Then those who do not as yet appreciate—for they have not had any experience of it—the fact that a Prussian Treaty is no Treaty and a Prussian Convention a trick whose authors rely upon the shortness of memory, of the chances of fate in their favour, will feel that the offer made them is strangely imperfect—calculatedly imperfect—and no advance towards the great national goal, but rather a lure to leave the straight road towards that goal, the straight road that has hitherto been so steadfastly pursued in spite of a century of martyrdom.

The alternative the Poles know very well, and though it cannot reach them by printed sheet or spoken word, for they are strictly imprisoned within the German lines, they are sufficiently conscious of the part it will play in the final settlement to weaken the effect of this last of Prussia's desperate throws. For the alternative is one of a united Poland. The great ideals animating all the Allies in this war of advance against, resistance to, and ultimate destruction of the Prussian moral chaos make the restoration of Poland certain. The destinies of the new nation will only be marred in proportion as some fraction may in this hour of trial prove weak and consent to betray the common cause of civilised Europe. They have but to stand steadfast for a little while and they will obtain from the very force of events their necessary place in the newly enfranchised States of Europe. They know this most of them instinctively, some of them with a conscious and detailed knowledge. But all of them know it. And all of them also know that the momentary yielding of a few under the illusion created by their German captors is the only thing that can diminish their future reward.

Science and Agriculture

By Christopher Turnor

[Mr. Christopher Turnor is one of the leading scientific agriculturists in England. He writes out of personal experience, and his arguments are not mere rhetoric but the record of accomplished fact. He is the author of "Land Problems and National Welfare," "Our Food Supply" and other standard works.]

C⁶ H₁₀ O₅ is the chemist's symbol for starch. To me it also stands for a symbol of the mighty change in agriculture, the coming of which in this country, at long last, is now being heralded to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

True, the change is only new to us; other nations effected it long ago—to their great advantage—and our detriment. In Denmark the fact of having substituted for the bucolic pursuit of agriculture a highly organised industry of food production enables that little but really great country to compel us to buy from her every year some £20,000,000 worth of butter, pork, and eggs at her own price. In Germany the scientific organisation of the production of food and raw material (for subsidiary industries) enables her, among other things, to retain her fighting spirit in the grip of a blockade which, according to expectations, ought to have choked her long ago. And in Belgium, to give another and perhaps the most

conclusive proof of what scientific organisation plus thrift can do, the average yield per acre has been gradually raised until it is now more than five times the average yield of our English soil.

The change was brought about by the advent into agriculture of the scientist. To his analytical mind farming appeared as a continuous process of taking chances—that is, gambling with factors of which we have no accurate knowledge; but being a scientist he also knew that it would be utterly impossible for the individual farmer to acquire all the accurate knowledge necessary for transforming farming into a rational procedure in which you may secure, within certain reasonable limits, the results which you set out to secure. He therefore offered to go into partnership with agriculture, and establish under the firm of "Practice and Science" a great industry of producing not only food, but also raw material for many new subsidiary industries.

For the English farmer, whom tradition has glorified as "the best farmer in the world," it was not an easy thing to believe that he was really as ignorant of the science of food production as the scientist would make out, and therefore as badly in need of the scientist's assistance; but the Continental farmers, having less reason to be squeamish, either received the scientist's offer of help with open arms, as in Denmark, or were

by a paternal Government obliged to open their arms, as in Germany.

Denmark's genius seized chiefly upon the economics of food production, and she has thus become famous for her almost perfect organisation of production, distribution, and credit on co-operative lines. She saw a rich market for all the surplus food she might produce, and she set herself to produce it. It was a brave fight, for on the whole the conditions of the struggle were not exactly favourable to the Danish side. The English farmers were well entrenched in their own market, with the North Sea as a moat; their land and climate greatly superior to that of the attackers; popular prejudice was in favour of "Real Home Farm Produce," and the market was at their back door. But the waste in the processes of production and distribution was gigantic, both here and in Denmark. It was therefore only in this field that a thrifty and well-educated race like the Danes might hope to gain an advantage over us; and their practising of the "gospel of the Elimination of Waste through Co-operation," as preached by their lecturers in economics, did in the end beat us, as the Danish eggs and bacon and butter on our breakfast table will testify.

Germany on her part with her ponderous thoroughness, went "the whole hog" in applied science, thus making her agriculture an example in scientific organisation, second only to that of the British Navy, which is the greatest instance in the world, as all the world knows now. Her rulers knew what they were about, and laid their plans accordingly. The crop she was out to grow were strong men and healthy women to be the mothers of strong men, and these are only to be grown on the land. Science indicated a hundred ways to grow them; increasing the yield per acre, reclaiming waste land, increasing the live stock and improving its value, establishing numberless subsidiary industries: each one of these actions meant so many more people supported by the land, so much more wealth produced—chiefly extracted from the air, as taught by the scientist—and so many more fighters by the time they would be wanted.

Agricultural Populations

Here is a little illustration that will visualise to the reader the results of this profound and far-seeing policy. Think of a chess board. Let its 64 squares represent the area of the British Empire—one-fifth of the entire surface of the whole globe. Now, size for size, to use an American phrase, you could drop into that vast space the whole of Germany and lose it—for it would occupy just a little more than one square. But here is the rub: the total white agricultural population of this whole huge Empire is over 6,000,000 LESS than the agricultural population of the tiny spot Germany. The actual figures are:—

British Empire	13,400,000
Germany	20,000,000

Before the war I saw it stated somewhere that Germany was "conquering the air through her agriculture." It is certainly true that her extraordinary power of resistance rests on her agriculture: that her agriculture has been built up on potatoes and sugar beet, and that both, in the hands of the German farmers, reinforced by the scientists, are means for extracting from the atmosphere certain substances which are present in it in inexhaustible quantities, and for transforming them into articles of commerce for which there is an enormous and ever-growing demand: starch, sugar, alcohol, and other derivatives of the carbo-hydrates.

Science enabled Germany to change things of no value into things of value; and to exchange them for other things of value, as, for instance, sugar for Welsh steam coal (for her men-of-war). On the face of it there does not seem much difference in value between £1,000,000 of coal and £1,000,000 of sugar, or starch, or potato spirit. But if we look below the surface we find that in exchanging coal for an equal value of the other three we drew, as it were, a cheque from a diminishing banking account, while Germany drew her cheque from an unlimited credit.

There is no other industry than agriculture which can go on forever producing values out of nothing—to be correct, create wealth with raw material, 90 per cent. of which is obtained from the atmosphere; and one cannot but admire Germany's wide outlook and wisdom displayed

in conceiving the vast possibilities of an agriculture industrialised on a scientific basis, however much we condemn the ultimate purpose for which she has employed them. It is such a wide outlook concerning the interrelation of factors apparently as far apart as profitable farming and the stability of the Empire that we need above all things. And here we may again "learn from the enemy."

Potatoes

In the United Kingdom where our outlook in potato production seems to be confined within the four walls of "boiled, baked, fried, and mashed," we are going on from year to year producing about just enough (after allowing for seed potatoes and for loss of rotting) to supply our table—with the waste for the pig trough.

A certain class of agricultural journalists calls this "the nicely adjusted balance between supply and demand": hence our production of potatoes varies very little; according to the Board of Trade it was 5,726,000 tons in 1913, and 5,634,000 tons in 1893. In Germany the yield of potato acreage in 1893 was 27,539,000 tons—roughly five times as much as ours. In 1913, again according to our Board of Trade figures, it had risen to 49,463,000 tons—roughly nine times as much as our rate of production.

To anyone whose view is limited by the skin of the potato, so to speak, Germany's huge potato harvest should by rights involve the German farmer every year in utter ruin, seeing that their market for table potatoes could only do with less than a fourth of this enormous bulk. Yet the retribution which, according to some of our men of agricultural "light and leading," should fall upon them for violating the sacred "law of supply and demand," somehow regularly fails to overtake them. The solution of the mystery is to be found in our Consular reports and the "Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom."

The denouement began indeed years ago with the chemist to whose analytical mind the potato represents the contents of six test tubes, containing water, starch, protein, fat, ash, and crude fibre. The starch, protein, and fat he knew were exactly the same substance which has to be brought from abroad under different disguises (maize, "cake," grain, etc.), to be used in the building up of beef, mutton, pork, fowl, milk, eggs, etc., or in the form of starch for a dozen domestic and a score of manufacturing purposes. Starch again was known to him as a source of alcohol, dextrose and other derivatives; and the enterprising manufacturers soon saw an opportunity of selling to the guileless English consumer potato flour in the various disguises of "corn" flour, artificial sago, the elusive macaroni and vermicelli, and other articles of food.

What indeed the German chemist did with his microscopes and test tubes and balances and the rest of his paraphernalia was to give to German agriculture a new soul (however much we may cavil at the word in this connection); and the prosaic act of dissecting and disintegrating the potato started a train of processes which might well be called the Romance of the Potato Industry.

Fate has now placed in our hand a great opportunity. We may if we choose capture an enormous new industry; and the very determination to embark upon its capture will lead to an unexampled development in our entire industry of food production. But what we need is a new outlook. Farmers must cease to look upon the potato as a potato, but regard it as a manufacturer of starch— $C_6H_{10}O_5$ —which is the raw material of a dozen industries, and enters into the manufacture of articles produced by scores of others.

No country is better equipped for producing this raw material in huge quantities than ours. In other countries less favoured than ours, the whole nation has co-operated with the landowner, the farmers, and the labour in a sustained effort to put the land to its fullest use. Here it has been the townsman's utter disregard for the origin and real cost, in contrast to the immediate cost, of the food he eats which has so far kept British agriculture from developing on progressive lines, and prevented us from employing to the fullest extent our great resources of land and labour in the permanent interest of the whole country.

Neutral Sympathies

By Colonel Feyler

NAPOLEON used to say that in war the moral factor counted for three-quarters of one's strength; the present conflict has not tended to lessen the truth of this dictum. We cannot deny that the belligerents on both sides have given proof of very great courage. The resistance of the French soldiers to the fierce and unceasingly renewed attacks at Verdun has, for instance, provoked universal admiration; and if we wish to be absolutely just and impartial, we must concede that the courage of the German soldiery in resuming ever and again an attack that cost them such terrible losses, was also worthy of much praise and gave proof of their high value. We can apply this example of Verdun in a general manner to the whole of the war, and if we limit ourselves to strictly military operations (leaving aside the crimes against humanity from which so many German leaders have not shrunk), we may safely say that the two opposing armies have mutually excelled one another in pluck and in grit, and that both sides have given evidence of a sustained height of moral.

How is it, then, that the *moral* on the side of the Allies seems to be lasting better than that of the Central Powers, amongst whose ranks there is now evident a general moral falling-off, whereas the failures in the Allies' moral have only been local and temporary? The answer can only be in the *moral factors* animating the Allies to a more strenuous resistance than that of their opponents. This is not so surprising as it seems at first sight, and a short examination of the moral factors involved will throw much light on the subject. These factors are: Patriotism, desire to live, search for greater happiness, and confidence in one's cause and means for victory.

We can take for granted that patriotism and the desire to live have acted with equal intensity upon all the belligerents, for all of whom the war is a national war and all of whom possess the essentially human instinct of self-preservation. Theoretically, too, the desire for greater happiness should be of equal effect on both sides. But in practice, different races do not see eye to eye in this matter, and we have here one of the chief points of divergence between the two fighting groups; for the Austro-Germans went to war with the idea of *domination*, the Allies with that of *liberation*. And never in the history of the world have we seen independence, given an equality of means, succumb before despotism.

At the start, of course, the Germans did not realise the strength of this desire for domination, and believed themselves the victims of the aggression of their enemies. But this was an illusion, and illusions eventually vanish in the light of facts.

What were the very first acts of war? An attempt to usurp the independence of Serbia, and the seizure of Luxembourg and Belgium. No semi-official or official article in a newspaper can alter these facts. As long, however, as success followed success, as long as the mass of the Germanic people were not suffering too severely from the length of the war, so long could these facts be hidden under a tissue of equivocation and dissimulation. When, however, delay and diminishing hope made their sufferings more palpable, these people, these simple soldiers—to whom world domination or the hegemony of Europe cannot bring more happiness or less labour or more hope for the future—have begun to doubt. They are asking whether their cause is really righteous enough for them to support such great suffering in its defence, whether they have not deceived themselves, or been deceived by their leaders; their moral courage is giving way to disquiet, and thus the supporters of Despotism are themselves preparing her fall.

How much greater is Liberty! He who fights for her fights for mankind; he fights for more happiness for more of mankind; he fights that he and his children and all around shall be able to lift higher their heads towards the light. What a terrible thought is that of a German world hegemony beside the idea of the peoples working out their destiny in independence!

We can realise the difference between the two moral factors; the suffering which weakens the one serves but

to strengthen the other. To those who suffer for themselves alone, death is a deliverance, whereas to him who suffers for others, pain itself is hope.

And now as for neutral sympathies. Powerfully, though indirectly, these too are an element of resistance. It is a remarkable phenomenon—this influence exerted on the war even by those nations most decided not to enter the struggle. From all time war has awakened sympathy in neutral countries, for one side or the other, but never has this sympathy been so general. The reasons for this intensity are doubtless the more complete interdependence of interests, of business; the partial abolition of frontiers by the extension of railways, telegraphs, etc.; the almost general introduction of conscription, which makes of this war a war of nations rather than of governments—and above all the knowledge that upon the result depends a transformation, social and intellectual rather than political, of the whole of Europe.

Opposing Tendencies

We cannot say that the sympathies of neutrals are unanimous, but their general tendency is beyond all doubt. There is a sharp line of demarcation between the opposing tendencies; on the one hand are those in favour of liberalism, of independence of thought and of a development of human dignity by progress towards democracy—and on the other those whose ideal lies in domination, in a complete subjection of individualism to authority, in short, in any form of autocracy or despotism.

We must give both parties credit for their good faith, and must realise that their battle of opinion is being no less ardently waged than the war of the armies themselves; for the first-mentioned class are fighting on the side of the army of liberalism of the Allies, and the second on the side of the Central Powers' army of autocracy, that mill where men are ground until they become so many fractions of the great machine.

If you care to travel in neutral countries and to look around you, especially to look up the people that you have known in times of peace, each one of them will then appear to you as an element in the great struggle that is killing and maiming so many thousands. Every human intelligence takes part in this war and reflects its sympathies for the side towards whose characteristics it is swayed by habit, belief, conviction and experience.

But the majority by far are those of independent soul, who stand for human dignity created by a just ambition to deploy to the utmost its potential utility, and for the desire to extend the happiness that can only exist in the free air of individuality and personal liberty, untrammelled by the unjust constraint of too unlimited an authority.

When, therefore, Germany announced to the world her intention to extend her organisation, otherwise her domination, over all Europe; when by her invasion of Belgium, she gave proof that her authority was to be based upon force and not upon justice, not upon persuasion, but upon constraint; when ninety-three of her foremost scholars demonstrated that this authority of force rendered such great minds as theirs incapable of logical observation and deduction; when her statesmen and her newspapers put themselves to manipulate international treaties and agreements so as to replace justice by necessity; when her ministers of the gospel resuscitated the Jehovah of the Israelites and presented Him to an astonished world as the special god of the Germans; when, finally, her armies, demonstrated in practice what was to be expected from the humane policy of finishing the war quickly by an excess of destruction and from the Prussian lieutenant with his *moral* on a war footing—then every spirit of liberty and of personal self-respect thought with agony, if not with horror, of the prospect of a world founded upon such a gospel.

The Allies, on the other hand, proved that their cause was infinitely more in accordance with Christianity, which was, after all, the foundation stone of modern European civilisation, and thus gained for themselves the great bulk of neutral sympathies.

The White Road to Verdun—V

By Kathleen Burke

[Miss Kathleen Burke brings to a close to-day her admirable studies of the fighting forces in France. No writer has brought out more strongly the spirit in which France is waging this war. The passages which form the conclusion of this article are of the highest significance]

WE slept that night at Epernay in the heart of the Champagne district. The soil of France is doing its best to keep the vines in perfect condition and to provide a good vintage to be drunk later to celebrate the victory of France and her Allies.

The keeping of the roads in good condition is necessary for the rapid carrying out of operations on the front, and a *marmite* hole is promptly filled, if by a lucky shot the German batteries happen to tear up the roadway. We were proceeding casually along one road when a young officer rode up to us and told us to put on speed because we were under fire from a German battery which daily landed one or two shells in that particular portion of the roadway. It is wonderful how obedient one becomes at times! We promptly proceeded to hasten! After visiting General Debency and obtaining from him the necessary authorisation and an officer escort we entered Rheims.

Rheims Cathedral

The cathedral is now the home of pigeons, and as they fly in and out of the blackened window-frames, small pieces of the stained glass tinkle down on to the floor. The custodian of the cathedral told us that during the night of terror the German wounded, lying in the cathedral, not realising the strength and beauty of the French character under adversity, feared, seeing the cathedral in flames, that the populace might wreak vengeance on them, and that it was exceedingly difficult to get them to leave the cathedral. Many of the prisoners fled into corners and hid, and some of them even penetrated into the palace of the Archbishop which was in flames. All the world knows and admires the bravery of the curé of the cathedral, M. Landrieux, who took upon himself the defence of the prisoners, for fear insults might be hurled at them. He knowingly risked his life, but when, next day, some of his confrères endeavoured to praise him he replied: "My friends, I never before realised how easy it was to die."

One of the churches in the city was heavily draped in black, and I asked the sacristan if they had prepared for the funeral of a prominent citizen. He told me that they were that day bringing home the body of a young man of high birth of the neighbourhood, but that it was not for him that the church was decked in mourning. The draperies had hung there since August 1914: "Since every son of Rheims who is brought home is as noble as the one who comes to-day, and alas! nearly every day brings us one of our children."

We lunched in the hotel before the cathedral where each shell hole has an ordinary white label stuck beside it with the date. The landlord remarked: "If you sit here long enough, and have the good luck to be in some safe part of the building, you may be able to go and stick a label on a hole yourself."

After lunch we went out to the Chateau Polignac. To a stranger it would appear to be almost entirely destroyed, but when M. de Polignac visited it recently, he simply remarked that it was "less spoilt than he had imagined." This was just one other example of the thousands one meets daily of the spirit of noble and peasant *de ne pas s'en faire*, but to keep only before them the one idea—Victory for France—no matter what may be the cost.

We went later to call on the "75," *chez elle*. Madame was in a particularly comfortable home, which had been prepared for her, and where she was safe from the inquisitive eyes of the Taubes. The men of the battery were sitting round their guns, singing a somewhat lengthy ditty, each verse ending with a declamation and a description of the beauty of *la belle Suzanne*. I asked

them to whom Suzanne belonged, and where the fair damsel resided. "Oh," they replied, "we have no time to think of damsels called 'Suzanne' now. This is our Suzanne," and the speaker affectionately gave an extra rub with his coat sleeve to the barrel of the "75." By a wonderful system of trench work it is possible for the gunners, in case of necessity, to take refuge in the champagne vaults in the surrounding district, and it is in the champagne vaults that the children go gaily to school with their little gas masks hanging in bags on their arms. It appears at first that the tiny ones were frightened of their masks, but they soon asked, like their elders, to be also given a sack and now one and all have learnt at the least alarm to put on their masks. There is no need to tell the children to hurry home. They realise that it is not wise to loiter in the streets for fear of the whistling shells. They are remarkably plucky, these small men and women of France.

During one furious bombardment the children were safe in the vaults but one small citizen began to cry bitterly. He was reproached by his comrades for cowardice, but he replied indignantly:—"I fear nothing for myself. I am safe here, but there is no cellar to our house, and oh, what will happen to the little mother?" The teacher reassured him by telling him that his mother would certainly take refuge in somebody else's cellar.

On leaving Rheims we passed through several small hamlets where the houses had been entirely destroyed, and which now had the appearance of native villages, as the soldiers had managed to place thatched roofs on any place which had any semblance of walls standing.

At Villars Coterets the Guard Champêtre sounded the "*Gare à Vous!*" Four Taubes were passing overhead, so we took refuge in the hotel for tea. The enemy did no damage in that particular village but in the next village of Crêpy-en-Valois a bomb killed one child and injured five women.

General Joffre

At his headquarters next morning I had the honour of being received by the Generalissimo Joffre, and telling him of the admiration and respect which we felt for him and for the magnificent fighting spirit of the troops under his able command. He replied modestly by speaking of the British Army. He referred to the offensive on the Somme, and said, "You may well be proud of your young soldiers, they are excellent soldiers, much superior to the Germans in every way, a most admirable infantry; they attack the Germans hand to hand with grenades or with the bayonet and push them back everywhere; the Germans have been absolutely *stupefied* to find such troops before them." The General then paid a tribute to the Canadian and Australian troops and told me that that day the Australians had taken new territory, adding "And not only have they taken it but like their British and Canadian brothers, what they take they will hold."

I explained to General Joffre, that, whilst I was not collecting autographs, I had with me the menu of the dinner in the Citadel at Verdun and that it would give me great pleasure to have his name added to the signatures already on that menu. All the signatures were on one side, so I turned the menu over in order to offer him a clear space, but he turned it back again saying, "Please let me sign on this side, I find myself in good company with the defenders of Verdun."

At departing he said to me "We may all be happy now since certainly we are on the right side of the hill." (*Nous sommes sur la bonne pente.*)

In case this article should fall into the hands of any woman who has spent her time working for the men at the front, I would like to tell her the great pleasure it is to them to receive parcels, no matter what they contain. Fraternity and equality reign supreme in the trenches, and the man counts himself happy who receives a little more than the others, since he has the joy

and the pleasure of sharing his store of good things with his comrades. There is seldom a request made to the French behind the lines that they do not attempt to fulfil. I remember last winter, passing through a town in the provinces, I noticed that the elderly men appeared to be scantily clad in spite of the bitterness of the weather. It appeared that the call had gone forth for fur coats for the troops, and all the worthy citizens of the town forwarded to the trenches their caracul coats. Only those who are well acquainted with French provincial life can know what it means to them to part with these signs of opulence and commercial success.

France Behind the Line

It is perhaps in the post offices that you find yourself nearest to the heart of "France behind the lines."

One morning I endeavoured to send a parcel to a French soldier; I took my place in a long line of waiting women bound on the same errand. A white haired woman before me gave the Post Office clerk infinite trouble. They are not renowned for their patience and I marvelled at his gentleness, until he explained "Her son died five weeks ago but she still continues to send him parcels."

To another old lady he pointed out that she had written two numbers on the parcel. "You don't want two numbers, Mother. Which is your boy's number, tell me and I will strike out the other?" "Leave them both," she answered, "Who knows whether my dear lad will be there to receive the parcel? If he is not, I want it to go to some other Mother's son."

Affection means much to these men who are suffering and they respond at once to any sympathy shown to them. One man informed us with pride that when he left his native village he was "decked like an altar of the Blessed Virgin on the first of May." In other words, covered with flowers.

There are but few lonely soldiers now, since those who have no families to write to them receive letters and parcels from the Godmothers who have adopted them. The men anxiously await the news of their adopted relatives and spend hours writing replies. They love to receive letters, but needless to say a parcel is even more welcome.

I remember seeing one man writing page after page. I suggested to him that he must have a particularly charming godmother. "Mademoiselle," he replied, "I have no time for a godmother since I myself am a godfather." He then explained that far away in his village there was a young assistant in his shop, "and God knows the boy loves France, but both his lungs are touched, so they won't take him, but I write and tell him that the good God has given me strength for two, that I fight for him and for myself, and that we are both doing well for France." I went back in imagination to the village, I could see the glint in the boys' eyes, realise how the blood pulsed quicker through his veins at the sight of, not the personal pronoun "I" in the singular, but the plural "We are doing well for France," for one glorious moment he was part of the hosts of France and in spirit serving his Motherland. It is that spirit of the French nation that their enemies will never understand.

On one occasion a young German officer, covered with mud from head to foot, was brought before one of the French Generals. He had been taken fighting cleanly, and the General was anxious to show him kindness. He asked him if he would not prefer to cleanse himself before examination. The young German drew himself up and replied: "Look at me, General, I am covered from head to foot with mud, and that mud is the soil of France—you will never possess as much soil in Germany." The General turned to him with that gentle courtesy which marks the higher commands in France and answered: "Monsieur, we may never possess as much soil in Germany, but there is something that you will never possess, and, until you conquer it, you cannot vanquish France, it is the spirit of the French people."

The French find it difficult to understand the arrogance which appears ingrained in the German character and which existed before the war.

I read once that in the Guests Book of a French Hotel a Teutonic visitor wrote:

L'Allemagne est la premiere nation du monde.

The next French visitor merely added:

"Yes." "Allemagne is the first country of the world if we take them in alphabetical order."

I left the war zone with an increased respect, if this were possible, for the men of France. They have altered their uniforms but the spirit is unchanged. They are no longer in the red and blue of the old days, but in shades of green, grey and blue, colours blending to form one mighty ocean—wave on wave of patriotism—beating against and wearing down the rocks of military preparedness of 40 years, and as no man has yet been able to say to the Ocean stop, so no man shall cry "Halt" to the Armies of France.

I have spoken much of the men of France, but the women have also earned our respect—those splendid peasant women, who even in times of peace worked, and now carry a double burden on their shoulders—the middle class women, endeavouring to keep together the little business built up by the man with years of toil, stinting themselves to save five francs to send a parcel to the man at the front that he may not suspect that there is not still every comfort in the little homestead—the noble women of France, who in past years could not be seen before noon, since my lady was at her toilette, and who can be seen now, their hands scratched and bleeding, kneeling on the floors of the hospitals scrubbing, proud and happy to take their part in national service. The men owe much of their courage to the attitude of the women who stand behind them, turning their tears to smiles to urge their men to even greater deeds of heroism.

A Spartan Mother

In one of our hospitals was a young lad of 17 who had managed to enlist as an "*engagé volontaire*" by lying as to his age. His old mother came to visit him, and she told me he was the last of her three sons; the two elder ones had died the first week of the war at Pont-a-Mousson, and her little home had been burned to the ground. The boy had spent his time inventing new and terrible methods of dealing with the enemy, but with his mother he became a child again and tenderly patted the old face. Seeing the lad in his mother's arms, and forgetting for one moment the spirit of the French nation, I asked her if she would not be glad if her boy was so wounded that she might take him home. She was only an old peasant woman, but her eyes flashed, her cheeks flushed with anger, and turning to me she said:

"Mademoiselle, how dare you say such a thing to me? If all the mothers, wives and sweethearts thought as you what would happen to the country? Gustave has only one thing to do, get well quickly and fight for Mother France."

Because these women of France have sent their men forth to die, eyes dry, with stiff lips and head erect, do not think that they do not mourn for them. When night casts her kindly mantle of darkness over all, when they are hidden from the eyes of the world, it is then that the proud heads droop and are bent upon their arms, as the women cry out in the bitterness of their souls for the men who have gone from them. Yet they realise that behind them stands the greatest Mother of all—Mother France, who sees coming towards her, from all frontiers, line on line of ambulances with their burden of suffering humanity, yet watches along other routes her sons going forth in thousands, laughter in their eyes, songs on their lips, ready and willing to die for her.

France draws around her her tattered and bloodstained robe, yet what matters the outer raiment? Behind it shines forth her glorious, exultant soul, and she lifts up her head rejoicing and proclaims to the world that when she appealed, man, woman, and child—the whole of the French nation answered to her call.

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The Obstacle of London

By Hilaire Belloc

THERE is a strategical feature in the geography of England which is of the very highest moment to the safety of the State and which has, I think, been hitherto completely neglected. I mean the obstacle of London.

Danger by way of invasion might threaten any portion of the coast. It does, as a fact, threaten, under the political circumstances of our time, and probably will long continue to threaten, the east coast especially.

Attack from this quarter would have two great effects, even if it were but partially successful, and successful for but a short time.

First, it would immediately threaten some vital communication, either that sheaf of north and south communication which forms the domestic life-channel of modern England, or that communication with the Straits of Dover, which is its main foreign artery.

Secondly, a stroke in this neighbourhood immediately threatens London, and London is, politically, the necessary objective of any such move.

The value of these two effects is enhanced rather than diminished by the probability that such a stroke could not be long of endurance. It is universally admitted that full invasion in force, serious and prolonged, necessitates the command of the sea. But command of the sea in the hands of an enemy would be the reduction of this country without necessity for invasion. Therefore, the peril, if any, is the peril of a raid. Whereas an operation of long duration might plan to attack further from London, a raid would almost certainly strike at the heart.

Now the chief characteristic of London's strategical position relatively to an attack from the east is this. Two stretches of country, each provided with opportunities for landing, lie the one south, the other north of the Thames. And communication from the defence of one threatened point to the defence of the other is hampered by the obstacle formed *first* by the estuary of the Thames and the broad river up to London, *next* by a prolongation of at least 20 miles, that of the crowded ill-pierced area of London itself and its suburbs.

It is one of the most elementary, and at the same time most important principles of military movements that the force with the better lateral communications, that is with the opportunity of concentrating rapidly to the right or to the left, has the superiority over an equal force possessing worse lateral communication, that is with communication that is hampered in its movements from right to left.

The reason of this is obvious. The force with better lateral communication can strike where it will. It can both feint and surprise. It can draw its opponent, say, to the left, and then strike suddenly at the right before that opponent can transfer his concentration with his more difficult communications, from the one end of his line to the other.

Now the presence of this very serious obstacle, the broad lower Thames prolonged by the congested area of London, and its suburbs, is the great weakness of the position. A commander requiring to move with rapidity a considerable body from the district south-east of London to the district north-east of London through Kent to Essex and Suffolk, is gravely handicapped, and, ironically enough, he is handicapped by the very thing which it is his business to protect and to save. He could transfer fairly rapidly a considerable body of infantry across the Lower Thames, getting his men to it rapidly with the aid of motor transport, using pontoon bridges to get his men across it and picking them up with a relay of petrol vehicles on the far side, but when it came to a transfer of heavy guns it would be quite another matter, so far as the Lower Thames was concerned.

With London itself, and its suburbs, the situation would be even worse. All this vast area has been pierced with streets designed only for slow-moving horse vehicles, and even so it has been allowed to grow up at random without any plan for even civilian communications, let alone for the requirements of what was never con-

templated, the rapid movement of very large numbers of men and large pieces from north to south of the river.

Let anyone ask himself what would happen if he were required to pass, say, six divisions, with their field complements of guns and their independent heavy artillery from Northern Kent to mid-Essex at a moment's notice. Consider what the approaches are for the support of such a movement during an ordinary working day. Absence of direct railway communication is in itself a tremendous drawback, but the road difficulty is worse, for modern warfare has shown that very rapid movements undertaken at a moment's notice depend more upon petrol than upon steam. It is not only the narrowness of the roads, nor the grotesque insufficiency of the bridges, it is also their lack of plan which enhances the difficulty: when the staff work is being done for a big movement one of the stumbling blocks to success, comically simple but exceedingly real, is the danger of vehicles missing their way. Where you have a simple system of broad roads, plain instructions reiterated save confusion. The moment you have a complication of many unexpected turnings, of narrow lanes forming the beginning of main arteries and so forth, the danger of a certain proportion of men missing their instructions arises. And it is enough that a few men should make errors of this sort for the whole scheme to break down.

Staff work is often blamed, when as a fact its failure has not been in the exact organisation of times and roads which may have been thoroughly well done, as the impossibility of getting great numbers of only partially instructed men to follow exactly a complex mass of instructions as to their roads and the rest.

That is why all nations long engaged upon great military operations have developed broad, straight roads and a system as simple as possible.

Well, there is not in the whole world, certainly not in Europe, anything to compare with London as an obstacle. It presents in its communications to-day every conceivable form of drawback to rapid movement of men and material from north to south.

What are the remedies?

They obviously cannot be applied at once. They will require great expenditure of time. But if they are not applied sooner or later a heavy price may have to be paid.

For the moment the obstacle of London and its river compels a double accumulation of men and material to the north and to the south. Such a state of affairs does not halve, but greatly reduces the value of either force.

Four things are required to change this situation for the better. The first thing is a system of great arteries, at least two, running from north to south. It matters little for strategical purposes where these arteries pierce the obstacle, though it is clear that under present political conditions such piercing nearer the eastern border of it is preferable to piercing nearer the western.

The second thing required is, in connection with these arteries, two really broad bridges—it goes without saying that a system must be devised and widely advertised whereby at very short notice all civilian traffic upon such arteries, and their approaches could be withdrawn.

The third requirement is through railway communication upon a sufficient scale. The fourth, much the most urgent of all, is a broad road and railway tunnel under the Lower Thames.

It is extraordinary when one looks at the map of England that so obvious a requisite, certainly noted by great numbers of men in authority and urged by a few, should still be lacking. In the absence of it you have nothing but the tremendous task of trying to filter your heavy guns and waggons through London itself with the use for infantry of pontoon bridges over the heavy tides, rapid current and great breadth of the lower river.

These lines are but an informal note upon a situation which must have occurred to almost everyone who has considered the elements of the problem. They pretend to no detail, nor to any novelty, but the suggestion is given for what it is worth under the conviction that clear as the need is, its urgency cannot be too well established.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

STOPFORD BROOKE once said, I believe, of Coleridge that he had only written a few first-rate poems, but that these few should be found in gold. We have turned our gold to-day into khaki, and in a khaki-bound volume comes from Mr. Erskine Macdonald a collection of the characteristic songs of two dozen fighting men. They are worthy of their binding. These *Soldier Poets* (2s. 6d. net), are drawn from all ranks, from the old army and from the new and from various parts of England and the Empire. They sing different tunes in different keys, but there is a burden common to nearly all of them. This I have tried to express in this "Sonnet in Envious Approbation of the Singers who Fight and the Fighters who Sing."

* * * * *

How goes it, brothers, ye who fight and sing
With that old gamesome spirit that enrolls,
You with our deathless ones, with him whose bowls
Still reach his Jacks and him who offering
Of water yielded up? From quenchless spring
Of a free manhood and glad heart there rolls—
Unconquered and unconquerable souls—
Immortal England in the songs ye bring.

"There is no death . . . There is no death . . ." No less
Courtney who tends the dying, witnesseth;
While Streets, the miner, sings of death's eclipse
For these "Olympian gods in consciousness."
And Hodgson, on his knees, has conquered death,
And Grenfell falls, a trumpet to his lips.

* * * * *

Fighting men abroad will especially welcome *English Landscape*, an anthology compiled by Maurice Baring (Humphrey Milford, 1s. net). It is a little waistcoat-pocket volume, whose every page is a picture and a memory. Mr. Baring has evidently attempted in places the *tour de force* of quoting by heart, and a naturally good memory has once or twice played him false. His little book is as comprehensive as one can ever allow another's anthology to be, but if another edition is called for in the interests of the excellent charity in whose aid it is published—the British fund for the relief of Russian prisoners in Germany—I hope it may contain Geoffrey Howard's "The Beach Road by the Wood," or, at least his sonnet, "England," whose sextet is a very epitome of English landscape. Both these poems are to be found in *Soldier Poets*.

* * * * *

How Englishmen abroad dwell on the homeland is well illustrated by *Dartmoor Days with the Forest Hunt* (John Murray, 6s. net). The author of this exhilarating novel of English country pursuits is Captain J. H. W. Knight-Bruce, and he wrote the work while a prisoner in a German fortress. The book is illustrated with remarkable little silhouette drawings by a fellow-prisoner, a Belgian officer, who evidently has as much love for and knowledge of a horse as the author of the tale. Nothing less could have inspired Lieutenant Picard's memory, for of course he had no models, with such a wonderful little study as that, for example, on p. 278. But the book is not merely attractive for its extrinsic interest. It is the real thing—the best sporting novel at least, since *Some Adventures of an Irish R.M.* Captain Knight-Bruce is not merely a lover of noble animals and a faithful and graphic recorder of the doings of horses and dogs, he has also no little talent for human portraiture, a robust sense of humour, and the sense of proportion of one who loves animals no less because, being no professional humanitarian, he loves human beings more. He has spent his captivity to the great profit of his fellow countrymen.

* * * * *

Bismarck once called Mr. Sidney Whitman "a good horse-dealer in men," and that there is some truth in this description Mr. Whitman's volume of reminiscences, *Things I Remember* (Cassell and Co., 7s. 6d. net), bears witness. Mr. Whitman is a good judge of the points and the form of the many interesting men with

whom he has come in contact. He can tell us pretty shrewdly why some have succeeded and why some have failed in the race of life. We know Mr. Whitman best in England as an authority on Germany, and we naturally look to his book for some analysis of the causes of the present war. In this respect the book has only a negative interest, its author's chief concern being to point out that "if Bismarck had lived and still been in power, this war would not only never have taken place, but would never have been contemplated, nor its sinister preparations have been allowed to come to maturity." Bismarck did not flatter his apologist in vain! For the rest Mr. Whitman as a painter of the times we live in has the defect of his qualities. He is a good journalist and, as he points out in describing his Zionist friend, Dr. Herzl, a journalist cannot afford to be an enthusiast, for, if he is, he becomes "a partisan where he should only be a faithful recorder." Yet Mr. Whitman can appreciate enthusiasm in others, two of the best, because the most sympathetic, studies in his book are those of Charles Dilke and W. T. Stead.

* * * * *

A novel by Mr. William J. Locke always provides a welcome refuge from the dusty highways of life, and *The Wonderful Year* (John Lane, 6s.), has all the qualities of his pleasant craft. Cheerful vagabondage, facile sentiment, a sense of culture without effort and of well-being without vulgarity—these are the things we expect from Mr. Locke, and we get them, without stint, in *A Wonderful Year*. We get also an intimate and charming little study of a French provincial town before and during mobilisation and during the first few months of the war. To set the wheels of his story in motion, Mr. Locke has invented a characteristic figure in Mr. Daniel Fortinbras, *Marchand de Bonheur*, who for a fee of five francs is prepared to give counsel in distress to the students and artists of the Latin Quarter. I do not propose to follow Corinna Hastings and Martin Overshaw on the journey Fortinbras sends them in a search for their souls. Everyone will be reading for himself this slightly absurd but wholly attractive novel, for we have not altogether lost the joy of sentimental living.

* * * * *

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge has spent *An Evening in My Library among the English Poets* (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net); a somewhat long, but not entirely unprofitable, evening. In the course of the evening Mr. Coleridge quotes a good deal of poetry, so that his book makes quite an interesting anthology, chiefly of the simpler type of lyric, and he pronounces a certain number of literary judgments, some of which are no doubt based on previously decided cases, as that Browning was obscure, Walt Whitman unpoetical and obscene, Gray's *Elegy* uninspired, and Lindsay Gordon, the Australian, more original a poet than any America has produced. There are many judgments in the book which a higher court may be inclined to revise, but this summary condemnation will surely stand for ever: "Mr. Bernard Shaw shares with Mr. Masfield, the notoriety of having, without circumlocution or shame, projected upon the public the foul expletive which never passes the lips of any decent person." Mr. Coleridge has in literature as in other matters the courage of his opinions.

* * * * *

In German Hands, by Charles Hennebois, is one of the most moving of the personal narratives published by Mr. Heinemann in his series of "Soldiers' Tales of the Great War" (3s. 6d. net). It is the diary of a French volunteer, who was taken a prisoner after being severely wounded before Saint-Mihiel on October 12th, 1914, and records his experiences from the time he went on active service till his return, without a leg, to his native land. There is nothing extenuated in the story, but there appears to be nothing set down in malice and in consequence it is one of the most convincing indictments of Boche methods of warfare I have yet read. It is also, in its author's splendid faith, undimmed by disaster, in his country and in right, a most inspiring human document.

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CHAPTER XXII

The Guns of the North

BUT no more shells fell.

The night grew dark and showed a field of glittering stars, for the air was sharpening again towards frost. We waited for an hour, crouching just behind the far parapets, but never came that ominous familiar whistle.

Then Sandy rose and stretched himself. "I'm hungry," he said. "Let's have out the food, Hussin. We've eaten nothing since before daybreak. I wonder what is the meaning of this respite."

I fancied I knew.

"It's Stumm's way. He wants to torture us. He'll keep us hours on tenterhooks, while he sits over yonder exulting in what he thinks we're enduring. He has just enough imagination for that. . . . He would rush us if he had the men. As it is, he's going to blow us to pieces, but do it slowly and smack his lips over it."

Sandy yawned. "We'll disappoint him, for we won't be worried, old man. We three are beyond that kind of fear."

"Meanwhile we're going to do the best we can," I said. "He's got the exact range for his whizzbangs. We've got to find a hole somewhere just outside the *castrol*, and some sort of head-cover. We're bound to get damaged whatever happens, but we'll stick it out to the end. When they think they have finished with us and rush the place, there may be one of us alive to put a bullet through old Stumm. What do you say?"

They agreed, and after our meal Sandy and I crawled out to prospect, leaving the others on guard in case there should be an attack. We found a hollow in the glacis a little south of the *castrol*, and, working very quietly, managed to enlarge it and cut a kind of shallow cave in the hill. It would be no use against a direct hit, but it would give some cover from flying fragments. As I read the situation, Stumm could land as many shells as he pleased in the *castrol* and wouldn't bother to attend to the flanks. When the bad shelling began there would be shelter for one or two in the cave.

Our enemies were watchful. The riflemen on the east burnt Verrey flares at intervals, and Stumm's lot sent up a great star-rocket. I remember that just before midnight hell broke loose round Fort Palantuken. No more Russian shells came into our hollow, but all the road to the east was under fire, and at the Fort itself there was a shattering explosion and a queer scarlet glow which looked as if a magazine had been hit. For about two hours the firing was intense, and then it died down. But it was towards the north that I kept turning my head. There seemed to be something different in the sound there, something sharper in the report of the guns, as if shells were dropping in a narrow valley whose rock walls doubled the echo. Had the Russians by any bleed chance worked round that flank?

I got Sandy to listen, but he shook his head. "Those guns are a dozen miles off," he said. "They're no nearer than three days ago. But it looks as if the sportsmen on the south might have a chance. When they break through and stream down the valley, they'll be puzzled to account for what remains of us. . . . We're no longer three adventurers in the enemy's country. We're the advance guard of the Allies. Our pals don't know about us, and we're going to be cut off, which has happened to advance guards before now. But all the same, we're in our own battle-line again. Doesn't that cheer you, Dick?"

It cheered me wonderfully, for I knew now what had been the weight on my heart ever since I accepted Sir Walter's mission. It was the loneliness of it. I was fighting far away from my friends, far away from the true fronts of battle. It was a side-show which, whatever its importance, had none of the exhilaration of the main effort. But now we had come back to familiar ground. We were like the Highlanders cut off at Cité St. Auguste on the first day of Loos, or those Scots Guards at Festubert of whom I had heard. Only the others did not know of it, would never hear of it. If Peter succeeded he might tell the tale, but most likely he was lying dead somewhere in the No-man's-land between the lines. We should never be heard of again any more, but our work remained. Sir Walter would know that, and he would tell our few belongings that we had gone out in our country's service.

We were in the *castrol* again, sitting under the parapets. The same thought must have been in Sandy's mind, for he suddenly laughed.

"It's a queer ending, Dick. We simply vanish into the infinite. If the Russians get through they will never recognise what is left of us among so much of the wreckage of battle. The snow will soon cover us, and when the spring comes there will only be a few bleached bones. Upon my soul it is the kind of death I always wanted." And he quoted softly to himself a verse of an old Scots ballad:

"Mony's the aye for him maks mane,
But nane sall ken whar he is gane.
Ower his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

"But our work lives," I cried, with a sudden great gasp of happiness. "It's the job that matters, not the men that do it. And our job's done. We have won, old chap—won hands down—and there is no going back on that. We have won any way; and if Peter has had a slice of luck, we've scooped the pool. . . . After all, we never expected to come out of this thing with our lives."

Blenkiron, with his leg stuck out stiffly before him, was humming quietly to himself, as he often did when he felt cheerful. He had only one song, "John Brown's Body"; usually only a line at a time, but now he got as far as a whole verse:

"He captured Harper's Ferry, with his nineteen men so true,
And he frightened old Virginny till she trembled through and through.
They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew,
But his soul goes marching along."

"Feeling good?" I asked.

"Fine. I'm about the luckiest man on God's earth. Major. I've always wanted to get into a big show, but I didn't see how it would come the way of a homely citizen like me, living in a steam-warmed house and going down town to my office every morning. I used to envy my old dad that fought at Chattanooga, and never forgot to tell you about it. But I guess Chattanooga was like a scrap in a Bowery bar compared to this. When I meet the old man in Glory he'll have to listen some to me. . . ."

It was just after Blenkiron spoke that we got a reminder of Stumm's presence. The gun was well laid, for a shell plumped on the near edge of the *castrol*. It made an end of one of the Companions who was on guard there, badly wounded another, and a fragment gashed my thigh. We took refuge in the shallow cave, but some wild shooting from the east side brought us back to the parapets, for we feared an attack. None came, nor any more shells, and once again the night was quiet.

I asked Blenkiron if he had any near relatives.

"Why, no, except a sister's son, a college-boy who has no need of his uncle. It's fortunate that we three have no wives. I haven't any regrets, neither, for I've had a mighty deal out of life. I was thinking this morning that it was a pity I was going out when I had just got my duo-denum to listen to reason. But I reckon that's another of my mercies. The good God took away the pain in my stomach so that I might go to Him with a clear head and a thankful heart."

"We're lucky fellows," said Sandy; "We've all had our whack. When I remember the good times I've had I could sing a hymn of praise. We've lived long enough to know ourselves, and to shape ourselves into some kind of decency. But think of those boys who have given their lives freely when they scarcely knew what life meant. They were just at the beginning of the road, and they didn't know what dreary bits lay before them. It was all sunshiny and bright coloured, and yet they gave it up without a moment's doubt. And think of the men with wives and children and homes that were the biggest things in life to them. For fellows like us to shirk would be black cowardice. It's small credit for us to stick it out. But when those others shut their teeth and went forward, they were blessed heroes. . . ."

After that we fell silent. A man's thoughts at a time like that seem to be double-powered, and the memory becomes very sharp and clear. I don't know what was in the others' minds, but I know what filled my own.

I fancy it isn't the men who get most out of the world and are always buoyant and cheerful that most fear to die. Rather it is the weak-engined souls, who go about with dull

(Continued on page 22)

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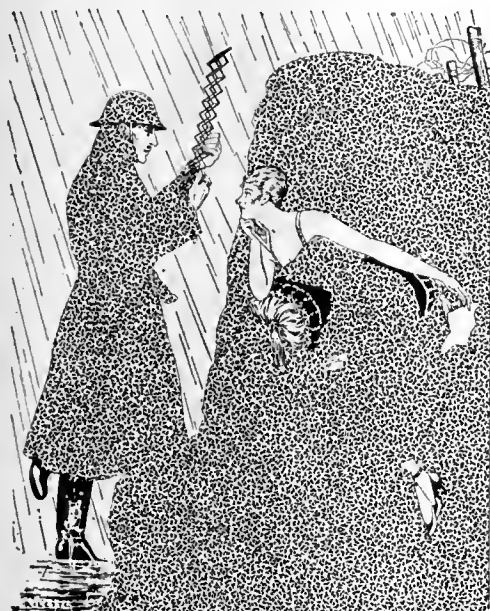
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(Continued from page 20)

eyes, that cling most fiercely to life. They have not the joy of being alive which is a kind of earnest of immortality. . . . I know that my thoughts were chiefly about the jolly things that I had seen and done; not regret, but gratitude. The panorama of blue moons on the veld unrolled itself before me, and hunters' nights in the bush, the taste of food and sleep, the bitter stimulus of dawn, the joy of wild adventure, the voices of old staunch friends. Hitherto the war had seemed to make a break with all that had gone before, but now the war was only part of the picture. I thought of my battalion, and the good fellows there, many of whom had fallen on the Loos parapets. I had never looked to come out of that myself. But I had been spared, and given the chance of a greater business, and I had succeeded. That was the tremendous fact, and my mood was humble gratitude to God and exultant pride. Death was a small price to pay for it. As Blenkiron would have said, I had got good value in the deal. . . .

The night was getting bitter cold, as happens before dawn. It was frost again, and the sharpness of it woke our hunger. I got out the remnants of the food and wine and we had a last meal. I remember we pledged each other as we drank.

"We have eaten our Passover Feast," said Sandy. "When do you look for the end?"

"After dawn," I said. "Stumm wants daylight to get the full savour of his revenge."

Slowly the sky passed from ebony to grey, and black shapes of hill outlined themselves against it. A wind blew down the valley, bringing the acrid smell of burning, but something too of the freshness of morn. It stirred strange thoughts in me, and woke the old morning vigour of the blood which was never to be mine again. For the first time in that long vigil I was torn with a sudden regret.

"We must get into the cave before it is full light," I said. "We had better draw lots for the two to go."

The choice fell on one of the Companions and Blenkiron.

"You can count me out," said the latter. "If it's your wish to find a man to be alive when our friends come up to count their spoil, I guess I'm the worst of the lot. I'd prefer if you don't mind, to stay here. I've made my peace with my Maker, and I'd like to wait quietly on His call. I'll play a game of Patience to pass the time."

He would take no denial, so we drew again, and the lot fell to Sandy.

"If I'm the last to go," he said, "I promise I don't miss. Stumm won't be long in following me."

He shook hands with his cheery smile, and he and the Companion slipped over the parapet in the final shadows before dawn.

Blenkiron spread his Patience cards on a flat rock, and dealt out for the Double Napoleon. He was perfectly calm, and hummed to himself his only tune. For myself I was drinking in the last draught of the hill air. My contentment was going. I suddenly felt bitterly loth to die.

Something of the same kind must have passed through Blenkiron's head. He suddenly looked up and asked: "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see anybody coming?"

I stood close to the parapet, watching every detail of the landscape as shown by the revealing daybreak. Up on the shoulders of the Palantuken, snowdrifts tipped over the edges of the cliffs. I wondered when they would come down as avalanches. There was a kind of croft on one hillside, and from a hut the smoke of breakfast was beginning to curl. Stumm's gunners were awake and apparently holding council. Far down on the main road a convoy was moving—I heard the creak of the wheels two miles away, for the air was still.

Then, as if a spring had been loosed, the world suddenly leaped to a hideous life. With a growl the guns opened round all the horizon. They were especially fierce to the south, where a *rafale* beat as I had never heard it before. The one glance I cast behind me showed the gap in the hills choked with fumes and dust.

But my eyes were on the north. From Erzerum city tall tongues of flame leaped from a dozen quarters. Beyond, toward the opening of the Euphrates glen, there was the sharp crack of field-guns. I strained eyes and ears, mad with impatience, and I read the riddle.

"Sandy," I yelled, "Peter has got through. The Russians are round the flank. The town is burning. Glory to God, we've won, we've won!"

And as I spoke the earth seemed to split beside me, and I was flung forward on the gravel which covered Hilda von Einem's grave.

As I picked myself up, and to my amazement found myself uninjured, I saw Blenkiron rubbing the dust out of his eyes and arranging a disordered card. He had stopped humming, and was singing aloud:

"He captured Harper's Ferry, with his nineteen men so true
And he frightened old Virginny. . . ."

"Say, Major," he cried, "I believe this game of mine is coming out."

I was now pretty well mad. The thought that old Peter had won, that *we* had won beyond our wildest dreams, that if we died there were those coming who would exact the uttermost vengeance, rode my brain like a fever. I sprang on the parapet and waved my hand to Stumm, shouting defiance. Rifle shots cracked out from behind, and I leaped back just in time for the next shell.

The charge must have been short, for it was a bad miss, landing somewhere on the glacis. The next was better and crashed on the near parapet, carving a great hole in the rocky *kranz*. This time my arm hung limp, broken by a fragment of stone, but I felt no pain. Blenkiron seemed to bear a charmed life, for he was smothered in dust, but unhurt. He blew the dust away from his cards very gingerly and went on playing.

"Sister Anne," he asked, "d'you see anybody coming?"

Then came a dud which dropped neatly inside on the soft ground. I was determined to break for the open and chance the rifle fire, for if Stumm went on shooting the *castrol* was certain death. I caught Blenkiron round the middle, scattering his cards to the winds, and jumped over the parapet.

"Don't apologise, Sister Anne," said he. "The game was as good as won. But for God's sake drop me, for if you wave me like the banner of freedom I'll get plugged sure and good."

My one thought was to get cover for the next minutes, for I had an instinct that our vigil was near its end. The defences of Erzerum were crumbling like sand-castles, and it was proof of the tenseness of my nerves that I seemed to be deaf to the sound. Stumm had seen us cross the parapet, and he started to sprinkle all the surroundings of the *castrol*. Blenkiron and I lay like a working-party between the lines caught by machine-guns, taking a pull on ourselves as best we could. Sandy had some kind of cover, but we were on the bare farther slope, and the riflemen on that side might have had us at their mercy.

But no shots came from them. As I looked east, the hill side, which a little before had been held by our enemies, was as empty as the desert. And then I saw on the main road a sight which for a second time made me yell like a maniac. Down that glen came a throng of men and galloping limbers—a crazy, jostling crowd, spreading away beyond the road to the steep slopes, and leaving behind it many black dots to darken the snows. The gates of the South had yielded, and our friends were through them.

At that sight I forgot all about our danger. I didn't give a cent for Stumm's shells. I didn't believe he could hit me. The fate which had mercifully preserved us for the first taste of victory would see us through to the end.

I remember bundling Blenkiron along the hill to find Sandy. But our news was anticipated. For down our own side-glen came the same broken tumult of men. More; for at their backs, far up at the throat of the pass, I saw horsemen—the horsemen of the pursuit. Old Nicholas had flung his cavalry in.

Sandy was on his feet, with his lips set and his eye abstracted. If his face hadn't been burned black by weather it would have been pale as a dish-clout. A man like him doesn't make up his mind for death and then be given his life again without being wrenched out of his bearings. I thought he didn't understand what had happened, so I beat him on the shoulders.

"Man, d'you see?" I cried. "The Cossacks! The Cossacks! God! how they're taking that slope! They're into them now. By Heaven, we'll ride with them. We'll get the gun horses!"

A little knoll prevented Stumm and his men from seeing what was happening farther up the glen, till the first wave of the rout was on them. He had gone on bombarding the *castrol* and its environs while the world was cracking over his head. The gun team was in the hollow below the road, and down the hill among the boulders we crawled, Blenkiron as lame as a duck, and me with a limp left arm.

The poor beasts were straining at their pickets and sniffing at the morning wind which brought down the thick fumes of the great bombardment and the indescribable babbling cries of a beaten army. Before we reached them that maddened horde had swept down on them, men panting and gasping in their flight, many of them bloody from wounds, many tottering in the first stages of collapse and death. I saw the horses seized by a dozen hands, and a desperate fight for their possession. But as we halted there our eyes were fixed on the battery on the road above us, for round it was now sweeping the van of the retreat.

I had never seen a rout before, when strong men come to the end of their tether and only their broken shadows stumble towards the refuge they never find. No more had Stumm.

(Continued on page 24)

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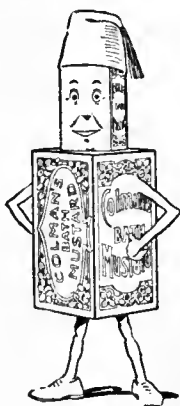
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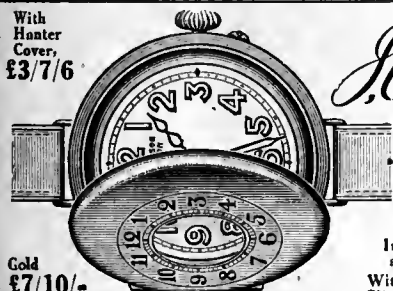
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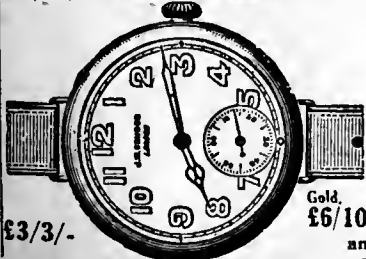
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(Continued from page 22)

poor devil. I had no ill-will left for him, though coming down that hill I was rather hoping that the two of us might have a final scrap. He was a brute and a bully, but, by God! he was a man. I heard his great roar when he saw the tumult, and the next I saw was his monstrous figure working at the gun. He swung it south and turned it on the fugitives.

But he never fired it. The press was on him, and the gun was swept sideways. He stood up, a foot higher than any of them, and he seemed to be trying to check the rush with his pistol. There is power in numbers, even though every unit is broken and fleeing. For a second, to that wild crowd Stumm was the enemy, and they had strength enough to crush him. The wave flowed round and then across him. I saw the butt-ends of rifles crash on his head and shoulders, and the next second the stream had passed over his body.

That was God's judgment on the man who had set himself above his kind.

Sandy gripped my shoulder and was shouting in my ear:

"They're coming, Dick. Look at the grey devils!"

Oh, God be thanked it's our friends!"

The next minute we were tumbling down the hillside, Blenkiron hopping on one leg between us. I heard dimly Sandy crying, "Oh, well done our side!" and Blenkiron declaiming about Harper's Ferry, but I had no voice at all and no wish to shout. I know that tears were in my eyes, and that if I had been left alone I would have sat down and cried with pure thankfulness. For sweeping down the glen came a cloud of grey cavalry on little wiry horses, a cloud which stayed not for the rear of the fugitives, but swept on like a flight of rainbows, with the steel of their lance-heads glittering in the winter sun. They were riding for Erzerum.

Remember that for three months we had been with the enemy and had never seen the face of an Ally in arms. We had been cut off from the fellowship of a great cause, like a fort surrounded by an army. And now we were delivered, and there fell around us the warm joy of comradeship as well as the exultation of victory.

We flung caution to the winds and went stark mad. Sandy, still in his emerald coat, was scrambling up the farther slope of the hollow, yelling greetings in every language known to man. The leader saw him, with a word checked his men, and for a moment—it was marvellous to see the horses reined in in such a break-neck ride—and from the squadron half a dozen troopers swung loose and wheeled towards us. Then a man in a grey overcoat and a sheepskin cap was on the ground beside us wringing our hands.

"You are safe, my old friends," it was Peter's voice that spoke—"I will take you back to our army, and get you breakfast."

"No, by the Lord, you won't," cried Sandy. "We've had the rough end of the job and now we'll have the fun. Look after Blenkiron and these fellows of mine. I'm going to ride knee by knee with your sportsmen for the city."

Peter spoke a word, and two of the Cossacks dismounted. The next I knew I was mixed up in the cloud of greycloths, galloping down the road up which the morning before we had strained to the *castrol*.

That was the great hour of my life, and to live through it was worth a dozen years of slavery. With a broken left arm I had little hold on my beast, so I trusted my neck to him and let him have his will. Black with dirt and smoke, hatless, with no kind of uniform, I was a wilder figure than any Cossack. I soon was separated from Sandy, who had two hands and a better horse, and seemed resolute to press forward to the very van. That would have been suicide for me, and I had all I could do to keep my place in the bunch I rode with.

But, great God! what an hour it was! There was loose shooting on our flank, but nothing to trouble us, though the gun team of some Austrian howitzer, struggling madly at a bridge gave us a bit of a tussle. Everything flitted past me like smoke, or like the mad *finale* of a dream just before waking. I knew the living movement under me, and the companionship of men, but all dimly, for at heart I was alone, grappling with the realisation of a new world. I felt the shadows of the Palantuken glen fading, and the great burst of light as we emerged on the wider valley. Somewhere before me was a pall of smoke seamed with red flames, and beyond the darkness of still higher hills. All that time I was dreaming, crooning dalt catches of song to myself, so happy, so deliciously happy that I dared not try to think. I kept muttering to myself a kind of prayer made up of Bible words to Him who had shown me His goodness in the land of the living.

But as we drew out from the skirts of the hills and began the long slope to the city, I woke to clear consciousness. I felt the smell of sheepskin and lathered horses, and above all the bitter smell of fire. Down in the trough lay Erzerum, now burning in many places, and from the east, past the silent

ports, horsemen were closing in on it. I yelled to my comrades that we were nearest, that we would be first in the city, and they nodded happily and shouted their strange war-cries. As we topped the last ridge I saw below me the van of our charge—a dark mass on the snow—while the broken enemy on both sides were flinging away their arms and scattering in the fields.

In the very front, now nearing the city ramparts, was one man. He was like the point of the steel spear soon to be driven home. In the clear morning air I could see that he did not wear the uniform of the invaders. He was bareheaded and rode like one possessed, and against the snow I caught the dark sheen of emerald. As he rode it seemed that the fleeing Turks were stricken still, and sank by the roadside with eyes strained after his unheeding figure.

Then I knew that the prophecy had been true, and that their prophet had not failed them. The long-looked for revelation had come. Greenmantle had appeared at last to an awaiting people.

THE END.

Unwise Hero-Worship

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD was a member of an exceedingly popular family. That so often much abused phrase, "a good fellow" was applicable to him in its best sense. When he passed away sixteen years ago, there were hundreds who would have hailed with pleasure a brief biography relating many of the good stories that clung to his name, telling of his wonderful feats of physical activity and endurance, and a few of the many kindly deeds which he did, and which still keep his memory bright. But this biography (*Lord William Beresford, V.C. Some Memories*, by Mrs. Stuart Menzies, Herbert Jenkins, 12s. 6d.), is just what a biography should not be. Anecdotes are few and far apart and often spoilt in the telling—for example, the making of a feeble jest on Lord William's rough and ready remark to the brave man whom he saved under fire at Ulundi, and for which he received the V.C. Old scandals are resurrected which ought to have been left in their graves, and the authoress fails to realise that there is no worse form of accusation than a vague excuse often repeated, for an offence that is not even defined.

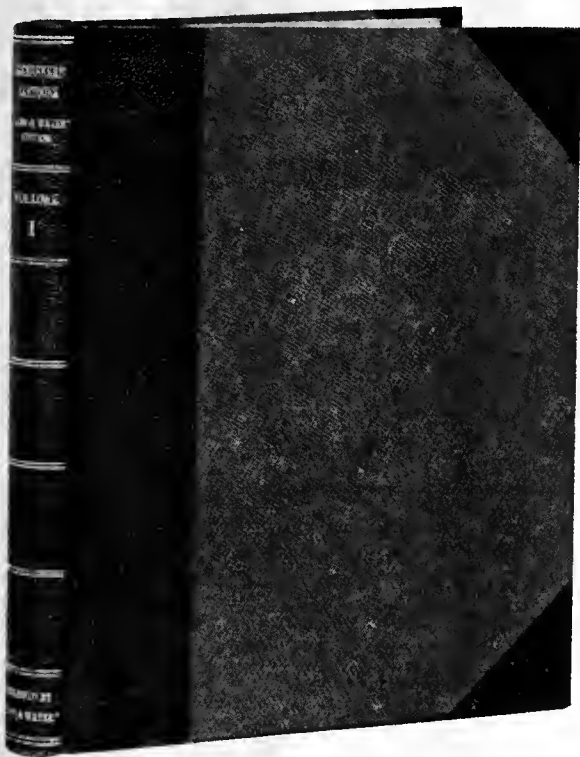
Lord William Beresford made two great mistakes; he did not resign the Military Secretaryship to the Governor-General of India in 1884, when Lord Ripon retired, and secondly, he stopped on after the Dufferins left. His last ten years in India did not add to his own reputation or to the reputation of Anglo-India. Mrs. Stuart Menzies quotes the following saying of Sir George Chesney whom Lord William passed on horseback one day at Simla: "There goes a leader of men. Instead of being Military Secretary to the Viceroy he ought to be commanding a cavalry brigade; he would be unequalled at that work, always supposing he was not turned out of the service for disobedience to orders." This is the plain truth. Once he had got the Military Secretaryship into first-class working order, he should have moved on. As it was, he suffered from his own virtues. A born organizer, who did the right thing and never forgot a detail, more through instinct than intellect, an excellent disciplinarian who yet made his subordinates love to work for him, he so perfected the machinery of his delicate and onerous office that he found himself with much too much spare time on his hands. The Simla of Mrs. Hauksbee was the Simla of Bill Beresford; how far he made it what it was one cannot say, but the strength of his personality in social matters may be judged by the fact that he maintained the same social atmosphere under the austere and somewhat forbidding countenances of the Ripons which had been generated in the gay and unconventional reign of that picturesque being Lord Lytton, whom his enemies in Anglo-India used to describe as having "the appearance and manners of an Italian organ-grinder and the morals of his monkey."

What were the rights and wrongs of those old racing scandals which at one time were almost chronic at every big meeting who can say after all these years, but Mrs. Stuart Menzies should have realised that at least it did not redound to her hero's credit that the Military Secretary of the Viceroy should always be somewhere about the centre of each one of them. Let us conclude with this tribute which might have been spoken by Mrs. Hauksbee; it is both true and witty:

Another friend, a clever lady of that time at Simla speaking of Lord William's character generally, said: "It is not Bill's cleverness or quickness to grasp the situation, but what he has got in an eminent degree is what Solomon had. I have always thought that Solomon's great wisdom was much exaggerated, and that what he really had in pre-eminence, and Bill has too, is tact, doing the right thing at the right time. For instance . . . it was not Solomon's great knowledge that bamboozled the Queen of Sheba, but knowing when she wanted a foot-stool!"

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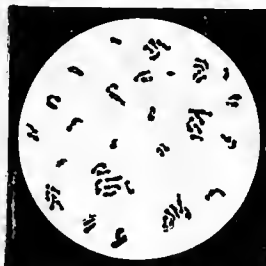
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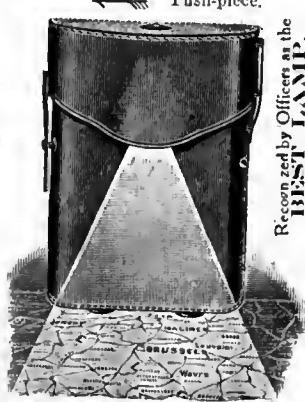
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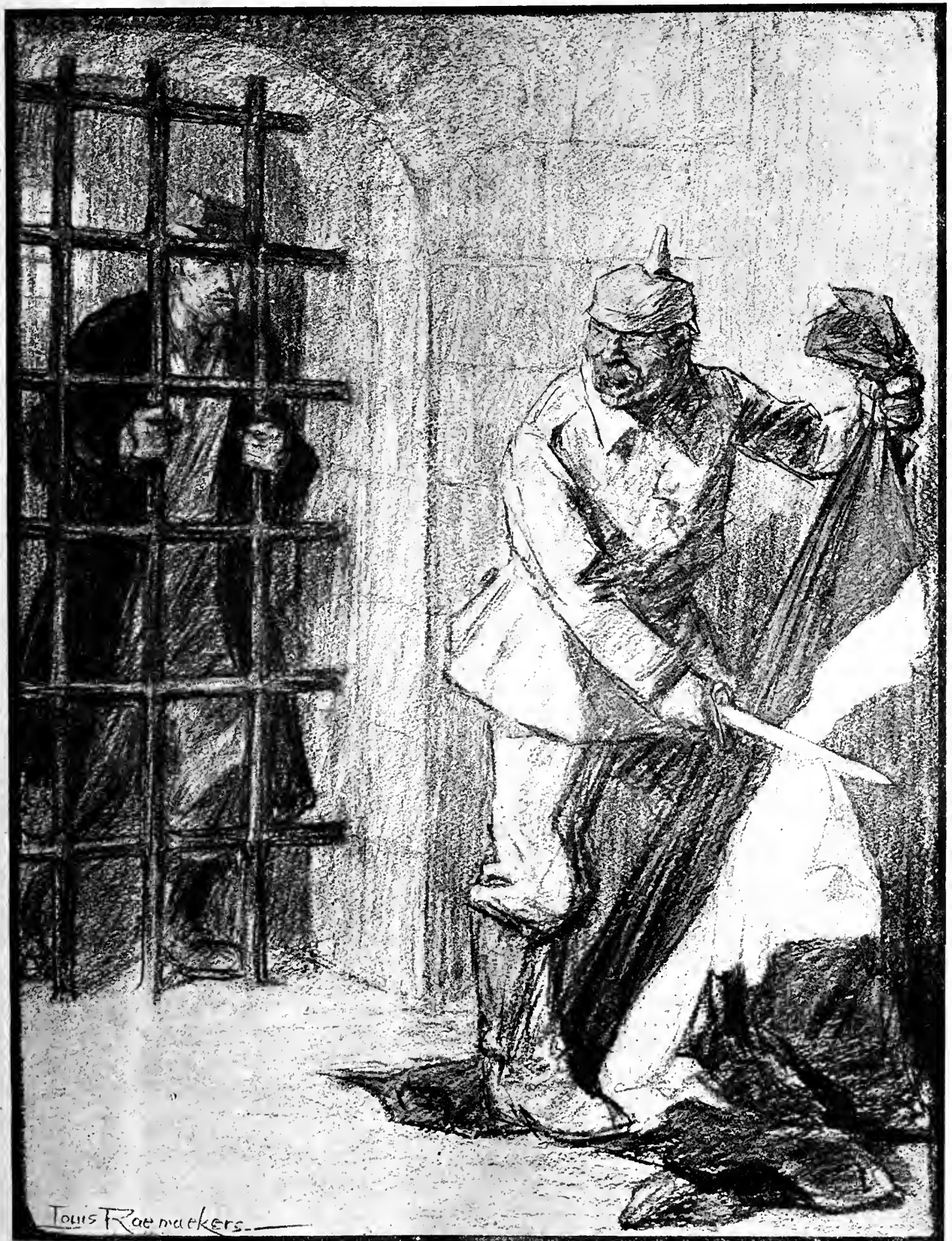
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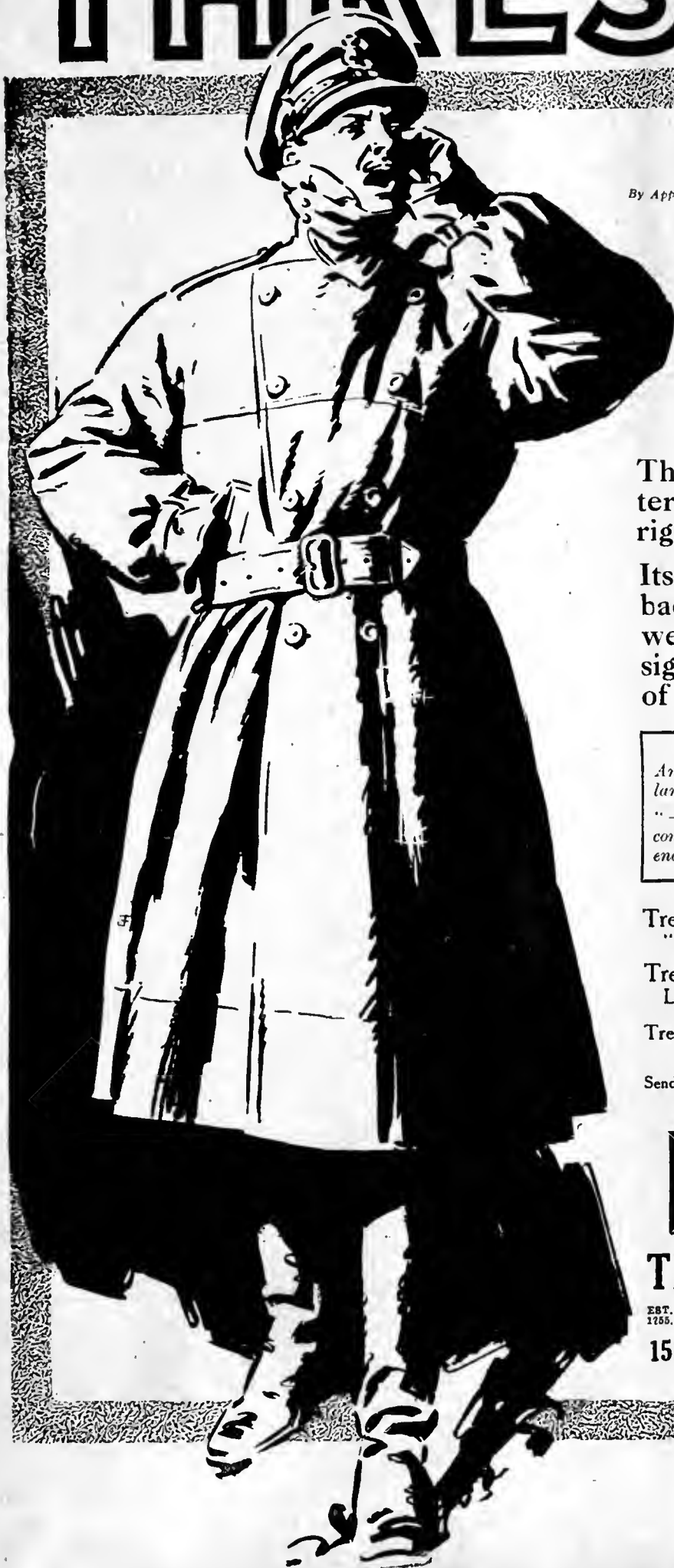
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OUR STEADY ADVANCE

THE continuous success which has marked the Somme Offensive since its inception in the summer was again of an emphatic character this week when Sir Douglas Haig moved against the Beaucourt Salient and penetrated the German defences on a front of nearly five miles, inflicting severe losses on the enemy, carrying works which had been regarded by them as impregnable, and making large captures of unwounded prisoners. The importance of this victory must be judged by the fact that Germany was comforting herself in the belief that the lull due to bad weather and mud implied, that the Allies' forward movement had spent itself. She has realised her error, and has also learnt that the recent strengthening of her lines before Bapaume and Peronne is powerless to stop the slow but persistent inflow of the British and French armies.

Writing in *LAND & WATER* last July, a few days after the Somme Offensive had begun, Mr. Belloc pointed out that "we must not judge it in terms of territory or in miles of advance." The object was to pin the enemy to his lines, to compel his concentration at whatever point seemed best to the Allied Command, and to punish him constantly and severely. In all these objects we have succeeded. We have in front of us the best of his troops; he has been compelled to reinforce heavily his artillery and his aircraft, and his urgent need for more and more reserves is best judged by the cold brutality of the slave-raids in Belgium and the occupied districts of France. All this is the achievement of the fighting on the Somme which, weather permitting, continues as vigorously at this stage as when it first began, and which will continue. It has been consistently stated in these columns that though the point where the actual decision may fall remains uncertain, the whole character of the war is fixed by the superiority of the Allies in the West. "We trust that this brilliant achievement," wrote the *Times* on Tuesday, "will silence the pessimism in writing and talk which has been prevalent in some quarters." Our contemporary continues:—

None of it is justified, and while some of it must be attributed to petty personal intrigue, more perhaps is due to the inordinate vanity of certain talkers and writers. These persons, whose acquaintance with military affairs is at best the knowledge of amateurs and of theorists, seem to fancy that they are greater masters of strategy than our highly trained professional soldiers. If the

authors are known and discredited. But it derives some semblance of plausibility from the fanciful schemes of armchair Napoleons who advocate the flinging of vast armies anywhere and everywhere except on the one front where the pick of the German army are being slowly but surely driven to their knees.

It is impossible to improve upon these words. They represent the exact truth of the present position, and it is a pleasure to cite them in this journal, where pessimism has never been allowed a place.

But the brilliancy of this new advance must not deceive any with regard to the long road we have still to travel before the dawn of victory appears. The night is not yet far spent; though the powers of darkness have ceased to terrify. We have learnt the magnitude of the task before us. Only a week ago to-day the Prime Minister said at the Guildhall: "I will not disguise from you for a moment my conviction that the struggle will tax all our resources and our whole stock of patience and resolve." It is a conviction shared by all with any knowledge of the factors concerned. Germany at this hour is reorganising the whole nation; she no longer strives to conceal from her people that the victory of her dreams has vanished for ever; she now rallies them with the delusion that an inconclusive peace is possible, which even if it deprives her of the spoils of war, will at least keep the foot of the invader off German soil. Her powers of organisation and her resourceful ability have been stupendous, and it were foolishness to underrate the effect of this new national movement.

It is our duty to develop equal resourcefulness and foresight, and to be prepared for any eventuality. Every member of the Government must realise by this time that any measure will be accepted which has for its object the final winning of that peace which Mr. Asquith defined in his Guildhall speech—a peace "which must be such as will build upon a sure and stable foundation the security of the weak, the liberties of Europe, and a free future for the world." As regards food supplies it would, we believe, be found, were an inquiry made, that already a great deal has been done in private households in effecting the economy which is now needful for national reasons. The Cabinet from the very beginning of the war realised its duty in this respect, but it is a matter for regret that it did not take a more far-seeing attitude towards British agriculture and by the adoption of prudent measures encourage farmers to increase greatly the produce of their fields. Here the Government has allowed itself to be guided by a tradition which regards British agriculture not as the greatest but as the least of our staple industries. Like all traditions it has a clinging habit, but it has to be utterly rooted out, not only for the winning of the war, but for the well-being of the nation in times to come. Were only the British Islands practically self-supporting—and there is no reason why they should not be made so—our future security would be multiplied tenfold.

The splendid achievements of the Allied armies in the field are admirable encouragement to us at home to put forth our best efforts to make adequate preparation for whatever the future may hold. We are now in that third year of war which seemed preposterous when Lord Kitchener first predicted it. Whether the war lasts for three years or for four or five years, we are resolved to go through with it, wherefore we shall do well to learn from the enemy to husband our resources and organise our man-power before the strain becomes more severe. Much we admit has been done in this direction but more is needful to enable us to view the future with equal confidence at home and on the Continent. The better and more complete our economic organisation, the more hopeless will the future appear to the enemy who already recognises that the old resolute spirit of a century ago

New Advance on the Somme

By Hilaire Belloc

THE news of the new British blow upon the Somme front, delivered upon either side of the Ancre valley, has reached London in the hours when the last part of this article is written, and there are, as yet, no details upon it. We have only the communiqués carrying us so far to the occupation of the ruins of Beaumont-Hamel and the outskirts of Beaucourt, and the total of some 5,000 prisoners.

It is impossible, writing thus with no more than the first brief message before one, to do more than sketch the affair at very insufficient length.

But even while we are waiting for details of the achievement, we can appreciate its general nature and consequence.

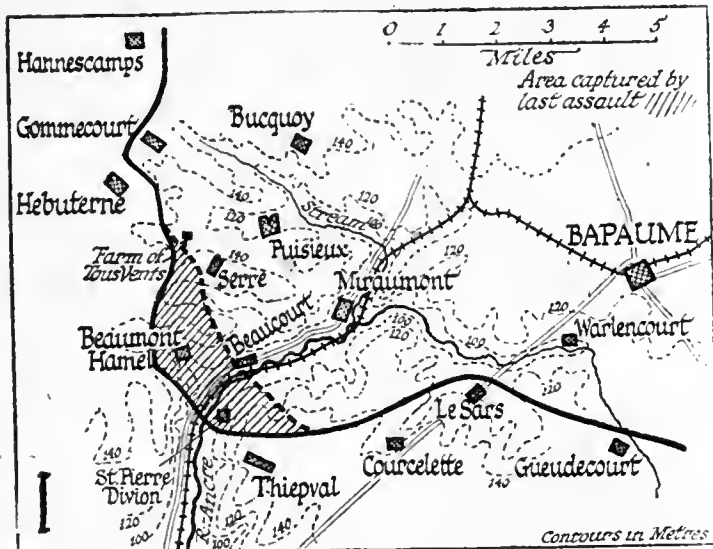
The German front attacked was from the rounded crest just north of and above Thiepval to the neighbourhood of the farm of Tousvents, near Serre, a distance of 8,000 yards, or as nearly as possible five miles.

The blow was thus delivered, for the main part, to

advantage. The Ancre valley floor, between Grandcourt and the place where the German lines crossed it, has long been flooded (I understand it is flooded still) forming a sort of long shallow lake, dammed up through the effect of bombardment, and this sheet of water covers what were in normal times the marshy water meadows of the little stream some 500 to 600 yards across. The result of this inundation is that there is difficulty in lateral communication from north to south across the valley, and that a specially hard-pressed point upon the one side could not be relieved from the other. We do not know to what extent this detail affected the action, but it is worth noting.

The most general effect of the stroke, and it is one which will certainly be of moment in the immediate future, is the extension of the front upon which pressure is now exercised upon the enemy.

When the Anglo-French offensive was first launched four and a half months ago, it struck from Gommecourt



the north of the Ancre valley. The lesser portion of the line, about two-fifths of it, was concerned with the attack south of that depression. The attack began with its extreme right in front of the Stuff Redoubt, and the sector from that point to the marshes of the Ancre comes to about 3,000 yards in length.

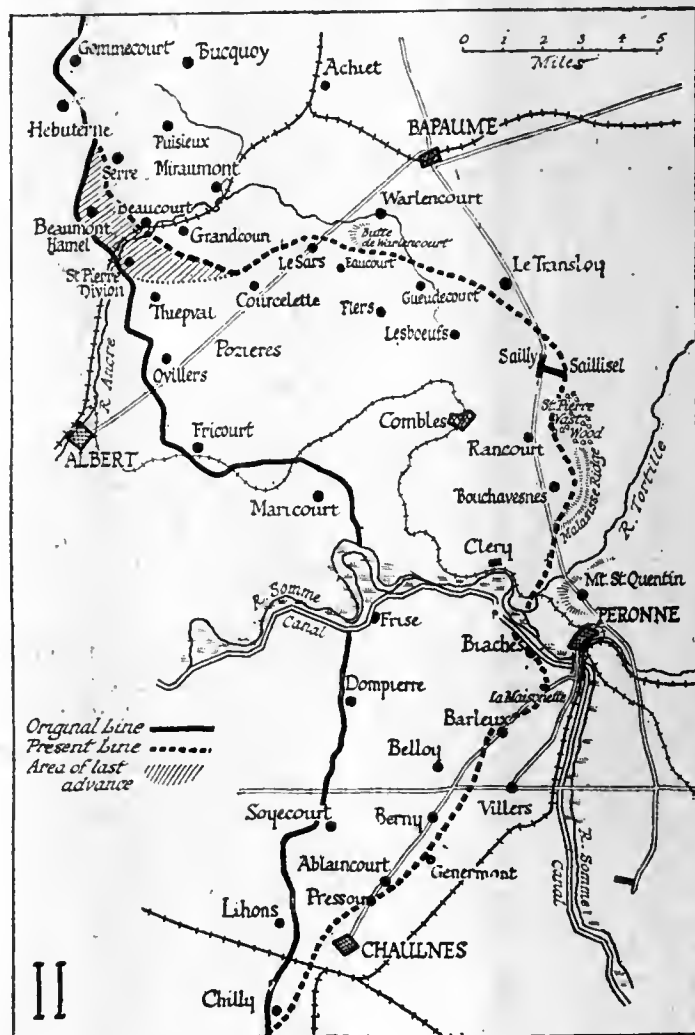
On this southern sector success was complete and immediate. The strongly fortified hamlet of St. Pierre Divion was isolated on the east down the slope (it was only connected with the northern shore by a causeway of 500 yards across the flooded marsh joining it to Beaucourt station). Thus isolated it was stormed, and the Germans paid the price that always has to be paid for too deep digging in the shape of a specially large batch of unwounded prisoners.

On the northern sector, some 5,000 yards in length and reaching from the Ancre marshes to the western fields of Tousvents Farm, fortune fluctuated more.

There is, at the moment of writing this, no confirmation of the holding of the ruins of Serre, the little hamlet in the dip north west of Beaumont, but Beaumont Hamel itself was captured in the course of Monday. The height above it (Hill 143), apparently held (this point is not yet quite clear), and the wave reached the outskirts of Beaucourt. And we may take it that from the neighbourhood of the farm of Tousvents right down to the river and the railway flanking the marshy Ancre valley floor, the whole of the original German first line, with its elaborate defences, went down.

The tiny hamlet of St. Pierre Divion, which lies just on the edge of the valley floor, and which, as we have seen, was seized in the first phase of the fighting, was a local point d'appui of very great strength.

It is a point worth noting that the blow being struck on both sides of the Ancre enjoyed a certain tactical



on the extreme left down to a little north of the Chaumes region on the extreme right. As will be remembered, the three main sectors of this first blow enjoyed varying fortunes. The French, south of the Somme on the right, advanced rapidly to the immediate neighbourhood of Peronne. The French left and the English right between the Ancre and the Somme, advanced more slowly. The English left, between the Somme and Gommecourt, did not succeed in breaking the original German line at all. It was held up.

This last blow has fallen for the most part upon that sole unbroken portion of the original front. It has not carried the German first line as far north as Gommecourt, but it would seem to have carried it nearly half way from the Ancre to the ruins of that village. It has begun the flattening out of what I have called the Beaucourt salient (from the fact that the hamlet and railway station

of Beaucourt were at its apex) but that is of no vast significance. A comparatively narrow area of salient, like this, was a disadvantage to the enemy. What is of moment is the spreading of the pressure over another five miles of front, for the larger the sector upon which the enemy loses and upon which he must continually concentrate his forces, the greater the effect of the attack.

But perhaps the most significant thing about the whole affair is its *date*. The one thing the enemy most needs (and, as he takes his wishes for realities, the one thing he believes in), is the "winter lull." The race between his wastage and his recruitment is directly connected with this supposedly necessary phase in the course of hostilities. Last year he had it, and it built up his new reserves. After the occupation of Serbia there were four full months in which his entries into hospital fell lower and lower, his discharges as continually rose, his class '16 could be trained with ample opportunity and leisure. The lull was due to the Allies preparation of munitionment and arms. It was not broken till he himself chose to break it on the 21st of February by the initiation of the Verdun offensive. He has calculated on a repetition of the affair this winter. His training of 1918 and the "combed out," his return of convalescents, is based on the expectation of such a respite. It will not be given him. Here in mid-November he is again stuck as hard as ever he was in the summer, and every patch of dry weather will put him in peril again.

Saillisel

Only next in importance to this heavy stroke delivered on the apex of the Beaucourt salient, is the capture of Saillisel.

My readers are by this time well acquainted with the tactical importance of this point. Its characteristics have been repeated several times. You have the village of Saily, like the cross bar of a "T" along the main road from Peronne to Bapaume; coming out like the standard of the T and running eastward you have Saillisel, and this long line of ruined houses perpendicular to Saily and running eastward flanks the big wood of S. Pierre Vaast.

With the whole of Saillisel securely held, the wood of S. Pierre Vaast becomes untenable. But if again the French can obtain full possession of the wood of S. Pierre Vaast, they get over the ridge which may be generally called the ridge of Malasise and directly overlook the valley of the Tortille. They, therefore, can then have direct observation of the German batteries hitherto concealed in that depression, and specially of the German batteries, far off indeed, but in full view, hitherto concealed on the north eastern side of the Mont S. Quentin, which is the strongest point and the best piece of cover in all the region of Peronne.

It is clearly of the first importance to the enemy to try and recover the straight line of ruins still called Saillisel, and probably upon his failure or success to recover it will depend the ability or inability of the French in the near future to command the ridge and thereby to compel the withdrawal of the German guns from the valley of the Tortille and from S. Quentin.

It is a point locally and tactically of extreme importance. Ultimately Peronne depends upon it and, with Peronne, the whole southern sector.

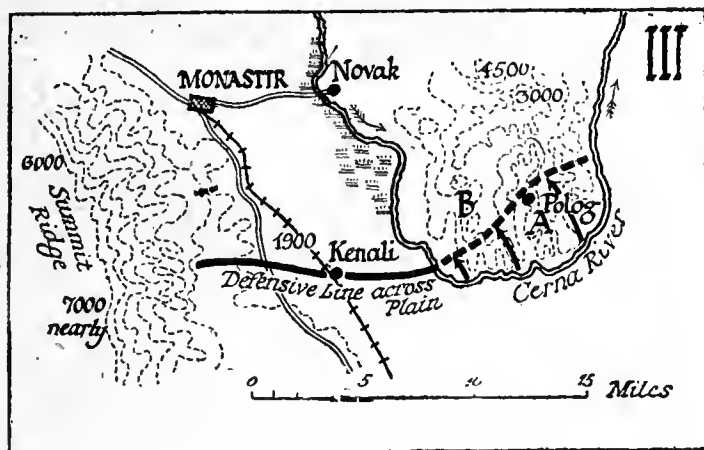
THE SERBIAN ADVANCE

In the region of Monastir there is passing a series of events which singularly emphasise the character of the modern defensive.

Had you shown to the soldiers of any modern campaign, before this great campaign, at any rate, the soldiers of, say, a generation ago, the soldiers of the Russo-Turkish war or of 1870, a relief map of the Monastir region and premised an attack upon it from the south, such as the forces based at Salonika are now delivering, the very first thing that would have struck their eye would have been the great gap of the plain in front of Monastir itself. Here are two mountain regions, east and west, separated by an open space some seven or eight miles broad, through which the railway and the road to Monastir run. The one to the west is very steep and rugged, running up to a ridge 6,000 to 7,000 feet above

the sea, or 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the plain (which is from 1,900 to 2,000 feet above the sea).

The one to the east is more gradual and not so high—it reaches only 4,500 feet some way back—but broken by rocky escarpments and covered by a rapid mountain river the Cerna. It would have been apparently obvious



that the shock of the armies could only have come in the plain. The mountain region upon either side would have secured the flanks of the combatants and anyone estimating the situation would have foretold with justice a frontal attack, a "parallel action"—probably a decisive one so far as the fate of Monastir was concerned, taking place in the neighbourhood of Kenali.

What we have seen in the course of October and the first half of November has been something very different.

The strength of the modern defensive is such when it has full opportunities for entrenchment, that easy ground like that of the Monastir plain is precisely the terrain upon which movement is rendered impossible, and it is the mountain land, where continuous entrenchment is more difficult, and where local success often gives one as a reward direct observation from a commanding height, that has permitted movement to take place.

The plain has taken the place which the mountains would have held a generation ago. It is the plain that offers resistance. It is by way of the mountains that the line across the plain is taken.

Ever since the failure of the Allied attack in the middle of September upon the line of Kenali that line has held quite unbroken, and the effort of the Allies, in this sector of the Serbian contingent, backed by the French artillery, has been across the great bend of the Cerna and in the mountain mass which overlooks the plain of Monastir to the east.

That mountain mass throws out towards the bend of the Cerna two main masses, each with its culminating ridge and separated by a deep ravine. These I have marked on sketch III, with the letters A and B. A being known as the "Chulke."

The action, successfully fought by the Serbians last Sunday, is an excellent example of the way in which the bare hard mountains are to-day more vulnerable than the easily dug plain. What they carried was this ridge of the rocky, sharply escarpmented hills called the Chulke region overlooking the Cerna river. When they had carried this ridge they had immediate observation of the combe running from the main valley that flanks it upon the west. At the head of one of these combs stands the village of Polog, and in the depression which it commands had been concealed the chief concentration of guns formed here by the enemy, including, it is believed, German guns served by German gunners.

When the Chulke ridge was carried and the bare brown uplands were in the hands of the Allies, they looked right down with direct observation upon the green valley floor and the low pocket of cultivated fields round Polog.

These concealed depressions were no longer tenable. The enemy retired from them with the greatest haste, withdrawing perhaps the greater part of his guns, losing 16 of them, and the village itself was entered by the Serbians before evening.

It is clear that a successful advance, even so late in the season northward through this bleak mountain mass within the loop of the Cerna, outflanks the Kenali line across the plain.

So far the advance made has been rather on the extreme

right, but it has already begun to threaten the Kenali line. If it can be supported by corresponding successes somewhat more to the left, or if it proceed even only upon the right another three or four thousand yards, it reaches the higher ground from which the Monastir plain can be observed and the Kenali line taken in reverse, though at a considerable range.

We see then that the attempt is being made to outflank the plain by the mountain. And such a phrase in itself is sufficient to indicate the revolution which the strength of the modern defensive has produced in the methods of war.

THE ROUMANIAN SITUATION

The situation of the general enemy offensive against the Roumanian forces and the Russian contingents in alliance with them has not developed in the course of the past week (up to the time of writing) in any degree meriting special description.

A Russian force has appeared upon the viaduct which crosses the marshes in continuation of the great Cerna Voda bridge. It has seized the so-called "Danube station"—which is I believe little more than a signalling station—a mile or so from the river bank, but it is presumably designed by its presence to prevent any attempt on the part of the enemy to restore the main bridge across the river.

How far the main bridge has been destroyed is still unknown here in the west. Rapid as was the retreat and belated as the decision to destroy the bridge may have been, it is hardly credible that at least one pair of girder ends should not have been dislodged. The work may have been more thoroughly done still. But exactly *what* has been done here, or how the enemy has dealt with it, what temporary repairs, or "jury bridge" has been thrown across, we do not know.

In the Dobrudja Mackensen has had to fall back again towards where the "waist" of that region gives him his shortest line—which is the line just covering the railway from Cerna Voda to Constanza. He shows here, as every detail of the enemy offensive shows, the embarrassment for men balancing a superiority in heavy pieces and munitionment. In so falling back he has had to abandon Hirsova, which would have been an excellent crossing place could he have cleared the Dobrudja upon his flank—for at that point the marshes disappear, the stream narrows, and an island in the stream aids such an attempt.

On the Transylvanian front, that is on the mountain border, we have had up to the time of writing nothing but a repetition of what has now been going on for so many weeks. The enemy has tried to re-act in the Vulcan pass with no appreciable success. In the Red Tower pass he has made a slight advance on the right and has been checked (at the moment of writing) on his left. In the Torzburg he has gained perhaps 1,500 yards at one point; in the Predeal he has been held. In all the northern passes save the northernmost he is stationary, in the northernmost of all he has slightly fallen back.

There is no new matter as yet here for analysis or discussion.

Weather on the Transylvanian Front

Apart from these elements of the situation north of Bukarest, which are familiar to us all—the reinforcement of the Roumanian troops by Russian contingents; the superiority of the enemy in heavy artillery; the anxiety of the enemy in the matter of effectives and his insufficiency of men for the task—there is another element which is now becoming of considerable moment, and that is the weather. Only those personally acquainted with the region can fully appreciate and describe this factor. But the evidence even at second-hand illuminates us in the West who are watching this distant struggle.

It seems, in the first place, that rain and snow are graver impediments in these mountains than in most ranges of the same height. The three main roads upon which the enemy is depending in the Vulcan, Red Tower and the Predeal Passes are, we are told, excellent. But the fourth road, that of the Torzburg, or Pasul Bran, is indifferent, and it seems that the mountain tracks which

alone supplement these highways are almost impassable for the movement of heavy guns and wagons when they get soaked.

The next point to notice in connection with weather in this region is the effect it has upon the torrent beds. These are nearly dry in the summer. The water obstacles present are, until the rains come, only the main rivers and these, as we know, lead down parallel with the roads from the mountains to the plain. But with the fall of the first autumn rains and before the snow comes, the transverse torrents swell. These do not perhaps present very serious water obstacles save in their lower courses just before joining the main rivers (though it is there that such obstacles are most serious for an army following the main roads), but they are of considerable effect in ravaging the troops and sweeping away temporary bridges.

The autumn rains fell this season somewhat late. It was in the last week of October that they first came with any force and their effect was first fully felt. The German Press has noted this and has put it forward in excuse for the unexpected delay in the offensive operations of Falkenhayn. There is no purport in lingering upon the motives which dictate such press notices: It is enough to note the evidence which they afford. Wet weather and mist have, of course, a further very great effect in diminishing the superiority of heavy artillery. It is an arm dependent upon visibility. And this, combined with the difficulty of moving heavy pieces upon sodden ground, has been a continuous factor in favour of the defensive for now three weeks past. Whether the prevalent opinion that snow and winter conditions will bring the offensive to a halt altogether, is right or not, no one can tell until those conditions are established—a matter now within four weeks. But what one can clearly see in this field as well as in the Dobrudja is the increasing difficulty of the enemy in the matter of effectives. There more than in any other sector of the enormous fronts can one see upon the surface, as it were, the peril which has moved Berlin to its clumsy bid for Polish recruitment.

PUZZLE OF DOUAUMONT

What happened last month upon the critical sector of the Verdun front—the north-eastern sector of which Douaumont is the centre—presents to-day—with our fuller knowledge of it—a very curious problem; a problem which I will not attempt to solve but will merely put before the reader.

If one could answer all the questions it suggests, one would have a much increased knowledge of the enemy situation in the West: I mean not of his numbers, which are fairly well established, but of the rapidity with which he can move them, and of his moral.

The problem or puzzle of this Verdun sector is briefly this:—

After an intensive bombardment not very prolonged, a portion of the German line gave way badly. It lost prisoners at the rate of one man to the yard (which is as though the enemy should lose 30,000 men in a few hours general advance on the Somme front). It lost them in an hour or two of fighting—and most of them in the first few minutes of that fighting. It lost them at an expense to the French of less than half the prisoners they took; and less than 3 per cent. of the French forces engaged—and this list includes even the lightest casualties. On the top of that the enemy tried five times and very hard to recapture what he had lost. It was well worth his while to sacrifice men, because the positions he had lost were the positions from which he had full observation over the ridge down towards the Verdun valley. Moreover, so long as the Germans held them they forbade direct observation over the German positions on the Woeuvre Plain below.

He not only failed to recapture them, but he voluntarily withdrew from Vaux Fort, another observation post over the plain, rather than risk a further great loss of prisoners when it was beginning to be surrounded. He fell right back to the foot of the hills. Further, he lost among the prisoners all his superior officers who were present.

Now, what does such an episode mean? At first sight it would seem to mean that the French had

discovered a weak spot from which the Germans had withdrawn too many men and had struck with corresponding effect. That was certainly the interpretation put upon the affair by most competent and instructed observers who wrote of it in the first few days after it happened.

But we now know what the German units were in front of the French, for the interrogations have been fully co-ordinated, and all the intelligence we are likely to have upon the matter has come in.

On the left near the quarries of Haudromont and about half-way to Thiaumont, the French had in front of them the 13th Division of Reserve, or, at any rate, units drawn from every one of its regiments, which are the 13th, the 39th, and the 57th, being the first division of the 7th Reserve Corps. Next, up to the Thiaumont Farm itself came the 25th division of reserve; that is, the 168th, the 83rd, and the 118th regiment. From the Farm of Thiaumont to Fleury were discovered two regiments of the 34th division of reserve, the 67th and the 30th. On the left or eastward again from Fleury in the wood above Vaux, called the Wood of Capitre, men were taken from the 7th and 154th regiments, which belong to the 9th division of the 5th Active Corps. Further eastward again were present units from the 67th, the 130th and 364th regiments, which between them make up the 33rd German Division of Reserve. Lastly, on the extreme left or east (the French right), in front of what was once the battery of Damloup overlooking the plain from the crest of the hill, were men from all the units of the 50th division, to wit, the 39th, 53rd, and 158th regiments.

You have here apparently no less than six divisions and 17 regiments! But the French attacked with only three divisions, a fourth division being kept in reserve.

How can such a disproportion be accounted for, and how can such results have followed?

Here is another point. It was at least assumed that if there had not been discovered a weak patch in the German line due to a withdrawal of men, there was at any rate a local weakness due to the withdrawal of artillery. We

know that the artillery on the Somme has been largely reinforced and we know that a good many of the heavy guns have come from the Verdun sector. But when the French success had been achieved, within a very few hours an intensive counter-bombardment by the Germans began to be delivered over the conquered belt of territory, and this bombardment has been renewed twice since that date, especially increasing in severity in the last two days of last week.

The solution of the riddle is not easy to find. The facts may mean that the units in front of the French, though numerous, were badly depleted, and there is something to support this in the fact that men were captured from individual battalions; that is, the men captured from such and such a regiment would only belong to one battalion of that regiment. It may (and this is more probable) mean that the superiority in long range fire now in the hands of the Western Allies, compelled a very deep formation in front of Verdun as upon the Somme. In this fashion the second and third battalions in reserve would be a long way behind the front, and the breaking in of the front may have been due to this formation imposed upon the enemy by the superiority of the French fire. It may mean some local breakdown in moral or some local negligence in observation. I do not pretend to offer a solution, but merely to point out the interesting and puzzling point that we now know the German front to have given way where it was not apparently weak in units nor even apparently seriously weakened in gun power. The thing is no more than an incident, though it may prove when we know more of the facts an illuminating one.

H. BELLOC

Mr. Belloc has received a large amount of correspondence on his analysis of German Reserves. The letters are too numerous to answer separately. He has prepared an article dealing with the points raised by his correspondents, but owing to pressure on our space it has had to be postponed until next week.

Mr. Wilson and the War

By Arthur Pollen

TO quote an old repartee, Mr. Wilson, emerging from a condition of suspended animation, has reappeared upon the international stage after keeping Europe in a state of animated suspense. It cannot be questioned that Mr. Wilson now stands, as he never stood before, as the embodiment of the American idea. His triumph is emphatically a personal triumph. Four years ago, two sections of the cleft Republican party polled a million and a quarter voters more than he. This year the united Republicans have polled nearly half a million fewer in a very greatly increased electorate. Normally, the Republicans must be regarded as the more numerous party. They are far more wealthy, and wealth is the final factor in organising for the best electoral results. They had an admirable candidate in Mr. Hughes—a man of the loftiest character and with an excellent record as an independent, high-spirited and reforming statesman. He was supported by Colonel Roosevelt, unquestionably the most commanding personality the United States has produced since Lincoln. Mr. Wilson had no extraneous aids to popularity. Mr. Bryan, it is true, who left him on the *Lusitania* issue, gave him his best support in the west. But against this not inconsiderable asset must be set the opposition of the extremists of the Irish section—in ordinary times a considerable proportion of the Democratic vote—and the united efforts of all the pro-German sections. There was nothing in the political programmes of either party to arouse either enthusiasm or opposition over specific issues, such as the silver question or a tariff. It seems clear, indeed, that in the ordinary sense of the word, party issues hardly counted. On the outstanding question of the day, the European War, America was practically united. Neither side was for intervention, and both were strenuous for the maintenance of neutrality—so long as neutrality could be observed. Mr. Wilson came in for much criticism, in

the matters both of Mexico and the submarine controversy. But it was a criticism directed more at method than at policy. If the European issue, so far as the conduct of the campaign goes, helped either side, it probably helped Mr. Wilson only, and simply because the German agents went to such trouble and expense to urge those of German descent to vote for Mr. Hughes. But neither the Republican party nor any authorised lieutenant sought or encouraged such support, and it seems exceedingly doubtful whether, in fact, he got it. Indeed, it is not improbable that the so-called German-Americans, at least in some places, resented this imputation on their patriotism, and showed it by voting against the party which they usually support. But, broadly speaking, none of these factors seem to have been decisive, and the result must be looked upon, beyond everything else, as a personal triumph for the President.

If this is the right view of the facts, the explanation is not difficult to see. In spite of the American gibe at the contrast between the vigour of his notes and the absence of his actions—first shaking his fist at Germany and then his finger—the fact remains that Mr. Wilson's attitude throughout has been in exact consonance with average American sentiment. That sentiment is founded upon the oldest of all American traditions; the complete aloofness of the States from the quarrels and concerns of Europe. The cataclysmic character of the present war has produced two parties new to American politics—one pledged to peace at any price, the other urging American intervention to maintain the high standard of Christian civilisation. In neither party was there more than a small minority. In the summer of 1915 Mr. Bryan led the first of these, and Mr. Wilson was able to part with him without any loss, moral or political. The case of the second party he met by a statement, astonishing enough to us, that the origins of the European War were still

too obscure for it to be safe for America to take sides. We should deceive ourselves if we supposed that the explanation of this statement is to be found only in the success of German propaganda. There is probably not in all America more than a handful of thinking persons who condone the unprovoked invasion and the unmitigated martyrdom of Belgium. Again, the sympathy with France is not only sincere and profound, but almost universal. Had those two countries only been involved in the quarrel with Germany, American condemnation of Teutonic brutality would not only have been general and unanimous, but very likely public, official and national as well. But the whole thing is complicated by the alliance of France and Russia, and by British intervention. America is entirely unconvinced that our motives in declaring war on Germany were chivalrous only. And to the Transatlantic world the ambitions of Russia appear notorious. The general opinion would seem to be, then, that while the war may actually have been caused by Germany's aggression, it has occurred in a world of effete monarchies and corrupt governments, long since debauched by imperial ambitions and dreams of conquest, and with these America has, and can have, no part nor lot at all. And this being the situation it is not a war in which the Crusading instinct could be given free play. Americans may have every sympathy with the victims of German oppression, and the American Government has done all it can to see that the princely generosity of its nationals shall reach the victims of that oppression. But in declining to accept their rescue as a national mission Mr. Wilson has undoubtedly acted as the nation, as a whole, would have wished him to act.

I said just now that he had parted with Mr. Bryan and so dissociated himself from the peace at any price party, without moral or political loss. His re-election is a final proof that it is not this party that dominates America. The people have adopted and confirmed Mr. Wilson's attitude, and this was defined in his speeches to the two Houses of Congress before despatching the *Sussex* Note to Berlin in April last. This attitude might be defined as follows:

It is not America's business to put the European house in order. If European nations choose to fight, America must be reconciled to suffering the more obvious disadvantages to which neutrals are subject, when their neighbours are at war. If bullets are flying, innocent onlookers may be hit, and no good purpose is served by resenting accidental casualties as if they were intentional acts of aggression. If then American ships are sunk, American property wrongfully destroyed, American lives lost or endangered, it is patience and forbearance that should mark the path of statesmanship. All of the belligerents are likely to do the neutrals some injury, and injuries should not be actively resented, unless they are of a character so intrinsically wicked as to be intolerable, or are persisted in in a manner that shows the intention behind them to be deliberately hostile and insulting. America is actually strong enough to defend herself if attacked, potentially strong enough to defeat almost any power that persists in provoking her to a relentless war. If, therefore, a Power at war with others offends against America, it is a reasonable—and not an undignified—attitude to delay the final expression of resentment until it is clear that peaceful protests have finally failed.

This has been the Wilson attitude since February 1915, and the *Sussex* note was its logical outcome. This was unanimously endorsed by Congress in April last, and has now been confirmed by the people's choice. Observe, it is a policy of patience and not a policy of surrender. It looks for peace, but not for peace at any price. It wishes resentment to be slow, but not to be impossible or forbidden. How does its endorsement by the nation affect the world's war?

A New Phase

When Germany replied to the American note on May 4th I ventured, in these columns, on the prophecy that the submarine campaign would be conducted in accordance with the German undertaking, until the German position got so desperate that no action of America, one way or the other, could affect the issue. For some months, except in the Mediterranean, the submarine campaign

relapsed to normal. But when the Presidential campaign seemed to tie the action of American statesmen until the issue was decided, Germany began the resumption of her old methods at sea. The curve of destruction, and the number of outrages, rose steadily in August and September. In the first week of October came the insane adventure of *U53* at Newport and Nantucket. Before the end of the month there was the campaign against the Norwegian merchant navy, and now the whole situation is complicated by the sinking of the *Marina*, the *Arabia* and the *Columbian*. The provisions of the *Sussex* note have then been ignored to some purpose.

In one respect the submarine war of the last two months has shown a development entirely novel. When at the beginning of 1915 Germany proclaimed the waters round Great Britain to be a war zone, and announced her intention of destroying, so far as she had the power to do so by torpedoes and mines, any neutral ship that entered it, she was of course, announcing her intention of committing acts of war against any neutral that refused to be intimidated. An act of war is any injustice deliberately inflicted upon the subject of another Power, whether it takes the form of an unjustifiable destruction of his property, or includes a threat to his life or well being. If such acts are committed, if reparation is refused, if, in the grave cases of unlawful killing, the agent is left unpunished, it is usually automatic that a breach of friendly relations should follow and continue until the offender makes amends. If such acts become numerous and co-ordinated, and are persisted in as part of a system of conduct, they are tantamount to a declaration of war. The nation that suffers them must then either bow to *force majeure*, or fight. Since February 1915, therefore, Germany has carried on a virtual war with all the neutrals. She has been quite impartial in her destruction of ships, quite indifferent as to the nationality of the innocent sufferers whom she has killed. Holland, Denmark, Sweden—which has lost over 50 ships sunk and 100 sailors drowned—Greece and Spain have lost ships and property and subjects, in defiance of all law, and not a single one of them has been able to resent it. America, alone of the nations injured in this way, has ventured on public protests and threats. Norway alone has ventured upon action.

Norway has forbidden all belligerent submarines to enter her ports or territorial waters. It is a prohibition that weighs heavily on Germany, for without the use of the western fiords and the inlets of the northern Murman coast, the campaign against the Archangel transports must become almost impossible. And so in the case of Norway, the war, which Germany has so far waged indifferently upon all the neutrals alike, has taken a direct and specific turn and has become a concentrated war on that nation's shipping. Over 50 Norwegian ships were sunk in little more than half of October. It is all perfectly open and above board. There is no disguise about its purpose. The fact that the Norwegian action really is identical with that adopted, amid much German applause, by Sweden in the spring, is brushed aside as quite irrelevant. For the effect of the Swedish rule was to exclude Russian submarines from threatening Germany's Baltic trade, and the effect of the Norwegian rule is to exclude the Germans from attacking Russian North Sea trade. There is no acknowledgment in Berlin that what is sauce for the Russian goose must be sauce for the German gander. Again, it is no answer that Norway has not gone so far as in the first days of the war did Holland, which proclaimed the closing of her ports to all belligerent warships in any circumstances. Instead, the example of America, that laughed the Allied suggestions on this subject to scorn, is held up to Norway for imitation. And if Norway does not yield in this matter, she is told that the alternative is as much more war as Germany can make.

This is to give a new turn to the organised piracy that Germany devised for the confounding of the enemies created by her unprovoked attack. It is a minor development that the doctrine of the war zone has been extended to include any ship, wherever found in all the world, that intends to enter the forbidden waters. The *Blommersdijk*, sunk by *U53* after the American destroyer *Benham* cleared the range for the submarine's torpedoes, had no cargo nor

passengers for England on board her. But her manifests showed that she would touch at an English port, and it was this gross offence against German dignity that sealed her doom.

It is then to a somewhat changed situation that Mr. Wilson reappears with the added power and confirmed authority of his popular endorsement. What will his attitude be towards the case of the *Marina*—an empty vessel in ballast, sunk unwarned and carrying with her to the bottom of the sea a considerable number of American citizens? Or to the case of the *Arabia*, the details of whose destruction are fresh in all our minds? Here the perfect discipline of the passengers and the fine seamanship of the officers and crew, saved all on board—and there were Americans amongst them—from the fate of those in the *Persia* and *Lusitania*. Or to the case of the *Columbian*, an American ship, or to the *Stefano*, a passenger ship whose human freight was only saved by the fortunate presence of American naval vessels? Will he make common cause with his fellow neutrals?

Arming of Neutral Merchant Ships

Speaking generally, the position with regard to the submarine devastations is rather more satisfactory than it was. The first half of November has resulted in roughly a quarter of the losses suffered in the last half of October. But as in October 55 Norwegian ships alone were sunk, the pause may only be due to the fact that Germany is watching the effect of her previous depredations on Norway before resuming a more vigorous policy. Indeed, heavy as have been the losses of the world's shipping during the last three and a half months, it is not British shipping that has suffered most. There are two quite obvious reasons for this, and I have often directed attention to them. First, it is naturally the British masters who are in closest touch with those who direct the main anti-submarine campaign. It is feasible to give secret directions to ships leaving or making British ports, not feasible to give similar warnings and instructions to foreign captains. Next, it is our business to patrol British waters, and those that are virtually British—in the Mediterranean and elsewhere. We cannot patrol either the coasts or port entries of neutral countries. Lastly, no neutrals, so far as I am aware, have yet adopted the belligerent plan of arming their merchantmen for defence against the pirates. Yet when ships are armed, their chances of being destroyed are divided by ten. The reasons for this are obvious, and the fact has been the subject of one of the most diverting of Germany's complaints. When a merchant ship carries guns that the submarine officer can perceive, he is, to all intents and purposes, barred from attempting to stop her by coming to the surface. One or two cases notwithstanding—such as the two recent instances of Russian submarines capturing Turkish transports and bringing them into Sevastopol—there can be no equality in an artillery contest between a submarine and a surface ship, if the guns are equal in power and directed with equal skill. The only danger that threatens an armed ship is an *unwarned* attack by torpedo, such as resulted in the sinking of the *Arabia*. But the chances of such attack are immensely reduced because, if the submarine has to keep below the surface, it has so much less speed with which to manœuvre into an attacking position. In the long run then, it can only succeed when the surface ship is ambushed, and this must be largely a matter of chance. If the submarines do not hesitate to attack without warning, the practice of arming ships may sometimes result in a great loss of life. But it is bound also to result in a much greater saving of ships. And up to now I should be surprised if the experience is not that a far larger number of lives have actually been lost in unarmed than in armed ships. The Norwegian press, for example, complains that over two hundred Norwegian officers, sailors, engineers and passengers, have lost their lives by submarine and mine. The Swedes bewail one hundred victims. And yet not a single Norwegian or Swedish ship has been armed. More than a thousand were drowned in the *Lusitania*, and other unarmed liners must account for all except a small fraction of the rest.

It is a thousand pities that the principle of arming cannot be pushed further than it has been. It would surely be worth while to enquire into this matter as closely

The Union Jack Club

BY GUY RIDLEY

(Their Mother speaks to her Warrior Sons).

Men from the Battleships, Men from the Trenches,
Hero on hero, warrior on warrior,
Men from the fore-front, men from the Sca-wake,
Rest here on my bosom!

Innocent, death-giving—laughing and stern-mouth'd,
Kindly, merciful, wreakers of vengeance,
Great thigh'd, heavy-limb'd, keen-vision'd Britons,
Come to my arms!

Sleeping, resting, safe, sure, and wondering,
Silent, gruesome, terrible men,
Blood-stain'd, mire-soiled, blameless warriors,
Open your hearts!

Gentle, forgiving, coarse-tongued innocents,
With the secret of Death at the back of your eyes,
And the heart still rift with the cry of a friend,
Smiling, bewildered, wearied warriors,
Pour out your thoughts!

For many have slumbered upon my breast
And gone hence to battle, and never returned,
Killed unswervingly, laughingly, gallantly—
You may sleep on my bosom and hear their tales,
Of the blood they spilt and the horror they saw,
And the Light of God that showed through all.
Steel-thew'd, stubborn men, trusty and valiant,
Tell me your secrets!

For the tears have flowed from the stern, strong eyes—
Who showed in the battle no sign of grief—
Men toughen'd and temper'd for works of war
By the firm resolve to win to the end,
By the hard tradition of fighting men.
Great-hearted, rugged men, watching, wrestling,
Speak to me, trust in me!

For here, on my breast, men weep and speak
And rise with a sterner battle cry;
And the more they speak and the more they sigh
The greater the love their brothers find—
The softer my breast, the easier the pillow,
The sweeter the rest for the men that come after.
Silent, gruesome, terrible men;
Grim from the battle-front, grim from the warships,
Rest here on my bosom!

as possible. To what extent have the armaments of the older cruisers been deflected to this purpose? Is it certain that every gun that can be spared from the Royal Navy has been devoted to the protection of trade?

Will the neutrals ever pluck up the courage to arm their own ships? Neutrality at sea has long since been, as we have seen, a phrase only, for Germany is impartially at war with all shipping. If it is good law that defensive arming does not turn the merchant ship of a belligerent into a belligerent warship, then it would seem to be good law that the arming of the merchant ships of a neutral for defensive purposes against unneutral attack, should not be a belligerent act of the neutral power that so arms her. Anyway, if a neutral captain or ship owner chose to protect himself in this way, it should not involve his government in any breach of neutrality—so long as that government does not admit the belligerent's right to sink its country's ships for reasons hitherto held insufficient by international law. The question is no doubt delicate. But we may as well recognise at once that it is one that must come up for solution when the war is over. For, all countries will be faced by this dilemma. Either the submarine must be by common consent abolished, or all surface ships must for ever go about their work knowing that it is in the power of any country owning submarines, to open the next war by a ruthless and unwarned attack upon its neighbour's sea service.

ARTHUR POLLEN

The Polish Recruitment

THE German proposal to recruit troops in Poland is a matter which will require more detailed study and more evidence than is available for the moment, and to which therefore we must later return. But it is as well that we should appreciate the possibilities of the situation and at least the maximum number with which the enemy has to deal.

The Russian provinces of Poland, occupied at the present moment by the enemy, furnished at the last census a total population of about 12,800,000, say, in round figures, for the moment, a population of 13,000,000. These were divided into two quite distinct sections, the Polish Jews, who are for the most part German-speaking, and the Polish population proper.

Since the proposal is to erect (though the Germans are still vague) a State autonomous on paper at least, of the Russian provinces called "the Kingdom of Poland," and since the object is clearly the need of men in which the enemy stands, we may for the purpose of this calculation lump together the two completely distinct elements and regard them both as part of the recruiting field which the enemy envisages.

Of this recruiting field the men of military age, young, and including class 1915, were mobilised, all but an insignificant fraction, in units of the Russian army with the outbreak of war. It is, therefore, first and foremost, to be recognised that the enemy will only deal (save for an insignificant margin of rejected or exempted men) with the younger classes, the classes of 1916, 1917, and 1918. The total number of available men of these classes that can pass the doctor is about 115,000 per class, but well less than 120,000. That is a maximum. It is, of course, much more than the actual recruitment in time of peace. It is a maximum based upon the proportionate amounts reached for the younger classes in the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires and in France in the course of the war. Three such classes, even after all the immature lads rejected had been ultimately included, that is, say, up to the autumn of next year, would give one rather less than 450,000 men.

The Price of Conscription

Now of those 450,000 men as a possible maximum, supposing that there was no attempt at forcible impressment, and supposing that the Poles accepted the scheme of autonomy and paid for it the price of conscription, a certain number have been evacuated from the territory before, during and even after the Russian retreat of last year. Of that number again, a very considerable proportion leaked back home before the Eastern front finally consolidated into its present form.

We are, unfortunately, entirely without figures even of the roughest sort as to these two factors in the problem; the number of young men who left the country with the Russian armies and of these the number who, in one way or another, returned to their homes. All we can say is that the figure of 450,000 potential recruitment from the Kingdom of Poland, representing the three younger classes, is *more than* the enemy can obtain, even if all the Poles were willing and the full maximum were reached, but how much more we have as yet no figures to guide us.

The Germans have put it about through their agents, especially through Switzerland, that they saw their way to a much larger figure. But these reports were so contradictory, had an obvious bias and object and may be neglected. Arithmetic and the census are a surer basis than political pronouncements of such a kind.

Now is there any other recruiting field besides the recruiting field just mentioned?

There are, of course, the territories belonging to the Russian Empires and now within the German lines, and therefore under German occupation, which do not form part of the Russian Kingdom of Poland proper. These between them bring the total population from nearly 13,000,000 to rather over 17,000,000.

Nothing has been said either of impressment or of autonomy in the case of the German-speaking and Lithuanian populations, which provide the margin in

Courland and in Suwalki, in the Kingdom of Vilna, etc. But they do provide a potential recruiting field which we must not neglect, and we may regard them as an ultimate additional 30 per cent., or rather less to the total maximum figure which could possibly be obtained, supposing full recruitment for all the occupied districts were feasible.

Russian Polish Prisoners

To this must be added yet another category. Let us suppose (all this is, of course, mere hypothesis and presumes all elements to be as favourable to the enemy as they can possibly be) that the whole Polish population has accepted the German scheme and is willing to come forward, then there would be a further margin of recruitment obtainable from the Russian Polish prisoners no longer sick or wounded and in German or Austrian hands. Of these we have again no precise figures. We can, upon the analogy of the general Russian recruitment in the proportion of valid prisoners obtained therefrom, estimate it at anything from 150,000 to 200,000.

We have there the full table of the recruiting field open to the enemy, supposing this experiment of his to be entirely successful. That he will be thus entirely successful is, of course, impossible. It is far more likely that the whole clumsy scheme will break down.

Nor is it easy to see how, having made a plan of this kind, the enemy can go back upon it and substitute the press gang for autonomy without, as has been said before now in these columns, an expenditure of effort greater than the results would warrant.

But we are not concerned with these practical details for the moment; we are only dealing with the arithmetical point of discovering the total maximum recruitment, and we find it for the occupied Russian Polish field up to next autumn, less than 450,000, to which, if we add the occupied districts outside the Kingdom of Poland, we obtain somewhat less than 600,000, and if we add again the valid prisoners who might conceivably be incorporated, of the very greatest total maximum of such forces, we make something between 750,000 and 800,000, but of these various figures it is the 445,000 to 450,000 of the younger Polish classes which alone seriously concern us.

It is from them that the recruitment is proposed under this new scheme, and it is, therefore, their power of furnishing new drafts which the enemy is alone considering at this entry into the third winter of the war.

The sale of Bechsteins' last week has been described as "one of the most remarkable ever held in London." The whole of the business and property concerned was purchased by Messrs. Debenhams for £56,500.

Many kindly acts of hospitality were shown to soldiers and sailors during the Lord Mayor's Show, but none was more appreciated than the gift of 30,000 "Greys" cigarettes, which were distributed on behalf of the manufacturers, Major Drapkin and Co., to fighting-men taking part in last Thursday's procession by members of the V.A.D.

Round the military hospital a literature of its own is growing into existence. Some of its magazines are of genuine merit, containing really clever and witty writings and drawings. And the publishing houses are now awakening to their merit. From the Bodley Head Mr. John Lane has just sent forth *Our Hospital A.B.C.*; pictures by Joyce Dennis, verses by Hampden Gordon and M. G. Tindall (3s. 6d.). Both artist and writers have evidently enjoyed the fun; it's excellent fooling all through, and where is the convalescent whose heart-strings will not vibrate to this couplet:

V. is the Visitor: "Cover my head

And take her away from the foot of my bed."

Count Raven, by Agnes and Egerton Castle (Cassell and Co., 3s. 6d.), shows how a story may be made thoroughly interesting and yet concern a German spy, for the combination of the two characteristics is a rare one in the multitudes of spy stories now appearing. Count von Raben is the very best type of spy, a thorough gentleman, and one whom nobody would suspect, while Rose, the English girl who married him, and her sister Jane, are a pair of well-drawn characters. The book will increase the great popularity of its authors.

A Guaranteed Price for Wheat

By Christopher Turnor

BEFORE discussing in detail the question of a minimum wage and a guaranteed price for wheat, there are certain fundamental questions affecting agriculture that must be considered. I start with the premiss that the nation is at last beginning to realise the importance of the land as the source of our food supply, and that it will in consequence ere long insist upon our land being put to its full use, instead of being only half used, as in the past.

First of all, let us briefly consider the present position of agriculture. There are four classes interested in the land: the landowner, the tenant farmer, the labourer, and the investor.

The investor has not so far figured largely as a separate entity, but he has been there all along—*lending* money on mortgage to the landowner, and, to a certain extent, to the farmer to provide him with working capital for his farm. From now on he should play a more definite part and be ready to *invest* money in highly-organised syndicate farms, etc. This implies that any reconstruction of the industry, if it is to be effective, must make agriculture as attractive a sphere for investment as it formerly was in this country, and as it is to-day in most other countries.

The Landowner

In regard to the landowner Sir Herbert Matthews pointed out in *LAND & WATER* of October 26th, that he only receives from 1 to 2 per cent. interest on his capital. But I think this interest can be shown to be always nearer 1 than 2 per cent. Or, to put it in another way, the landowner either receives a moderate rental for his land and *no* interest on the capital represented by buildings and improvements; or he receives a fair interest on his capital and *no* rental for his land: it must be one or the other, and certainly cannot be both.

In face of this fact which anyone can verify for himself, it is astonishing that a large number of people fear that if the State should interest itself in the development of agriculture, the landowners would benefit unduly. As matters stand there is no ground for this belief, which arose no doubt from the confusion of thought existing in regard to rental. It is often asserted that a comparatively small body of men every year draw £200,000,000 in rents. This is quite true, but £160,000,000 of this sum represents rental of urban property and only £40,000,000 that of the agricultural land of the United Kingdom. Further, this £40,000,000 represents the gross and not the net rental, for some £23,000,000 must be deducted as outgoings; and when this has been done there is left only about £17,000,000 as the net rental. The cultivated area of the United Kingdom is in round figures 47,000,000 acres. There are in addition 15,000,000 acres of rough grazing. Estimating their value to be equal to 3,000,000 of cultivated land, we get a total of 50,000,000 acres. If the capital value of the agricultural land of the United Kingdom is about £25 per acre, this would give a total of £1,250,000,000, and £17,000,000 would only represent not quite 1.4 per cent.

In the United Kingdom the working capital of the farmer is about £7 per acre. In Denmark and Germany it is double that amount. Here we have one of the basic causes of the condition in which our agriculture finds itself, and it is interesting to note that in Denmark and in Germany the cultivated land produces about twice as much as it does here, and gives employment to twice as many workers per thousand acres. These two countries have realised that the two fundamental functions of the land are to produce the maximum amount of food, and to give healthy employment to the largest number of people. Another factor that has worked against the development of agriculture in this country is the great fluctuations in the price of agricultural commodities. These fluctuations have been far greater over a period of, say, 70 years than in either Germany or Denmark.

At the present moment it is the fear of low and unremunerative prices which prevents the farmer from going in for measures that would increase his

production. This fear must be removed if the desired increase in food production is to take place, and the remedy is undoubtedly to organise the industry as it is organised in other countries.

Protection Without Tariff

One word here to the large section who hold a tariff would provide the remedy. A tariff without organisation would, in my opinion, do very little good to the industry, but high organisation without a tariff would do a great deal. We want protection for the industry to make good the losses it has suffered from years of penalisation, but you can have full protection for agriculture without a tariff.

As for the labourer, his wages in many counties have been disgracefully low, and opportunities for betterment too few. The housing conditions were often most unsatisfactory from every point of view. No wonder the best of the labourers left the country side, and this flight from the land was due far more to these bad conditions than to the attractions of the town.

If, then, the State is now determined to encourage a great development in the agricultural industry, if it is determined to secure a much greater supply of home-grown food, then as a first step it must accept the principle that *all* those who are actively concerned in developing the resources of the land shall duly benefit—that the expenditure of capital and energy in developing agriculture is worthy of its fair reward, just as it is when expended in any other industry. In this new development of agriculture, landowner, farmer, labourer and capitalist must each receive his fair share.

The landowner must receive an economic rent for his land and a fair interest on new improvements if he is to be encouraged to make them. If after taking into consideration the facts that the owner of land only receives 1.4 per cent. on his capital, and that the rental of agricultural land in the United Kingdom only averages half the amount charged across the Channel, the State still fears that the landowner will receive the lion's share of the increment, it can take measures to check this evil, should it arise.

The farmer must receive a remunerative price for his staple products, otherwise he cannot continue to produce them. This is a business proposition of the most elementary order; yet it was not recognised as such during the period between 1875 and 1895 when the farmers lost heavily on practically everything they produced, and the town populations were actually living upon the agricultural capital and thus reduced it by £830,000,000.

The labourer must be paid a fair living wage and be given every opportunity for advancement. Housing conditions must be improved.

The capitalist must be made to understand that agriculture—reorganised and working under favourable instead of unfavourable conditions—offers a good field for investment.

The PRODUCER must receive a remunerative price for his produce. This is the foundation upon which everything else rests. This is no plea for the uneconomic bolstering up of the farmer; no attempt at profitmongering; it is an appeal to the Nation's commonsense and to its sense of justice.

It is not suggested that the guarantee of a remunerative price alone will do all that is wanted. The agricultural industry must be organised by means of a great development of the co-operative movement. Access to credit and capital must be provided, transport improved, and the whole standard of education raised in the farming and labouring classes. But all these things will be of no effect unless the farmer can be sure that it will pay him to grow the staple commodities required by the Nation.

Now wheat is or should be the basic crop in the cultivation of arable land. And the farmer fears that wheat may again fall to an unremunerative price. The high price of the present moment does not overcome this fear. The farmer argues that the Russian and Roumanian wheat

reserves may be released next autumn, and he refuses therefore not only to respond to the State's appeal to grow more wheat, but he actually reduces his area under wheat. Shortage of labour has something to do with it, but the question of price much more.

Give the Farmer a Guarantee

How is this remunerative price to be secured to the farmer? There are two means of securing it—by imposing a tariff and by guaranteeing the price. A high tariff is out of the question. It would press most heavily on the poorest section of the community whose bread bill is larger in proportion to its income than is the case with those who are better off. Further, a high tariff would tend to confirm the bad farmer in his bad methods. A small tariff, on the other hand, may prove advisable for revenue purposes, and to secure preferential treatment for our Dominions. But the essential measure is that the State shall give the farmer a guarantee that wheat shall not fall below a certain price.

This guarantee of price, particularly if with it is coupled a bonus for breaking up grass land, is a direct incentive to increasing the production of wheat, and, as a corollary, of oats and barley as well. Secondly, the guarantee falls upon the general taxpayer—it is the State's insurance against an interrupted food supply. The premium would not be a heavy one: one day's war expenditure would probably represent the maximum premium. But it is more than an insurance against starvation, for no single factor would do more to guarantee the world peace than the knowledge that Great Britain was for all practical purposes self-supporting.

The question what price should be guaranteed is hard to answer at this moment, when we are necessarily ignorant of the paramount factor: the cost of production after the war. But it may be some guide to recall that Lord Milner's Committee, reporting in the summer of 1915 suggested 45s. per quarter as the guarantee.

The first object of the guarantee should be to secure the farmer, who grows wheat as it should be grown, against financial loss. Its second object is to encourage the farmer to grow a heavy crop. Of course, the question of the season comes in here; but the full and proper use of artificial manures goes a long way towards counteracting the effects of an unfavourable season.

Many people object to the word guarantee or bonus, so let us put it in another way. The nation requires more home-grown wheat; the farmer is the one man who can grow it. This is a simple business process which can be dealt with by contract. But it differs from ordinary business transactions in this respect, that a large production of home-grown wheat is vital to the State's existence, and that the State may find itself obliged to ordain that certain definite areas are given up to growing wheat in England and Wales.

In the United Kingdom we have about 11,000,000 acres under the plough. Under a strict four-year rotation 2½ million acres ought to be under wheat, but for years we have had under 2,000,000 acres. We have in the United Kingdom 50,000,000 acres of cultivated land. Of this 75 per cent. is grass, 25 per cent. arable. In Germany the proportion is reversed.

Parts of Britain are too wet for a great extension of the arable area, but we could at least have equal proportions of arable and grass. That would give us some 25,000,000 acres under the plough, and this on the four-year rotation would give 6½ million acres for wheat. Many authorities agree that it would be quite possible to allot this area to wheat.

I believe that in Napoleonic days wheat was grown on 9,000,000 acres. But the exact area is hard to ascertain. In the middle of the 19th century we certainly had over 4,000,000 acres under wheat. But to put it at a conservative figure, let "5,000,000 acres under wheat" be our objective. Our total consumption of wheat now is 35,000,000 quarters. Of this we produce at present only 7,000,000 quarters. With new varieties of wheat and scientific cultivation the average should be five quarters of wheat per acre, or a total of 25,000,000 quarters. This supply would remove all danger of starvation in the event of an enemy holding up our trade routes. If the Government agreed with the farmer that he should be secured, say, 45s. a quarter for his wheat and the world

price averaged 44s. throughout any given year, then the guarantee would cost the country £1,250,000, and so on *pro rata*.

In our reconstruction of agriculture State demonstration farms must play an important part. Such demonstration farms have done much in the development of agriculture in other countries. Here they are conspicuous by their absence. If the State decrees certain changes in our methods, it must show that the changes rightly effected are economic and practical—hence the need of the demonstration farm. On it every measure for cheapening production would be tried under the guidance of the best brains.

The Price of Bread

Now, how would this guarantee affect the price of bread? At present we produce only one-fifth of our requirements in wheat, we therefore cannot influence world prices. Our position would be very different if we were producing 80 per cent. of our supply. In time of crisis the Government could commandeer this supply, for it would be under its control; but it cannot commandeer wheat grown outside the United Kingdom, and we may this year see the Government forced to buy oversea wheat at a high price and sell it at a loss simply to keep down the price of bread.

The guarantee could only be responsible for the price of the loaf when wheat stood at 45s. per quarter or less, and at 45s. the sixpenny 4 lb. loaf is quite possible. And if after the war the standard of wages is considerably higher than before the war, this price will not be unreasonable.

It is now time to discuss the farmers' attitude towards the guarantee. Here we find a curious state of affairs: there is no doubt that the majority of farmers are against it. There are several reasons for this: farmers think it will mean more interference, and they would rather have low prices and be entirely free than have fair prices with any conditions attached.

Again farmers who do not farm wheat land do not realise that a fair steady price for wheat must benefit the whole industry. Further, the large majority of farmers do not wish to change their methods of farming. To change methods requires a mental effort, and most farmers would rather not make the necessary effort. They have not yet realised as a class that the vital needs of the nation will require not only changed methods, but a changed attitude on the part of the farming class.

No want of patriotism is being imputed. If the farmer is not to-day producing as much food as the nation expects, it's the nation's fault, not the farmers. For decades past our Government not only neglected the interests of the cultivators of the soil—they have actually penalised them in various ways, and this during a period when other States with a sounder policy were protecting the agriculturist and concerning themselves directly in the development of the industry.

Now the State's attitude is changing: it is beginning to realise that the cultivator of the soil is the most important section of the community. In spite of this improving attitude ever since the war began, the State so far from doing its utmost to encourage the agriculturists has played them many mean tricks. I only need to mention labour, wool, hay, and straw. But we must be patient. Our rulers know nothing about agriculture and therefore will have to learn—and the first step in the right direction is to realise that the land is of vital national importance. Therefore it behoves the agriculturists to meet the State half way and to say: "If you, the State, will give us the means to do so, we shall accept the new order of things, and do our utmost to increase the yield of the land. Much may run counter to our private inclinations, but the security of the Empire demands this sacrifice and we will make it with good heart."

If the farmer will meet the situation in this spirit, if he will co-operate with the State in securing the full development of the land, his reward will be great. We shall see the industry flourish as it does in Denmark; we shall see the condition of the average farmer comparable with that of the Danish farmer. And not only the farmer—but the landowner also must enter into the movement.

I hope next week to deal with the need of a living wage for agricultural workers.

The French and Their Allies

By Lewis R. Freeman

[This article, it must be borne in mind, is from the pen of a Neutral. Mr. Lewis Freeman is an eminent American journalist. He has lately been in France. The impressions he gives here are all first-hand, and the relationship between France and her Allies to which he bears testimony has been investigated on the spot.]

THE increasing confidence of the peoples of the various Allied countries in each other is one of the most significant developments of the third year of the great war. From the first the Allied Governments have been closely in accord as to the ultimate ends to be striven for, and the differences of opinion as to the way in which these ends were to be compassed have never proved irreconcilable.

History will reveal that the several members of the Quadruple Entente have shown the greatest readiness to exert their efforts in the common behalf to the full extent of their ability whenever a call for help has been made; but because military effort is more tangible and spectacular than the supplying of men and material, or even "silent" naval pressure (which has formed and will continue to form so large a part of Britain's contribution), these latter have not always been adequately appreciated by the people of the countries that have been the greatest beneficiaries. It is for this reason that the French people—and, indeed, the world at large—were never fully convinced of the seriousness and sincerity of England's purpose in the war until British manpower was organised on a Continental basis and the British soldier fell into step with the French soldier in the great attack upon the Somme.

There is often a wide divergence between the comparatively uninformed popular opinion of a country and the thoroughly informed official opinion. The French Government has understood from the outset not only the value of England's financial and industrial efforts, but has also been able to weigh and allow for the tremendous difficulties confronting that country before a war organisation comparable to that which existed in Germany for many years before the outbreak of the present struggle could be perfected. This knowledge made the French Government extremely reluctant to call on England for any help beyond such as it had every reason to believe could be freely and readily granted; and there is no doubt that M. Briand spoke the literal truth when he said recently that Great Britain had never yet answered nay to an appeal from France for assistance.

As typical of the French official appreciation of the difficulties confronting England in organising for a Continental war, I will quote the words of a distinguished staff officer whom I sat next to during luncheon at Staff Headquarters, on the occasion of a recent visit to one of the French armies.

"On a visit to England from which I returned a few days ago," he said, "I was taken to one of the great new munition factories just being put in operation. Here I was shown a thousand or more new machines for performing a certain operation in munition-making. Now, not only were these machines not in existence before the war, but it was even necessary to make machines to make parts of other machines that were needed for the rapid turning out of certain parts of the first one. One of these latter machines had over 500 parts, and many thousands of separate measurements and many months of time were required before the first working model could be turned out. Knowing that practically the whole of England's vast war organization had to be created anew, those of us who understand the situation, far from being impatient of what some have characterized as that country's 'glacial slowness' in making her weight felt in the land war, have constantly marvelled at what has actually been accomplished, in the face of difficulties that would have dismayed a less resolute people, toward making that weight count overwhelmingly in the end."

This, as I have said, fairly characterizes the attitude

of official and informed France toward Great Britain as an Ally. That of educated France outside official circles seems to me to have been well stated by the distinguished Vicomte X—, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from America and at whose chateau on the upper Seine I spent a couple of days last week.

A Gallant Foe and Ally

"There have been times," he said, "when some of my friends have expressed impatience at the seeming deliberation of England in coming to our aid on the Western Front, and to these I have always replied that a nation that had been as gallant a foe to France as England had proved herself during several centuries could not but prove a gallant ally. To me, as an old soldier of France, the pride of knowing that we were stemming the full might of Germany with French bayonets more than offset any apprehension I may ever have had as to the ultimate issue; and, in case of need, I always felt sure that England could be depended upon for any effort that was really needed, just as she finally consented to launching the joint offensive on the Somme a month or two before she was entirely ready in order to relieve the pressure at Verdun."

Of the great bulk of the French public, however, England had to win the confidence by action and achievement as a military power, and until the Somme offensive was well under way this was not done. When scarcely one Englishman in a hundred realised the gathering might of his country's war effort, it is not strange that the average Frenchman—who knows little of sea-power and economics of war finance—should have felt that France was doing a disproportionate amount of fighting and bleeding in the common cause. An English lady, long resident in Paris and prominent in war relief work from the outset, told me a few days ago that the position of a British subject in France during the first two years of the war was a good deal like that of Americans in France or England to-day.

"We saw France fighting, fighting for her very life before our eyes, and felt that our country somehow ought to be lending more aid than she was. We knew little of the nature of the task of creating a war machine which confronted the Government at home, and were impatient that more Englishmen were not fighting by the side of the French. We felt apologetic, and yet,

Our New Serial

THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE, from the pen of M. Maurice Leblanc, the creator of Arsène Lupin, will begin in next week's LAND & WATER. Arsène Lupin, who it was generally thought was dead, reappears in "The Golden Triangle."

In this dramatic story M. Leblanc is chiefly concerned with the mystery that surrounds the "Little Mother Coralie," a volunteer nurse working in a military hospital in Paris, and Captain Belval, one of her patients who has lost a leg in the war.

M. Maurice Leblanc is the brother of Mme. Maeterlinck. He is old enough to remember as a child the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. He has paid several visits to England, and has been helping at Etretat with the British wounded. Paris is his home for the greater part of the year, and Paris is the scene of the amazing adventures described in "The Golden Triangle."

The English translation has been made by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

in the nature of things, couldn't apologise, just as I heard an American friend here say of the attitude of the Washington Government in so many questions connected with the war. And the worst of it was having our ever considerate French friends try to save our feelings by changing the subject whenever a conversation threatened to turn to 'England's part.' Of course, the Somme offensive has changed all that now, and the French people, high and low, fully realise that we're with them to the end."

The growing strength of the French confidence in, and the increasing warmth of the French admiration for the British is evident on every hand in France to-day, and, as indicative of the growing solidarity of the Allies as the grim ordeal of the third winter of the war is at hand, its continued development is of the highest significance. One sees evidence of it in the kinemas when British pictures are shown (I saw a crowd watching a Pathé "Journal" come to its feet as one man in the enthusiasm of its applause for Lieutenant Robinson standing among the wreckage of the Zeppelin he had brought down), at the music halls when British airs are played, and on the streets in the friendly glances which greet and follow the British soldier on leave.

Popularity of Canadians

The Canadians—irrespective of whether or not they are of French ancestry—appear to be especially popular in France, and an official in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs recently told me that one of the most enthusiastic and spontaneous demonstrations he had ever seen in Paris was occasioned by the appearance of a lorry load of Canadian Service Corps men in the midst of a great crowd that had assembled to greet a visiting Serbian band.

"The Canadians had nothing whatever to do with the affair," he said, "they were only so many men going about their duty, and they chanced along just after the Serbians, who had been giving a concert, had been hurried away in their motors. No sooner did the crowd sight the khaki uniforms of the Canadians than a rush was made for the lorry, and for fully twenty minutes it was the centre of cheering thousands. And hardly were they free of this section of the crowd than those in the next block closed in around them."

There is no doubt that that brave fighter and genial diplomat "Thomas Atkins," has played a great part in cementing the Entente, not only by the blood he has shed on French soil but also by the frank ingenuousness that is so direct an antithesis of the rather standoffish tourist that the Frenchman has been wont in the past to consider as the typical Briton. He visits Paris just infrequently enough to make one remark his presence when he does come, and I have been much interested to note that he is nearly always seen either in the company of a Poilu or two, or else in that of a bevy of French girls who are taking the occasion to act as "Thos. Cooks" to "Thos. Atkins." Yesterday, seated under a tree in the Champs Elysées, I came upon a group consisting of an outer periphery of French nurse girls and children clustered around a nodal centre of two bronzed warriors from the Somme in trench-stained khaki. At the moment my companion and I pushed unobtrusively in to learn what was afoot, one of the "Tommies" was running his finger down the laundry list of his dog-eared phrase-book in order to explain just which one of his garments—and, incidentally, by inference, just what sector of cuticle—had recently been punctured by the spent shrapnel bullet that his comrade was holding up for the inspection of all interested. His enthralled auditors laughed till they cried when he finally closed his book to tell them that it was "a bas of mon chemise Boche bullet come ping!"

"Those two diplomats," said the English journalist with whom I was walking, "are probably doing more to rivet down the loose corners of the Entente Cordiale than are the Cabinet Ministers of France and England who are meeting in Boulogne this afternoon."

If there has been one place more than another where a rift might have started in the Entente lute, it is in that portion of France which constitutes the area under British military control, and that serious trouble has not arisen here is due to two things—the innate docility and commonsense of the French peasant and the con-

siderate manliness of the British soldier. But even allowing for these things the lack of serious friction between the soldiers and the civil population is astonishing. Nothing (not even the artillery bombardment on the Somme) interested me more on a recent visit to this area than the kindly attitude of the people toward the army which the Germans have tried so hard to make them believe had come to stay for good.

"An army of angels couldn't occupy England as we have France," said an officer on the British Headquarters Staff, "without rubbing the wrong way the fur of our highly independent British farmer. Only the fine behaviour of the 'Tommies' and the firm conviction of the people that we are in France to help them makes the situation possible here."

Just as generous is the view of peasants on the other side. "How do you get on with the British soldiers?" I asked an old dame with a parchment-brown face who was hoeing sugar beets well within range of the German guns in the Arras sector. "*Très bien, m'sieu,*" was the reply, and she went on to tell me how one "Tomee" billeted in her house chopped her wood, and another brought water, and another was making a scare-crow dressed in a Boche uniform for her garden, and finally, how all three of them brought *bôn-bons* for her daughter.

Just how well "Tommy" has behaved may be judged from the observation of a well-known Russian correspondent in whose company I motored several hundred miles behind the British lines. Every time that he saw a large flock of ducks, geese or chickens, a look of incredulity would spread over his broad Slavic countenance, the while he pursed his lips in a whistle of astonishment.

"What's so remarkable about the poultry, X—?" I asked. "They look to me like a very ordinary lot of barnyard fowl."

"So they are," he replied. "It is not their points as show-birds that interest me, but the fact that, with so many able-bodied soldiers about, there are any birds at all. Now, if it was the Don Cossacks that were here instead of these orderly 'Tommies'—and he indicated a chicken-less northern France with a sweeping gesture of extended hands. "No wonder the French peasants love the British soldier. He does not even steal their poultry."

The feeling of the French people toward the rest of their country's Allies may be quickly indicated, for France's relations with these have been marked by few such complicating circumstances as have those with Great Britain. Of all the gallant Republic's Allies Russia, as the oldest and best proved of them, undoubtedly stands first in the affections of the French people. The sort of "big brother" feeling which France has had for years for the great northern Empire has been intensified since the outbreak of the war by the self-sacrificing gallantry with which, time and time again, often at great cost to herself, Russia has struck to create a diversion and relieve the pressure on a hard beset Ally. In the great parade in Paris on July 14th the Russian soldiers are generally credited with having been more enthusiastically cheered than any others, and the same feeling is evident whenever the tall warriors of the Tsar flicker past on the sheet of a kinema.

"We always knew we could count on Russia for all the help she was able to give, and we feel that we always shall be able so to count on her."

These, the words of a French journalist with whom I discussed the subject seem to epitomize the feelings of the French people toward their oldest Ally.

Already bound to Italy by ties of blood, the French awaited only the declaration of war by that country upon Germany to welcome her into the inner circle of the Entente, the "brotherhood" in which Russia was already included at the outbreak of hostilities, and to which England fought her way on the Somme. The co-operation of the Italians in the Balkans and their clean-cut successes in the advance on Gorizia and beyond have brought home to the French people, just as they did to the English, a realisation of the weight that Italy is throwing into the scale of the Allies. With the arrival of Italy as a full-fledged Ally, indeed, the Quadruple Entente entered into an existence in fact as well as in name, and there is nothing I have seen in either France or England that would indicate that its bonds will not become more firmly knit with every month of the war.

A Day on the Somme

By Centurion

I WAS engaged in studying the scheme of mural decoration in my friend's room at the H.Q. of the —th Corps. The furniture of the room was designed for use and not for ornament. It consisted of those ascetic deal tables, chairs, and chit-boxes which are turned out daily by the sappers with no other assistance than a hammer, a saw, and a plane. The south wall was covered by one of those *chefs d'œuvre* of the 1st Printing Co. R.E., in which the leading principle of composition is a gridiron and the mind of the artist seems obsessed by an enthusiasm for geometrical design which may be helpful, but is certainly monotonous. None the less that map was an unflinching mental stimulant to my friend, Colonel X, and he returned to its contemplation again and again with the same feeling of proprietary pride as that with which an art collector might return to the study of an Old Master. And as is the way with all works of art, the more one looked at it the more one saw in it. Not only did it show the position of every culvert, well, quarry, and ditch behind our lines, but it also bore upon it certain conventional signs indicating the exact location of our trench railways, supply dumps, and observation posts.

These things were freely and boldly figured in somewhat the same manner as the maps of the old voyagers and merchant adventurers body forth the fauna and flora of vague continents, with elephants standing in lagoons and negroes reclining under palm-trees. Certain coloured lines of an irregular tracery indicated the course to the nearest decimals of our front line and support trenches, and they were corrected to date. From all of which it may be inferred that the Germans, who are great collectors in their way, would have put their last shirt on the chances of adding that masterpiece to their collection.

Free Nomenclature

I was still admiring the bold freedom of its nomenclature and weighing the uneasy significance of "Flea Trench," "Acid Drop Copse," and "Stink Alley," when my friend the Colonel put his forefinger on a point in one of the rectangles, and said "That's Brigade H.Q., Battalion H.Q. will be about . . . further on; we'll leave the car behind the wood." The point may be described, with deliberate ambiguity, as A.z.c.b.3—to use the masonic language of operation orders.

"You can leave that behind," said X, pointing to my revolver, a Mark VI Webley, which is a pretty heavy weapon. "It isn't as if we are going up by night, and in any case we shall have a guide. Besides it'll be heavy going and we must travel light when we get beyond that most obscene wood. But you'd better take one of these." And he handed me a shrapnel helmet.

"Also this nose-bag. It's the new pattern." I took the canvas bag and slung it over my right shoulder. It contained one of the new gas masks known colloquially as "emus"; they give the wearer the appearance of a passionate attachment to a baby's feeding-bottle. I have heard a blunt soldier describe them as "slinging your guts outside"; they certainly do suggest that the wearer has only remembered at the last moment to take his alimentary canal with him. The bag also contained a field-dressing and some morphia tablets.

Thus equipped we entered our car, taking two other officers with us, one of whom beguiled our journey by telling us a story of a certain Divisional Commander and a gas-helmet.

"You should have seen his face when young Sykes opened it like a lucky-bag," concluded the narrator.

"Priceless," commented the Colonel. "An earthly story with a heavenly meaning. I've often thought of compiling a book of Cautionary Tales for Unregenerate Generals. They might be issued as a new Army Order." It was a good tale, and some day, with God's grace, I will tell it.

Our car was taking us through undulating country of chalk and gravel with hare-bells and yellow toad-flax

still in bloom; the slopes of the downs were scarped with these traces of primitive husbandry which in the South of England are known as "lynchets." The shocks of corn were still bivouacked among the stubble, but the sheaves were black with rain. Here and there a solitary peasant was driving the plough, and the nodding horses left a gleaming ripple of brown earth behind them. A slight mist was breaking into diaphanous wreaths under the morning sun and the air was full of an autumnal softness. Small parties of men in dust-coloured uniforms, with low flat heads, projecting ears, and under hung mouths, passed us at intervals. A peasant paused at his husbandry, and, regarding them, spat upon the ground. They were German prisoners.

The Tide of War

As we approached F—— we were caught up into the tide of war, an interminable procession of mounted men, limbers, lorries, and columns of infantry. One had the impression of some gigantic power-house sending out streams of energy and in that great current of men, horses and guns, we lost all sense of our own identity. And as we mounted the hill ahead of us where four or five other roads met our own at acute angles, we could see four or five processions converging upon our own, the tail of each procession fading away into the distance and the mounted men diminishing into small black objects until it seemed as though all the ant-heaps in the world were in migration. The nearer we approached the larger the figures became until they resolved themselves into thousands upon thousands of mounted men, each man carrying panniers of shells on either side of his saddle, as though the baskets were huge holsters. And before and behind the horsemen came and went batteries in column of route, their teams straining at the traces as the wheels sank into the mud and their drivers raising their short whips to the salute as we passed. And upon the heels of the guns followed huge motor lorries. The multitude and variety of heraldic symbols upon the tail-boards of those lorries told me that nothing less than an army was on the move, for each division and each supply column within a division has its own device. Here was the fish, the butterfly, the cat within the circle, the greyhound rampant, the thistle, the shamrock, the three legs, and the inverted horseshoe. As all these processions converged upon the cross-roads it seemed as if nothing but inextricable confusion awaited us. But at the meeting of the ways was a road control of the M.P., and the columns of men and horses and guns writhed in and out with the rhythm of gun-teams in a musical ride and so went their appointed ways.

On the sky-line funnels of black smoke uprose from the earth, expanded into voluminous bouquets, and then disappeared. They were German 8-inch shells. As we turned sharply to the left in their direction we passed our own "heavies," each within a stone's throw of the next, and with not so much as a fig-leaf to hide their nakedness, firing at a few paces over our heads—we felt the shock as we passed.

"They might be firing salutes in Hyde Park," said the Colonel contemplatively, "for all the trouble they take to hide their light under a bushel. The fact is the Hun has given up spotting. His flying men never come over here for a change of air now. Our own fellows drop cards on 'em every day, but they never return the call. Beastly impolite I call it. There's the wood; let's get out."

He pointed to what looked like a row of gibbets on the sky-line about a mile away—things that looked like everything but a tree: gaunt, twisted and bare, and resembling not so much a wood as a scaffolding in collapse. To reach it we had to pass on foot through what had once been a village, but was now merely a muddy waste with here and there a patch of brick and stone embedded in the mud. There was not so much as a gable-end left standing, and I saw nothing to convince me that the place had ever contained a living thing except a woman's red flannel petticoat trampled in the mud, a child's wax

doll, and the leg of a dead German projecting from the wall of a communication-trench. Truly our guns grind exceeding small.

We entered the wood, and as we entered it, we seemed to leave all life behind us. Whether it was one of those tricks of acoustics by which the configuration of the ground or the relative density of the atmosphere creates a "pocket" I know not, but once in that wood we seemed as isolated from all auditory intercourse as a signaller whose wires are suddenly cut. And we were quite alone. We knew the guns were speaking, for behind us we could see orange flashes of flame and in front of us brooding black clouds. But in the wood itself there was, or seemed to be, a deep and sepulchral silence. It was—or had been—a wood of fir and beech. I recognised the trees by their trunks as an anatomist might recognise some extinct mammal by a bone, for these were mere skeletons of trees to which not one leaf adhered. Some were cut clean at the base as though by a woodman's saw; others were rudely pollarded at the top; many were shivered as by a blast of lightning. It was October, and in the valleys below the beeches and poplars were still in full leaf; yet in this stricken wood not a leaf nor a blade of grass nor even a patch of moss appeared. Our progress was slow and painful, for the ground was scooped and moulded into circular pits of a surprising symmetry, so close that one could leap from one to the other, and so deep that they reached to our shoulders as we stumbled into them. They were shell-holes, and from each of them as we slid into it there arose an angry hum, swelling into a diapason as clouds of large black flies rose in agitation.

An Immense Litter

We groped our way amid an immense litter of broken rifles, bayonets, kit, pickaxes, spades, gas-masks, field-dressings, Lewis gun cylinders, Mills bombs, and cotton-wool, with here and there a packet of cigarettes. A peculiar sickly smell suffused the wood.

"Fifty thousand dead here, I should think," said the Colonel meditatively as we dropped with a splash into a disused communication trench. "Mostly Germans, of course. Don't lose sight of me whatever you do or we may never find each other again." And we wormed our way between the sticky walls of the trench, brushing against ghastly objects and obscene which protruded like the roots of a tree.

The soft porous mud clung to our boots like treacle, and we were glad when the trench debouched upon the open ground. Our way to Brigade H.Q. lay across a slope covered with strands of rusty field telephones and pitted with shell-holes. As we came in view of a low ridge, six feet high, khaki-clad figures gradually detached themselves from the brown background and the holes of the Brigade dug-out appeared.

At about a hundred yards distance from our objective I was surprised to see a khaki-clad figure crouching in one of the shell-holes with his rifle in his left hand and gazing fixedly towards the ridge. One does not usually do outpost-duty in the rear. As we came up to him I turned to ask him what he was doing there, but as I opened my lips to speak I saw that his body was strangely rigid, the hair under his helmet thick with flies and his ears black as ebony. He was dead.

The Brigadier greeted us at the entrance of the dug-out, where sat a sapper under a tarpaulin with the receiver of a telephone at his ear and a kitten between his feet. "You want to get on to Battalion H.Q.? Right, you'll want a guide. Here, can you read a map?" he added, as he turned to a man wearing the blue and white brassard of the signallers.

"No, zur, but I knows the way."

I knew that accent, and I turned to look at the speaker. He was a well-built youth, with a broad homely face, honest grey eyes, straw-coloured hair, and a large good-natured mouth. He carried as his only weapon a long staff about five feet in length. You can—you could—see many such as he keeping sheep in Pewsey Vale.

We topped the ridge, the signaller doing a pole-jump and stopping to give me a hand. A sequence of H.E. shells were falling again and again in a cloud of earth and black smoke upon a corner of a road about four hundred yards to our left, while at something the same distance

on our right 5.9 "universals" were bursting into low clouds of snow-white fleece. The ground we were crossing was a perfect snare of wire, and as I studied my steps I noticed that the clay in the shell-holes we skirted was black and the clods newly turned. It was my first experience of shell-fire, and I was pondering its significance when the Colonel called over his shoulder, "Watch me, old man, and do as I do."

"There's a girt big church over there, zur," our guide remarked to me confidentially, as he pointed with his staff at a spire peeping out between the trees on a wooded ridge about four miles to our left. "It be a mortal big—"

There was a sibilant hiss in the air ahead of us. The Colonel had disappeared. The next moment I saw him lying flat on the earth a few yards in front of me and pulling his helmet, which hitherto he had carried in his hand like a bucket, over the nape of his neck. I dropped, and as I heard a dull thud and the patter of falling stuff all around me I was disagreeably conscious of having the largest spine of all vertebrate beings. "It be as big as Zaulsbury Cathedral, zur, I do think." . . . I looked up from under my shrapnel helmet as a tortoise looks out from under its shell and saw the signaller looking down at me. He had remained upright and had never moved. I saw the Colonel rising to his feet. The Colonel now broke into a quick trot. He has a cool head—incidentally he's a V.C.—and never runs without a purpose. What is more he knows the whole octave of shell-music and the compass of all the diabolical instruments that produce its weird harmonies. Wherefore, when he ran I ran. The air overhead was now producing the strangest orchestral effects, in which were blended sounds like the crack of gigantic whips, the pulsations of enormous wings, the screams of frightened birds, and, more often than not, a reptilian hiss.

"They do say as Zaulsbury spire be the girtest spire in Hengland," continued the signaller imperturbably, "parson told I so . . . It be all right, zur," he added after a pause, as he waited for me to rise again, my attention having been diverted by the Colonel again prostrating himself like a Moslem in prayer. The Colonel's posture was sacred, but his language was profane. "He hev only caught his foot in a wire, zur," my guide added without the suspicion of a smile, as I rose to my feet. "Churches do seem to come natural like to me. My feyther he be sexton you see, zur. He be a hancient man and zays as he hev a buried the whole parish in his time. The only thing that do worrit 'un is that he won't be able to bury hisself when' a turns up his toes. He can't a-bear the idea of being buried by zumm'un else. It do make 'n quite low-sperrited at times. But he be getting childish. He do worry about my not getting Christian burial out here. I think he be more worried about my not getting buried than about my not getting killed. Not that he ain't a very good veyther to me," he added apologetically, "but you see, zur, it be his profession. But I tell 'un 'what mun be mun be, feyther' . . . And anyhow I ain't dead yet," he added cheerfully as a shell hissed overhead. "This be the communication trench. It be 'all we 'ave at present."

It was barely 18 inches wide, it was not more than five feet deep, and it was not traversed. It had been hurriedly thrown up; for we had only just captured the ground. As I looked over it to my left I saw four figures marching in a direction parallel with our own, but towards our rear. They were marching over the open ground and marching as steadily as if they were doing stretcher drill in a training camp. As they drew nearer I saw that they bore a stretcher high upon their shoulders, the feet of the patient were bare except for the white bandages, the loose ends of which fluttered in the air.

"That poor chap's got it bad," said the signaller as he drew my attention to the red label. "And 'ere be the walking cases," he added as men in twos and threes with white labels depending from their buttonholes began to squeeze past us, some of them very pale, and one, whose lips were blue with cyanosis and his face livid, muttering with trance-like repetitions in a kind of soliloquy, "Been buried three times this morning—three times I been buried—it's me chest."

"That fellow looks pretty bad," I remarked over my shoulder to the signaller. I got no answer. I looked back. The signaller had dropped behind; he was

loosing the straps and braces of the man with the blue lips. "They do hinder 'spiratory haetion; it be the fust thing to do, zur," he said to me a moment later as he panted after me, lifting his feet in the mud.

We found the Battalion H.Q. in a dark dug-out. It had no boarding, merely a few pit-props to hold up the roof, the floor and the walls were of the earth earthy. The O.C., with three days growth of beard and a huge and indecent hole in his breeches, sat on an oil tin studying a trench-map with the aid of a pungent tallow "dip" stuck in a bottle. My friend discussed with him the strengthening of the position; there was talk of strong posts and saps and how to consolidate.

"Yes, it's pretty lively just now," said the O.C. to us. "I lost ten per cent. of my stretcher-bearers yesterday."

I left the O.C., and my friend engaged over the map in that dark hole like two conspirators and dragged my feet along the trench, carrying about three pounds of ochreous mud upon each of them. The men not on look-out duty were sitting down in the mud stolidly eating bully beef as though it were an occupation rather than a meal. But as I elbowed my way round a traverse I heard the cheerful sound of animated chatter and loud laughter. The sound is not so common in the trenches as to be unnoticeable. It is only in the music halls that life in the trenches appears to be one uproarious farce. That is a stage convention the imperiousness of which all soldiers cheerfully acknowledge. It would never do to allow the civilian to feel depressed.

"He-he-he." "Haw-Haw-haw." It do do a bloke good to have the likes of you to talk to," said one of these voices. "Whose 'elmet did you say it was, mate?" chuckled another. "Blimey, if the orficer 'ad a pinched mine, wouldn't I 'ave copped it. Not arf! Why I uses mine ter . . ." The speaker lowered his voice to a whisper and I could not hear the rest. "Well, so long, young feller, and thanks for the Woodbines." As I came round the traverse I ran into the signaller.

"I hope you and the Colonel ain't been kep' waiting, zur. It do cheer the chaps up to talk to 'em a bit and pass the time o' day. It ain't all beer and skittles for 'em, zur, if you don't mind my saying it."

It never seemed to occur to him that he ran greater risks than they. Every day he was in the habit of crossing the ground between Brigade H.Q. and the first-line trenches, and everyone knows that, except when the enemy are about to attack, such ground is infinitely more unhealthy than the front line itself.

As I rejoined the Colonel at the entrance of the Battalion dug-out I heard a low droning hum overhead and instantly every face in the trench was turned skywards. One of our biplanes was returning from her reconnaissance, flying straight as a crow. A number of woolly skeins, black as ink, suddenly appeared one after the other around her and she changed her course to a series of giddy spirals, like a snipe. Every eye followed her. "Time to get back," said the Colonel, "we'll do the whole way back across the open. It's quicker. That communication trench was a delusion and a snare. It doubles the time without halving the risks. We're within machine gun range, of course, but I doubt if the Hun 'll think it worth while." And without another word he clambered out of the trench.

The signaller and I followed. As we gained the open a small black shell about six inches long fell vertically and without noise about five yards in front of me, as the hum of the aeroplane grew more distinct. "A dud" said Colonel passionately, "they'll never hit her," and we hurried on.

"It do knock the stuffing out of a chap when he do see what warfare really is," ruminated my guide. "There ain't much room for pride and vainglory out here. And it do seem as though one becomes like a little 'un again, a'hearing of the collects and the catechism. Them things do kind o' come back to one. Every morn'ing as I goes over the top of the ridge I thinks o' them words, 'Defend us thy humble servants.'"

His speech was good homespun English; he often spoke dialect but never slang—and between the two there is all the difference in the world. It was a well of English undefiled in which there were no impurities. He was an unlettered man and his speech had no literary quality, but he used naturally and unaffectedly the diction of the Bible, for it was the only diction he knew. And there is

none better. There are combs and uplands in Wiltshire in which men still talk as he talked, and I recognised his speech and felt as I walked something of the exhilaration of the air off the Wiltshire chalk. Also that he and I were of the same folk.

All this time his eyes were always on duty, and now and again he called to the Colonel, "Bear to the right, zur"—"Mind thuck maze o' wire, zur." The Colonel had a theory, which was largely sound, that if you have to go through a "strafing" the simplest and safest plan is to get through it as quickly as possible. He did not fear shells—barring the signaller, I think he is about the most fearless man I know—but he respected them. His trained ear seemed to have the most extraordinary acoustic properties, and to watch him waiting for an 8-inch shell to burst was like watching a setter point. My throat was parched and there was a painful stitch in my side; also at times I felt as if I had been beaten all over. I was feeling something of the same fear as I felt when I first flew over London in a Morris-Farman and we occasionally got into a "pocket" and dropped like a stone only to pull up with a sudden luxurious security and find ourselves "as you were." It was the same after each explosion; the feeling of relief was only equalled by the tension which had preceded it. And always there was an exultant feeling that we had scored again. It was absurdly like a game.

Effect of Sympathy

Meanwhile the signaller continued to talk, and the more vigorous the strafing the more animated he became, until I found myself elaborating a theory of sympathetic connection, which I am sure is totally devoid of scientific support, between brain-waves and shell trajectories. As we glanced towards our right at the churchyard of G—where the Hun shells were busy at their ghoulish task, his talk took a fresh direction. It was occasionally interrupted, but never seriously disturbed, by the necessity of lying flat in the mud, nor was it discountenanced by the fact that I rarely returned any answer, my whole attention being earnestly concentrated on the Colonel in front whose premonitory symptoms had an almost hypnotic effect upon me. But the signaller never lost the thread of his discourse.

" . . . It do seem to I as the ancient Britons were god-fearing men in a manner of speaking . . . though parson do call 'em heathens as worshipped graven images. They did some tidy burying in them barrows up on the downs, which do seem a Christian thing to do—I allers buries a poor chap if I 'as time and an entrenching tool . . . Do seem to lie easier like," he added, as we passed a grave in the open with a wooden cross. "I ain't up in the burial service like feyther, what can say it backwards, but I do say the Lord's Prayer as the next best thing. D'you think it matters, zur?"

But by this time we had gained the ridge and the comparative security (it is very comparative) of Brigade H.Q. Our way back was now clear and our guide's task was done. He abruptly ceased to talk and his whole bearing changed. He and I were no longer two way-faring West-countrymen but private and officer, and he stood sharply at attention. He was quite incapable of presumption. Had he divined that I, a youthful "brass hat," was under fire for the first time? Had his friendly musings been designed to beguile my attention from the dangers which beset us, or were they merely the naive speculations of a mind as simple as it was brave? I shall never know.

The signaller saluted us and my superior officer returned his salute. He stood looking after us, holding his stake as though it were a quarter-staff; the sun fell upon his cheerful homely face and glinted on the brass letters of his shoulder straps. There came into my mind that feeling of perplexed recognition which sometimes attends the casual encounters of life. Surely, I speculated, I had met him somewhere before. And in a flash I remembered the first book I had ever read. I saw once again the Hill Difficulty and the Ground of Enchantment, the thunderbolt that smote Mr. Not-right, and the snares, pits, traps, and gins over which the stout-hearted guide took the pilgrims with fortifying discourse. And then I knew that I had met our signaller before.

His name was Mr. Greatheart.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

I HAVE heard people say that they do not intend to read any books about the war until it is over. There is something to be said for this attitude. We are too near to events to see them in proper perspective and the time has not yet come when everything may be told, so that books dealing with the actual happenings of the war are necessarily incomplete. And yet the impressions of an eye witness are valuable, and there is a great deal of the history of the past two years that it is permissible to tell. Moreover, it is impossible to live in the midst of this great struggle for civilisation without being greedy for any genuine information as to how things are faring in the fighting line. Hence many, even of those who have made a hasty resolve to postpone their reading about the war, will welcome Mr. H. Warner Allen's *The Unbroken Line* (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s. net), which has just the desirable qualities of a contemporary war book.

* * * * *

Mr. Warner Allen is the special representative of the English press with the French forces in the field, and his book is an account of the French lines from Switzerland to North Sea, from *l'homme de l'extrême droite* to *l'homme de l'extrême gauche* of a line about five hundred miles long. It is a work which, well illustrated and well mapped, provides for the general reader an excellent opportunity for a sort of stock-taking of the position on the Western Front. One gets a good idea of the different geographical features of the different sectors of "the unbroken line" and some notion of the different kinds of operations that have been taking place in each, up to the Somme offensive, whose earlier stages are described in the final chapter. In this kind of glorified guide-book making, Mr. Warner Allen especially excels in his portraiture of towns. His sketches of Nancy, Pont-à-Mousson, Verdun and Arras are particularly good, and it may be generally said that, in spite of a somewhat pedestrian style, he has by no means succeeded in dimming the glories of his subject. Every here and there throughout the book there is a suggestion of the presence of General Joffre, which has an effect as uplifting and inspiring as that "little touch of Harry in the night."

* * * * *

Mr. Maurice Hewlett has completed his "Hodgiad," *The Song of the Plow* (Heinemann, 6s. net), at a time which will secure for it a maximum of sympathetic attention. What had else appeared a sort of superior party pamphlet, now in the light of the unity wrought by the war may seem to have a more national significance. The Argument of what Mr. Hewlett somewhat grandiloquently describes as "the English Chronicle" was originally intended to run as follows:—"A certain man, being in bondage to a proud Conqueror, maintained his customs, nourished his virtues, obeyed his tyrants, and at the end of a thousand years found himself worse off than he was in the beginning of his servitude. He then lifted his head, looked his master in the face, and his chains fell off him." This was how the end of it all seemed in 1913. Now Mr. Hewlett has a different vision. Hodge, in the crisis of the war, has made "the Great Assent"; his master will recognise this, take him by the hand and restore him to his "land of birthright old," at least to the extent of giving up to him one tithe of the land he possesses. The agrarian revolution will be by assent.

* * * * *

Apart from Mr. Hewlett's views on the land question, what of his poem? He sings the plough and the man, and his subject somehow has not the same epic value as arms and the man. Hodge is heroic only in his patience, a difficult form of heroism to become lyrical about. As a background to the more or less villainous figures of the rulers and public men of England, we are bidden to watch the man at the plow, content with his daily work, thinking of little beyond eating and wiving, and worshipping as his only Saint, "old Use and Wont." At its worst *The Song of the Plow* resembles those mnemonic verses of which zealous students of history make use in order to fix in their minds such troublesome matters as the battles

of the Wars of the Roses. At its best, there is some general interest in this poetical version of English history from an economic-social point of view, and in particular a fervent love of the English countryside thrills some passages here and there with a lyrical fire:—

"O quiet land I love so well,
And see so lovely as I roam
By woodyholt or grassy swell,
Or where the sun strikes new-turn'd loam
To gleaming bronze, or by the shore
Follow the yellow'd curves of foam
And see the wrinkl'd sand grow frore
As gives the tide."

* * * * *

Those who are interested in the work of Sir Rabindranath Tagore will welcome the two new volumes that come to us from Messrs. Macmillan and Co., a volume of poems in sequel to *Gitanjali* called *Fruit-Gathering* (4s. 6d. net), and a volume of short stories, called *Hungry-Stories and other Stories* (5s. net). The stories are slight and often picturesque with a simple moral or an obvious touch of sentiment. Now and then the translation seems to be at fault, and there is a play on words in "The Kingdom of Cards" that somehow strikes a false note. But both here and in the poems, the fact of translation makes me chary of criticism. Here, I feel, is an Oriental in a frock-coat who may look quite a different creature in his own native garment. *The Sacred Tales of India* (Macmillan and Co., 2s. net), which Dwijendra Nath-Neogi has collected are in rather a different position. They do not pretend to be literature. They are the stories of the gods which are recited by the women of the zenanas of Bengal at their *Vratas*, or religious ceremonies. It is interesting to note the point of comparison of these artless tales with the more sophisticated work of Sir Rabindranath. It is valuable and important to learn what we can of our Indian fellow-subjects and, as Mr. Neogi says, these stories "are extremely interesting also for the light they throw on the recesses of the Indian woman's heart."

* * * * *

In spite of the obvious difficulty the author has had in rendering the slang of the French soldier in satisfactory English René Benjamin's *Gaspard the Poilu* (Heinemann, 5s. net), will have a considerable appeal in its English dress. It is the most successful attempt I have read to give a full length portrait of the French soldier. This study of the debonair snail-dealer of the Rue de la Gaité, who marries his mistress in the first leave he gets, keeps comrades and officers in good spirits by his own unflinching merriment, saves himself when in trouble with the authorities by resourceful quips, and never forgets that he is fighting for France, enables us to see without too much of the sentimental idealisation natural to fiction the sort of man who is brother to our English Tommy. I am glad there is an English version of the book, and hope it will be read.

* * * * *

Two more volumes of war verse—*Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*, by Robert W. Service, the "Canadian Kipling" (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net), and *Fragments*, by Evan Morgan (Erskine Macdonald, 2s. 6d. net). Mr. Service's poems are smooth, virile and effective. They are mostly of a ballad type, and should lend themselves well to recitation. I liked especially the simple irony of "The Coward," the effective surprise of "The Ballad of Soulful Sam," and the little tribute to Joffre in "Grand-père." There should be immediate popularity for this volume. Mr. Evan Morgan's volume has a different interest. He is ambitious as a poet, and tries to express his early experiences of life in various and complicated cadences. He never quite reaches perfection, but no one can say, after reading such a lyric as "The Sea's Song," that the root of the matter is not in him. *Fragments* expresses pleasantly enough the spring-tide of a life of promise, but it leaves it an open question whether that promise will express itself in verse or in other activities.

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There they have lived for the most part in a tiny cellar, shelled again and again, not taking off their clothes for weeks on end, eating what they could get, and thankful for the rough rations of the men. Then when the cellar was swamped out they moved to another tumble-down cottage, only to be shelled out twice more.

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German East Africa

From a Settler's Point of View

By John A. Jordan

MANY thousands of young men will have acquired a taste for outdoor and active life through their training and service during this war, and will find it difficult, if not impossible, to return to sedentary forms of occupation as a means of livelihood. It is to the British Dominions and to her captured possessions that they will look to give them the chance of the outdoor life to which they have become accustomed. East Africa was the richest colony Germany had, and I gained a wide knowledge of it in my wanderings. The following hints based on actual experience may be found of practical use.

The first thing a settler needs in the selection of a suitable farm is good soil and plenty of water, so that there will be no chance of his suffering too severely should he be overtaken by drought. Also he should endeavour to obtain land well stocked with sufficient timber and stone which will be required for the building of house and kraals. Should he intend to devote himself to agriculture, he should choose land near a railway, otherwise, unless he is growing valuable crops that are bringing in a large profit, it will not pay to transport produce a long distance by waggon.

When the Government join up British and German East Africa they should consider this fact and carry the railway through the most fertile and healthy land. We have now built a light railway from Voi to Kilimanjaro, a distance of about 90 miles. During the recent fighting this has been of untold use for the speedy conveyance of troops and munitions. From a settler's point of view it is useless, for the country from Voi to Taveta, through which it runs are the Serengeti Plains, which are dry, sandy and waterless and of no use but as a game reserve. The first river is at Taveta, the forest banks of which are covered with tsetse fly, the bite of which is fatal to horses and cattle.

On the slopes of Kilimanjaro and all the surrounding districts planters have had splendid results from the cultivation of coffee and fibre, and they can send their crops by direct line from Mushi to Tanga on the coast. Were a railway to be carried from Lumbwa station on the Uganda railway to Fort Ikoma in the new colony, a distance of 150 miles, the line would be run through the best part of the colony, containing a large number of rivers, whose banks are well timbered, and possessing natural salt licks for the stock. It has in addition the advantage of being the healthiest part of East Africa, at an altitude of 8,000 ft., rejoicing in a cool temperature in which the mosquito does not exist. In character the country resembles an enormous English park, where the land is suitable both for grazing and agriculture.

The building of this railway should not be very costly, if carried out by Indian labour. The Uganda railway cost just over £5,000,000. It runs a distance of 580 miles through very difficult country. This work would be the means of introducing more skilled Indian workmen into the country. They are always in great demand amongst the settlers, being specially useful on a property where there is building and fencing to be done on a large scale.

From Ikoma to Tabora, the German's finest inland town, a distance of about 350 miles, the land is given up to agriculture and the rearing of stock. It is a country with plenty of native labour, suitable for portage and any kind of manual work which does not require much brains. The tribes which inhabit this territory are the Washise, who grow Wimbee and Matama grain, and rear small herds of cattle and sheep; the Enstusu who cultivate grain, beans and potatoes, and possess large herds of cattle, and at Tabora there is an Arab settlement, where there are extensive plantations of tropical fruits. They also grow cloves, chillies and pepper, which they export in large quantities, and which find a ready market at most excellent prices.

The Sukumu and Monuwazie are practically two branches of one and the same tribe, being the strongest of all the native tribes. They inhabit a very large area.

They own a very great amount of stock but are chiefly engaged in agriculture. They grow every kind of grain, three different varieties of beans, also a great deal of small white millet, which is called *mafuta*, from which they extract a very fine oil, used for cooking purposes, and also for smearing their bodies. They also cultivate chillies and ground nuts, which they take into the towns and sell to the traders, who export them to Europe in big consignments. The ships putting in at the different ports on the lake load up with thousands of bags.

Some Native Tribes

In the district surrounding Tabora the Manyama tribe live. They do not grow much grain and keep very little stock, preferring to become soldiers or policemen to the trouble of growing their own food. The Wagia tribes, which in the British Colony are called Kavirondo, dwell on the shores of the Lake Victoria Nyanza. These people maintain large herds of stock and grow large crops of cotton, in addition to all their own food supplies. They are great fishermen and obtain much fish from the lakes, which they sell in the local market.

The hilly country is the home of the Buragi tribes, also large agriculturists, who keep a little stock and poultry. The Ukarrie tribes, inhabiting some of the islands that were owned by the Germans in Victoria Nyanza, are mainly engaged in fishing.

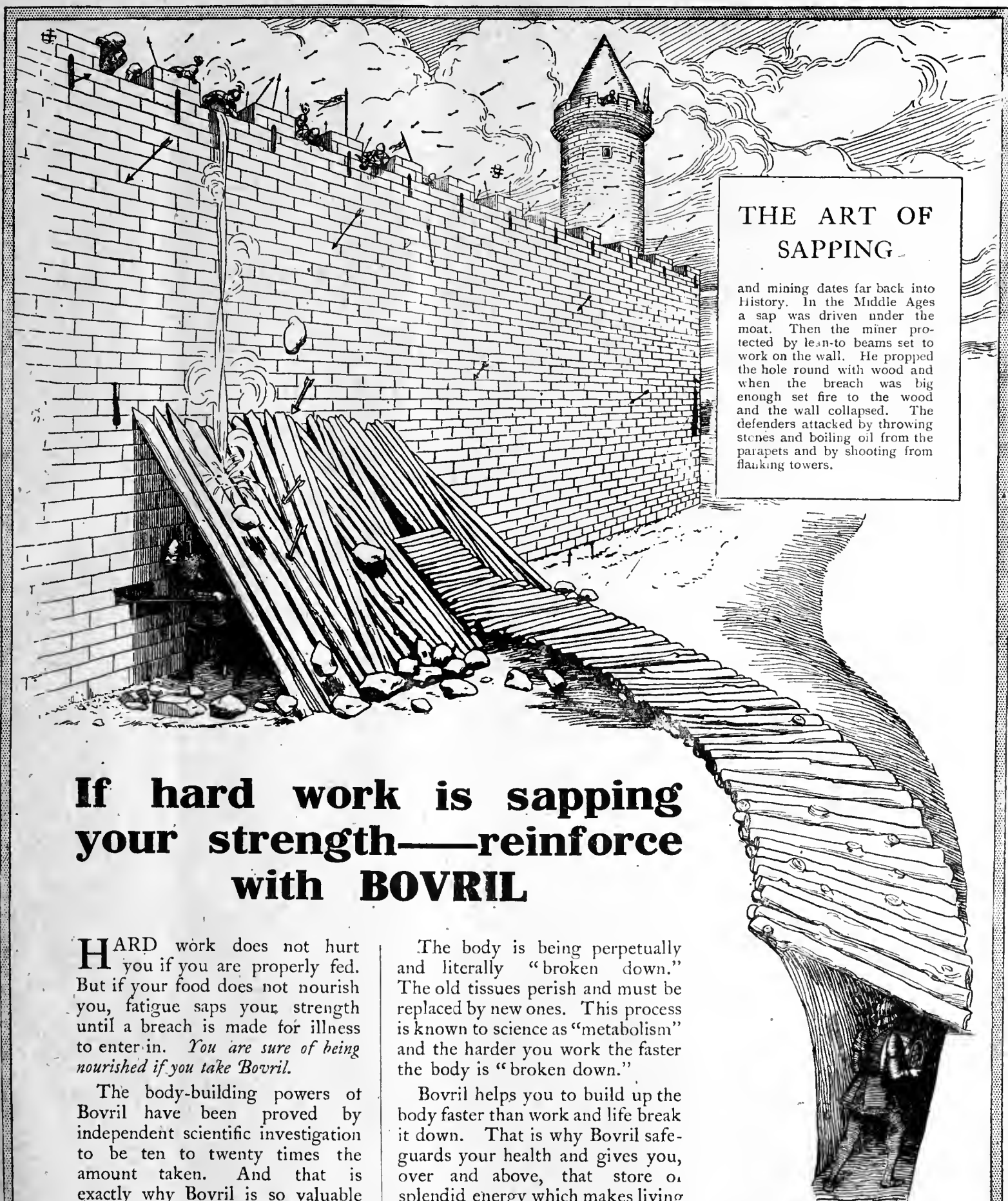
In the districts of Munanya and Shirati, two ports on Victoria Nyanza, the Germans had started large rubber plantations and enormous rice fields. The rubber mostly planted was Para, and from all accounts it has given excellent results. The rice requires improvement. The crops are satisfactory, but in the threshing, which is done by the natives, they break the grain too much, besides leaving the husks amongst the cleaned rice.

A great industry could be begun in the cultivation of the sugar cane, which grows in those parts like a weed. The introduction of Indians, who understand the growing and crushing of the cane, would be of great advantage to the country. Small expense would be incurred by the Government in importing Indian agriculturists with their families. The country is most suitable for the growing of all their staple foods, and the climate is much the same as that to which they have been accustomed. Thousands of acres round the lake could be placed at their disposal for this purpose. Many of the storekeepers already there are Indian immigrants, and they seem to have become acclimatised and settled down in the country as though it were their native land.

Another profitable industry is fibre growing, which if carried out on an extensive scale should prove very successful. Very good results have been obtained from the cultivation of fibre in British East Africa.

Settlers who are lucky enough to secure farms in German East Africa would have a great many things in their favour from the beginning. Living expenses are extremely cheap; a man can live on £1 a week. Labourers can be procured in any numbers and at a remarkably low wage. Natives are only too pleased to work for three rupees a month and 10 hellas (one penny) a day for food. Every description of stock is purchasable at a reasonable price, the natives having such large herds that they are always willing to dispose of some of them. The country in the interior is healthy, and even the land in the immediate vicinity of the lake has now been rendered habitable for Europeans by the clearing away of the rank undergrowth, which was the cause of so much fever. In former days an average of five out of every ten Europeans, if they dwelt by the lake for any time, died of black water fever. Now there are large towns of Europeans, who only suffer from the ordinary sicknesses one is subject to in any part of Africa.

After travelling Africa for sixteen years I would desire no better spot to settle in than German East Africa, once it is under British rule.



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Her Dead

By Marie Louise van Saanen

HER name was Marie Soleil. She lived in a tiny room that smelt of faded things. She had lived there neatly and uncomplainingly for fifteen years. No one had ever minded what became of her. She eked out a timid, honest and spiritless existence by fabricating paper flowers. Indeed she looked like a wilted pink flower that has lain too long without care. Yet loveless and ungraceful, Marie Soleil guarded, tucked in a secret sanctuary of imagination, wistful tendencies towards romance and adventure.

When she was loneliest, she would stand and stare out of the narrow window which seemed to be merely basted in the slanting roof of the old house. She stared with dull small eyes wondering at the decomposed stridencies of the city. Fragments of inconsequent sound mounted reiterating notes and themes, as if instruments of a vast orchestra were tuning tirelessly while waiting signal for a concerted harmony which never came. In certain moods of Paris, through blue haze, the houses grinning and blinking like linked files of monsters in grotesque hats, with chimneys as pumes, seemed poised for the figures of a quadrille. She thought they leered and winked at her, inviting her to the dance. Often she shook her head at them. But they were friendlier than the strangers, who with averted faces hurried over the cool slate-coloured streets. She had never solved the tricks of relationship or gained by eloquent personal appeal any human recognition of value. She counted nods and casual words, the sum due her of sociability.

Now while she made paper flowers for a living and stared out of the window, nations intrigued, combined and decided momentous affairs. Then one day there was war. Whereupon preconceived attitudes and complacencies scattered like chaff in a cyclone, and the people of many nations were thrust suddenly into conscious forms of pain and violence. Men leagued in armies strove by destroying to survive. Problems of families, homes, affairs of individuals vanished beneath the trampling tramping obedient masses moved onwards with clock of machinery by calculating governments.

Marie Soleil stopped making paper flowers, since she could no longer sell them. With this brusque cessation of livelihood, she joined dismayed throngs, entered the vortex of taxed responsibility and became a quickened nerve in a responsive population. Only no one had time to notice her readiness to play her part.

In vain she pinned a penny tricoloured badge of France upon her shabby coat, and mingled wistfully with febrile crowds. In vain she circled discursive groups, listening to loud opinions, nodding approval or sighing in gentle echo of public sentiment. Since she had sent no man away to die, her weeping could only water other graves and there were already enough tears for those.

Wherever she went, through the tiny street which had known her for fifteen years, in the expectant city among the hushed black browed women who clung together sharing fears and pride, she could only touch the rim of their anguish. And when she ventured to intrude upon their banded talk with halting phrase of comfort, they would first turn eagerly to her, question her authority, then shake their heads and murmur: "It is easy to talk, Mademoiselle . . . but it is never the same when you have no one out there. . . ."

The concierge, a stout voluble guardian of the old house, assembled daily a round of cronies in her gloomy den at the foot of the stairs. The place smelt of chicory and lard, and shadows lay stuffily over her Norman bed, red-covered table and kitchen chairs. But on the mantel-piece in antiquated frames stood a male generation of her family, all in uniform. She had a brother in the trenches, a nephew had already been wounded. Now to the clack of tongues, the concierge directed importantly the confection of socks and scarves for "our ones." Marie Soleil envied these women their knitting. She knew that in all the city women were bending over needles and wool. But she had not money enough to buy wool nor indeed anyone to knit for. Everywhere she applied for work, they explained to her in set phrase that they had no need of extra good will, or that she would have to supply her own materials, or that they only accepted members of such and such a society. So she would steal back to her little room, rebuffed and ashamed of her enforced inactivity, and wonder more than ever why in the pulsing tragic events of the day she had no place.

She grew thinner and more subdued. Her sayings came to a frail showing. Winter threatened. The acrid fragrance of chrysanthemums edged the frosting air. Women knitted harder than ever for the soldiers in the trenches, who with

numbed fingers were pulling and pulling at triggers set to kill.

Marie Soleil, driven with the rest into an inclement season, tried not to think of herself.

"They are colder than I could ever be."

She was too proud to ask for help. Besides first consideration was due to the women whose men were fighting. She could not conceive of armies, battles and ravaged lands, nor hear the echo of cannon. She loved the bandaged convalescents, who in faded uniforms passed consciously with glistening grateful eyes, glad above all to be still alive. They never noticed her. But to her each was a hero, the saviour of her country. She worshipped them as a young girl, choosing shyly the perfect man, thrones him high above all other men.

Sometimes her concierge talked to her and gave her news of the brother and nephew, adding with a wise nod:

"You are fortunate to have no one, Mademoiselle. It is different . . ." which seemed to Marie Soleil a covert reproach.

Then came the Day of the Dead. The people of the city streamed in thick, quiet masses to the cemeteries. They went united in cult of souvenir, to visit and flower their dead. It was a day of flowers. The tang of wilting chrysanthemums, musty whiffs of fading violets, the persuasive fragrance of tributes stirred through the cold grey day. Armies of flowers walked vividly to chosen graves and knelt refreshingly. Assembled families went soberly to cluster around some shrine. The restless spirit of battle fields seemed bidden to the stone houses of the dead. Beside the carved labelling slabs of monuments and crosses, floated intangibly, the nameless souls of soldiers, who had travelled far, bidding for permanent hospitality. It was as if collected in grave unity the mourned military dead of France had given tryst.

Marie Soleil felt disgraced because she had no one to weep for on such a day. However, she put on her rusty black cape that hung in meagre folds, her jaded straw hat with a feather neatly circling a low brim, and pinning the tricoloured badge in bright view, crept forth to join the crowds. Lost, unheeded in the black streams that welled devoutly through the city she wandered, eyeing each draped woman wistfully. It was a solemn claim to respectability to own a grave.

At the gates of Père La Chaise, wedged in the onward crush, caught in an embroidered napery of masses that seemed to merge into some livid face expressing suitable expectancy, she drifted towards the graves. Because the draft of strangers was flecked with rich-toned blooms, she bought a two sou bunch of violets. They gave her confidence, attached her to the day. She held them consciously, inviting the fleet compassion of a look or gesture in the throng. She was glad that she was dressed in black. No idea of deception troubled her naive longing to be kin with those she mourned. A gentle readiness to follow them allayed her usual timidity.

She wandered through the gate, past lined scrutinising guardians up the sloping alley.

The alleys widened quietly, or curved in narrow paths, weaving patterns tangled among undusted stones. The hill was contemplative, rounded, billowing to greyish green distances. Tawny autumn leaves hung massed sumptuously by slender golden threads from the trees, and marking the hour and season, sailed in meditative solitude to the ground, there to be trampled on and crumbled into dust.

Mary Soleil climbed the hill alone, pretending to hunt her path. The passers-by seemed to have relapsed into a normal sociable atmosphere, as if once in this city, the mask of circumstance might relax without offending their dead. Besides, it was Sunday, their usual day of rest. Marie Soleil crept on up the hill. A side-path beckoned to her, and she followed its secret shadows. A great longing pervaded her soul. She pretended that someone who had cared for her—a soldier, perhaps—lay tranquilly awaiting her visit. She dreamed that in all this tangled world of living and dead, some right of love and memory belonged to her. This garden seemed an elysian field wherein rested weary ones. And she was weary! So weary with the burden of her insignificance that she faltered and stumbled against a grave. It was a freshly moulded grave, hidden at the foot of a dried bush. A homely cross sentinelled its ungarlanded mound. Upon the cross was written: "Jean Béret, Soldier—killed at Charleroi"—the date, and that was all.

Marie Soleil stared down, sweet pity warming her. She thought of the soldiers she had seen. They had meant to her the army of France. Jean Béret had been one of them. She thought of the grey ambulances rolling down the vivid

(Continued on page 24)

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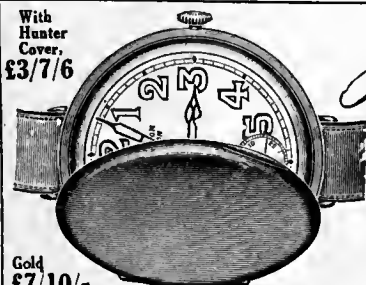
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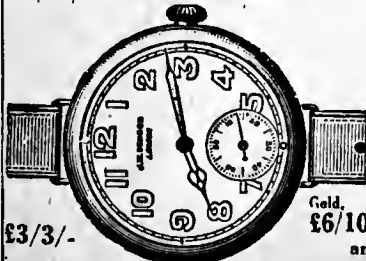
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(Continued from page 22)

brilliant streets. She closed her eyes suddenly and sank upon her knees, laying reverently the two sou bunch of violets upon the unflowered earthy surface. The violets softened a relentless line.

In kneeling she took possession of the grave. Perhaps Jean Béret, forgotten, laid away, had known that she would find him. He must have been a brave honest-faced little soldier in a bright uniform. Once, long ago, in a far away village, she had seen such a young man and he had smiled at her. Jean Béret smiled so now, and smiling, mysteriously took her by the hand. Why should he not belong to her!

She knelt in a young ecstasy of dreams, telling herself a beautiful story. She had known Jean Béret in a village. He had loved her and they had walked together through spicy fields, she leaning on his arm. Then she had gone away, and he had waited for her to come back, until the war. He marched away with the others. Now he was dead and she had found him.

Marie Soleil stumbled to her feet and went with the rest, carrying securely, enfolded in a new, a reverent radiance, her illusion, telling herself over and over again the story of Jean Béret's love.

The concierge standing in the doorway of the house, nodded in a condescending way.

"You went to the cemetery, Mademoiselle?"

Then Marie Soleil said: "I went to visit the grave of my fiancé, he was killed at Charleroi."

"Your fiancé" cried the concierge, hastening after Marie Soleil and detaining her. "I never knew."

Marie answered quietly: "Why should you know?"

The concierge bobbed up and down with undisguised curiosity. "Well, well, you surprise me nevertheless. So the poor boy is dead. You should have told me."

"To think of it," fussed the concierge. "My poor little one. Ah, it is only those who lose a man who know."

"He was brave," chanted Marie Soleil. "They decorated him on the field of battle. He would surely have been an officer."

"Like my brother's boy," eagerly echoed the concierge. "There was a fine fellow for you. Would you believe it Mademoiselle, he, too, is gone," she started sniffing, "these are bad days. How will they end?"

Now the concierge told her friends, told the little shopkeepers in the street, told the ancient tenants of the old house, and even the postman, about Marie Soleil's fiancé, and every time the story was told, the fiancé became braver, more beautiful. There were many who envied Marie Soleil. Some said that she was sly, others that she could not have been a good girl, while others watched her pass with murmured sympathy and kindness. Her little rusty black figure no longer slipped by unperceived. In the street she was placed

foremost and romantically among those who mourned, comparing grief.

But unheeding them, she lived with her illusion become reality. She was hungry, but that did not matter. Surely Jean Béret has suffered greater hunger than she. She was shabby, nor did that matter. For surely Jean Béret's bright uniform had grown bedraggled and torn on that last battlefield. She heard as echoes the distant guns, the hollow noise of cannons, the roar of contending masses. And all the armies were one face—the face of Jean Béret.

Each soldier met along the highways seemed Jean Béret's brother going out to avenge his dead, her dead. There were no strangers to whom she could not speak of him.

Twice a week she went to l'ère La Chaise.

There upon the frozen ground, she knelt beside his abiding place. She talked to him of all that was going on; the daily news of trenches won and lost, of battles in the North and West, of pallid faces seen and messages that made people kin.

"I am glad that you are here to stay," she whispered. "At least you are not lying out there unclaimed."

Her face grew withered with cold. Her cape flapped like a moulting black wing in the sharp winds. Her shoes were worn with climbing the hill. But she was happy.

"You look tired, Mlle.," the concierge often said. "Why do you not join me and my friends and sit with us and knit. I will make you tea," for the concierge had adopted a motherly attitude towards Marie Soleil.

"I am not tired . . . never tired."

The day came though, when she could not afford to buy a two sou bunch of violets. But there were scraps of coloured paper left, remnants of her work in other days. So sitting beside the narrow window, perched high under the slanting roof, she twisted the paper into beautiful flowers. She made two red roses and a golden chrysanthemum.

She hoped it would not rain the day she took them to Jean Béret. The afternoon was crisp and blue, such a looking blue of sky and stone as froze the city of the sky, and gave the great bells a cracked clang.

As she drew near Jean Béret's grave beneath the withered bush she saw what looked like an inkspot, and took form only when she paused to catch her breath.

A stranger swathed in crape, with hidden face, stood staring down. She looked so tall in the blue light, that her long black veil seemed hooked and trailing from the topmost claw of a branch. Her heavy outline stamped against surrounding stone and earth hovered top heavily over the quiet mound.

She never moved.

There was something about the motionless brooding pose of this stranger that terrified Marie Soleil. An unknown and fine pain pricked her heart, but she went forward, clasping the paper roses, and without another look to right or left, knelt passionately devout, placing the roses on the grave.

A hostile stillness froze her to the spot, as with bowed head she tried to summon Jean Béret to the rescue.

But the spirit of Jean Béret never moved. Suddenly a high voice intruded.

"I beg your pardon, Madame, but did you know my husband?"

Marie Soleil stumbled to her feet, enfolding her meagre cape protectingly around her shoulders. "Your husband?" she repeated stupidly.

The stranger darted a haughty, suspicious glance. She was impressive and unpleasant.

The red roses burnt upon the grave. She waved towards them. "I wanted to know whom to thank for these," she said.

Marie Soleil was dazed, as dazed as though the sky had cracked and scattered at her feet violent armies in lust of battle, as if the world had crumbled, or Jean Béret, an old man, had risen from his shroud accusingly.

She could not speak.

"I got here as soon as I could," said the woman, never taking her eyes from Marie Soleil. "Perhaps you were his nurse?"

Marie shook her head.

"But you knew him?" persisted the woman.

At last she answered, carefully handling her small voice.

"Long ago."

Jean Béret's wife stared suspiciously: "He never told me . . ."

Marie Soleil, however, lifted her head: "Perhaps he forgot," she said.

"Well, I thank you for the flowers. Or would you like to take them back?"

Marie Soleil shook her head, then without looking again at the grave, desolately turned away.

The woman in crape stood like a sentinel, while Jean Béret's promised one crept down the hill alone.

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LAND & WATER

Vol. LXVIII No. 2846 [54TH YEAR] THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1916

[REGISTERED AS] PRICE SIXPENCE
[A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY



By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

The Old and the New Hammer

A 'waiting lister.'

Dunlop: Where's Alan?

Pater Familias: Salonica.

Dunlop: And Ned?

Pater Familias: Egypt.

Dunlop: Both the boys away, then!

Who's driving the car?

Pater Familias: By the time Ned had finished his training there wasn't much car left, but I'm getting a new one.

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Pater Familias: No need to be bashful!

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1916

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THE MUNITIONS OF LIFE

NO more useful debate has taken place in the House of Commons since the war began than that on the Food Supply Problem. It is a problem within the intelligence of every citizen male and female of the British Isles, and it is one in which each one is personally concerned and can help to solve. Mr. Winston Churchill delivered an excellent speech on this occasion, and his criticisms were to the point, being sharpened by his previous Cabinet experiences. Nor can fault rightly be found with them on this score. If we remember correctly, it was the American Autoerast of the Breakfast-table who advised: "Be not consistent, simply be true"; it is good advice at this time, not only for statesmen and politicians, but for the man in the street and the woman in the home, when circumstances change rapidly and adaptation is demanded of everyone. No matter what in days of peace we advocated, we have all to be true to the single purpose of winning the war, and to use Mr. Churchill's fine phrase, "we should have a great organisation for producing the munitions of life, just as we had a great organisation for preparing the munitions of death." This organisation must embrace the whole nation; every individual must be a willing member of it.

The war has jolted us roughly out of the ruts of peace and perhaps it was just as well for the British race that it came when it did. We had grown lazy and had become so accustomed to cheap food, easily obtained by purchase, without thought or care where or how it was produced, that we had allowed our native resources to fall into neglect. Now we are forced to study the question of food supplies; we are compelled to realise that the home land is only partially tilled because agriculture has been unorganised and the urban population has declined to pay a rational price for home products, and under practically every roof tree in the country the cooking and preparing of meals has to be considered attentively and intelligently, in a manner hitherto foreign to England, but which is second nature on the Continent, where cheap food, in the sense we understand the phrase, has never existed. All this is to the good, because for a nation to survive even in the ordinary struggle for existence, apart from the stress of war, these questions, sooner or later, would have had to be taken seriously into account, for a people, like an individual, cannot subsist for an indefinite period on its capital in the way we have been doing in the past.

A result of the munitions of life being a matter of

concern equally to all is that every man regards himself competent to settle the question offhand, and an almost unanimous desire is prevalent "to compound for sins we are inclined to by damning those we have no mind to," in the matter of meat and drink. The President of the Board of Trade has not been given the credit rightly due to him for foresight and capability in the management of a difficult problem. The rise in the price of wheat, as Mr. Runciman pointed out, is due not to submarines, but to failure of crops in the United States and to the necessity of bringing our supplies from the Antipodes which, owing to the longer voyage, requires three times the number of vessels. A Food Dictator is now absolutely necessary. The task before him will be no sinecure, for the problem is an exceedingly complicated one, and in many directions it is easier to do more harm than good by ill-advised or hasty action. A man is required of outstanding capacities. We welcome the suggestion that the first Minister of Munitions should undertake the creation of this equally important new organisation. Mr. Lloyd George has not only driving force, but that high gift of eloquence and lucid exposition which would be invaluable in this most responsible post.

The world in modern times has in a manner of speaking shrunk so small that the tables of Britain are to-day more dependent on the markets of the Antipodes and of the Western States or Southern Republics of America than they were a century ago on the markets of a distant shire within these islands. Much, too, has to be taught and explained about food management in the home. The waste arising through ignorance in private houses of all classes of the community is deplorable. County Councils had begun to bestir themselves to enlighten this darkness before the war, but small progress had been made. Now is the time to advance. Practical education is already in operation in the canteens of Munition Works, where meals are being served of a quality and price which are almost inconceivable under former methods. There is no reason why such meals should not be the rule in every home; they are simple and palatable and are based on an accurate knowledge of nutrient values. It is folly to suppose the poorer classes deliberately prefer an extravagant and uneconomical style of living. Only they must be honestly convinced that a newer way is really better, pleasanter and cheaper. For generations they have been given sentimental suggestions and foolish advice, so it is only human nature they should regard with suspicion any further attempts to interfere in their kitchens. At the beginning of the war lectures were arranged on this very subject of food preparation which were brought to an abrupt ending by the nonsense that was talked on the platforms.

The organisation of the munitions of life has a deeper significance than domestic and local changes. It is new testimony for the German High Command that there exists no custom, habit or prejudice in these islands which the people are not prepared to scrap, directly they are told by the Government it is necessary in the cause of victory. We are out to win the war, and in the popular mind everything else is of secondary importance. So far from resenting a Food Dictator, whose duties must necessarily conflict with British preconceived ideas of personal liberty, his appointment has been welcomed, and a readiness to meet proposals half way is manifest on all sides. On the Somme Germany has learnt what this country is capable of, once it bestirs itself in organising munitions of destruction, and before the winter is over she will have been taught that the same powers of organisation will be equally effective over the munitions of life. The secret of success in both instances is that the inseparable toil, trouble and discomfort are undertaken in a willing spirit; the people have only to be told what is expected of them in order to fall into line.

The Occupation of Monastir

By Hilaire Belloc

AT eight o'clock upon the morning of Sunday last, the 19th of November, Lieutenant Murat entered the town of Monastir at the head of his troop, which was acting as escort to General Leblois. This little body of cavalry was followed by the infantry columns of the French and Russians. The town had been completely evacuated by the enemy during the preceding night, and the event marks the close of the first chapter in the Salonika offensive.

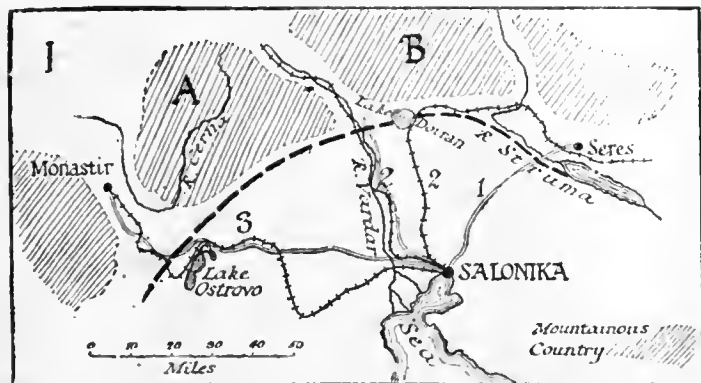
The moment is suitable for a review of the progress thus made upon the north-eastern sector of the Macedonian front, and for some analysis of its causes; for the causes of that progress are part of the whole military situation, and the nature of the advance helps to explain events very far distant from this particular field.

The operations undertaken by General Sarraïl with the immediate object of taking Monastir and the ultimate object (if that be found possible) of so weakening the Bulgarian Army in front of him that an invasion of and through the Balkan Mountain Mass should follow, were designed to begin in the middle of September.

That was a very late date on which to initiate such operations in a mountain country. But the delay was due to political and other considerations, which cannot properly be discussed here.

This date, the middle of September (to be accurate September 11th and 12th), had long been known to the enemy. He was present in front of the Salonika armies of the Allies in a strength of eleven divisions, just less than two-thirds of the whole of the enemy forces then south of the Danube. Of these forces much the greater part were Bulgarian, but there were also present a mixed division of Austro-Hungarian troops, certain contingents of Prussian infantry, and a considerable force of German and Austrian artillery.

General Sarraïl had the advantage, as has often been shown in these pages, of acting from a base whence communications radiated east towards his Struma front



along road (1) northwards along the Vardar valley and towards Lake Doiran, along road and railway communications (2), and westward towards Monastir along road and railway communication (3), in the accompanying Map I. He thus held a convex front running from the Lower Struma to Lake Doiran, and so round to the neighbourhood of Lake Ostrovo, and on this front the English were charged with the right, towards the Struma; the English, French and certain Serbian contingents with the centre towards Lake Doiran; the Serbians, the mass of the French forces (especially the main strength of the French artillery) and the Russian contingents with the left or north-western sector facing towards Monastir.

The Allies thus furnished with radiating communications could strike at will upon any part of this front and concentrate upon the part chosen with more rapidity than could the enemy; for the enemy possessed no good lateral communications. His forces in front of Monastir were separated from his forces defending the trench of the Vardar by the mountain mass A, while the latter were similarly separated from the forces upon the Struma by

the mountain mass B. It was clear, therefore, that whenever the Allied offensive should be undertaken, it would possess the advantage of superior mobility.

The enemy, consistently with a general policy which he has displayed in every field and particularly upon a large scale in the Verdun and the Trentino attacks, determined to anticipate the Allied offensive and to contain it before it could be launched. Knowing accurately as he did the date for which the concentration of men and munitions had been arranged on the Allied side, he himself first attacked, especially upon the two wings, with increasing energy as the moment of trial approached. The last days of August and the first days of September were filled with his very vigorous movements of this kind. He pressed the western outposts hard (Serbian in formation) near Lake Ostrovo; he cannonaded to hold us on the centre near Lake Doiran; he massed in peculiar strength upon the Struma front about which he seems to have been particularly nervous, and incidentally had occupied to the east of it the Greek seaport of Kavalla, though this place had been to the Greeks the chief object of their efforts during the Balkan war four years ago.

The Allied Higher Command struck its first offensive blow upon September 11th.

It is convenient to regard the operations as a whole, from that day to this, which have taken up two calendar months, as separated into two equal parts; the first occupying almost exactly the first calendar month consisted in the advance upon Monastir, coupled with holding operations upon the centre and the right, that is upon the Vardar valley and upon the Struma. This phase comes to an end in the middle of October, when the main Allied offensive against Monastir is checked upon the 14th of that month by the strong defensive organisation called the lines of Kenali, crossing the mouth of the Monastir Plain, and covering the city at an average distance of from eight to ten miles.

The second phase of the operations following upon this check also occupies exactly one calendar month and consists in the turning of the Kenali lines by an attack across the great bend of the Cerna—which attack was crowned with success in the middle of November, and resulted in the fall of Monastir.

We will now turn to these operations in some detail.

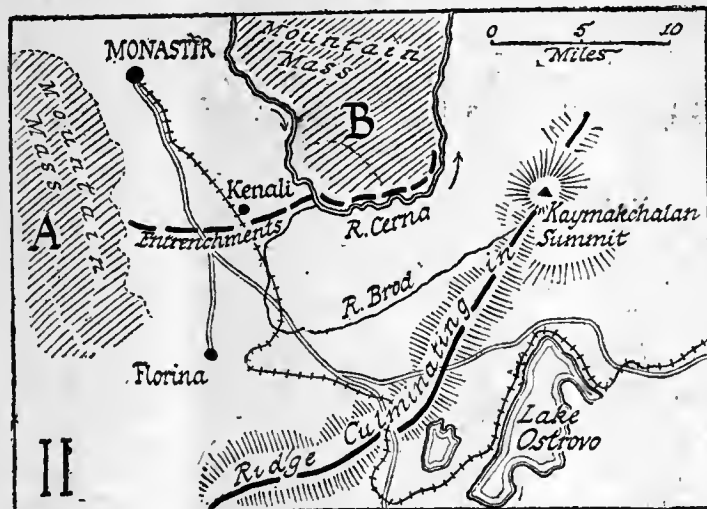
The First Month and Phase

It was, as I have said, upon the 11th of September that the English troops struck upon the Struma with the object of fulfilling the task there entrusted to them—which they have thoroughly fulfilled and have maintained ever since—of holding the enemy in this region, and preventing his reinforcing his right in front of Monastir.

For four days this British movement upon the Struma, which was wholly successful, and contemporary pressure exercised upon the centre round Lake Doiran, may have led the enemy to believe that the main attack was coming upon one of these two sectors, his extreme left or his centre. As a matter of fact, it was coming towards Monastir on his right, and this became apparent on September 14th when the Serbian outposts, which had hitherto suffered strong Bulgarian pressure and had been pushed in towards Lake Ostrovo, were heavily reinforced and took the offensive.

To appreciate what followed we must glance at sketch Map II.

From the neighbourhood of Lake Ostrovo in the direction of Monastir there lies, as a first obstacle to military progress, a prolonged ridge culminating to the north-east in the mountain summit of Kaymackchalan, which rises nearly 8,000 feet above the sea, and some 6,000 feet above the neighbouring water and valley levels. (The general average of the lowlands hereabouts is



rather less than 2,000 feet above the sea.) Beyond this ridge is the district and town of Florina, and beyond this piece of open country again the Plain of Monastir, which runs like a sort of corridor between two mountain masses, the western (which I have marked A) rising to some 4,000 or 5,000 feet above the plain; the eastern (which I have marked B) rising to some 2,000 feet above the plain, or rather more in its highest summits. This latter is bounded by the great bend of the river Cerna or "Black River," the upper waters of which sweep southward and eastward round this mountain mass, and then run northward to join the Vardar.

Upon this second day of this main north-western offensive, Friday, September 15th, the Serbian infantry striking northward from Lake Ostrovo, gained a signal victory. They captured the ridge in front of Florina, throwing the Bulgarians back beyond it towards that town. On the 16th, the Saturday, they were coming down the further slopes of the range and reaching on the right centre the defensive line of the River Brod.

They had taken numerous prisoners and no less than 32 field pieces and heavy guns in this single operation of 48 hours.

The Bulgarians checked the advance upon the river Brod, but failed to stand there, and two days later, at 10 o'clock in the morning of Monday the 18th of September, the French and Serbians entered Florina. By the next day, Tuesday, the remaining resistance in a few of the northern houses of the town had been cleared, and on the same day the right wing of the Serbians began to attack the slopes of the great mountain of Kaymakchalan.

It was a most formidable position. The flat but escarped summit was defended by art as well as by nature and strongly occupied by the enemy. But before sunset of that day, Tuesday the 19th, the peak was held by our Allies. The Bulgarians had been thrown back to a somewhat lower shoulder towards the north which they continued to hold for nearly a week. The last counter-attack of the Bulgarians to recover the peak of Kaymakchalan was delivered exactly a week later, upon Tuesday the 26th of September. It failed, and they abandoned the mountain.

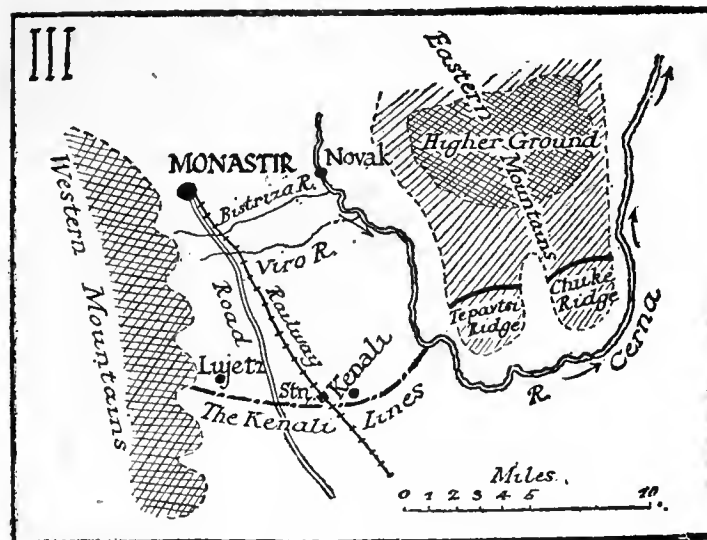
The German bulletins issued during these critical days are worthy of remark. Two whole days after the Serbians had seized and firmly held the crest of Kaymakchalan, Berlin issued a communiqué which described all the Serbian attacks on the mountain as being repulsed, and which commented on the Franco-Serbian advance on the plain and the occupation of Florina with the phrases: "Victorious Bulgarian attacks"; "Bulgarian cavalry attacked and pursued the fleeing enemy," etc. It was not until the first of October that Berlin admitted the loss of Kaymakchalan summit and (at least by its silence) the occupation of the whole ridge and of Florina itself—successes which had fallen to the Allied armies more than ten days before.

It was known by the Allied Higher Command through prolonged and detailed air reconnaissance that a strong entrenched position had been prepared closing the mouth of the Monastir Plain and running from the Cerna on the east and the mountainous hills behind it to the corresponding mountainous mass upon the west, and passing in front of Kenali village, from which central point the

lines may be named. But it was perhaps hoped that the disarray of the Bulgarian retreat would render the enemy unable to hold this line permanently.

A fortnight was occupied in repairing the road and the railway from Salonika, bringing up heavy guns, and accumulating a head of shell. At the same time the Serbians on the right came down from Kaymakchalan to the Cerna. On the 6th and 7th of the month they were attempting to obtain a footing upon the further bank; but they had obtained no more than a precarious bridge-head subject to repeated and heavy counter-attacks, when the French, operating from Florina, believed their accumulation of munitions, etc., to be now sufficient for a decisive blow against the Kenali lines.

Before stating the fortunes of that attempt, we must note in some detail the nature of the defensive organisation upon which the enemy had retired and to which he had given many months of preparatory work.



The reader will note (upon the accompanying sketch Map III) first on the left a western mass of mountains to which allusion has frequently been made, and the difficulties of which as a ground of manœuvre are almost insuperable. The enemy could rightly regard them as a complete security for his right flank. Across the plain from these mountains to the Cerna he had drawn an exceedingly strong line of entrenchment passing in front of the village of Lujetz, cutting the main Monastir road a little further on, a little further still the Monastir railway near Kenali Station: thence passing in front of Kenali village and so reaching the Cerna where his defences were continued beyond the stream by two ridges upon the two spurs which project from the higher ground of the eastern mountains that dominate the Monastir Plain from within the great bend of the Cerna. The western spur may be called "The Tepavtsi Ridge," the eastern is known as the Chuke.

These strong lines across the plain (which may be called the Kenali lines) were the better prepared for resistance from the fact that the plain is cut with a number of irrigation channels which can easily be turned into so many elements of defence.

It was upon the 14th of October that the preparations of the French were completed and that, after an intensive bombardment, a general attack was launched against the Kenali lines.

It failed; and though partially continued throughout the next day the 15th, the enemy's defensive position was not shaken.

So ended the first month and the first division of the operations.

The Second Month

The second alternative plan for reaching the objective of Monastir was now determined on and the effort to turn these lines of Kenali, which had proved impregnable to direct assault, was studied and designed.

To turn them upon the left or west by the high mountain mass there present was a scheme rejected by the Allied Higher Command as too perilous; the alternative of attempting to turn them by the right, that is, by pushing across the great bend of the Cerna and

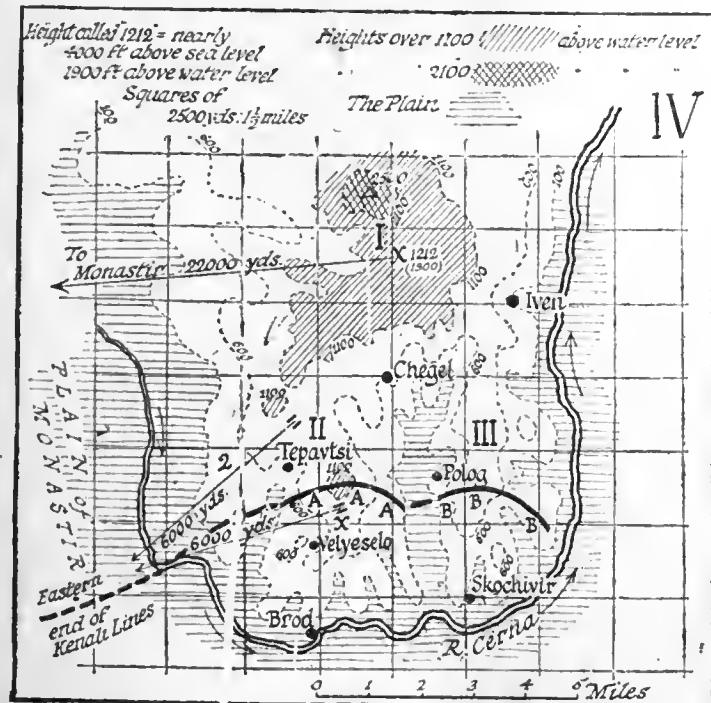
capturing the higher ground beyond, from which the Kenali lines would be dominated and taken in reverse, was the general plan determined upon. As we have seen this week it has been crowned with complete success.

Time was again required to effect the necessary concentration, especially of the French artillery from left to right upon which the Serbian army and the French contingents upon the right would depend for their support. More than three weeks were taken up in this preparation, during which apparent lull the press unfortunately permitted itself a good deal of ignorant and gloomy comment, and what is worse, of still more ignorant advice. Meanwhile, the all-important work of "holding" the Bulgarian left wing a hundred miles away to the east has been steadily fulfilled by the British section of the Allied forces. They were gripped by a continual pressure which forbade them during this critical interlude, to transfer men to their threatened forces in front of Monastir. At every sign of such a movement from the Struma front a vigorous English attack checked it at its outset, and so serious was the pressure thus containing the enemy's left that after one action alone 1,500 enemy dead were counted in front of the British lines, and on the ground of our advance.

On the west, in front of Monastir, all the end of October and the first days of November were taken up in the due preparation of the coming blow. The bridgeheads secured by the Serbians beyond the Cerna at Skochivir and Brod were consolidated and advanced, and in the second week of November all was ready for the assault.

It was upon Friday, November 10th, that this ultimate stage had been reached.

Upon that day the Serbian infantry north of the Cerna found itself half of it just in front of Brod, the other half just in front of Skochivir, and therefore both parts immediately below the twin crests which overlook the river. Those crests and trenches upon their reverse side were held by the enemy whose line, continued beyond the river in the Kenali trenches, was still intact.



The general nature of the position will be understood if we compare it to a sphinx. The head and shoulders of the sphinx are the main height to the north, at (I) on the accompanying Map IV, the summit of which is some 2,500 feet above the Cerna water level and 8 or 9 miles away from the extreme southern bend of that river, while the two paws of the sphinx are two lower spurs (II) and (III), thrust out from the main mass. The Serbians on that Friday morning, November 10th, were just upon the paws of the sphinx—but no more—and until they had mastered the westernmost forward-running spur II they had no positions dominating or outflanking the Kenali trenches.

This rough metaphor does not sufficiently explain the ground. The spurs which I have compared to the paws of the sphinx, thrust out from the big height behind, were themselves raised at their middles into two separate ridges with separate summits. They did not slope regularly up to the main height on the north. They

each supported a ridge. That on the left or west, which I have marked A A A, rose to a thousand feet above the Cerna water level. It may conveniently be called the Tepavtsi Ridge. That on the right or east (known as the Chuke Ridge), rises to something between 500 and a 1,000 feet. Between the two is a ravine—the Ravine of Polog—running right up into the hills.

Of these two spurs thus thrust forward from the main height and forming the mass of hills round which the Cerna has to turn in its great loop, that on the right, the Chuke, though the lower one, is rendered the more difficult by masses of sharp rocky escarpments—"scars" as they are called in the North of England. If this lower but more difficult of the two spurs had not been carried no progress could have been made upon its fellow to the west, because the broken ground upon the Chuke Ridge covers such ample opportunities for masking artillery, and the more open moor of the western spur would have been dominated by such fire. It was the Chuke, therefore, which the Serbians had first to grasp. Only after the Chuke ridge (III) was in their hands could the Tepavtsi ridge (II) which turned the Kenali lines be securely held.

In the morning and afternoon of that Friday, November 10th, supported by a considerable mass of French artillery (the field guns north of the Cerna for the most part, the heavy artillery in the coombs and woods to the south), carried the Chuke Ridge and came down upon its further side. By the evening of the day they were in Polog and had already seized a few of the guns abandoned by the retreating enemy.

This mastering of Chuke Ridge was the decisive move, and during the long weeks of the German and Bulgarian resistance here, Monastir had been safe. We have seen that, as long as the Chuke Ridge (III) was held, its fellow ridge to the west (II) could not be carried, and as long as this ridge to the west (II) was not carried, the Kenali lines, which had proved themselves able to resist frontal attack, could not be turned.

On the Saturday, November 11th, the entire Polog valley with the remaining guns abandoned in it fell into the hands of the Serbians and both slopes of the Chuke Ridge were wholly in their power. From that moment onwards the development of the situation was naturally more rapid.

On the Sunday, November 12th, the Bulgarians, with their German contingents, found themselves unable to hold on their left. They utterly abandoned ridge III, and retreated rapidly behind Iven, maintaining the greater part of their forces, of course, upon the western ridge (II), which was essential to the holding of the Kenali lines, since from its summit one not only overlooked the Kenali lines, but took them in reverse. But this western ridge (II), now that Chuke (III) had fallen, could not hold. The left flank of the Bulgarians and Germans established upon it was exposed to enemy fire from all the positions of the Chuke Ridge at short range, beyond the central Polog valley.

During the course of Monday, November 12th, the Serbian troops with whom at this point were certain contingents of French infantry, and which were supported, as they had been against the Chuke, by French guns, got north of the village of Velyeselo, and though they had not yet mastered the crest of the western spur at A A A were standing that night immediately below its highest summit (which is somewhat over 1,100 feet above the river).

The next day, Monday the 13th, this western or Tepavtsi spur was cleared, its summit occupied, and the Serbian troops with the French contingents attached to them were down upon the further side, just approaching the village of Tepavtsi itself in its hollow at the head of a long shallow valley running down to the Cerna. The Allies were thus in possession of both slopes of the western spur (II) and of its summit.

At this point it is important to observe the result achieved by such a move. From just above Tepavtsi, looking down the valley, one has direct observation in reverse of the hitherto impregnable entrenchments across the plain, which we have called the lines of Kenali; and from the summit of the ridge A A A which now was in Allied hands one has direct observation of these lines dominating them from a full thousand feet; one also just sees them in reverse or, at any rate, enfilades them; and their nearest flank, where it reposes upon the Cerna, is within

quite short range of guns established just behind and to the east of the rounded moor of Velyesolo. It is a range of 5,000 to 6,000 yards from gun-positions behind the rise of Velyesolo at X.

It is clear that under such circumstances the lines of Kenali were no longer tenable. And the occupation of the Chuke Ridge three days before was now beginning to bear its full fruit.

It was in the course of the Tuesday, November 14th, that the guns were brought up on to this western ridge (II) hidden somewhere behind the Velyesolo rise, as at X and began to imperil the Kenali lines, while the infantry were pressing forward still further to the north, and had reached Chégál.

That was the moment for the strongest pressure to be applied to the Kenali lines from in front just as they woke up to the peril upon their left flank from the guns just arrived on the Tepavtsi—Velyesolo Ridge. The pressure was applied by French and Russian troops backed by a powerful artillery in the plain. The Bulgarians (who in the plain appear to have had but small German contingents with them—for most of these were confined to the hills, the critical point) left a rearguard which maintained itself during most of the day, aided in its defence by a blinding rainstorm which grievously hampered the French and Russian advance. Before night, however, that advance had mastered the whole of the Kenali trenches.

During the darkness the remaining defenders rapidly evacuated the Kenali lines, and in the morning of Wednesday, November 15th, the Russians, feeling just under the mountains at dawn the trenches which had withstood them the day before in front of Lujets (see Sketch III), found them empty. The French beyond the road had a similar experience in front of Kenali, which they occupied; and all that day, Wednesday, the 15th, was taken up in reaching the line to which the enemy had retired. It was that of the Bistritza River (see sketch III), which runs immediately in front of Monastir and covers that town at a range of no more than 3,000 or 4,000 yards. The French and Russians on that Wednesday night reached the line of the next parallel stream, the Viro and there was some speculation in Paris and in London, when the news reached those cities on Friday morning, whether the enemy would not make a last stand even so close to the city. That stand could not have been prolonged, and would have involved great destruction within the town. But still it might have been made had the enemy after his experience of the last few days retained the power to rally.

He had not that power. There hardly seems to have been a good second position prepared. Everything had been staked upon the main Kenali lines, which under German direction had been drawn up in the leisure of many months as the main defence of the Plain of Monastir.

Last Thursday and the Friday (16th and 17th of November) gave us little news, though the afternoon of that day still saw the Serbians advancing. They carried (see Sketch IV) the lower summit of the main mountains (hill 1212, which is rather more than 1,900 feet above the plain), and were now masters of the whole mass of hills which fills up the great bend of the Cerna. They had passed the line due east of Monastir and were slightly to the north of it at a range of 22,000 yards, but with full observation. They had but to come down westwards towards Novak (Sketch III.), which was at their mercy, and by the time the guns could be got up on to these newly captured heights, the line of the Bistritza itself would be turned.

So much news had reached London and Paris by Sunday last. Upon Monday we learnt of the enemy's evacuation of Monastir and of the occupation of that town by the Allies. It was in the night between Saturday and Sunday that the enemy troops marched out of the city by the northern road and began a general retreat, the last rearguard field battery leaving just before the Allies entered on the Sunday morning. The limits of this retirement are not yet defined at the moment of writing (Tuesday night in London, with news carrying one to Sunday night at Monastir), but the high land to the north permits a standstill near the city.

Such is the story of the ten days fighting which constitutes the last phase in General Sarrail's plan and which, as I have said, closes the first chapter in the Salonika offensive.

As to the nature of the success, the Press has done well to emphasise the truth that it is, so far as its immediate consequences are concerned, rather political than strategic.

Monastir, as has been repeatedly pointed out in these columns, is geographically attached to the system of the Grecian Plains. It lies *south* of the main Balkan mountain mass. Its possession, therefore, does not strategically threaten the forces defending those hills or lying beyond them. But though the value of the town is political rather than strategic, it would be a false judgment to belittle the political consequences involved in its evacuation.

It is true of Monastir, as it is not true of any other continental point in the whole of the European war, that one separate belligerent government regarded it as the main objective of all its efforts. Russia did not accept the German challenge, nor did Germany throw down that challenge, for the possession of Warsaw. The French defensive plan of two years ago was not even a plan for the defence of Paris, but solely for the defeat of the invaders. The occupation by the enemy of such centres as Lille, Brussels, Antwerp and Vilna, are a steady asset in his favour, but none of them were principal objectives either of his action or of his opponents'.

With Monastir it is otherwise. Monastir and all that Western Macedonian district which it commands, was the Bulgarian objective upon their entry into this war. It was the promise of its occupation which gave King Ferdinand the power to fulfil his secret promises to Berlin. The opportunity of recovering from Serbian control this disputed territory lost in the Second Balkan War moved the mass of Bulgarian opinion to support the Crown. In this limited field the loss of Monastir is something very much more to the Bulgarians than the loss of any continental point whatever would be to the Allies, to which point we must add the capital consideration that Monastir has been lost upon an *advancing* wave. There is all the difference in the world between a loss which can be regarded as temporary upon the one side and is admittedly of uncertain duration upon the other, and one which occurs in a moment of declining force. The Bulgarian people know by this time that they have failed to recover the territory for which they set out to fight. They have held it only for a year, and that because the Western Allies required such an interval in order to develop a material superiority which was potentially never in doubt, but took very long to realise.

Had the Central Empires still the reserves of men in the field (and in the factories) to have supported Bulgaria, Monastir would not have fallen. As it was they had to choose between the Roumanian offensive and the support of the Bulgarian throne. They were not strong enough for both. They decided for the first and necessarily abandoned, in that degree, the second.

* * * * *

Such considerations lead us to the causes of the whole affair which, as I have said, illuminate not only this, but every other theatre of the war. Monastir, I say, would not have been occupied by the Allies had the Central Empires been able to send round to this field, by roads and railways which are fully at their command, the reinforcement in men and guns and the mass of munitions which the situation demanded. The Salonika offensive is hampered by insufficient communications between the base and the front; by the breaking of the weather; by the difficulty of accumulating a great head of munitionment under the conditions of prolonged oversea transport. It is an extreme example of action upon exterior lines. To support Salonika from the factories and mines of Britain is an operation more remote than would be one in support of action upon the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. Even the support coming from the French littoral has to cover a distance comparable to that between the English ports and Newfoundland.

Under such conditions the offensive from Salonika has succeeded in this the first chapter of its effort because, and only because, the enemy has not the reserves of manpower which some months ago would have sufficed to meet it. Among the 4,600 prisoners taken, 1,000 were German, but the German contingents were not in anything like that proportion to the whole Bulgarian army present. They were reduced to a very small number—not more than a division; probably, including the Austro-Hungarian contingents, they were

not the equivalent of a division. The high proportion of German prisoners is due to the fact that the small German contingent was put in to stiffen the Bulgarians at the dangerous point, the hills in the bend of the Cerna, and also the fact that these German units (which were Prussian—Pomeranian—in recruitment) utterly broke down. They had not behind them that superiority of artillery which they take for granted in their eastern campaigns, and they could not fight without it.

There is a lesson, by the way, which we should do well to take to heart from all this. It is that periods of preparation—the so called "hulls" in the Allied offensives—are moments for discipline and silence at home: not for newspaper clamour. And another lesson is that—as in all sieges—movement is no test. The strength of the hammering which precedes a break is the test.

* * * * *

It is not without interest in conclusion to tabulate the enemy's communiqués upon these momentous ten days. They need no comment. They speak for themselves; or at least the only comment I will make is to ask the reader whether, if he had had only these communiqués to go upon he could have had the least conception of what was happening and what was coming, and whether he would not be wise, in the light of such a table, to reserve his judgment upon all other German communiqués in the present stage of the war, when no longer the General Staff alone, but the German people as a whole are beginning to see how things stand.

November 11th.

"On the heights north of the Cerna French and Serbian troops undertook several attacks which failed with great losses to them. Only south of Polog was the enemy able to penetrate our advanced positions."

November 12th.

"All enemy attacks were broken, but the enemy succeeded in holding the heights, making a salient before our positions north-east of the village of Polog."

November 14th.

"Fierce French attacks on the Monastir Plain were resisted imperturbably by the Bulgarian troops, among which was the German Emperor's Balkan Regiment."

"In the Cerna bend the enemy succeeded in capturing some heights."

"In order to avoid pressure on our flanking positions in the valley we here withdrew our defence."

November 15th.

"Macedonian Front.—Prepared new positions on the Cerna have been occupied. . . . The enemy who had succeeded in gaining temporary possession of Height 1,212 north of the village of Cegel, was driven back by our counter-attack."

November 17th.

"French attacks on the plateau south of Monastir and against the front held by the Pomeranian Infantry Regiment No. 42 on the snow-clad heights on the Cerna bend, were sanguinarily repulsed. . . . One of these heights was captured by the Serbians on November 15th, but Chief Commander Infantry General von Below, who was in the middle of the fighting, recaptured the position at the head of the German rifles which stormed it. His Majesty the Emperor in recognition of the services of this officer and his company, appointed the General to be chief of this battalion."

At last you get the plain and true statement—sudden, brief, and utterly at variance with what went before.

November 19th.

"The German and Bulgarian troops occupied a position north of Monastir, and Monastir was evacuated."

The Roumanian Situation

We have seen in the detailed analysis of the operations against Monastir that their prime characteristic was the refusal, that is, the inability, of the Central Powers to bring men or even guns in sufficient numbers to preserve their last Ally from local disaster, and even from a disaster the political consequences of which were particularly to be dreaded.

The general reason that this was the case is, of course, the general embarrassment for men in which the Central Empires now find themselves. It has compelled them to the very hazardous experiment of compromising with Poland and it has manifested itself clearly upon every front.

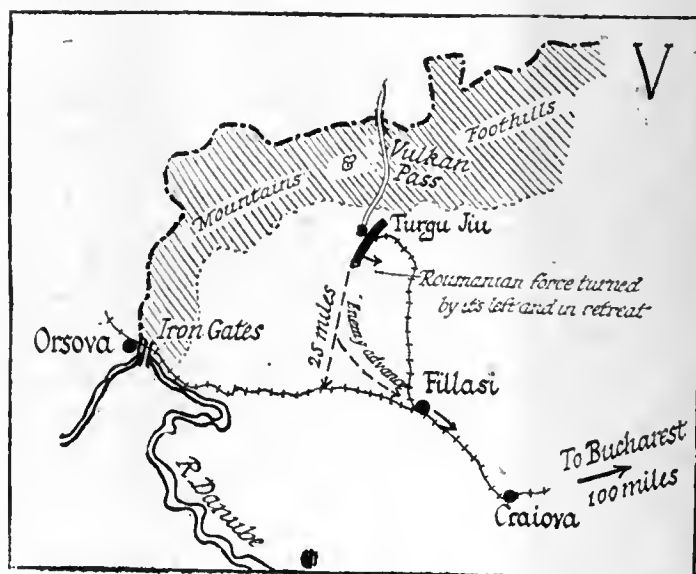
But the particular reason was the fact that the enemy has chosen to concentrate all the men he can spare for the offensive against Roumania.

He began that offensive, as we know, with an attempt to act by his right, and so to cut off the Roumanians from their Russian Allies. He failed. His next effort was to concentrate against the left centre and to threaten a march against Bucharest upon a wide front from the twin passes of the Predeal and the Torzburg. Here he again failed, and meanwhile he had so depleted his forces in the Vulcan Pass, the furthest to the west, that they suffered a heavy defeat at the hands of the Roumanians, the 11th Bavarian Division being ruined in the retreat. He changed his plan for a third time, determined to strike where his chances of success were greatest, though where the fruits of success would be least. He concentrated against the Vulcan Pass again, especially in the matter of heavy guns, and has obtained a success, the terms of which were first communicated to us by a despatch issued in Berlin upon Saturday the 18th of November, and dealing with the fighting of Friday, the day before. In this despatch the enemy shows that he has pressed back the Roumanian body which closed the road coming from the Vulcan Pass down on to the plain and that he has sent forward cavalry through the country thus left open to the west, so that bodies of mounted troops have reached the main railway 25 miles away, the Roumanians falling backwards to the east. He has reached Fillasi Junction and he is advancing on Craiova.

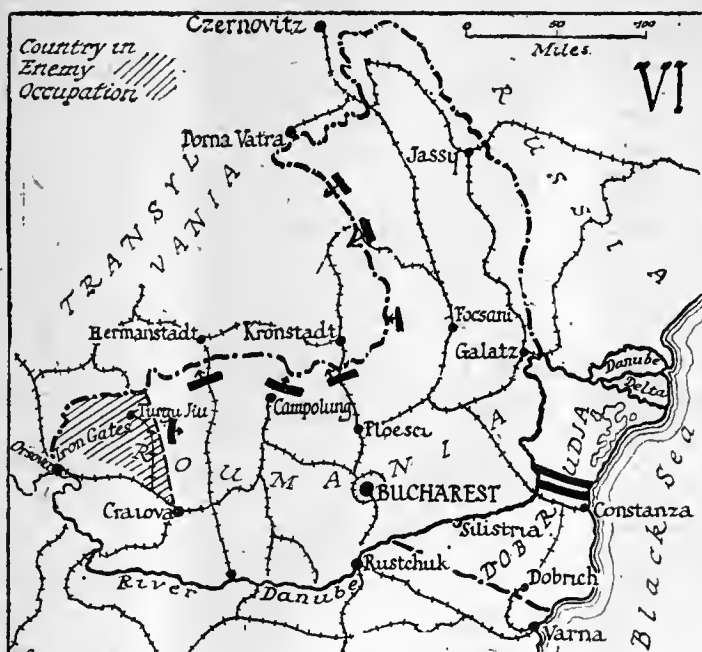
The communiqués from the eastern front are so insignificant and irregular that nothing but the most general deduction is possible from them. It is a pity, for

public opinion in the west tends to exaggerate any reverse upon that distant field and in the absence of news will always think things worse than they are.

As it is the news is sufficiently grave. Of the seven separate Roumanian and Russian bodies each defending a pass or set of passes, one has suffered a reverse which has probably compelled an exceedingly rapid retreat continued for at least four days at a rate of some 15 miles a day, and has certainly permitted an equally rapid enemy advance, which has completely uncovered the western Roumanian plain and already threatens its commercial and civilian centre at Craiova.



Let us take this at its full value and see what it implies. The enemy suffers from an insufficiency of men. But he enjoys a preponderance—it may be a crushing preponderance—in heavy artillery and its munitionment, in aircraft, in all machines. He knew that when or if he should successfully debouch upon the Roumanian Plain, he must secure both his flanks. The country is such that the only two obstacles securing his flanks are the Carpathians upon the one side and the Danube upon the other. It is manifestly easier for him to establish such a line where that line is shortest, and it is shortest



upon the extreme western end of the Roumanian State where he has achieved this new success. We need not doubt the main facts as he has presented them.

The only doubtful point about the enemy's despatch is the number of prisoners mentioned. We may readily accept 26 field pieces as the total number of captures made in 18 days of continual fighting in the Roumanian mountains, and even the total of over 180 officers. The only obvious false point is the claim to 20,000 valid prisoners. This is exactly on a par with the enemy's policy for many months past, especially in front of Verdun where he claimed as many prisoners as he could possibly in the confusion of a retirement set his opponent's command to believe. 20,000 valid prisoners of the line do not tally with 200 officers or less than 30 guns.

But the enemy's object in this striking upon the extreme west after he had failed in the north and the centre is more than merely to reach the extreme end of the plain, and to establish a position across it. It would seem to be especially his immediate object to recover the navigation of the Danube.

If we look at the whole Roumanian field of operations we shall see at what an extremity he has struck this last blow, at what a distance from his co-operating force in the Dobrudja, and even from the capital which is his political objective. But what it does secure, or threaten to secure, is either the loss or the retirement of the Roumanian force holding Orsova and with it the loss of the Roumanian hold upon the Danube.

At the point called The Iron Gates, immediately below Orsova, the Danube is not navigable save by a narrow canal constructed between the rocks here that obstruct the channel and the further shore. And the Roumanians in possession of Orsova prevented all supply of munitionment from reaching the Bulgarians by the easy Danube route. They also prevented the transport of troops by the river and of food. Everything was thrown upon the railway which runs from Belgrade through Nish. The handicap was severe and the opening of the Iron Gates was a subsidiary objective worth attaining.

So much for what may be called the "normal" strategies of the situation. But it may well be that a quite abnormal factor is present which puts an end to all such speculation and leaves us in the dark as to the future. It may be that the reverse was due not only to inferiority in heavy pieces, but to a general exhaustion in munitionment.

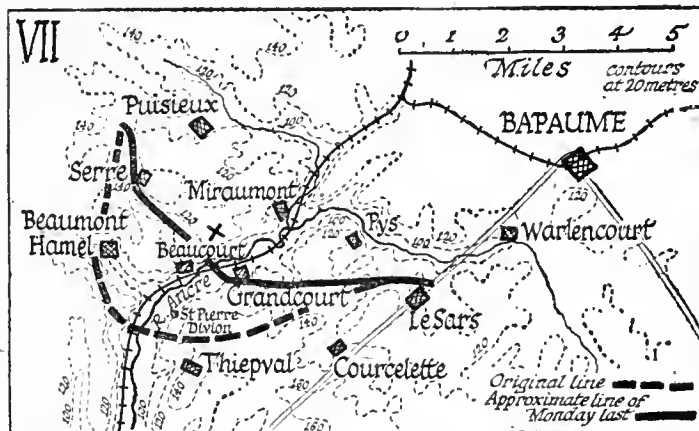
If that be so all calculation of distances and numbers, all "normal" strategic study loses its value. A force which has failed in munitionment is no longer an army, and if this is what governs the situation in western Roumania for the moment, we have no power to estimate the situation. We can only await events.

THE SOMME FRONT

The characteristic of the operations upon the Somme front since the heavy blow dealt by the British forces last week has been the continued advance upon either side of the Ancre.

The main interest of analysing both such a stroke as this delivered by Sir Douglas Haig upon the left, and the very heavy defeat suffered last week by the Germans, massed counter-attack against the French upon the right would be, if evidence were available, the plotting of the enemy's movements behind his lines. The metaphor used by a French commander and so frequently quoted of "holding the enemy by the ears and shaking him from side to side" is certainly the general picture of the situation. He has been forced back on to a crescent where his communications along and behind which are under continual fire, and he is in the presence of a superior offensive which can compel him to concentrate where it wills. But concentration can only be expressed in terms of time, and the more difficult your lateral communications the more the factor of time comes in.

A violent blow threatening his positions upon the right of the crescent compels him to concentration there. A corresponding blow delivered upon the left of the crescent calls for another concentration more than 20 miles away as the crow flies, and anything from 30 to 40 miles by the roads he must use under continual and observed fire. Such concentration is, of course, in the main effected upon its own sector, but there is also necessarily a borrowing from the part which is supposed to be least imperilled towards the part which is most. And that borrowing means a greater or less interval of time during which the men and the guns in movement are out of action. When it can be discovered from which sector the borrowing has taken place an opportunity is at once



given for renewed attack, and when a long prepared attack comes with the effect of surprise, superiority in the air will almost always permit that party which possesses it to discover whence the reinforcement is being borrowed, and where the new weak patch will consequently appear. The question of direct observation is also of great value in this movement.

Beaucourt itself lies down on the water level and up north from it runs the ravine of a little stream which falls into the Ancre at Beaucourt itself. To the east and to the west of this little stream the higher ground lies fairly flat in fields which vary from 80 to 100 feet above the Ancre. Those to the east have apparently been in the possession of the British forces since the occupation of Beaucourt and of Beaumont Hamel. They give full observation of Grandcourt, but not of very much beyond, up the valley. But if or when the Hill, marked on the military maps 123 (which lies to the east of this little stream and is marked with a X on the above Map VII) shall be held a very important point of observation is obtained. From this hill 123 you look right down upon Miraumont and what is more important, right down upon and behind the enemy's gun positions beyond the Ancre, which have hitherto been hidden by the broken high lands of Pys and the fields to the west of that village. It will be of special interest to watch in the despatches for the fortunes of the advance in regard to this point, hill 123*, for though only observation upon the spot can correct such suggestions, it is fairly evident that the occupation of this hill jeopardises all the gun positions hitherto established by the enemy opposite Miraumont upon the southern side of the little Ancre, and it is these gun positions which check advance beyond Le Sars and therefore further full observation of the Bucquois valley.

H. BELLOC

* It is hill 127 in the civilian maps, which have a different datum line.

The Gentle Inquisitors

By Arthur Pollen

LORDS Sydenham and Beresford did a public service when, in the course of the debate on Thursday last in the House of Lords, they elicited from the only representative of the Admiralty there present a complete and altogether unqualified repudiation of the "containment is equivalent to victory" heresy. This is a matter with which I have been wearying the readers of LAND & WATER since the third week of September. Originally my text was the now famous opinion given by Captain Sims of the United States Navy. The German Fleet was contained, he said, and there was, therefore, no need for the British Fleet to seek a decisive battle. This was the original form in which was set out this very mischievous doctrine. It was curious that so gallant a captain should be heterodox, for the American Navy Board, over which that admirable veteran Admiral George Dewey presides, had quite early in the war laid down the true doctrine in terms that can hardly be improved. All through the autumn of 1915, opinion had been growing in America that the United States navy was perilously weak and must be reinforced promptly and adequately. In October rumours of Mr. Daniels' new programme began to get about, and it was in the course of this autumn that the Navy Board issued their report. I hope on a future occasion to go into this question of American naval activity at greater length. For the moment I am concerned only with the statement of naval doctrine. The Navy Board puts it thus:

"For the United States, bordering on two great oceans, a navy strong enough only to defend the coast from invasion is insufficient. It must protect our sea trade and commerce and drive the commerce of the enemy from the sea. *The best way to accomplish all these objects is to find and defeat the hostile fleet or any of its detachments.*"

This being the opinion of the best American naval authority, it seems strange enough that Captain Sims should not have realised, first, that if the British Navy had the choice between the best and the worst way of achieving its main object, it certainly ought not to be content with the worst, and next that containment did not in fact achieve the navy's true object at all. But there were special reasons, as my readers know, why Captain Sims was led into a statement of principle that may, after all, only have been incautious. It was a quite different thing when the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, in treating of the battle of Jutland itself, should have laid down not the same doctrine as Captain Sims, but one that went a good deal further in the wrong direction. Mr. Churchill's version of the heresy, it may be remembered, was, that "without a battle we had all that the most victorious of battles could give us," and "that no obligation of war obliged us to go further." And he added that it was "no strategic cause" that impelled the British Admirals to the great and gallant fighting of May 31st. It was almost as if he had said that *Indefatigable*, *Queen Mary*, *Invincible*, *Defence*, *Black Prince*, and *Warrior*, the six destroyers and many thousands of officers, petty officers and men, had been lost in the effort to achieve a victory that must have been entirely without influence on the war! It was not then, merely a statement of more than questionable doctrine, it was a direct and most grave imputation on the Admirals who planned and carried out the fighting on that memorable day. For it is surely axiomatic that, next to refusing to fight resolutely and to a finish when victory is possible, there can be no worse offence than to risk ships and men foolishly and recklessly without any adequate military object.

What was even more amazing than Mr. Churchill's light hearted emission of such devastating errors, was that the Board of Admiralty was content to lie passive under this imputation on their professional competence, and did not firmly and at once resent the slur Mr. Churchill had put upon Admirals Jellicoe and Beatty. The Lord Mayor's banquet gave Mr. Balfour an oppor-

tunity of putting this matter right, but on that occasion he seemed more concerned to defend his colleagues and himself from the charge of naval "passivity." He did not seem to realise that the accusation that the Higher Command was actuated from first to last by wholly false notions of strategy was a far more serious charge than that it might, from time to time, lapse into insufficient watchfulness or into odd phases of inactivity.

Lord Sydenham's Purpose

It was Lord Sydenham's purpose, he told the House of Lords, to ask the Admiralty for a definite statement one way or another. Did they or did they not endorse the Churchill theory of naval strategy? It fell to Lord Lytton, who has just succeeded the Duke of Devonshire as a Civil Member of the Board, to reply, and we must assume the actual terms that he employed are not merely his own but express the considered opinions of his colleagues. If they are indeed the reply of the Board to Mr. Churchill's challenge, let us say at once that they are almost as satisfactory as they could possibly be. "If the noble Lord asks," he said, "whether it is a fact, that the policy of the Admiralty with regard to naval strategy at the present time is governed by the view, that it is not necessary to seek out and destroy the enemy, and by a feeling that we have at the present time gained all we want, by confining the enemy to their ports, I most emphatically repudiate on behalf of the Admiralty any such suggestion. Neither is it the opinion of the Commanders of the Fleet, nor of the War Staff of the Admiralty, that it is not our main and first business to seek out and destroy the enemy fleet." This surely is explicit enough for anyone and should entirely allay that widespread alarm and uneasiness to which both Lord Sydenham and Lord Beresford drew attention. And it is particularly gratifying that Lord Lytton's repudiation was not confined to the Board of Admiralty, but included the Commanders-in-Chief at sea, and the War Staff.

It seems reasonable then to hope that we have heard the last of open—and I had almost added shameless—advocacy of a defensive national strategy at sea. And this in its way is a victory of great importance. But we must not fall into the opposite error of thinking it is all the victory we want. It must be admitted—and sorrowfully—that it is a negative victory only. The abjuration of a heresy does not imply a thorough, whole-hearted grasp of the true faith. Indeed, the Grand Inquisitors who were called upon in the Lords to condemn the versatile Mr. Churchill to the stake, were exceedingly tender in their methods, so tender indeed that one of them came perilously near falling into the same heresy himself! Lord Lytton begged to be allowed to say at once that while he held no brief for the opinions expressed in those articles—imagine anyone defending them!—he was inclined to doubt whether they did "in fact, bear all the meaning that had been read into them in various quarters." And, of course, it is quite possible that a great variety of meanings, not all of them plausible, may have been read in. But surely their simplest meaning was quite sufficient. They propounded the theory that all the fruits of victory could be obtained without the toils and, above all, the risks and cost, that victory involves. What does Mr. Churchill gain from being defended from other heresies, if he stand convicted of this? The significant thing is that Lord Lytton should even make a show of defending him.

Then what are we to say to one of Lord Crewe's observations, in reply to the one of the mover's points as to certain statements of naval doctrine in essays, honoured by the naval authorities by gold medals and commendations? These, said Lord Sydenham, pretended to set out an exhaustive statement of the functions of a fleet and entirely omitted placing decisive action in the forefront. Lord Crewe suggested that the omission might be explained by the fact that "we used to have debates in this

House in which ardent opinions were expressed by some that private property at sea ought to be immune from capture. If that had been so . . . a very large part of the activities of the fleet would have disappeared altogether." He suggested, in fact, that the old insistence on the subsidiary functions of the fleet—namely, the attack and defence of trade, invasion, etc., became necessary because the worse heresy of the immunity of private property had made this insistence imperative. But two wrongs do not make a right. The point is that the argument, as stated, both officially and unofficially, before the war, threw no emphasis upon decisive victory at all. And it seemed clear enough that the unfortunate indiscretion of Mr. Churchill was only a throw-back to his pre-war frame of mind, and that this in turn was one that was impressed upon him by the traditions and surroundings that he found at Whitehall. It is, no doubt, illuminating to be told that there were other errors which those errors were designed to combat. It is as if one were told that a sick man was hovering between cholera and typhoid, and it was just a question which microbe would ultimately prevail. If the Montagus and Capulets fall out, it is indeed possible that the victory of one is preferable to the victory of the other. But it is a better state if the city is free from anarchy altogether. For the kind of peace that results must always be threatened by the menace of fresh disorders.

Churchill Heresies Disowned

These elementary truths are excellently exemplified in the Lord President's own reply. He, like Lord Lytton, disowned the Churchill heresies in phrases no doubt suggested to him by his naval colleagues. "The Admiralty," he said, "will not be found to agree with the conclusion, by whomever reached, that the destruction of the enemy's fleet is not the first object of our naval policy. The destruction of the enemy's fleet must, it is obvious even to an ignorant landsman like myself, remain the prime object of our naval policy." All this is excellent, but a few lines further on, when he is dealing with the immunity of private property at sea and alluding to the efforts of those who tried to make this a rule of future wars, he continued as follows: "If that had been so, it is quite true that the existence of fleets would only have been useful, either for purposes of invading an enemy country, or *for the holding of gladiatorial combats on the open sea*. A very large part of the activities of the fleet would thus disappear altogether." Gladiators were men who fought to afford a public entertainment. What, then, was in Lord Crewe's mind when he used the word? Lord Crewe is not a careless speaker. Did he mean that naval victories were always superfluous luxuries, or that if private property were immune from capture decisive naval victory must be barren of results?

There is something to be said for this view, but surely not so much as this. For, if naval victory meant complete freedom of military transport, with all that this implies for invading purposes, if it meant complete immunity from the fear of invasion, and all that this in turn would mean in releasing additional force for invasion, then immense as would be the military loss that would result from non-contraband trade being free of the enemy's ports, nevertheless much in the way of blockade would still be feasible, and this, with the other gains, would still make a naval victory of enormous, though not perhaps of crushing importance. So that the term "gladiatorial" would seem, even with private property immune, a curiously infelicitous term to apply. One is therefore led to ask, was it in fact used because of the abbreviated advantages that would follow in the supposed conditions? May it not have been used because Lord Crewe himself—in spite of his protestations that he is an ignorant landsman—had nevertheless been infected by the heresy that wrecked Mr. Churchill? And in selecting this term, was he, too, harking back to the time when a naval victory was assumed to be just a risky, costly, unpleasant, unnecessary thing, and that to envisage it, to analyse what was needed for winning it, and then to prepare and supply the means, were all works of supererogation?

However this may be, we must be content for the moment that right doctrine has won a real, though as I have said, a negative victory. The question is, can its scope be

extended? The human mind finds it difficult to receive and harbour ideas except through the medium of words, and as one idea gives birth to another, it is a vital matter that all basic principles should be so expressed that the phrases themselves suggest the realities with which they correspond. No terms should be employed that are misleading, either because they are vague or because their meaning is compromised by association with other realities not germane to the matter in hand. If our actual naval policy in war is to be the expression of ideas deriving from the fundamental principles underlying the right use of naval force, it is not, then, a mere question of academic interest that such fundamental principles should be justly and accurately expressed. Now it is noteworthy in the Lords debate, that several attempts were made to put the root of the matter into words. Lord Lytton, for instance, adopts the phrase, "To seek out and destroy the enemy." I have earlier quoted Admiral Dewey's expression "to find and defeat the hostile fleet or any of its detachments." Both of these statements, at first sight, seem to be both accurate and almost exhaustive. But in reality the expressions "find" and "seek" do not quite meet the requirements of the situation. The words are reminiscent of a naval war that differs in very important particulars from the conditions of to-day. Similarly the phrase, "containing an enemy's fleet," meant something very different a hundred years ago from what it means now.

New Naval Weapons

The addition of two new naval weapons to the gun—which for centuries was the only naval weapon—has mainly brought about these changes. The mine, and the torpedo as wielded by the submarine, impose obvious restrictions, both in seeking out your enemy and in containing him. The development of the underwater ship has indeed made one form of containment literally impossible, because except in unusual circumstances the underwater ship cannot be contained at all. Certainly it cannot be contained until decisive victory has disposed of the enemy's battle force. Further, the speed of modern ships has quite changed the conditions of war.

Is it possible to find a phrase that meets these changed conditions? It seems to me that it has already been found. On October 9th there appeared in the *Times* a contribution from Sir Reginald Custance to the controversy which Mr. Churchill's indiscretion aroused. It contained the following passage: "The generally accepted doctrine is, that the aim or object in war, whether by land or sea, is to destroy, disarm or contain—that is neutralise the action of—the enemy's armed force, and that this can only be brought about by battle or the threat of battle."

"To destroy or neutralise the action of the enemy's armed" ships: As a definition of the functions of a fighting fleet this really covers the ground completely, for the word "destroy" covers both all that is necessary for bringing the fleets into contact, when contact is possible, and the operations by which contact is converted into victory. And the word "neutralise" brings home to us the truth that, while the primary purpose of the navy is to destroy the enemy's fleet, that nevertheless the opportunities for doing so must be rare and may be long delayed, and that in the meantime every naval operation of the enemy's, that is carried out with a view, either to making battle more difficult or to attacking our war units piecemeal or our transports and trade wholesale, must be met by appropriate counter-operations until the battle, from which the enemy flinches, is by a general and unceasing pressure made compulsory to him.

Let us see, for instance, how this definition compares with the other in the matter of suggestion, in a specific case. If you hear two people arguing, one for a more forward naval policy, the other defending things as they are, it is almost certain that the two sides will be expressed somewhat as follows. One will say that our policy in concentrating our fleet so far to the north is a strategic weakness, that we should have held the North Sea in force—so as to have a more immediate command over the enemy's movements—and thus be sure of bringing him to action the moment he puts out of his harbours. The other side will retort that this implies looking for a general action right on the German coast, where

mine-fields unknown to us can be laid, where submarine ambushes can be arranged with the least trouble, where, above all, the enemy can renounce action and retreat to his harbours at the first sign of the action going against him. The first speaker has tried, in a crude way, to apply the doctrine of "seek out and destroy the enemy," to modern conditions. The second meets this crudity by the obvious retort of parading the advantages which mines and torpedoes confer on a belligerent who finds shallow waters in the neighbourhood of his ports. The first speaker lays himself open by seeming to ignore these dangers. But does not the second fall into the error of taking their prohibitive reality for granted? Is not almost a fresh conception of naval policy imported when we are made to realise that it is a primary duty of the stronger fleet—a duty ranking equally with that of threatening battle and being ready for it—to neutralise the enemy's action in this regard? Supposing, for

instance, before the war it had been the principle, so expressed, that had been our guide. Should we have had our own naval bases unprotected against submarine attack? Should we have been without any organisation for using mines offensively against the enemy? Still more, should we have been practically without any means whatever of preventing the enemy using mines against us? Once grasp what are the possibilities open to the enemy's armed forces; once realise the scope the mine and torpedo possess; once analyse their influence both on strategy and on tactics, with the new problems that they create both for cruising force and for naval artillery in action, and it becomes exceedingly clear what it is that your own fleet must be prepared to do. And, needless to say, had these things been realised at any time between 1911 and 1914, we should have had a fleet composed of different units, organised, trained and equipped in a very different way. ARTHUR POLLEN

A Living Wage for Land Workers

By Christopher Turnor

I HAVE intentionally dealt with the question of the guarantee of price of wheat (LAND & WATER, November 16th), before discussing the living wage for agricultural labourers—for the industry must be running under sound conditions if it is to pay the labourer a fair wage.

It is the farmer who pays the labourers. He can employ the amount of labour he should employ and pay his workers a fair wage only if he is prospering himself. If we are to maintain, let alone increase, our agricultural population, if we are to retain in the country the best of our young workers, then an adequate living wage must be paid to our agricultural labourers. Every thinking man, however "urban" his bias, deplors the falling off of our agricultural population, and realizes that this shrinkage is becoming a grave national danger. But there is no use in "deploring"; the town voter must agree to, and support, measures which will improve the condition of the whole industry—and so the conditions of the labourer. It is a problem that has to be solved by townsmen, for they have the voting power. It is a good thing that millions of our townsmen while fighting for their nation's existence have been brought into contact with "land conditions" very different from those that exist in this country.

Let them then insist when the time comes that our land shall be put to its fullest use and that the Government, purging itself from considerations of Party, shall devise a land policy which will make this possible. It is a question that affects every town labourer, for if good wages are to be maintained in our towns the wage of the rural worker must be good. If overcrowding and unemployment in the towns are to be avoided the land must give employment to its full quota of men.

The fundamental principle is that every working man should receive a wage sufficient to feed and clothe and house himself and his family properly. That is a standard that can hardly be disputed. But measuring the past by this standard, what do we find? That in many counties the labourer's wage was *not* sufficient to feed and clothe and house himself and family properly. The question of housing must be considered in connection with that of wage. There must be a great building of cottages after the war, if the land is to be provided with sufficient labour; further, in future the rentals of new cottages should be economic rentals, that is to say, they must be sufficient to cover repairs and insurance, and to pay a fair interest on the capital invested. Strictly speaking it should also pay the sinking fund—but I do not include it, because as a matter of principle I feel that the ultimate owner should pay the sinking fund.

After the war it seems probable that the rental of new cottages built in this country will have to be 6s. 6d. per week. This figure will fairly stagger the country dweller. The difference between the rental of new and old cottages will be great and some means must be found by which this difference can be reduced, and that can only be done by raising the rents of existing cottages.

To hold cottage property should be a more or less economic proposition; but at present the average rental is about 2s. a week; in some districts only 1s. 6d. Also there are a good many cottages only worth 1s. 6d. per week. These should unhesitatingly be pulled down, for it is uneconomic nationally, and morally wrong to bring up children in houses unfit for human habitation. But taking the average run of cottages with their little bits of garden, I think that 4s. a week would be about a fair rental. This would considerably reduce the difference between the rental of the new and old cottages. In the case of old cottages certain readjustments between landowner and tenant would have to take place—the cottage rental would have to be shown as an item separate from the rental of the land of the farm.

It is necessary to discuss this question of rental at some length, for from now onwards in any changes made in the wages of the labourer it must be an axiom that every breadwinner shall pay a fair rental for his house and that the wage he is paid shall be sufficient to enable him to do this. Another axiom is that every man with a local vote should pay his rates. This would tend to increase the labourer's self respect and raise his status. This matter would be quite easy to arrange, and only gives the rate collector a little more trouble.

One more point about the cottage. Cottages built from now on should as far as possible be built in the villages rather than on the farms, and they should be "free" cottages, i.e., not belong to the farms. Some people would like to see all cottages "free" cottages, but this is hardly possible; the dwellings of shepherds, cattlemen, cowmen must be nearer the farmstead and definitely go with the farm, but all the same their occupants should actually pay the rental for them.

If we now assume that the rental of new cottages will be 6s. 6d. (less 1s. a week, which represents the sinking fund, and that of existing cottages 4s.)—I fully realise all the difficulties in the way of this proposal—what should be considered a fair living wage for the agricultural labourer? Presumably the price of food will go down considerably when the war is over, but the general cost of living will remain permanently higher than it was before the war—it is already certain that it will. It is therefore impossible to say now exactly what the living wage should be.

It must ever be borne in mind that the actual fixing of a living or standard wage is much more difficult in the case of the agricultural labourer than in the case of the worker in the factory. For instance, old men may profitably be employed on the farm—but they would not earn a full wage. Any arrangement which would throw these old men out of work would be grossly unfair. Again, the output by the agricultural labourer, man for man, probably varies more than in almost any other occupation. Still, these difficulties will have to be overcome, and probably the most practical way in which to overcome them will be by the institution of local Wages Boards. Many people are inclined to say that it is really a matter

of supply and demand, that this law will in the long run settle the question. But over a long range of years it has *not* done so. In neighbouring counties with a similar supply there can be a fifty per cent. difference in the rate of wages. And in low wage counties all the intelligent workers migrate, and only the drègs are left: the law of supply and demand is inoperative.

For the sake of argument let us put this wage at 25s. a week, plus the rental. Then the ordinary labourer in a *new* cottage would receive 30s. 6d. per week, and he would pay a rental of 5s. 6d. to whatever individual, society or authority owned the cottage. In the case of a man in an old house he would be paid 29s.; and hand back the rental of 4s. to the farmer, or the owner of the cottage. The labourer would further pay rates which would vary from 6d. to 9d. per week.

Generally speaking, every labourer's cottage should have a small garden attached. Properly worked this would yield produce worth perhaps two shillings a week; Further, allotments should be easily available, where the land is suitable for allotments, and where the working-man shows himself capable of using an allotment effectively. In some parishes allotments are hardly used at all, even when easily available, and yet in other parishes near by they are put to effective use. Judicious prize-giving undoubtedly is a great incentive to the proper cultivation of the allotment, and demonstration allotments run by the County Council Agricultural Organiser also prove most beneficial. Under the wage conditions suggested here the rural labourer's position would compare

favourably with that of his urban cousin. He would have 25s. in cash after paying rent; he would earn an extra two shillings a week from his garden, and more than that if he had an allotment. This reform in wages would undoubtedly mean that the whole wage would be paid in cash and not partly in kind as in the past. It would be 25s. a week all the year round for the ordinary day's work; extra work, at harvest time, for instance, should be paid for as overtime. There are strong arguments in favour of part-payment in kind, just as there are strong arguments against it, but the balance is in favour of the cash payment.

A fair living wage, better housing facilities, access to land, will all help to attract intelligent labour to the land; but it must not be forgotten that before we can see our country life conditions all that we would desire, there must be on the one hand a great improvement in education in the rural districts, and on the other there must be a brightening of life in the village; community life must be developed and opportunities for recreation and amusement provided.

Our civilization during the last hundred years has been too one-sided—the urban side has been over-developed and the rural side neglected. If our national reconstruction after the war is to be sound, if we are to achieve rapid recuperation—moral, physical and economic—then we must realise that the country without a strong rural population is doomed to die. And we must therefore set to work at once to build up those rural forces which alone vitalize the nation.

An Historical Parallel

Fourth Greek Army Corps and the Convention of Tauroggen

By Colonel Feyler,

LIKE a bolt from the blue did the news come, that the fourth Greek Army Corps had surrendered to the Germans. This corps had remained under arms in its positions on the Macedonian frontier when the German and Bulgarian troops, invading Greece, had marched on Kavalla; in this manner its communications with the interior of the country had been cut. The officer in command, General Hazzopoulos, thereupon arranged with the German Command, not for the restoration of the communications, but for the transport of his Army Corps, lock, stock and barrel to the interior of Germany. Since then we have heard through a Wolff telegram that the corps was entrained with arms and impedimenta, *including women and children*; it was further pointed out to the world, as a touching incident, that these women and their children had been regaled, whilst passing through Sofia, with a cup of cafe-au-lait and a slice of plum-cake!

There is nothing new under the sun, and General Hazzopoulos' arrangement has its parallel in the treaty signed between the Prussian General von Yorck and the Russian General Diebitsch on December 30th, 1812, and known to military history as the Convention of Tauroggen. Under this agreement von Yorck, who was in the service of Napoleon, surrendered his army to the Russians, in view of their being considered thenceforth as a neutral body of troops, to be billeted in a specially neutralised zone of Prussia, a zone, however, which was to be open for the passage of the Russian troops.

Tauroggen has often been mentioned in the present war, during the first Russian offensive and the German counter-offensive on the Lower Niemen in the winter of 1915. It is situated in Lithuania near the eastern frontier of East Prussia, north of Tilsit and between Memel and Kovno.

In February 1812, before Napoleon's Russian campaign, a treaty with the King of Prussia stipulated that the latter should furnish a contingent of 20,000 men and 60 guns. This contingent, under the command of von Yorck, formed part of the X Army Corps, commanded by Marechal Macdonald, and at the time of the battle of the Beresina occupied the positions which to-day form the extreme left wing of the German armies in Russia, that is to say, from the Gulf of Riga along the Dwina as

far as Jacobstadt; von Yorck's division held the left half of this line, in front of Riga itself.

From the moment when von Yorck was put in command, the Russians tried to enter into friendly relations with him. Clausewitz says of von Yorck that he was a man of great bitterness of character. Gifted with great strength of will, he was nevertheless a dissimulator and of a disagreeable temper. The relations between him and his chief, Macdonald, already delicate as being between the conquered Prussian and the victorious Frenchman, soon became very strained. Up to the time of the Beresina, however, von Yorck, whilst doing nothing to discourage these Russian proposals, was not in a position to compromise himself. After the Beresina the Russians began to advance and the Russian General Wittgenstein, commanding in his neighbourhood, made concrete offers: "I offer you the assistance of my army for the destruction of the oppressors who have forced Prussia to enter into the senseless ambitions of Napoleon; I propose that you, in concert with myself, should re-establish the power of your King and deliver Germany from the horror of these barbarians."

Von Yorck replied: "Circumstances are at present such that I am obliged to act with the greatest of circumspection. A soldier from birth, I have never had occasion to learn the tricks of politics; but allow me to inform you that, whenever the situation of a State undergoes a radical change, the movements of its army must be in harmony with the measures taken by its government."

For a man uninstructed in the tricks of politics, this suggestion seems to show a high degree of natural aptitude. It is a diplomat's letter rather than a soldier's; General Wittgenstein had no reason to despair. At this juncture Macdonald received orders to join in the retreat of the Grand Army and to withdraw to the left bank of the Niemen and into East Prussia. He thereupon directed that the X Corps should march upon Tilsit by way of Tauroggen, and that Yorck's division was to form the rear-guard. On December 27th Macdonald's advance-guard, repulsing the Russian troops that were trying to cut his retreat, entered Tilsit; but his main body followed more slowly, in small detachments, for he was very anxious about his rear-guard, with which he had lost contact. On the 29th he wrote to Murat,

with whose movements he had to conform, concerning "the inconceivable delays of General von Yorck, who runs the risk of being turned by the Russians; he need only follow my own track, for the road is quite distinct."

Von Yorck was following, however, but in a manner more in accord with his political motives than military conditions warranted. The nearest Russian corps was that of Diebitsch. In the night of the 25th to the 26th the latter had sent a detachment to Krosche, which is north of Taugoggen, with the object of threatening the route of the Prussian column. He even sent them (the Prussians) word of this by one of his officers, adding that it was useless to spill more blood, and that it would be preferable to come to some understanding. This message was given to von Yorck, who consented to an interview between the two forces. Clausewitz, who was at the time a lieutenant-colonel on the staff of Diebitsch and who played an active part in the affair, has given a detailed account of what took place.

Diebitsch had deployed his troops to make as effective a show as possible, but he confessed to Yorck that, in view of the condition of his men, it would not be possible for him to cut the latter's retreat. He was, however, very insistent on the point of coming to an amicable agreement, and stated that he was ready to conclude a treaty of neutrality with the Prussian general. According to Clausewitz, "Yorck made no formal decision; but he seemed to be inclined towards such an arrangement, which would not stain the honour of his arms, but from the military point of view, he did not yet feel justified in negotiating to this end. It was, therefore, decided not to do anything during that night; on the following morning, Yorck would make a reconnaissance and would then march upon Laskow, as if he wished to turn the left flank of Diebitsch, who was facing him at Sziheli."

On the evening of the 28th, Clausewitz, who had passed the day with von Yorck, returned to his headquarters. At the moment of parting, von Yorck addressed him as follows: "I will remain all the day of the 29th at Taugoggen and on the 30th will continue my march upon Tilsit in the morning; if I find Tilsit occupied, and if there is a corps on my right flank which will prevent my marching upon Novoviasto, if also I am being harassed by troops from the rear, then I will sign a convention with the Russian general." It was hardly possible for him to arrange for his own envelopment with more precision!

The Russian Commander-in-Chief, General Wittgenstein, did not wait to be asked twice. He made haste to issue the necessary orders and charged his chief of staff, Colonel d'Auvray to send a copy of these orders to von Yorck, which was as a matter of fact done on the morning of the 29th. But at the same moment an emissary arrived from Marshal Macdonald, who had been able to cross the Russian encircling detachments and reach the Prussian rear-guard. He carried information from Macdonald to von Yorck that the communications of the X Corps with Königsberg were undisturbed, and that he awaited him at Tilsit, which was only four leagues distant from Taugoggen. This order was very awkward for von Yorck, and when Clausewitz came to see him, during the morning, he began by refusing to receive him, and when the latter eventually pushed his way in he was greeted with: "Clear out, I don't want to have anything more to do with you; your d— — Cossacks have allowed a messenger from Macdonald to reach me with orders that I am to join him at Pitkuppunen. I have made up my mind. Your troops will not turn up, because you are too weak, and I will have nothing more to do with negotiations that may cost me my head."

Clausewitz replied: "But your Excellency would not allow me to depart without having fulfilled my mission."

Thereupon Yorck called in his Chief of Staff, Colonel Roeder, who had been in an adjoining room. D'Auvray's orders to the Russian troops were read once more: then Yorck reflected for a moment and said to Clausewitz: "You are a Prussian. Tell me, do you think that General d'Auvray means what he says, and that Wittgenstein's troops will be at the places indicated in these orders at the times stated? Can you give me your word of honour as to that?"

Clausewitz, having replied in the affirmative, Yorck held out his hand, saying: "I am your man. Tell General

La Brabançonne (1916)

By EMILE CAMMAERTS.

"The men, crowded in open trucks, exposed to wind and weather, were in a most miserable condition. Their moral, in spite of cold and privation, was not shaken and, even while suffering this new form of oppression, they went away singing patriotic songs."

(Extract from the official protest of the Belgian Government).

"Après des siècles d'esclavage. . . ."

—Ecoule, maman, un train qui passe. . . .

Je n'ai jamais entendu chanter

Des gens que avaient l'air moins gai.

Leurs lèvres tremblent, leur voix se casse,

Que va-t-on faire de ces gens là?

Pourquoi s'ils chantent ne rient-ils pas?

Viens voir, maman, le train qui passe. . . .

—Ferme donc la fenêtre, mon petit,
L'air de Novembre me transite.

—On les a parqués comme des bêtes,

Ils sont serrés comme des harengs.

Drôle d'idée qu'ils ont de chanter à tue-tête,

Malgré la pluie, malgré le vent!

Leurs Jones sont pâles et leurs yeux brillent

Malgré le froid, malgré la pluie,

On les a parqués comme des bêtes. . . .

—Mon fils, se sont des ouvriers

Qui vont travailler aux chantiers.

—Et ceux-là qui lèvent la main)

Comme pour un dernier adieu?

Et celui-ci qui ronge un crouton de pain

Et l'autre qui se cache les yeux?

Oh, maman, je les reconnais. . . .

Que leur veut-on et qu'ont-ils fait?

N'est-ce pas, dis-moi, ce n'est pas eux

Qui lèvent la main?

—Mon fils, je ne puis te le cacher

Ce sont tes frères qu'ils ont emmenés. . . .

"Après des siècles d'esclavage. . . ."

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Wittgenstein that we will talk together to-morrow at the mill of Poscheren, and that I have decided from now on to dissociate myself with the French and with their cause."

On the following day, at 8 a.m., the so-called Convention of Taugoggen was signed by the two generals von Yorck and Diebitsch, in the presence of Colonel von Roeder, Major von Seydlitz, Lieutenant-Colonel Clausewitz and Major Count Dohna.

I am not aware whether the surrender of General Hazzopoulos needed so much discussion. Above all, I am unaware whether the "neutrality" of the 4th Greek Army Corps will be similar to that of the Prussian division under von Yorck. Actually, the neutrality only lasted for three months, for at the lapse of that time from the meeting at the mill of Poscheren, Yorck's division was marching alongside the Russian Armies.

Louis Tracy's latest novel, *Flower of the Gorse*, (Cassell and Co., 6s.), concerns an artist in Brittany, and his daughter Yvonne, whose mother had deserted her husband, obtained an American divorce, and married again, when the wreck of a yacht threw her into the Breton village where her daughter and first husband lived. It is a stirring story—the wreck of the yacht and the rescue of its crew and passengers is a fine piece of work, while a feature of the book is the delineation of Breton peasant life and customs. Any mention of the book should include a word for the dignified and touching dedication of the work, to the memory of the author's son, of whom "it is recorded in the Highland Division that he 'did his duty nobly and well,'"

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

LET us give place of honour this week to the work of a veteran! General Sir George Higginson, who in the summer of this year reached his ninetieth birthday, has by his long years of loyal and useful service earned the right to become reminiscent. His *Seventy-One Years of a Guardsman's Life* (Smith, Elder and Co., 10s. 6d. net), will be received therefore with respectful interest, not only by those who are striving as he did continually to maintain the reputation of the Guards Brigade, but also by all, an extended number nowadays, who are anxious to learn all they can about the traditions of our national services. General Higginson, who can recall meetings with George IV. and William IV., with Jackson, the prize-fighter, and Beau Brummel, and who, as the last chapter of his book testifies, can also review current events with sound, albeit somewhat bewildered, judgment and with helpful suggestions for the future, is, in the language which made Pius IX. laugh when the General used it of the Pope's Chamberlain, *un excellent cicerone* for certain aspects of military history in the past century and makes clear to us, without ever pointing a moral, what is implied in that threadbare, and much-abused phrase, "an officer and a gentleman." There is much to be learned from a sympathetic reading of this book, even by the newest-joined subaltern.

* * * * *

It is always easy to be superior in tone about a book of reminiscences, to talk about garrulity and the pleasure of posing for a photograph, but these are superficial matters at the worst. General Higginson disarms at the outset the more serious criticism of self-exultation. He puts forward no claim for great achievements, but, in this modest fashion, makes clear the scope and purpose of his book: "I am venturing to trace in rapid succession the events of a very long life, chequered by no special evidence of success and failure; and I am inspired solely by the hope that the descendants of those with whom I was associated in my early life may be reminded how true and faithful was the regard our forefathers cherished for that 'little company of soldiers' who, for more than two hundred and fifty years, have, as the First Regiment of Guards, served their King with undeviating loyalty."

* * * * *

I have indicated above that the gallant author of these memoirs has achieved more than he set out to do. Numerous as are princes and potentates and generals he has met, and interesting as are his first-hand and contemporary impressions of his one period of active service, the Crimean War, it is not so much in the persons he met, chiefly on ceremonial occasions, or in the events he took part in that the true value of his book lies. The picture as a whole is greater than its details. It is a picture of a loyal gentleman of the Guards.

* * * * *

One particular detail of General Higginson's book I should like to call attention to, as it has a moral of special application at the present day. There is evidently no point in the whole duty of an officer that the General has paid more attention to than that of consideration for the comfort and welfare of the men under his command. We find him continually, wherever he is, concerning himself with all movements for providing institutions, convenient married quarters or the like, for his soldiers. He has been, since its institution, on the committee, and is perhaps best known to the present generation as the Chairman of the Committee, of the Gordon Boys' Home. There is no passage in his book, save perhaps that in which he describes the saving of his Regiment's Colours at Inkerman, more marked by depth of feeling than that in which he tells of his work on the Board for discharging a thousand men of the Brigade after the Crimean War. "It was sad to have to sit day by day for upwards of a fortnight, signing documents which turned loose upon the world, without pension or gratuity, men who had become fully qualified to take the field anywhere as tried soldiers. Before many weeks were over, many of these good fellows were wandering penniless and without

employment throughout the country, illustrating with painful accuracy the truth of the bitter reflection with which Sir William Napier concludes his story of the Peninsular War." This must never happen again.

* * * * *

It is well to go back to the past every now and then to regain a sense of continuity and proportion, but we cannot stay there long. The present and its problems are all-absorbing. We are recalled very vividly to the present by the striking story and the urgent appeal of *The Cellar-House of Pervyse* (A. and C. Black, Ltd., 6s. net). This book is compiled from the letters and journals of Baroness T'serclaes, and Miss Mairi Chisholm, the two Englishwomen who have devoted themselves almost since the beginning of the war to the service of the Belgian soldiers; who established a *poste de secours* two years ago in the ruins of Pervyse, who are the only women permitted by the Council of the Allies to remain in the firing line, and who have been made by King Albert Chevaliers of the Order of Leopold II. It is hard to realise that this is a sober record of fact, especially as like a veritable romance it ends with a wedding, the lady who began the work as Mrs. Knocker ending as the wife of a Belgian flying officer. But it is real fact authenticated by much unimpeachable evidence, and it is published to raise funds for the continuance of the work. And not only for that. The Baroness looks to the future of the people that are now her people. "At the end of the war the need will not cease. Men maimed and crippled, robbed of every relation, and all they called home, must be cared for." If we learn nothing else from the record of these brave women—and I cannot trust myself to express in drab prose to those who have not yet read the book all I felt on reading it—we learn at least that these men are worth caring for. That is what the Two particularly want us to learn. So buy this book. Only I warn you that, having read it, you will want other copies for your friends and will probably be moved also to send a handsome donation to "the Cellar-House Fund."

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To adjust one's emotions to actual fiction after *The Cellar-House of Pervyse* is at first a matter of some difficulty. But *The Old Blood* (John Murray, 5s. net), soon holds one's attention and interest. This is not entirely on account of the story, though Mr. Frederick Palmer, already well-known to English readers as the American correspondent who wrote *My Year of the War*, has considerable narrative power. It is also because of the theme of the book which is suggested in the title. The hero is a young American, one of whose ancestors fought in the War of Independence, and who now fights "for the same kind of a cause that the ancestor fought for, this time with the British." Mr. Palmer makes things a little too easy for every one all round.

* * * * *

With the present lively demand for good detective stories, there should be no doubt of the success of *The Hampstead Mystery*, by Watson and Rees (John Lane, 6s.) This is a murder mystery constructed on an orthodox plan, but worked out with considerable ingenuity and with several novelties, both in incident and treatment. The detective work is quite good, and the familiar contrast between the police and the private detective is given a new lease of life by the latter's clever essays in deductive psychology. It is no mere fairy story that the authors tell, but a novel distinctly for the "grown-ups."

* * * * *

Whatever else may be said of American novels, they no longer bear, as a rule, the old reproach of being "dry goods." *Windy McPherson's Son* (John Lane, 6s.), is a typical American novel on the difficulty of serving God and mammon. It tells of a newspaper boy whose acute business sense made him a multi-millionaire, while he starved his feeling for poetry and his sense of morality. The author gets all the possible excitement out of both of his hero's pursuits, and thus succeeds with some skill in making the best of both worlds.

Among British Craggs

By William T. Palmer

IT is just wisdom to say that the men who take short cuts see but little on the way to their objective. But the rule does not apply to the rock-climber who, seeking the straightest route by ridge or gully, sees phases of the mountain-land which are undreamt of by any other traveller.

There are many ways of looking at our mountains. To the motorist they are mainly a background to a thin ribbon of road—a wall of grey rising to the realm of mist—a cone of shaded purple against the gold of sunset—a broken blue line of distant summits above which white cloud puffs are sailing. To the ordinary walker a mountain is a long rise of grass or heather or broken fragments (or all these in combination) with a panorama gaining in depth and width as one ascends. To the more adventurous, the scramblers, there are cliffs to be skirted, rugged slopes to be scaled, and there are glimpses and visits into wild corries and coves indeed. But even in path-tamed Cumbria few are those who pass near the cliffs of Scafell or the Pillar, or of Great Gable, and enjoy the fine rock-scenery. In Glencoe and in Skye the hill-climber of the robust type is still less in evidence, and after all only the rock-climbing enthusiast gets into the true inner presence of the mountains. Without companions and without the climber's rope, access is forbidden to the sanctuary of the rocks.

However, there are some of us no longer fit to force our way up terrific gullies, to creep up the long slabs, to storm the sharp ridges, the steeples of rock, but able still to ramble in the easy places at the feet of great crags. Besides more active comrades no one else comes our way, for one must have a shrewd idea of the reward before facing the loose scree, the ladder of mossy rocks which bars the way. Having had our taste of stern mountain delights, one is unwilling to abandon entirely the place. The aroma still tempts us to add clinkers to our boots and to carry the light ice-axe instead of the less ferocious (and in real need useless) walking stick.

Without the rope rock-climbing would be terribly dangerous and the best part of it quite impossible. With the rope properly used, the ordinary "difficult" course becomes perfectly safe. In the "severest" of modern ascents, however, it becomes a question whether the rope is an advantage or the reverse. The long runs-out of ninety to one hundred feet which are necessary on some courses where holds are scarce and resting places at wide and inconvenient distances, make terribly severe work, and one sometimes feels that on such a task each member of a party would be safer working "on his own." The leader is so insecurely placed that assistance to a slipping comrade would be given at great peril, while any working of the rope from below would fail to give the leader any assistance. The margin of safety on steep rocks is too small to allow of any jerking or catching of the rope.

But rock-climbing on less expert and thorough lines is more leisurely. There is time and chance to look round, and one notes with wonder and awe (old-fashioned but true phrase) the naked limbs, the bent and twisted stratas of the mountain. In the solid faces of rock glimpsed by the casual tourist, the climber penetrates narrow but deep-cut clefts, finds hanging valleys choked with scree and debris, lofty towers and steep buttresses of rock.

The nearer one gets to Nature's giants the more splendid and awe-inspiring their outlook. There is a glory in the view from the Cioch, with great smooth slabs shelving in all directions which cannot be dreamt of from the broken climbers' tracks even of the fine Harta Corrie in Skye. In the latter, all the splendour of storm-riven crag is above, to right or to left; there is nothing but tribulation and rough travelling below. From the airy perch of the Cioch, one cares little about progress, and the problem of routes does not intrude too much. One is for the time being lifted to the point of exaltation.

There are glorious though less renowned "bits" among our British crags hidden here and there from the careless. How often has one scrambled up a fan of scree, up a ladder of wet blocks, steadying here on slippery moss, gripping there on tiny ledges in the wall—a score steps up,

a curve, maybe a traverse on a path wide enough for straying venturesome sheep, and then on a hot August day one finds a drift, stained and shrinking, of last winter's snow. Or it may be an array of graceful rock domes and minarets, a wall cleft into narrow chimneys, with many a steep arete. Here lies concealed a cliff within the cliff, a palace of delights, a new world altogether.

Aloofness from the World

When the rocks round such a recess offer no scope to the trained climber, one may get a proper taste of aloofness from the world. This is an unexplored, a forgotten place, sacred to the birds of prey. Their nests are on the ledges above; their food the carrion of sheep and deer which, straying up here, have forgotten the way out and died. Yet crawling to a gap in the battlements of rock one sees the road far away, and the tourist slogging drearily past the tiny watercourse which marks for me the entrance of a rocky fairyland. He knows not the place—and anyway did one haul him up with a climbing rope he would never appreciate its simple pleasures. His ideas of crags are lofty out-bending slabs up which the experts wriggle, at every moment in deadly peril of their lives. Let one be thankful for his ignorance! In trying to see the great climbs which are hidden among the upper rocks he passes by the happiest resting-place among the mountains.

On such explorations of minor rock-circles the rope is essential. No one but a practised climber should pass the lower pitch of (say) Deep Ghyll without the safeguard, though a party panting up the steep screes of Lords Rake may have taken advice on roping to the extreme. However, slips in Lords Rake have had rather nasty consequences before to-day, and one should rather commend than condemn the action. Personally one has met with many a "gangway" of steep grass and scree the final leaving of which was greeted with joy.

But common sense must govern one's explorations. There is a certain water-course in Cumbria—you may find it readily for yourself—which promises much pleasure. But alas! its boulders are uniformly loose, its ledges covered with scree, and when one has removed much rubbish the bedrock beneath is merely rotten and streaming with moisture. The angle, however, is not too severe, and after a dirty, tiring fight one escapes into an open featureless ghyll. All the bold rock is in the outer escarpment of the mountain: pass that, and you are in mediocre surroundings indeed. But as a rule the higher you ascend, the steeper and bolder the crags, the narrower and more tempting the gullies, the sharper and more difficult the aretes between. And of course more grand, more striking the rock scenery.

In winter the whole aspect of the crags changes. Courses which once were easy are now glazed in thin ice, and have to be tried with caution, while steps can be cut up the snow-choked gullies at severe angles. Routes which were mere toilsome scree are now in their glory, and one rises rapidly and easily to the heights. Everything is capped, curtained, buried in chill white of snow and blue of ice, except the overhanging slabs, the stark grey-blackness of which is a wonderful sight. The springs among the crags are frozen at the source, the moss-drapery is fringed with icicles. There is full silence now, except for the hum of the wind among the pinnacles, and the occasional crackle as an icicle loses its grip or a crunching when a snow dome slips from some lofty rock.

Some of us are persistent enough in our love for the crags to wander out even on wild days in winter, and what is our reward? Sleet and snow and rain, floods to be forded, the peril of avalanche, the gloom of mist at mid-day. Nothing but choking obscurity among the crags, nothing but chill and damp below. Yet somehow there is a charm in fighting up the half-seen course, in wrestling with the tempest, and plunging waist-deep in soft drifts. It's queer, but it's human, to feel pleasure in the midst of discomfort. And yet one cannot define any reason why?

The Golden Triangle

By Maurice Leblanc

[Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos]

CHAPTER I

Coralie

IT was close upon half-past six and the evening shadows were growing denser when two soldiers reached the little space, planted with trees, opposite the Musée Galliera, where the Rue de Chaillot and the Rue Pierre-Charron meet. One wore an infantryman's sky-blue great-coat; the other, a Senegalese, those clothes of undyed wool, with baggy breeches and a belted jacket, in which the Zouaves and the native African troops have been dressed since the war. One of them had lost his right leg, the other his left arm.

They walked round the open space, in the centre of which stands a fine group of Silenus figures, and stopped. The infantryman threw away his cigarette. The Senegalese picked it up, took a few quick puffs at it, put it out by squeezing it between his forefinger and thumb and stuffed it into his pocket. All this without a word.

Almost at the same time, two more soldiers came out of the Rue Galliera. It would have been impossible to say to what branch they belonged, for their military attire was composed of the most incongruous civilian garments. However, one of them sported a Zouave's *chechia*, the other an artilleryman's *képi*. The first walked on crutches, the other on two sticks. These two kept near the newspaper-kiosk which stands at the edge of the pavement.

Three others came singly by the Rue Pierre-Charron, the Rue Brigholes and the Rue de Chaillot: a one-armed rifleman, a limping sapper and a marine with a hip that looked as if it was twisted. Each of them made straight for a tree and leant against it.

Not a word was uttered among them. None of the seven crippled soldiers seemed to know his companions or to trouble about or even perceive their presence. They stood behind their trees or behind the kiosk or behind the group of Silenus figures without stirring. And the few wayfarers who, on that evening of the 3rd of April 1915, crossed this unfrequented square, which received hardly any light from the shrouded street-lamps, did not slacken pace to observe the men's motionless outlines.

A clock struck half-past six. At that moment, the door of one of the houses overlooking the square opened. A man came out, closed the door behind him, crossed the Rue de Chaillot and walked round the open space in front of the museum. It was an officer in khaki. Under his red forage cap, with its three lines of gold braid, his head was wrapped in a wide linen bandage, which hid his forehead and neck. He was tall and very slenderly-built. His right leg ended in a wooden stump with a rubber foot to it. He leant on a stick.

Leaving the square, he stepped into the roadway of the Rue Pierre-Charron. Here he turned and gave a leisurely look to his surroundings on every side. This minute inspection brought him to one of the trees facing the museum. With the tip of his cane he gently tapped a protruding stomach. The stomach pulled itself in.

The officer moved off again. This time he went definitely down the Rue Pierre-Charron towards the centre of Paris. He thus came to the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, which he went up, taking the left pavement.

Two hundred yards further on was a large house, which had been transformed, as a flag proclaimed, into a hospital. The officer took up his position at some distance, so as not to be seen by those leaving, and waited.

It struck a quarter to seven and seven o'clock. A few more minutes passed. Five persons came out of the house, followed by two more. At last a lady appeared in the hall, a nurse wearing a wide blue cloak marked with the Red Cross.

"Here she comes," said the officer.

She took the road by which he had arrived and turned down the Rue Pierre-Charron, keeping to the right-hand pavement and thus making for the space where the street meets the Rue de Chaillot. Her walk was light, her step easy and well-balanced. The wind, buffeting against her as she moved quickly on her way, swelled out the long blue veil floating around her shoulders. Notwithstanding the width of the cloak, the rhythmical swing of her body and the youthfulness of her figure were revealed. The officer kept behind her and walked along with an absent-minded air, twirling his stick, like a man taking an aimless stroll.

At this moment, there was nobody in sight, in that part of the street, except him and her. But, just after she had crossed the Avenue Marceau and some time before he reached it, a motor, standing in the avenue, started driving in the same direction as the nurse, at a fixed distance from her.

It was a taxi-cab. And the officer noticed two things: first, that there were two men inside it and, next, that one of them leant out of the window almost the whole time, talking to the driver. He was able to catch a momentary glimpse of this man's face, cut in half by a heavy moustache and surmounted by a grey felt hat.

Meanwhile, the nurse walked on without turning round. The officer had crossed the street and now hurried his pace, the more so as it struck him that the cab was also increasing its speed as the girl drew near the space in front of the museum.

From where he was, the officer could take in almost the whole of the little square at a glance; and, however sharply he looked, he discerned nothing in the darkness that revealed the presence of the seven crippled men. No one moreover was passing on foot or driving. In the distance only, in the dusk of the wide crossing avenues, two tram-cars, with lowered blinds, disturbed the silence.

Nor did the girl, presuming that she was paying attention to the sights of the street, appear to see anything to alarm her. She gave not the least sign of hesitation. And the behaviour of the motor-cab following her did not seem to strike her either, for she did not look round once.

The cab, however, was gaining ground. When it neared the square, it was ten or fifteen yards, at most, from the nurse; and, by the time that she, still noticing nothing, had reached the first trees, it came closer yet and, leaving the middle of the road, began to hug the pavement, while, on the side opposite the pavement, the left-hand side, the man who kept leaning out had opened the door and was now standing on the step.

The officer crossed the street once more, briskly, without fear of being seen, so heedless did the two men now appear of anything but their immediate business. He raised a whistle to his lips. There was no doubt that the expected event was about to take place.

The cab, in fact, pulled up suddenly. The two men leapt from the doors on either side and rushed to the pavement of the square, a few yards from the kiosk. At the same moment, there was a cry of terror from the girl and a shrill whistle from the officer. And, also at the same time, the two men caught up and seized their victim and dragged her towards the cab, while the seven wounded soldiers, seeming to spring from the very trunks of the trees that hid them, fell upon the two aggressors.

The battle did not last long. Or rather there was no battle. At the outset, the driver of the taxi, perceiving that the attack was being countered, made off and drove away as fast as he could. As for the two men, realising that their enterprise had failed and finding themselves faced with a threatening array of uplifted sticks and crutches, not to mention the barrel of a revolver which the officer pointed at them, they let go the girl, tacked from side to side, to prevent the officer from taking aim, and disappeared in the darkness of the Rue Brigholes.

"Run for all you're worth, Ya-Bon," said the officer to the one-armed Senegalese, "and bring me back one of them by the scruff of the neck!"

He supported the girl with his arm. She was trembling all over and seemed ready to faint.

"Don't be frightened, Little Mother Coralie," he said, very anxiously. "It's I, Captain Belval, Patrice Belval."

"Ah, it's you, captain!" she stammered.

"Yes; all your friends have gathered round to defend you, all your old patients from the hospital, whom I found in the convalescent home."

"Thank you. Thank you." And she added, in a quivering voice, "The others? Those two men?"

"Run away. Ya-Bon's gone after them."

"But what did they want with me? And what miracle brought you all here?"

"We'll talk about that later, Little Mother Coralie. Let's speak of you first. Where am I to take you? Don't you think you'd better come in here with me, until you've recovered and taken a little rest?"

Assisted by one of the soldiers, he helped her gently to the

house which he himself had left three-quarters of an hour before. The girl let him do as he pleased. They all entered an apartment on the ground-floor and went into the drawing-room, where a bright fire of logs was burning. He switched on the electric light:

"Sit down," he said.

She dropped into a chair; and the captain at once gave his orders:

"You, Poulard, go and fetch a glass in the dining-room. And you, Ribrac, draw a jug of cold water in the kitchen. . . . Chatelain, you'll find a decanter of rum in the pantry. . . . Or, stay, she doesn't like rum. . . . Then. . . ."

"Then," she said, smiling, "just a glass of water, please."

Her cheeks, which were naturally pale, recovered a little of their warmth. The blood flowed back to her lips; and the smile on her face was full of confidence. Her face, all charm and gentleness, had a pure outline, features almost too delicate, a fair complexion and the ingenuous expression of a wondering child that looks on life with eyes always wide open. And all this, which was dainty and exquisite, nevertheless at certain moments gave an impression of energy, due no doubt to her shining, dark eyes and to the line of smooth, black hair that came down on either side from under the white cap in which her forehead was imprisoned:

"Aha!" cried the captain, gaily, when she had drunk the water. "You're feeling better, I think, eh, Little Mother Coralie?"

"Much better."

"Capital. But that was a bad minute we went through just now! What an adventure! We shall have to talk it all over and get some light on it, sha'n't we? Meanwhile, my lads, pay your respects to Little Mother Coralie. Eh, my fine fellows, who would have thought, when she was coddling you and putting your pillows for your fat pates to sink into, that one day we should be taking care of her and that the children would be coddling their little mother?"

They all pressed round her, the one-armed and the one-legged, the crippled and the sick, all glad to see her. And she shook hands with them affectionately:

"Well, Ribrac, how's that leg of yours?"

"I don't feel it any longer, Little Mother Coralie."

"And you, Vatinel? That wound in your shoulder?"

"Not a sign of it, Little Mother Coralie."

"And you, Poulard? And you, Jorisse?"

Her emotion increased at seeing them again, the men whom she called her children. And Patrice Belval exclaimed:

"Ah, Little Mother Coralie, now you're crying! Little mother, little mother, that's how you captured all our hearts. When we were trying our hardest not to call out, on our beds of pain, we used to see your eyes filling with great tears. Little Mother Coralie was weeping over her children. Then we clenched our teeth still firmer."

"And I used to cry still more," she said, "just because you were afraid of hurting me."

"And to-day you're at it again? No, you are too soft-hearted. You love us. We love you. There's nothing to cry about in that. Come, Little Mother Coralie, a smile. . . . And, I say, here's Ya-Bon coming; and Ya-Bon always laughs."

She rose suddenly:

"Do you think he can have overtaken one of the two men?"

"Do I think so? I told Ya-Bon to bring one back by the neck. He won't fail. I'm only afraid of one thing. . . ."

They had gone towards the hall. The Senegalese was already on the steps. With his right hand, he was clutching the neck of a man, of a limp rag, rather, which he seemed to be carrying at arm's length, like a dancing-doll.

"Drop him," said the captain.

Ya-Bon loosened his fingers. The man fell on the flags in the hall.

"That's what I feared," muttered the officer. "Ya-Bon has only his right hand; but, when that hand holds any one by the throat, it's a miracle if it doesn't strangle him. The Boches know something about it."

Ya-Bon was a sort of colossus, the colour of gleaming coal, with a woolly head and a few curly hairs on his chin, with an empty sleeve fastened to his left shoulder and two medals pinned to his jacket. Ya-Bon had had one cheek, one side of his jaw, half his mouth, and the whole of his palate smashed by a splinter of shell. The other half of that mouth was split to the ear in a laugh which seemed never to cease and which was all the more surprising because the wounded portion of the face, patched up as best it could be and covered with a grafted skin, remained impassive.

Moreover, Ya-Bon had lost his power of speech. The most that he could do was to emit a sequence of indistinct grunts in which his nickname of Ya-Bon was everlastingly repeated.

He uttered it once more with a satisfied air, glancing by

turns at his master and his victim, like a good sporting-dog standing over the bird which he has retrieved.

"Good," said the officer. "But, next time, go to work more gently."

He bent over the man, felt his heart and, on seeing that he had only fainted, asked the nurse:

"Do you know him?"

"No," she said.

"Are you sure? Have you never seen that head anywhere?"

It was a very big head, with black hair, plastered down with grease, and a thick beard. The man's clothes, which were of dark-blue serge and well-cut, showed him to be in easy circumstances.

"Never . . . never," the girl declared.

Captain Belval searched the man's pockets. They contained no papers.

"Very well," he said, rising to his feet, "we will wait till he wakes up and question him then. Ya-Bon, tie up his arms and legs and stay here, in the hall. The rest of you fellows, go back to the home: it's time you were indoors. I have my key. Say good-bye to Little Mother Coralie and trot off."

And, when good-bye had been said, he pushed them outside, came back to the nurse, led her into the drawing-room and said:

"Now let's talk, Little Mother Coralie. First of all, before we try to explain things, listen to me. It won't take long."

They were sitting before the merrily blazing fire. Patrice Belval slipped a hassock under Little Mother Coralie's feet, put out a light that seemed to worry her. When he felt perfectly certain that she was quite comfortable, he began:

"As you know, Little Mother Coralie, I left the hospital a week ago and am staying on the Boulevard Maillot, at Neuilly, in the home reserved for the convalescent patients of the hospital. I sleep there at night and have my wounds dressed in the morning. The rest of the time I spend in loafing. I stroll about, lunch and dine where the mood takes me and go and call on my friends. Well, this morning I was waiting for one of them in a big café-restaurant on the boulevard, when I overheard the end of a conversation. . . . But I must tell you that the place is divided into two by a partition standing about six feet high, with the customers of the café on one side and those of the restaurant on the other. I was all by myself in the restaurant; and the two men, who had their backs turned to me and who in any case were out of sight, probably thought that there was no one there at all, for they were speaking rather louder than they need have done, considering the sentences which I overheard . . . and which I afterwards wrote down in my little note-book."

He took the note-book from his pocket and went on:

"These sentences, which caught my attention for reasons which you will understand presently, were preceded by some others in which there was a reference to sparks, to a shower of sparks that had already occurred twice before the war, a sort of night signal for the possible repetition of which they proposed to watch, so that they might act quickly as soon as it appeared. Does none of this tell you anything?"

"No. Why?"

"You shall see. By the way, I forgot to tell you that the two were talking English, quite correctly, but with an accent which assured me that neither of them was an Englishman. Here is what they said, faithfully translated: 'To finish up, therefore,' said one, 'everything is decided. You and he will be at the appointed place at a little before seven this evening.' 'We shall be there, colonel. We have engaged our taxi.' 'Good. Remember that the little woman leaves her hospital at seven o'clock.' 'Have no fear. There can't be any mistake, because she always goes the same way, down the Rue Pierre-Charron.' 'And your whole plan is settled?' 'In every particular. The thing will happen in the square at the end of the Rue de Chaillot. Even granting that there may be people about, they will have no time to rescue her, for we shall act too quickly.' 'Are you certain of your driver?' 'I am certain that we shall pay him enough to secure his obedience. That's all we want.' 'Capital. I'll wait for you at the place you know of, in a motor-car. You'll hand the little woman over to me. From that moment, we shall be masters of the situation.' 'And you of the little woman, colonel, which isn't bad for you, for she's deucedly pretty.' 'Deucedly, as you say. I've known her a long time by sight; and, upon my word . . . The two began to laugh coarsely and called for their bill. I at once got up and went to the door on the boulevard, but only one of them came out by that door, a man with a big drooping moustache and a grey felt hat. The other had left by the door in the street round the corner. There was only one taxi in the road. The man took it and I had to give up all hope of following him.

Only . . . only, as I knew that you left the hospital at seven o'clock every evening, and that you went along the Rue Pierre-Charron, I was justified, wasn't I, in believing?"

The captain stopped. The girl reflected, with a thoughtful air. Presently she asked:

"Why didn't you warn me?"

"Warn you!" he exclaimed. "And, if, after all, it wasn't you? Why alarm you? And, if, on the other hand, it was you, why put you on your guard? After the attempt had failed, your enemies would have laid another trap for you; and we, not knowing of it, would have been unable to prevent it. No, the best thing was to accept the fight. I enrolled a little band of your former patients who were being treated at the home; and, as the friend whom I was expected to meet happened to live in the square, here, in this house, I asked him to place his rooms at my disposal from six to nine o'clock. That's what I did, Little Mother Coralie. And now that you know as much as I do, what do you think of it?"

She gave him her hand:

"I think you have saved me from an unknown danger that looks like a very great one; and I thank you."

"No, no," he said, "I can accept no thanks. I was so glad to have succeeded! What I want to know is your opinion of the business itself?"

Without a second's hesitation, she replied:

"I have none. Not a word, not an incident, in all that you have told me, suggests the least idea to me."

"You have no enemies, to your knowledge?"

"Personally, no."

"What about that man to whom your two assailants were to hand you over and who says that he knows you?"

"Doesn't every woman," she said, with a slight blush, "come across men who pursue her more or less openly? I can't tell who it is."

The captain was silent for a while and then went on:

"When all is said, our only hope of clearing up the matter lies in questioning our prisoner. If he refuses to answer, I shall hand him over to the police, who will know how to get to the bottom of the business."

The girl gave a start:

"The police?"

"Well, of course. What would you have me do with the fellow? He doesn't belong to me. He belongs to the police."

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "Not on any account! What, have my life gone into? . . . Have to appear before the magistrate? . . . Have my name mixed up in all this?"

"And yet, Little Mother Coralie, I can't. . . ."

"Oh, I beg, I beseech you, as my friend, find some way out of it, but don't have me talked about! I don't want to be talked about!"

The captain looked at her, somewhat surprised to see her in such a state of agitation, and said:

"You shan't be talked about, Little Mother Coralie, I promise you."

"Then what will you do with that man?"

"Well," he said, with a laugh, "I shall begin by asking him politely if he will condescend to answer my questions; then thank him for his civil behaviour to you; and lastly beg him to be good enough to go away."

He rose:

"Do you wish to see him, Little Mother Coralie?"

"No," she said, "I am so tired: If you don't want me, question him by yourself. You can tell me about it afterwards."

She seemed quite exhausted by all this fresh excitement and strain, added to all those which already rendered her life as a nurse so hard. The captain did not insist and went out, closing the door of the drawing-room after him.

She heard him saying:

"Well, Ya-Bon, have you kept a good watch. No news? And how's your prisoner? . . . Ah, there you are, my fine fellow! Have you got your breath back? Oh, I know Ya-Bon's hand is a bit heavy! . . . What's this? Won't you answer? . . . Hallo, what's happened? Hanged if I don't think. . . ."

A cry escaped him. The girl ran to the hall. She met the captain, who tried to bar her way.

"Don't come," he said, in great agitation. "What's the use!"

"But you're hurt!" she exclaimed.

"I?"

"There's blood on your shirt-cuff."

"So there is, but it's nothing: it's the man's blood that must have stained me."

"Then he was wounded?"

"Yes, or at least his mouth was bleeding. Some blood-vessel. . . ."

"Why, surely Ya-Bon didn't grip as hard as that?"

"It wasn't Ya-Bon."

"Then who was it?"

"His accomplices."

"Did they come back?"

"Yes; and they've strangled him."

"But it's not possible!"

She pushed by and went towards the prisoner. He did not move. His face had the pallor of death. Round his neck was a red-silk string, twisted very thin and with a buckle at either end."

CHAPTER II

Right Hand and Left Leg.

ONE rogue less in the world, Little Mother Coralie! cried Patrice Belval, after he had led the girl back to the drawing-room and made a rapid investigation with Ya-Bon. "Remember his name—I found it engraved on his watch—Mustapha Rovaliof, the name of a rogue!"

He spoke gaily, with no emotion in his voice, and continued, as he walked up and down the room:

"You and I, Little Mother Coralie, who have witnessed so many tragedies and seen so many good fellows die, need not wastetears over the death of Mustapha Rovaliof or his murder by his accomplices. Not even a funeral oration, eh? Ya-Bon has taken him under his arm, waited until the square was clear and carried him to the Rue Brignoles, with orders to fling the gentleman over the railings into the garden of the Musée Galliéra. The railings are high. But Ya-Bon's right hand knows no obstacles. And so, Little Mother Coralie, the matter is buried. You won't be talked about; and, this time, I claim a word of thanks."

He stopped to laugh:

"A word of thanks, but no compliments. By Jove, I don't make much of a warder! It was clever the way those beggars snatched my prisoner. Why didn't I foresee that your other assailant, the man in the grey-felt hat, would go and tell the third, who was waiting in his motor, and that they would both come back together to rescue their companion? And they came back. And, while you and I were chatting, they must have forced the servants' entrance, passed through the kitchen, come to the little door between the pantry and the hall and pushed it open. There, close by them, lay their man, still unconscious and firmly bound, on his sofa. What were they to do? It was impossible to get him out of the hall without alarming Ya-Bon. And yet, if they didn't release him, he would speak, give away his accomplices and ruin a carefully prepared plan. So one of the two must have leant forward stealthily, put out his arm, thrown his string round that throat which Ya-Bon had already handled pretty roughly, gathered the buckles at the two ends and pulled, pulled, quietly, until death came. Not a sound. Not a sigh. The whole operation performed in silence. We come, we kill and we go away. Good-night. The trick is done and our friend won't talk."

Captain Belval's merriment increased:

"Our friend won't talk," he repeated, "and the police, when they find his body to-morrow morning inside a railed garden, won't understand a word of the business. Nor we either, Little Mother Coralie; and we shall never know why those men tried to kidnap you. It's only too true! I may not be up to much as a warder, but I'm beneath contempt as a detective!"

He continued to walk up and down the room. The fact that his leg or rather his calf had been amputated seemed hardly to inconvenience him; and, as the joints of the knee and thigh-bone had retained their mobility, there was at most a certain want of rhythm in the action of his hips and shoulders. Moreover, his tall figure tended to correct his lameness, which was reduced to insignificant proportions by the ease of his movements and the indifference with which he appeared to accept it.

He had an open countenance, rather dark in colour, burnt by the sun and tanned by the weather, with an expression that was frank, cheerful and often bantering. He must have been between twenty-eight and thirty. His manner suggested that of the officers of the First Empire, to whom their life in camp imparted a special air which they subsequently brought into the ladies' drawing-rooms.

He stopped to look at Coralie, whose shapely profile stood out against the gleams from the fireplace. Then he came and sat beside her:

"I know nothing about you," he said, softly. "At the hospital, the doctors and nurses call you Madame Coralie. Your patients prefer to say Little Mother. What is your married or your maiden name? Have you a husband or are you a widow? Where do you live? Nobody knows. You arrive every day at the same time and you go away by the

same street. Sometimes an old serving-man, with long grey hair and a bristly beard, with a comforter round his neck and a pair of yellow spectacles on his nose, brings you or fetches you. Sometimes also he waits for you, always sitting on the same chair in the covered yard. He has been asked questions, but he never gives an answer. I know only one thing therefore, about you, which is that you are adorably good and kind and that you are also—I may say it, may I not?—adorably beautiful. And it is perhaps, Little Mother Coralie, because I know nothing about your life that I imagine it so mysterious and, in some way, so sad. You give the impression of living amid sorrow and anxiety: the feeling that you are all alone. There is no one who devotes himself to making you happy and taking care of you. So I thought I have long thought and waited for an opportunity of telling you—I thought that you must need a friend, a brother, who would advise and protect you. Am I not right, Little Mother Coralie?"

As he went on, Coralie seemed to shrink into herself and to place a greater distance between them, as though she did not wish to penetrate those secret regions of which he spoke.

"No," she murmured, "you are mistaken. My life is quite simple. I do not need to be defended."

"You do not need to be defended!" he cried, with increasing animation. "What about those men who tried to kidnap you? That plot hatched against you? That plot which your assailants are so afraid to see discovered that they go to the length of killing the one who allowed himself to be caught? Is that nothing? Is it mere delusion on my part when I say that you are surrounded by dangers, that you have enemies who stick at nothing, that you have to be defended against their attempts and that, if you decline the offer of my assistance, I . . . well, I . . . ?"

She persisted in her silence, showed herself more and more distant, almost hostile. The officer struck the marble mantelpiece with his fist and, bending over her, finished his sentence in a determined tone:

"Well, if you decline the offer of my assistance, I shall force it on you." She shook her head.

"I shall force it on you," he repeated, firmly. "It is my duty and my right."

"No," she said, in an undertone.

"My absolute right," said Captain Belval, "for a reason which outweighs all the others and makes it unnecessary for me even to consult you."

"What do you mean?"

"I love you."

He brought out the words plainly, not like a lover venturing on a timid declaration, but like a man proud of the sentiment that he feels and happy to proclaim it. She lowered her eyes and blushed; and he cried, exultantly:

"You can take it, little mother from me. No impassioned outbursts, no sighs, no waving of the arms, no clapping of the hands. Just three little words, which I tell you without going on my knees. And it's the easier for me because you know it. Yes, Madame Coralie, it's all very well to look so shy, but you know my love for you and you've known it as long as I have. We saw it together take birth when your dear little hands touched my battered head. The others used to torture me. With you, it was nothing but caresses. So was the pity in your eyes and the tears that fell because I was in pain. But can any one see you without loving you? Your seven patients who were here just now are all in love with you, Little Mother Coralie. Ya-Bon worships the ground you walk on. Only they are privates. They cannot speak. I am an officer; and I speak without embarrassment."

Coralie had put her hands to her burning cheeks and sat silent, bending forward.

"You understand what I mean, don't you," he went on, in a voice that rang, "when I say that I speak without hesitation or embarrassment? If I had been before the war what I am now, a maimed man, I should not have had the same assurance and I should have declared my love for you humbly and begged your pardon for my boldness. But now! . . . Believe me, Little Mother Coralie, when I sit here face to face with the woman I adore, I do not think of my infirmity. Not for a moment do I feel the impression that I can appear ridiculous or presumptuous in your eyes."

He stopped, as though to take breath, and then, rising, went on:

"And it must needs be so. People will have to understand that those who have been maimed in this war do not look upon themselves as outcasts, lame ducks, or lepers, but as absolutely normal men. Yes, normal! One leg short? What about it? Does that rob a man of his brain or heart? Then, because the war has deprived me of a leg, or an arm, or even both legs or both arms, I have no longer the right to love a woman save at the risk of meeting with a rebuff or imagining that she pities me? Pity! But we don't want the woman to pity us, nor to make an effort to love us, nor even to think

that she is doing a charity because she treats us kindly. What we demand, from women and from the world at large, from those whom we meet in the street and from those who belong to the same set as ourselves, is absolute equality with the rest, who have been saved from our fate by their lucky stars or their cowardice."

The captain once more struck the mantelpiece:

"Yes, absolute equality! We all of us, whether we have lost a leg or an arm, whether blind in one eye or two, whether crippled or deformed, claim to be just as good, physically and morally, as any one you please; and perhaps better. What! Shall men who have used their legs to rush upon the enemy be outdistanced in life, because they no longer have those legs, by men who have sat and warmed their toes at an office-fire? What nonsense! We want our place in the sun as well as the others. It is our due; and we shall know how to get it and keep it. There is no happiness to which we are not entitled and no work for which we are not capable with a little exercise and training. Ya-Bon's right hand is already worth any pair of hands in the wide world; and Captain Belval's left leg allows him to do his five miles an hour if he pleases."

He began to laugh:

"Right hand and left leg; left hand and right leg; what does it matter which we have saved, if we know how to use it? In what respect have we fallen off? Whether it's a question of obtaining a position or perpetuating our race, are we not as good as we were? And perhaps even better. I venture to say that the children which we shall give to the country will be just as well-built as ever, with arms and legs and the rest . . . not to mention a mighty legacy of pluck and spirit. That's what we claim, Little Mother Coralie. We refuse to admit that our wooden legs keep us back or that we cannot stand as upright on our crutches as on legs of flesh and bone. We do not consider that devotion to us is any sacrifice or that it's necessary to talk of heroism when a girl has the honour to marry a blind soldier! Once more, we are not creatures outside the pale. We have not fallen off in any way whatever; and this is a truth before which everybody will bow for the next two or three generations. You can understand that, in a country like France, when maimed men are to be met by the hundred thousand, the conception of what makes a perfect man will no longer be as hard and fast as it was. In the new form of humanity which is preparing, there will be men with two arms and men with only one, just as there are fair men and dark, bearded men and clean-shaven. And it will all seem quite natural. And every one will lead the life he pleases, without needing to be complete in every limb. And, as my life is wrapped up in you, Little Mother Coralie, and as my happiness depends on you, I thought I would wait no longer before making you my little speech. . . . Well! That's finished! I have plenty more to say on the subject, but it can't all be said in a day, can it?"

He broke off, thrown out of his stride after all by Coralie's silence. She had not stirred since the first words of love that he uttered. Her hands had sought her forehead; and her shoulders were shaking slightly.

He stooped and, with infinite gentleness, drawing aside the slender fingers, uncovered her beautiful face.

"Why are you crying, Little Mother Coralie? Have I made you cry?" he asked.

"No," she said, in a low voice, "it's all of you who upset me. It's your cheerfulness, your pride, your way not of submitting to fate, but mastering it. The humblest of you raises himself above his nature without an effort; and I know nothing finer nor more touching than that indifference."

He sat down beside her:

"Then you're not angry with me for saying . . . what I said?"

"Angry with you?" she replied, pretending to mistake his meaning. "Why, every woman thinks as you do. If women, in bestowing their affection, had to choose among the men returning from the war, the choice I am sure would be in favour of those who have suffered most cruelly."

He shook his head:

"You see, I am asking for something more than affection and a more definite answer to what I said. Shall I remind you of my words?"

"No."

"Then your answer . . . ?"

"My answer, dear friend, is that you must not speak those words again."

He put on a solemn air:

"You forbid me?"

"I do."

"In that case, I swear to say nothing more until I see you again."

"You will not see me again," she murmured.

(Continued on page 22)



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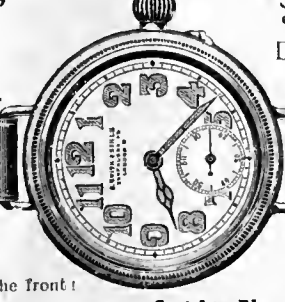
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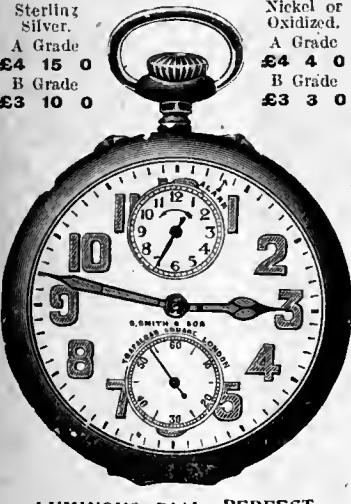


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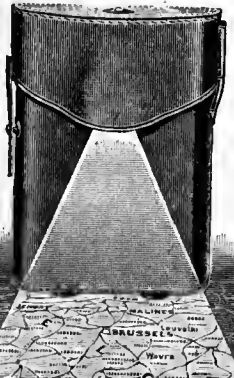
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(Continued from page 20)

Captain Belval was greatly amused at this:

"I say, I say! And why shan't I see you again, Little Mother Coralie?"

"Because I don't wish it."

"And your reason, please?"

"My reason?"

She turned her eyes to him and said, slowly:

"I am married."

Belval seemed in no way disconcerted by this news. On the contrary, he said, in the calmest of tones:

"Well, you must marry again. No doubt your husband is an old man and you do not love him. He will therefore understand that, as you have some one in love with you. . ."

"Don't jest, please."

He caught hold of her hand, just as she was rising to go:

"You are right, Little Mother Coralie, and I apologise for not adopting a more serious manner to speak to you of very serious things. It's a question of our two lives. I am profoundly convinced that they are moving towards each other and that you are powerless to restrain them. That is why your answer is beside the point. I ask nothing of you. I expect everything from fate. It is fate that will bring us together."

"No," she said.

"Yes," he declared, "that is how things will happen."

"It is not. They will not and shall not happen like that. You must give me your word of honour not to try to see me again nor even to learn my name. I might have granted more if you had been content to remain friends. The confession which you have made sets a barrier between us. I want nobody in my life . . . nobody."

She made this declaration with a certain vehemence and at the same time tried to release her arm from his grasp. Patrice Belval resisted her efforts and said:

"You are wrong. . . . You have no right to expose yourself to danger like this. . . . Please reflect."

She pushed him away. As she did so, she knocked off the mantelpiece a little bag which she had placed there. It fell on the carpet and opened. Two or three things escaped; and she picked them up, while Patrice Belval knelt down on the floor to help her:

"Here," he said, "you've missed this."

It was a little case in-plaited straw, which had also come open; the beads of a rosary protruded from it. They both stood up in silence. Captain Belval examined the rosary.

"What a curious coincidence!" he muttered. "These amethyst beads! This old-fashioned gold filigree setting? . . . It's strange to find the same materials and the same workmanship."

He gave a start; and it was so marked that Coralie asked:

"Why, what's the matter?"

He was holding in his fingers a bead larger than most of the others, forming a link between the string of tens and the shorter prayer-chain. And this bead was broken half-way across, almost level with the gold setting which held it.

"The coincidence," he said, "is so inconceivable that I hardly dare. . . . And yet the fact can be verified at once. But first one question: who gave you this rosary?"

"Nobody gave it me. I've always had it."

"But it must have belonged to somebody before?"

"To my mother, I suppose."

"Your mother?"

"I expect so, in the same way as the different jewels which she left me."

"Is your mother dead?"

"Yes, she died when I was four years old. I have only the vaguest recollection of her. But what has all this to do with a rosary?"

"It's because of this," he said. "Because of this amethyst bead broken in two."

He undid his jacket and took his watch from his waistcoat-pocket. It had a number of trinkets fastened to it by a little leather and silver strap. One of these trinkets consisted of the half of an amethyst bead, also broken across, also held in a filigree setting. The original size of the two beads seemed to be identical. The two amethysts were of the same colour and contained in the same filigree.

Coralie and Belval looked at each other anxiously. She stammered: "It's only an accident, nothing else."

"I agree," he said. "But, supposing these two halves fit each other exactly."

"It's impossible," she said, herself frightened at the thought of the simple little act needed for the proof.

The officer, however, decided upon that act. He brought his right hand, which held the rosary-bead, and his left, which held the trinket, together. The hands hesitated, felt about and stopped. The contact was made.

The projections and indentations of the broken stones corresponded precisely. Each protruding part found a space to fit it. The two half amethysts were the two halves of the same

amethyst. When joined, they formed one and the same bead.

There was a long pause, laden with excitement and mystery. Then, speaking in a low voice:

"I do not know either exactly where this trinket comes from," Captain Belval said. "Ever since I was a child I used to see it among other things of trifling value which I kept in a cardboard box; watch-keys, old rings, old-fashioned seals. I picked out these trinkets from among them two or three years ago. Where does this one come from? I don't know. But what I do know. . . ."

He had separated the two pieces and, examining them carefully, concluded:

"What I do know, beyond a doubt, is that the largest bead in this rosary came off one day and broke; and that the other, with its setting, went to form the trinket which I now have. You and I therefore possess the two halves of a thing which somebody else possessed twenty years ago."

He went up to her and, in the same low and serious voice, said: "You protested just now when I declared my faith in destiny and my certainty that events were leading us towards each other. Do you still deny it? For, after all, this is either an accident so extraordinary that we have no right to admit it or an actual fact which proves that our two lives have already touched in the past at some mysterious point and that they will meet again in the future, never to part. And that is why, without waiting for the perhaps distant future, I offer you to-day, when danger hangs over you, the support of my friendship. Observe that I am no longer speaking of love but only of friendship. Do you accept?"

She was nonplussed and so much perturbed by that miracle of the two broken amethysts, fitting each other exactly, that she appeared not to hear Belval's voice.

"Do you accept?" he repeated.

After a moment, she replied:

"No."

"Then the proof which destiny has given you of its wishes does not satisfy you?" he said, good humouredly.

"We must not see each other again," she declared.

"Very well. I will leave it to chance. It will not be for long. Meanwhile, I promise to make no effort to see you."

"Nor to find out my name?"

"Yes. I promise you."

"Good bye," she said, giving him her hand.

"Au revoir," he answered.

She moved away. When she reached the door, she seemed to hesitate. He was standing motionless by the chimney. Once more she said:

"Good-bye."

"Au revoir, Little Mother Coralie."

Then she went out.

Only when the street-door had closed behind her did Captain Belval go to one of the windows. He saw Coralie passing through the trees, looking quite small in the surrounding darkness. He felt a pang at his heart. Would he ever see her again?

"Shall I? Rather!" he exclaimed. "Why, to-morrow perhaps. Am I not the favourite of the gods?"

And, taking his stick, he set off, as he said, with his wooden leg foremost.

That evening, after dining at the nearest restaurant, Captain Belval went to Neuilly. The home run in connection with the hospital was a pleasant villa on the Boulevard Maillot, looking out on the Bois de Boulogne. Discipline was not too strictly enforced. The captain could come in at any hour of the night; and the men easily obtained leave from the matron.

"Is Ya-Bon there?" he asked this lady.

"Yes, he's playing cards with his sweetheart."

"He has the right to love and be loved," he said. "Any letters for me?"

"No, only a parcel."

"From whom?"

"A commissioner brought it and just said that it was 'for Captain Belval.' I put it in your room."

The officer went up to his bedroom on the top floor and saw the parcel, done up in paper and string, on the table. He opened it and discovered a box. The box contained a key, a large rusty key, of a shape and manufacture that were obviously old.

What could it all mean? There was no address on the box and no mark. He presumed that there was some mistake which would come to light of itself; and he slipped the key into his pocket.

"Enough riddles for one day," he thought. "Let's go to bed."

But when he went to the window to draw the curtains, he saw, across the trees of the Bois, a cascade of sparks which spread to some distance, in the dense blackness of the night. And he remembered the conversation which he had overheard in the restaurant and the rain of sparks mentioned by the men who were plotting to kidnap Little Mother Coralie.

(To be continued).

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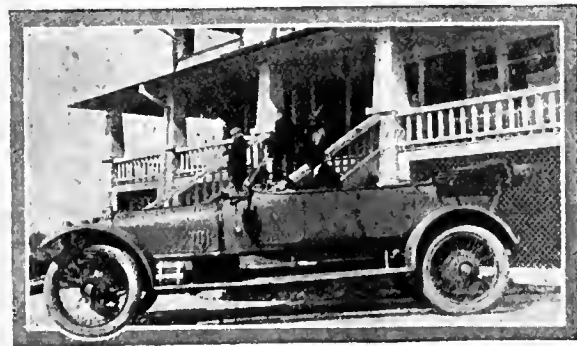
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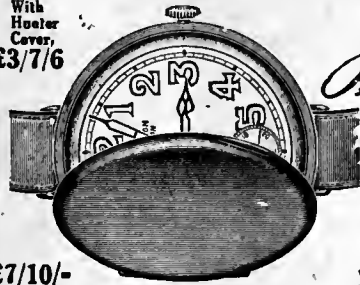
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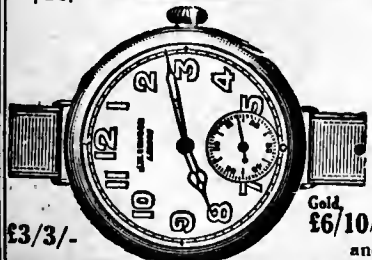
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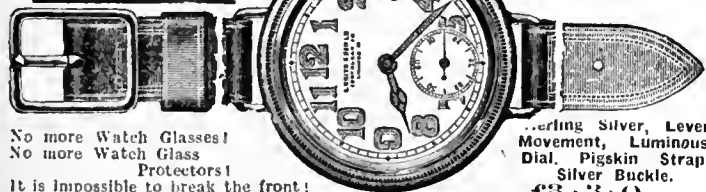
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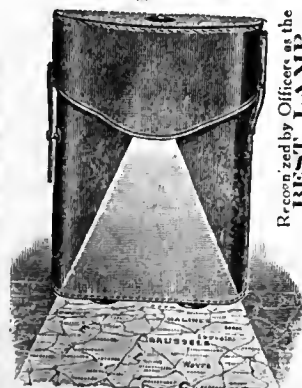
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The Great Sacrifice

(The above cartoon, specially drawn by Louis Raemaekers, has been presented by him to the St. Dunstan's Hospital Sale in aid of our blinded soldiers)

TWO WORLDS

A DRUMMING rain, with a blast behind it hard and bitter as the soul of a blonde beast. That's the outside of things. The inside is a little world of comfort, dryness, warm snugness—a little world where a man may live, a man, not a shivering, down-beaten bundle of bodily miseries. And the distance between those two worlds is something less than a quarter of an inch. But that quarter of an inch is the 'Thresher'. If you're incredulous as to whether the 'Thresher' makes all this difference ask the 10,000 officers out here who wear it, ask the imitators who copy it so generously, ask yourself why the War Office recommended it to C. O's in the first Winter of the War.

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THE FOLLY OF DELAY

THE Government in our opinion has made a serious mistake over the delay in appointing a Food Controller. Any man endowed with the powers which Mr. Runciman implied were necessary in order to make the office effective, will have to act in diametrical opposition to the ordinary and conventional ideas of the liberty of the subject. His powers connote an interference with the sacred laws of supply and demand which no class of person has been more conspicuous in upholding than politicians of the very shade to which the President of the Board of Trade belongs. Notwithstanding these facts, this new appointment was received cordially, thus marking the degree to which the individual is prepared to go in order to make sure of victory. It has come to this that the man in the street and the woman in the home are perfectly willing to place themselves in subjection to rules which the Government may issue, once they realise they are essential, but they do not and cannot understand why, if they are essential, the Government should allow one day after another to slip away without definite action being taken. The business man or woman (for women nowadays have learnt by experience almost as much about business as men), express open amazement that seeing a Food Controller had become necessary, the necessary man was not discovered before the announcement was made. This seems to them the obvious thing to have been done, and in view of Mr. Runciman's speech, everyone not unnaturally thought it had been done.

In these pages we have never indulged in recrimination of the authorities for actions or policies which have gone awry. We have always recognised it is not fair to pronounce judgment on a case until the full facts are available. Nor have we allowed ourselves to be carried away by popular clamour. Take the present newspaper attack on the Admiralty. It is on the face of it popular, but we have reason to believe much of it is based on error and misconception. Our Naval writer, Mr. Arthur Pollen, deals ably with the subject to-day. But as regards this appointment of a Food Controller, it is manifest that if proper procedure had been followed, no waste of time need have ensued. And this delay gives colour to the often repeated charge that the Government suffers from neurasthenia. For one of the commonest symptoms of this malady is an inability to arrive at a decision. Probably many persons never realise that to make up one's

mind—to use the common phrase—demands a high expenditure of nervous energy, and the reason why people find it hard when out of sorts to decide on any given question is simply because nervous force is at a low ebb. And so it comes about that when the Government, not necessarily from lack of energy, but because it halts between two opinions, is slow to make up its mind, it lets loose on itself a volume of adverse criticism which is good neither for itself nor for the country, nor for the prosecution of the war. And it is the active pushing on with the war which is the one and only thing that occupies men's minds at the moment. Let the Government be strong on this one point, quick to decide when action is necessary, and it has no cause to fear. It will find that as it was with kings of olden time so it will be with it—it can do no wrong.

Captain Charles Bathurst, M.P., a practical and scientific agriculturist, in a letter to the *Times* on Tuesday, drew attention to the need of immediate action by the Government if home-grown food supply is to be increased materially next year. Seed-time does not pause for Cabinets. If the area of wheat and other products is to be extended largely in 1917 action must be taken at once. "While food ships continue to be sunk," writes Captain Bathurst, "unprecedentedly large areas of our own arable land remain uncultivated and unsown, and there is as yet no vestige of a Government scheme for placing under spring wheat, potatoes, and oats in the first quarter of next year large areas of land which will otherwise remain fallow, foul, and unproductive." Those who know the writer of these sentences are aware that they come from the pen of one of the most sincere and straightforward men at Westminster, a man who would scorn to write anything sensational. They represent the absolute truth. It is inconceivable that this advice should be ignored unless indeed the adverse critics of the Government state truly that its members cannot make up their minds, that they are neurasthenics.

There can be no question that food supply is the topic of the hour throughout the country, even more so than man-power, vital though that be. No estate is too high or lowly to display an active interest in food. The shortage of crops in Northern and Southern America compels these islands to look to the Antipodes for its extra supplies, but the opinion grows that if only Government would give immediate encouragement, local produce might be enormously increased. Take potatoes, for instance: Germany produces close on fifty million tons, while the production of the British Islands is under six million tons. This proportion of 50 to 6 is melancholy and ridiculous; it requires only the smallest effort on the part of the Board of Agriculture, put forth in the right direction and at the right time, to double at least this production. But to quote Captain Bathurst again, British agriculture for half a century has been the victim "of almost contemptuous Government neglect." This is no Party question. St. Stephen's does not understand the meaning of Agrarians. Landowner, farmer, land-labourer, herdsman and shepherd—their votes have never commanded real political power, their members in the House have been few and scattered, lacking the weight of organisation, wherefore once the elections have been done with, their peculiar claims have been jettisoned. But the country at last realises that God made the cornfields, man the towns; and they are asking why it is that these cornfields do not give their full yields. The fault in the past has lain in the man-made towns, who were ever ready to sacrifice well nigh anything to the fetish of cheap food. They are awakening to their error to-day, and are ready to rectify it for their own sakes. But it is the Government which must take action, immediate action. Further delay were folly, worse than folly.

The Roumanian Retreat

By Hilaire Belloc

EVERYTHING in the Roumanian situation points clearly to one thing: And that is lack of munitionment.

The real interest of the moment therefore lies in this: Whether this lack of munitionment is temporary and due merely to some check in transport, or permanent.

Let me give the reasons that point to this conclusion.

When the Roumanian Government decided upon war, Transylvania was invaded. Immediately afterwards the Austro-German concentration forced our Ally back into the mountain chain, and either on to or over the crest of it. But once positions were taken up in the passes they were everywhere held with success. The enemy had the advantage in the calibre of his pieces and their number, but it is clear that there was sufficient munitionment upon the Roumanian side to keep the positions laid down.

On the Dobrudja Mackensen compelled a retreat, but it was followed by a rally (presumably due to the arrival of fresh munitionment) and Mackensen was defeated and thrown back further from the Cernavoda Bridge and railway, which was his goal.

For nearly two months this general situation was maintained. Then later, suddenly it began to change. It did not begin to change from an unexpected pressure of men. We know the force of the Austro-Germans and Bulgarians in the Dobrudja. Mackensen in the Dobrudja had no considerable reinforcement. We are compelled to look for the change to some other factor.

The first sign of that change is the impossibility of keeping the line across the Dobrudja. Our Allies are not defeated in a set action. They are not broken. Very few prisoners are taken by the enemy and hardly any guns. None the less, the Roumanians and Russians and the Serbians there make a sudden retreat, and uncover the railway to Constanza, abandon that important town

itself, and the Cernavoda bridge, which was the key of all. They are not lacking in men.

The move betrays shortage of munitionment.

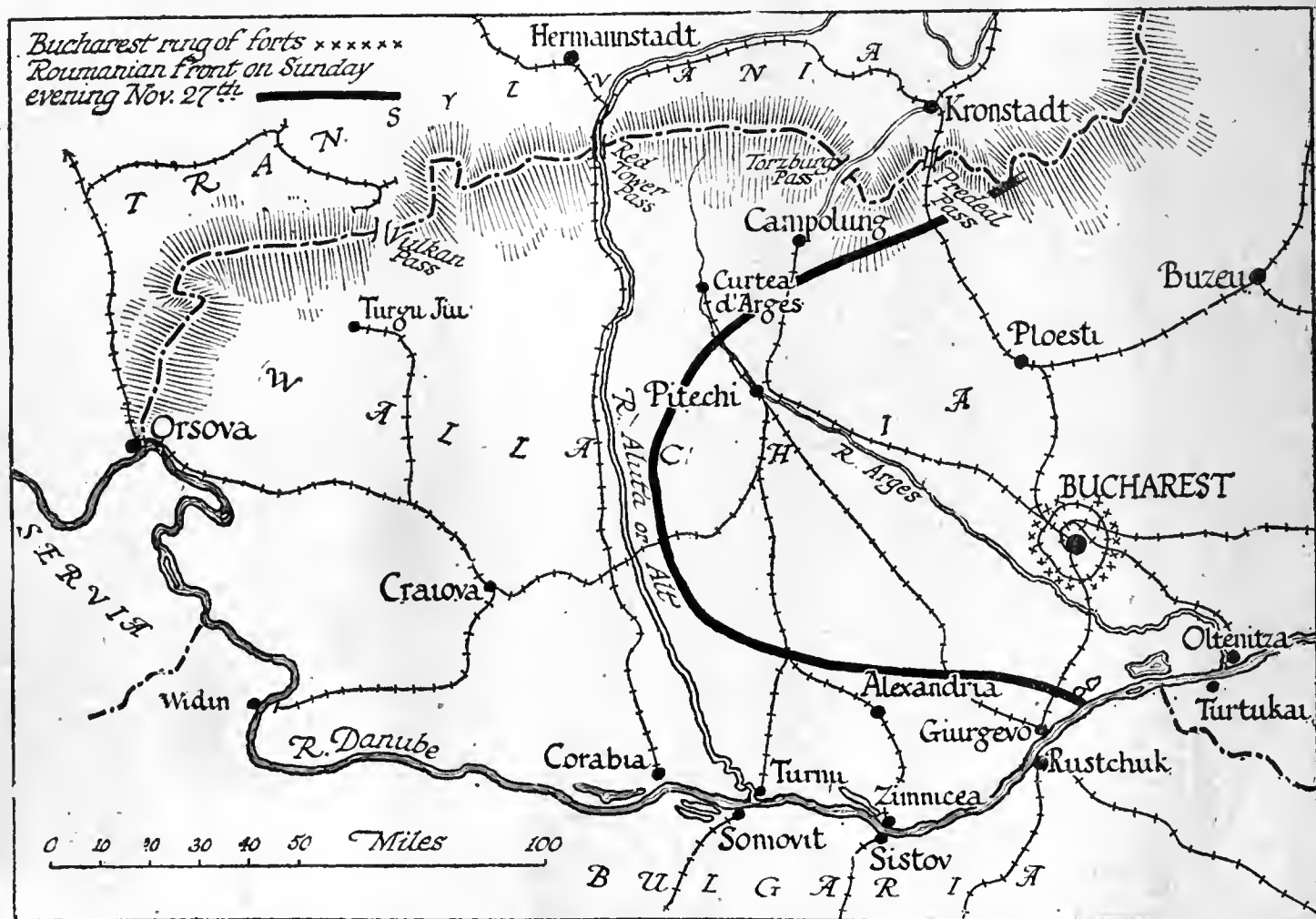
They press their retreat of set purpose, keeping out of contact, although they have suffered no disintegration, and they continue it until they get to broken country where the rifle again has a chance against the gun.

Immediately afterwards, on the other front, the Carpathians, you get a series of events of exactly the same kind which surely points quite as clearly to this lack of munitionment.

The positions in most of the passes had been held. In the Vulcan Pass there had even been a serious advance. But suddenly, with no appreciable loss in guns and with no great loss of men killed in that particular field, or of prisoners, the Roumanian force in the Vulcan Pass, finding in front of it not more than two enemy divisions, and those divisions dependent upon very difficult road traffic, begins to retire. It retires voluntarily, but with the utmost rapidity. It uncovers the railway line to Craiova and Craiova itself. It falls back until it reaches the valley of the Alt. It crosses the Alt and falls back still further.

If evidence so strong were not sufficient, we have had in the last week-end a further proof that is as nearly convincing as anything can be short of the actual testimony of eye-witnesses.

My readers will remember the analysis which appeared here some weeks ago of the conditions under which the Danube could be crossed. I said then (and I repeat it here), that the force possessed of a superior number of guns of high calibre *could* cross at any place it chose, *but* the venture would be extremely perilous from the fact that the army crossing would be exposed, long after it reached the further bank, and was still confined to a narrow road between the marshes, still more upon its attempt at deployment beyond, to the weaker but



numerous artillery of its opponent. You could crush a small front with a superiority in heavy guns, but not a wider one.

Now Mackensen has not only crossed the Danube. He has also deployed on the further bank, and having deployed has advanced, virtually without opposition and *with as great a rapidity as is possible to infantry*. Therefore it is obvious that he has gone forward into a space left empty before him: he is clearly not exposed to that normal resistance which every observer of the situation took for granted; which the mere nature of the landing place with its narrow defile, or strip of ground between the marshes, imposed. But powerful resistance here would be a *certainly*, but for one abnormal feature—the lack of munitions.

Everything points to it. Everything points to a stock of shell sufficient for the first operations, but gradually depleted and, for some reason or other, not restored.

Under those circumstances it is idle to discuss the value of movements, to draw comparison between the present Roumanian situation and past wars, or even to speculate upon the immediate future of the campaign north of the Danube. The only thing one can predicate—and one can predicate it with complete confidence—is that the future wholly depends upon whether the shortage is temporary or no.

So long as it lasts not even the most elementary rules of strategy apply. An army without the power to use its weapons is no army. It has no policy open to it save to retire and still to retire, saving its material and its men in the hope of rearmament sooner or later. If the lack of munitionment is quite accidental, due to some hitch in communications and immediately repaired, normal conditions will be restored; but if it lasts (say) a month or longer, nothing can restore them.

I have seen one eminent and able soldier comparing the thrust made by the enemy on to the Roumanian Plains to the famous move which Napoleon ordered of Davoust in the campaign of 1813: a move which led to the ruin of that commander. But the armies which first refused action before Davoust and then turned to destroy him were armies with powder and shot and with all the arms of their time upon a par with their opponents. Had they been unprovided, had Napoleon been armed and his enemy disarmed, there would have been no need for any trick of strategy, successful or unsuccessful, and he could not conceivably have lost the war.

Another eminent writer upon military affairs (the best I think in this country) has pointed out with justice that the two enemy divisions coming through the Vulcan Pass being dependent entirely upon road traffic were in a most perilous position. *Sixty miles* of undefended communications lay open to an enemy's attack. Until the Austro-Germans reached the Craiova Railway they could not pick up good communications again. This writer therefore, described the move as venturesome and as likely to end in disaster. He was right by all normal rules of strategy.

To march thus with weak communications behind you for three days right in front of an enemy menacing those communications would be worse than imperilling yourself. It would be madness *if you thought that enemy could still strike*. But what if your enemy has lost his striking power? You advance at will and in what direction you choose.

We had an excellent example of what interruption in supply may mean in these Eastern countries during the month of December, 1914.

The Austrians had invaded Serbia. They pressed forward south of the Danube and the Serbians had no choice but to retreat. Why? Not because they were worse soldiers. They were, upon the whole, better soldiers than their opponents. Not because they lacked numbers. Their numbers were sufficient and perhaps superior to their opponent. They had to fall back and back until they reached the mountain crest and water parting (two or three days march south of the Danube) because they had exhausted their stock of shells—especially for their field artillery.

Had the interruption of supply lasted another couple of weeks the situation could not have been restored. Luckily there came through just in the nick of time a large stock of munitionment which had been sent by way of the Mediterranean from the West. It consisted almost

entirely of shells for the field artillery. The moment it arrived the situation was reversed. The Serbian army halted in its retreat, rallied and (as the arrival of this munitionment was a surprise to the Austrians) caught the enemy unsuspectingly. The Austrians were destroyed in great numbers and left in prisoners alone (if I remember right) some 20,000. In a very few days they had been driven back in a retreat so precipitate as to resemble a rout, across the Danube.

It has always been thus on the Eastern front since the beginning of the war. The communications are so much more difficult than in the West and so much rarer; the population so much less industrialised; and the distances over which supply must come are so great (in the Serbian case just quoted the shells could not even be entrained until after 1,400 miles of sea voyage) that there is a continual peril of shortage.

The enemy knows this and he acts upon it. It is at the root of all that "Eastern policy" which we have heard so much of since Hindenburg was made nominal head of the Austro-German forces and Ludendorff took over the real command. Munitionment and munitionment alone, no fancied depth of strategy (*that* has always been simple on the enemy's side), no special tactical trick, has made the difference. What has made the difference has been shells; and shells alone will decide the issue.

We must not be deceived by comparisons with the Battle of the Marne. Before the battle of the Marne there was a strategical retreat of inferior forces—numerically inferior—before an advance of forces numerically superior. There was ample field munitionment upon the French side and it was merely a question of judgment when the retreat should halt, rally and deliver its counter-stroke.

But in the case of Roumania to-day it is utterly different. You do not find an inferior force retreating before a superior—so far as numbers are concerned. What you have is a force retreating because it lacks munitionment before a force possessing full munitionment.

In the case of the Marne a numerically weaker force retreated because when a numerically weaker force so retreats it gradually exhausts the advancing superior force in front of it and can very well lead it into a trap. Such a trap was designed and closed upon the invader.

It was a struggle of brains against numbers. But when retreat is due to lack of munitionment you have quite a different state of affairs. You retreat because you have no other course open to you, and you retreat until munitionment reaches you, if it can reach you in time. If it cannot reach you in time—if you have no definite points to which to retreat where you will find munitionment you remain permanently inferior.

It is impossible under such circumstances to discuss a strategical movement. Without a knowledge of the point where munitionment may be reached or of the dates within which it can be obtained, you are dealing with a problem whose elements are entirely unknown.

The Defence of Bucharest

So much said, this may be added. That for the purpose of a rally, if munitionment is obtainable in time and a rally is possible, the line on the river Arges is all that remains between the position of the Roumanian western army to-day and the capital. This line is weak. It passes at its nearest too close to Bucharest to give elbow room, especially in the defence of so large a town. From the river itself to the heart of the town is a range of only about 18,000 yards, and the permanent fortifications, arranged in the old type of a ring fortress around Bucharest, would, if the Arges line were taken up, be under the direct fire of the siege train that will be brought up. The defence of any area that has political importance in the present war is a field defence, and must remain a field defence, and the line of the Arges near Bucharest is perilously close for that defence. It is true that the line of the Arges is followed by a railway which is admirably suitable for munitioning such a line of defence, but it is really very little use debating points of this kind unless or until we know what the state of munitionment is. For a breakdown in munitionment eliminates all deductions even from the simplest rules, let alone from historical parallels.

There is indeed one other element in the situation,

equally hidden from us and almost equally important, and that is the factor of intelligence. If the enemy, who certainly has very great superiority in aircraft, knows thoroughly in what situation his opponent stands for munitionment and supply, then his present action, based upon such intelligence, is a mark of very grave events, so far as Roumania is concerned, in the near future. That goes without saying. And I think that those who pointed out the peril of the Austro-German march on such thin communications rapidly down south on to Craiova neglected this element. I mean that such a march would not have been undertaken unless they had known, or thought they knew, how long it would be before any sufficient resistance could be put up.

If—which is rather too much to hope for upon the Roumanian front—the enemy's intelligence is faulty and munitionment is coming in sufficient amount before he is prepared, then and then only will he find matters in danger. Mere judgment from the map and from present positions is worthless until this vital question of the proportion of munitionment is answered. And we have no answer to it.

There is one final point that must be made. The question of the re-provisioning of the enemy by his entry into Roumania. It has been exaggerated. The stores of Roumanian corn, the possession of the Roumanian oil-fields, should he obtain any considerable portion of the first and, as looks likely, most of the other, will give the enemy strength and will relieve his present embarrassment. But it does not weigh in the general fortunes of the war against the main point, whether this big movement shall prove disastrous to him in numbers or no. The embarrassment for corn and for petroleum did no more than hamper the enemy. It was always folly to think that such embarrassment alone could bring the war to a conclusion. Nothing could have worked powerfully

towards that end but a complete blockade from the beginning, and especially from the beginning a blockade of cotton. It was from fear, as we know, that such action would have military results too grave for us to risk them, that a complete blockade was not undertaken. It is quite certain that since the harvest of 1915, and since the time afforded for the production of other propellant explosives, the blockade is but subsidiary to the main element of success, which is the wastage of the enemy's numbers.

We shall do well during the remaining few days of this critical passage in the eastern field, to remark that it corresponds to nothing hitherto apparent in the war. It does *not* resemble the Russian retreat of eighteen months ago, for it is not a series of actions involving heavy losses upon both sides. It does *not* resemble the retreat from Charleroi in 1914 on which followed the Battle of the Marne. It is the rapid retirement, *without action and without loss*, of one army before another. It is the refusing of action by an army lacking supply and its retirement to some line on which it expects supply. When we have the enemy speaking of a whole cavalry division meeting and following a whole cavalry division of the Roumanians, when we have a complete absence of loss in guns and prisoners, and when we have marches of something like 20 miles a day, it is perfectly clear that we are dealing with a retirement to some line upon which it is hoped or known that a sufficient munitionment is prepared, and until the shock has taken place upon that line we can only wait.

As for the little force which was holding the Iron Gates at Orsova, it has defended itself but it is cut off, and communication by the Danube is not only open to the enemy, but has been so far taken advantage of that the left bank from the Iron Gates to the point at which Mackensen crosses, is with its supplies and its barges and tugs in the hands of the enemy.

H. BELLOC

Mr. Balfour's Dilemma

By Arthur Pollen

IT is now well over a month since it became known that changes were in contemplation in different departments of the Higher Command of the navy. It was understood that these would include changes in the Board and in the staff, and that the reshuffling would involve changes in the commands afloat. It is not the kind of crisis in which discussions in Parliament and the press can assist very much. It has, therefore, been distinctly unfortunate that a recognition by the Government of the necessity of these changes has coincided with such unmistakable signs first, that in some important respects the naval war is developing along new lines—for which we seem unprepared—next, that the Admiralty organisation has been quite unequal to its duties in certain important matters. This coincidence has encouraged a press campaign, directed personally against Mr. Balfour, in which a very laboured emphasis is laid upon his age and a reputed aversion from active intervention in naval affairs. For two reasons this attack seems misdirected and ill-timed. First, it is quite unnecessary to assume that Mr. Balfour's non-interference with his naval colleagues *must* arise from senile lethargy, when a more obvious explanation of it is to hand; and next, assume everyone is agreed on the importance of readjusting the various naval appointments, it is curious that it should not also be recognised that the task is necessarily delicate and difficult, and that it is not likely to be solved in the most satisfactory of ways in a period of public controversy and agitation. Whether we regard the conduct of the naval war as falling entirely upon Mr. Balfour, or upon the Government that must endorse his action or choose a successor, it is a matter far too momentous to the fortunes of the war for it to be wise to endanger clear thinking and firm and impartial action by exciting personal animosities and resentment.

At the time of writing nothing whatever is known of the new appointments, and many of the rumours are incredible. The principles at issue are worth discussing. When more than a year ago I urged that important readjustments might be made in the Higher Command, my

reasons briefly were, that war had shown our preparation in general to have been utterly inadequate, and that we ought no longer to ignore the lessons war had taught us. These lessons had been given to us lavishly and in many fields. That we had been utterly unprepared to meet the most obvious of all the menaces that the submarine created was shown by the almost incredible fact that our fleet bases were unprotected against under-water attack. Deficiencies in mines, in minelaying craft and in an organisation for defeating the minelaying of the enemy, had all been notorious from the first. Only the fact that our intervention in the war took Germany by surprise explains how it was that she had less than a dozen and a half surface ships prepared to attack our ocean trade. Had they been more numerous our cruiser force would have been utterly inadequate to bring them to book, and as it was, the damage this handful of ships did ran to many millions of pounds. Far more important than any of these omissions was the failure to equip the fleet with the means of using the ships' artillery in the conditions of action which torpedo developments, as had long since been recognised, made inevitable. Our experiences in the actions in which torpedoes did not figure—take conspicuously the encounter between Sturdee and Von Spee—had shown to what a pass gun-power would be brought, if the enemy's torpedoes could impose additional manoeuvres upon the firing ship. The affair of the Dogger Bank bore out the lessons of the Falkland Islands, and pointed the moral. But Mr. Churchill's second board learned nothing from these experiences. Instead of preparing the fleet with the means for securing victory, if the opportunity of victory offered, it started incontinently to build dozens of monitors that must be quite useless for the main purpose for which fleets exist, and a further programme of ships, the designs of which were decided upon without consultation with those to whom such experience of war as then existed had fallen. The escape of the German cruisers in January 1915 seemed already a high price to pay for our failure to bring the method of using the navy's principal weapon, the gun,

under the expert impersonal and impartial care of a staff of specialists. In this matter the gun only shared the neglect of which the mine and the torpedo were already victims. The use and the parrying of weapons is, when, all is said, the root matter of naval force. For navies, contrary to the general impression, exist primarily to fight, and combat is purely an affair of using weapons with effect against the enemy, while neutralising the enemy's own offensive. Already, at the end of 1915, as it seemed to me, we had paid dearly for our neglect in all these matters. And in the meantime new causes for alarm and uneasiness had arisen.

Attacks on Trade

On more than one occasion before August 1914, the Admiralty had been warned that the sea-carrying trade of this country was at the mercy of hostile submarines, if ever they were used ruthlessly against it. It is needless to say that these warnings were ignored. In December Von Tirpitz made the threat specific. At the end of February 1915, the attack began. Up to the end of May ships were sunk at about the rate of one every two days. Then, for two months, the rate was multiplied by four. The loss was two ships a day, instead of one every two days. In August and early September it rose still higher. Then it fell to nothing. This particular phase of the attack had failed before our counter-stroke. It was a phase in which the attack was virtually limited to ships within very few miles of the British coast.

But already the loss of *Triumph* and *Majestic* off Gallipoli had demonstrated to the public what every expert had known for years—namely, that there was no difficulty in submarines going far afield. It was a mere question of building them large enough to carry the necessary fuel and supplies. Germany had opened the war with comparatively few submarines, and those fit only for a small radius of action. She at once built large ones. By November 1915, it was obvious that the new boats were increasing in number and were being employed on long range campaigns. For the first time the systematic destruction of trading ships in the Mediterranean began. This was the new fact which—when added to the other, proved lessons of war experience—called for fresh energies and new departures. It seemed that the right response would be more likely if those with war experience were brought to Whitehall. But for twelve months Mr. Balfour made no change either in his colleagues or advisers.

The past year brought us more and more fateful lessons. It confirmed, in a striking and alarming way, those which war had taught a year ago. The gunnery skill of the Fleet had been brought to absolute perfection by May last—but at Jutland our gunnery methods were still inadequate to the conditions. Undoubtedly, the thing which has brought matters to a crisis is the latest phase of the submarine campaign. After Germany's reply to the American Note which was delivered in the first week of May, there was for three months comparative immunity to shipping outside of the Mediterranean. In the Mediterranean itself destruction, murder and piracy went on exactly as before. But in August the whole thing broke out again everywhere, and on a scale hitherto unknown. And it has met with a success that is entirely without parallel. In the belated Tirpitz campaign, at the end of March and during April of this year, a rate of destruction was maintained for about five weeks, more or less at the level reached by the first campaign. But never had this level been maintained for more than a very few weeks at a time. For the last fifteen weeks it has been kept very consistently at a level higher than was ever averaged over even a single week before. Clearly, it can no longer be said that the submarine menace is well in hand, when it is the exception for so few as one or two ships to be sunk in a day. It is no wonder that the Admiralty has come in for criticism. Whatever counter-campaign it has prepared has manifestly been unequal to the attack. We are face to face with an entirely new condition of things which must presumably be met by a reorganisation of our methods of defence.

Arming of Merchantmen

Experts keep reminding us that when merchant ships are attacked, eight out of ten that are unarmed are

sunk, while ten out of eleven that are armed escape. The arming of merchant ships seems, therefore, a very obvious kind of panacea. But the equipment of four thousand merchant ships with guns adequate to the work, and manned by men capable of using them, is not a simple business. It is no use having guns that have neither the range nor the power to deal with the submersible cruiser that our enemies employ. Certainly, no gun smaller than a twelve pounder and, in the majority of cases, nothing less than a four or six inch, will be equal to engaging a submarine whose artillery can knock a merchant ship to smithereens at 4,000, 5,000 or 6,000 yards. Three and six pounders are useless beyond a few hundred yards, and twelve pounders beyond a range of 2,500. If ships are to be adequately defended, they must have guns fore and aft and be available for both broadsides. A gun on either side of the fore-castle and one astern—with an all-round fire except for'ard—is the minimum armament that can meet the case. Four thousand ships, that is, would require twelve thousand guns, and crews of at least seventy-two thousand to man them. Supposing every gun of 6 in. or under were taken out of the pre-Dreadnought fleet—leaving only such as would give ships the same protection that is asked for merchantmen—suppose every superfluous four and six inch gun were borrowed from the Grand Fleet itself—it would still not be possible to get even one-sixth of the number of guns required. The army makes such demands on the ordnance makers, that it is purely visionary to speak as if new guns could be made and supplied. However plausible, then, the arming of merchantmen may be in theory, as a working measure its complete realisation is manifestly impossible.

The truth is that there is not now and never has been any but one main solution of this problem. Something, and indeed much can be effected by nets; by the mining of likely channels, and by various other stratagems and ingenious devices, by arming such ships as can be armed. But if submarines are to be thwarted and destroyed *en masse*, they must either be found and pursued by sea going craft, so armed as to engage them accurately at the longest range. Such ships could keep them under fire and either destroy them before they can submerge, or so delay their submergence that the point of disappearance could be reached in time to effect their destruction below water. These vessels could be either used for independent attack, or for convoy. The sea-going destroyer, the light cruiser or other craft of the same speed, radius and armament, are thus just as much the only solution of our present difficulties as they were always seen to be the solution of almost all the other problems that arise in the exercise of the sea command which a naval victory would secure. The unhappy fact of the situation is that, just as we failed to see the necessity for fast cruising craft before the war, so we have failed to meet the demand for it during the war. The millions of money—and what is far more important than money—the building capacity squandered in the first year, on craft of no value either for the main or any of the subsidiary purposes of war, are wasted and gone and these blunders cannot be remedied.

Mr. Balfour's Task

It is no use lamenting the past; the question of the moment is, what form will Mr. Balfour's new policy take? I have suggested above that its past procedure along the lines of non-interference with naval colleagues owes its origin, not to a distaste for action but to something else. I believe it to arise from the conviction that, if the ten months war career of his predecessor taught nothing else, it made it lamentably clear that in lay interference with the navy would the road to ruin be found. The failure of Lord Fisher to save the navy from Mr. Churchill, and his own failure to conform his shipbuilding policy to the requirements of the fleet as experts would have defined them, made it necessary to choose a new First Sea Lord. But except for Sir Henry Jackson, Mr. Balfour has carried on practically with the advisers, colleagues, etc., that he found in office in May, 1915. To these men, selected by the Government that preceded the coalition, Mr. Balfour has given a free hand. He has hitherto thought it premature to change them, probably for the reason that the course of the war had not indicated with sufficient

clearness those who were marked out to succeed them. This vagueness as to the fitness of men is part of the penalty we pay for the fact that, in the ten years preceding the war, naval administration was entirely in the hands of one school of naval thought, which had held the study of the principles of naval war—as exhibited by history and analysis—in absolute contempt. This long predominance had the result that led to almost all officers who had less faith in mere material than in military principle, war trained men, with scientific methods, were ostracised both from High Commands and posts of administrative responsibility. What may be called the historical and technical schools of thought, therefore never had a chance of achieving that welding of past experience with modern methods, on the achievement of which as everyone can now see the successful use of new material can alone be based. It was the proscription of these officers that really explains the anarchy of thought that prevailed at Whitehall in the closing years of peace. And it is no wonder if it is a difficult thing now to pick out the men who best combine personal ability with a grip of the right principle on which those energies should be employed. Mr. Balfour, having once found that the situation has not been met by a blind acceptance of the advisers he inherited, may now find that it may not be his first or even his second choice of new advisers, that will meet the case. But the past at least has this lesson, that should a new occasion for revising appointments arise, it may be better to act on it with greater alacrity.

Right Principle Vital

It is really a vital matter to realise that, unless the Navy is run upon right principle, no personal ability in those that run it can compensate for the blunders that must ensue. How far we are from the general acceptance of right principle has become obvious during the last four months. My readers, I fear, may be a little wearied by recurring expositions in these columns of the vagaries of Mr. Churchill. But the duty of setting them out, though tedious, is one that cannot be evaded, because Mr. Churchill was head at the Admiralty from 1911 until May 1915, and the principles he holds to-day were certainly the principles which guided Admiralty policy then. It would, of course, be unjust to impute these heresies to his naval colleagues at that time. But it is impossible to deny that they failed to teach their Chief what right principles were. We must realise how ominous it is that such rank heresies could prevail, if we are to understand the stupendous difficulties with which Mr. Balfour is surrounded.

Mr. Churchill's latest outbreak occurs in his reply to the critics who pointed out the stupefying absurdities of his statement, that without a decisive victory we could enjoy all the fruits that victory could bestow. He now tells us that this was not an announcement of principle, but an argument which we have all failed to understand. He never meant us to understand that victory was unimportant. It was his delicate way of telling us that it was wholly unattainable. It was the argument, in short, that the grapes were sour. Victory is unattainable because our Fleet cannot, and ought not, to fight the Germans at all. He ought not to seek decisive action—that is get into such contact that the guns will be effective—because the Germans (unhappily) are armed with torpedoes, and the under bellies of our battleships are not protected against them. In Mr. Churchill's mind the train of reasoning must run something like this. Every torpedo that is fired must hit. Every hit must penetrate. Every penetration must cause the loss of a ship. Therefore not to run away when torpedoes may be used is to commit the suicide of a squadron.

Mr. Churchill's former heresy, bad as it was, was better than this. It only said that a fleet need not fight because victory was without value. The new doctrine that a fleet cannot fight but must always run away, really strikes at the root of everything. It is the sheer insanity of nonsense.

And it is announced to the world at a most unfortunate time. It will be received by the enemy with that satisfaction reserved for those who can truthfully employ those words of comfort—"I told you so"! For it is exactly upon this reluctance to take risks that the Germans have built all their naval hopes. They even have

the effrontery to say that this hope was realised at the battle of Jutland. The whole thing is beautifully set out in the writings of Captain Hollweg of the German Press Bureau. It was adumbrated in an article in the *Scientific American* of last July. The *Times* of Saturday last printed a series of extracts from recent and more elaborate exposition of the theory by the same writer. The theory is briefly this. The Germans were never such fools as to suppose that with a fleet of sixteen battleships and five cruisers, they could attack and defeat a fleet of twenty eight battleships and nine cruisers. But they were quite prepared to take on the battle cruisers with all their forces, if we could give them an opportunity; and quite confident that if the engagement, so produced, ended by an encounter with the Grand Fleet, they could stand the Grand Fleet off by torpedo attacks and so escape from the overwhelming gunfire of the more numerous and more powerfully armed squadron. We know, of course, that they did make two organised torpedo attacks at Jutland, and that these, amongst other manœuvres, enabled them to open the range. But they achieved this end, not because no British Admiral dared risk an under water attack upon his ships, but because the falling mist, the peculiar conditions of light, and the lateness of the hour made the obvious reply to these manœuvres impossible. This being the case, it is surely doubly and trebly unfortunate that the politician most closely identified with the selection of the officers who commanded at Jutland, the man who presided over the successive Boards finally responsible for the fleets with which we began the war, and the fleets that we have built during the war, should now come out in the open and say that the German jeer is neither a libel nor an insult, but just a plain statement of an obvious principle of modern naval war.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

Story of a Coward

Those who remember Mr. Sidney Dark's first novel, *The Man who would not be King*, will scarcely recognise the author in his new book, *Afraid*, (John Lane, 6s.), in which in place of writing light and amusing matter over and round a rather abstract problem, he takes up the tragic side of life and deals with it in distinctive and gripping fashion. Jasper Sedley, the hero of this present book, was a physical coward; he funk'd as a small boy, he funk'd at school, and he lost the woman he loved through sheer funk in a critical minute—and the rest of the book is the story of his redemption. The author has been at great pains to delineate the character of this boy, and the delicacy of the work is such that he shows Jasper's fine moral fibre while emphasising to the full the boy's weakness and limitations; there is, too, an epigrammatic quality in certain passages of the book which afford the necessary relief from a rather painful study—this as regards three-quarters of the book. The last chapters tell how Jasper, by the grace of God, found himself and became a whole man.

In those last chapters is shown, with forceful simplicity, the love of a father for his son, and the regeneration of the son. There is, too, a glimpse of the war, and this mainly devoted to telling how the realisation of the threat that the war brought with it gave play to the best that is in men, and in some cases remade them altogether. Contrasted with the earlier descriptions of Jasper's life, these last chapters picture the change of view-point that the war brought to Britain as a whole—the microcosm mirrors the world.

The end of the book, simply and directly written, is work of a very high order—Jasper passes from physical cowardice to the highest form of self-abnegation and courage, and the skill of the author is shown in that he makes us believe in the vital change in the man. The book is an excellent psychological study, and an inspiring piece of work.

The Yeoman Adventurer, by George W. Gough, (Methuen and Co., 6s.), begins with the day when Mr. Oliver Wheatman, of the Hanyards, went out to catch a big jack, and thereby walked straight into a maze of adventures that leads the reader on from page to page, through the great days and scenes of the '45, in company with some very gallant gentlemen, and in the service of such a lady as Blackmore's Lorna Doone—the book is of the same type as Blackmore's classic, and has an equal hold on the reader. It is romance of the kind that is growing all too rare, in which, without morbid analysis, character is clearly depicted, and if the author has gone to the limits of credibility in order to achieve his ending, he is to be forgiven, for his story is such that one will be reluctant to put it down, and thankful for a real romance.

The German Reserves

A Reply by Mr. Hilaire Belloc to his numerous Correspondents

I HAVE received with regard to the figures of the German reserves printed in this journal three weeks ago, a great quantity of correspondence, and I have noted the criticism of the Press upon these same figures. What has thus been printed and written demands, I think, a few notes from me in expansion of that article and in explanation of certain points in it. I must also ask my numerous private correspondents to take these lines as a reply.

I.—Not a few of the criticisms made upon these figures are to the effect that this sort of calculation has been made very frequently during the course of the war and (according to the writers' conception) has either proved inaccurate or irrelevant to the main issue.

Such a judgment is the product only of a mood.

It surely hardly needs repeating that to treat detailed calculation in this fashion is worthless.

When you take an observation at sea you do not do so in order to buck yourself up and to feel that you are near port, you do so to find out exactly where you are. When you have established your latitude and longitude in a sailing ship you cannot therefore prophesy when you will be in port, because no man can prophesy the weather. But at least you have the only basis of calculation available to you, and you are certain upon the main point, which is your true position. Only a man ignorant of navigation can regard the daily observation as irrelevant.

Now, as to whether figures of this sort are *accurate* or not—which is quite another point—I can answer that very briefly.

A continuous analysis of figures, close, detailed and co-ordinated has appeared, I believe, in no other journal, but only in LAND & WATER. The common phrases elsewhere, "a very large number," "a considerable proportion of class 1917," "we shall do well not to allow less than two million reserves," are not worth the paper they are written on. One must have exact calculation, a known margin of error, and proof. All else is foolish assertion—usually political in its object.

The early calculations made here (as I have repeatedly said) were tentative and most insecure. In the first months of the war the margin of error in such calculation was very great, and the tendency to exaggerate unknown losses stronger than the tendency to minimise them. The reasons for this uncertainty of calculation in the early part of the war are obvious. The establishment of averages, under novel conditions especially, takes time. The longer the time elapsed the closer the average arrived at. The establishment of an Intelligence System takes time. The discovery of what forms of intelligence are reliable takes time; so does the co-ordination of reports, of documents, of examination of prisoners, etc. The coefficient by which the number of known dead must be multiplied to arrive at the total casualty list was in the wars of movement and under the old conditions of fighting, very much larger than the coefficient to be used in this trench fighting. Therefore, in the first months of the war a given number of dead upon the enemy's side made one exaggerate his total probable casualty list. A further element of error was introduced when it was discovered that the enemy was falsifying his lists, for it took a long time to find out by exactly what percentage he concealed his real losses, and there was a tendency to exaggerate the amount which he thus concealed. We did not even know at first how the trick was done, and there was a tendency to believe that it was mere arbitrary falsification practised upon a large scale. Then we surmised—and grew more and more certain—that encouraging as large as possible a proportion of "doubtfuls" in each unit was the method established and the publication of "certain" only in the daily lists: leaving the rest for later correction or private notice.

In the course of some months of observation the elements of error were gradually eliminated. The mass of information through the Intelligence Departments of the various Allies increased enormously; it became possible to establish averages, at first with a considerable margin of

error, later with a much smaller one. Our information about the internal conditions of the enemy; his hospital population, his hospital discharges, etc., which had hardly existed at all in the first months of the war, became very full and complete, and the Allies' record of their own proportionate losses in killed and wounded, etc., and of their own hospital rates, confirmed the increasing knowledge they had of the enemy. With the beginning of the open season of 1915 the system from which calculation is now made was fairly established, though not yet perfected. And from that day on it has been more and more certain in its results.

Each total was made, of course for the *moment* only. Time is an essential factor. Thus in the last article (of three weeks ago) we were dealing only with a definite future of nine months and excluding class 1919. But, with such a caution, the figures are accurate and authoritative.

Proofs of Accuracy

For instance, we were able to say fairly early in 1915 that the normal recruitment would come to an end with the first year of the war; that abnormal recruitment (that is, the summoning of the younger classes and the call of men hitherto rejected as inefficient) would begin in the second half of 1915. We were even able to give suggested dates. We said that the revision of inefficient would take place not later than November, and the calling of the 1917 class not later than the beginning of the next year, while the 1918 class would first be called in Germany, we said, in the summer, and probably about June, 1916. It is surely worth remarking that these suggestions were exactly verified. The revision of the rejected class took place during the course of October. Class 1917 began to be called even a little before the New Year, in the month of December, and class 1918 was called (the first batch of it in Saxony) last June.

The figures we can print now, therefore, after so long an experience of the campaign, are really authoritative—say within a margin of error of 10 per cent. This margin of error is, of course, an average. In some categories, in the prisoners, for instance, there is no margin of error at all, the exact number is known. In others for example, the dead, the margin of error is smaller than in such a category as the "useful returns from hospitals," if only because the latter figure will differ with the definition of the term "useful." Thus, when we say that by the end of October 1916, the military deaths of the German Empire—the deaths of men in uniform who died as a consequence of the campaign—were about a million and a half, we know that the margin of error is, in this category, small. The margin of error for the men who will return to duty from hospital is much larger. I can conceive its fluctuating round a figure of 100,000 between its superior and inferior limits.

II.—Very many of my correspondents have noted the apparent discrepancy between the number of German divisions now organised and the total number of the German "acting army"—that is, the total number of men in uniform, but neither convalescent nor in depots.

The number of divisions given was 203. Even if they were at full strength that would only allow for just over 4,000,000 men, but they are hardly any of them at full strength and many of them are no more than three-quarters of that. Some of them even below that. All the infantry of the new divisions—save six—were, as we know, formed simply by taking men from older divisions, and the only new men in any numbers were the doctors, engineers, gunners and drivers formed for each new division—for there was no new cavalry. How then, it is asked, can 203 divisions account for a total army of five million men?

There are two causes at work to account for this apparent discrepancy. The first is the expansion of the auxiliary services. The proportion of men behind the line to men in line varies very much according to the kind of work the army is doing, the distance it is from its

sources of supply, the quality, even moral; its movements; its power to use civilian population, etc. Under the conditions of the German Empire the proportion for a long time was barely one to three. That is, the strictly auxiliary services, communications, etc., accounted for hardly one man out of four, and an army kept to about four millions had a little over three millions in line.

But as the quality of the men deteriorates, as the fronts held become larger and as all the other forms of strain (including those due to a blockade) increase, the proportion of auxiliaries increases too. The supports of a thing which is weakening have to be made stronger, and the braces of a thing that is under an increasing strain demand more material. The German army enormously increased its front in the summer of 1916 by taking over work hitherto done by the Austrians upon the Eastern front. By depleting its reserves of man-power (by its rapidly using up 1917 class, for instance), it was able slightly to increase the actual numbers in line—though these have not yet (probably) reached three and a half million. But meanwhile the auxiliary forces had to increase in far greater proportion.

The second cause of the discrepancy emphasises the first. The German Empire not only needs now to use a larger proportion of its men in auxiliary service than before, but is also using more men in its auxiliary service than it needs.

Everyone has noted the fantastic figures published by the German authorities with regard to discharges from hospital. The experience of all the belligerents (now confirmed by the figures of 29 months) teaches us accurately enough what numbers will really return to the ranks out of a given number of hospital population. The Germans have always published a much higher figure than this real number. Less than 70 per cent., roughly two-thirds at the most, really return to active service, and of these again a certain proportion cannot be used in exactly the same way they were being used before.

But the total number discharged as "cured" is very much larger than two-thirds. It is well above three-quarters and may reach five sixths or more. The difference between the two figures consists in men who, though they are no longer in need of hospital accommodation or convalescent leave, and are as well as ever they will be, have been rendered by their wounds or sickness unfit for anything but the lightest auxiliary work. When all the useful places in such light auxiliary work are filled, it is the normal policy and the policy pursued by the Allies as a whole—certainly by the French and English—to return these men to civilian life. It was always the policy in past wars, and it is the policy of common sense. For men, permanently weakened or maimed by war, are more useful in keeping the general life of the nation going than they are in "acting as the fifth wheel of the coach," in services auxiliary to the army. When you have all the hospital attendants you want for the army, for instance, it is better to let a man who has lost a limb do what work he can in a civilian hospital than to keep him as a supernumerary in a military hospital.

For several reasons—most of them political—the German authorities have preferred to keep in uniform this margin of useless, or nearly useless men, and to return them to so-called "duty."

This was not done in the war of 1870. It is not a national tradition, but a special policy.

The inevitable result is a large and, in the military sense, useless increase in the auxiliary services.

The combination of these two causes gives you that discrepancy between the total number of men out of the depots, but in uniform, and the number of divisions on their present footing. Instead of the proportion of about one man in four, which was the working proportion during all the earlier and middle part of the war for Germany, the proportion now is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ (or a little more) in 5. The increase is from 25 per cent. to 30 per cent., an increase within the auxiliary services of 20 per cent.

III.—The third sort of question I have been asked is whether this calculation of reserves will not be modified by the Germans calling up men over military age.

Of course, it is within the power of the Government to call up men to any age it likes, and the actual military law of Germany takes men up to 45. Most conscript countries warn men as liable for service up to that age or even later. But the older classes are not, in the lump,

material worth having, save, again, in auxiliary service. To add to them by an extension of age is simply, in another form, to increase the superfluity which was mentioned above in connection with the auxiliary services. You can put your older men to garrisoning occupied districts, to prison guards, to clerical and hospital work and to the lighter forms of auxiliary labour. The number you can usefully employ in line is insignificant. An increase of this sort would affect the paper strength of an army. It would not affect its real strength appreciably, and we must further remember that nearly every elderly man taken from the civilian ranks under such conditions as govern blockaded Germany at the present time, is a man taken from employment necessary to civil life.

State of Germany's Allies

IV.—The fourth set of questions deals with the other members of the enemy alliance, and it is asked, if this be the known situation of the German Empire, what is that of the Austrian, what of the Turkish and Bulgarians?

I have upon the Turkish recruitment no figures as yet which are at all reliable. But it is clear that the numbers available from this field for use by the Central Empires and in Europe is so small as to be almost negligible. I believe that there have actually been identified the equivalent of no more than three or at the most four divisions, of which only two have appeared in any field remote from the old Turkish frontiers. A great to-do was made for the sake of neutrals (and to impress the Allies also if possible), when the first Turkish contingents appeared upon the Galician front against the Russians late last summer; but in all the prolonged fighting between the Marshes and the Carpathians, which filled the months of August and September (and have been continued with less violence through October), the identification of troops opposed to the Russians, while showing us the very large increase in German divisions which I noted a fortnight ago (from three to forty-one), and the drafting of reserves from the Austrian depots, shows us an exceedingly small proportion of Turkish contingents, and those only in one restricted field—if I am not mistaken, under Bothmer alone and all within ten miles.

The Bulgarian recruitment is a matter easy to calculate because it depends upon well-known figures.

The existing Bulgarian army has not yet suffered any great depletion. It is based upon a population of five and half millions. It can count, therefore, upon an annual recruitment of less than 40,000. It is not available for service outside the boundaries of the State since the double engagement to the north against Roumania and to the south against the forces based upon Salonika. The numbers available and the yearly recruitment available are almost exactly three-quarters of the corresponding Roumanian numbers and recruitment.

We have also the Austro-Hungarian reserves. These we know to be far more severely depleted than those of the German Empire, the causes of this being the heavy losses in prisoners and wounded and dead during the defeats of the earlier part of the war; the fact that the Austrians had to bear the main weight of the Russian offensive right up to the end of April 1915; the extension of front against the Italians ever since June 1915; and the last bad breakdown in front of Brussiloff, which has alone accounted in the last five and a half months for close upon a million men. What Austria now has in her depots I have seen no recent figures to guide me, but if I suggest more than a quarter of a million and less than 300,000, I do not think I shall be far wrong. To this returns from hospital may add a quarter of a million or even 300,000—but not more. There are, then, perhaps, counting every available form of recruitment, half a million. There may even be 600,000 men on paper behind the existing Austrian lines. But in practice nothing like that number would be really available, and all the younger classes have been incorporated long ago. It would be impossible to use 1919 before next summer, and Austria called up 1918 long before Germany did.

V.—The last set of questions that has been put to me deals with the inclusion in the German reserve of man-power of men who will be returned to duty from hospital and convalescence between this and next summer. I am asked why these should have been included in the total of German reserve of man-power since they form part of

the "permanent margin of temporary wastage," that is, the floating supply of unavailable hospital men, which in all previous calculations published here were rightly regarded as off the strength.

It is clear that the men who come back to an army from hospital do no more than replace new cases of men who are continually going into hospital from the army, and that therefore the floating population of men convalescent or due to return within a few months, though, as individuals only, a form of temporary loss, remains as a mass a permanent margin of deficiency which must always be deducted from the enemy's total strength. At any given moment this permanent margin of temporaries is unavailable and must therefore be counted "off the strength." Why then did I include it in "the reserve?"

The reply to this criticism is that my calculation was not concerned with the losses of the German forces or their chance of increase, but only the reserves behind them, and in these reserves convalescents really count.

Supposing, for instance, that of all men sick half a million men return cured to the German ranks between this and July 31st, 1917, and suppose that the rate of wastage from the German army in that period is not more than this half a million, then this reserve of man-power represented by the present convalescents is clearly available to keep the army at full strength. It must clearly, therefore, be counted in any calculation of reserve power.

The real interest of the position lies in the rate of wastage which can be imposed upon the German Empire during the winter fighting. If that wastage could be kept up at the rate which has been imposed during the summer, the reserves would be nothing like sufficient to maintain the present effectives up to the next open season. It is not possible that the wastage can be kept up at the same rate, but it may yet be kept up at so high a rate that reserve of man-power shall prove insufficient and that the effectives upon the fronts shall diminish within the next nine months. But whether this rate of wastage can be imposed or no only events can tell us.

Field Punishment

By Centurion

"**I** SEE the brutal and licentious soldiery are getting it in the neck again," said my friend, Colonel K—.

He had dropped his newspaper, and was staring reflectively at the horns of an ibex. The ibex with other trophies of migratory members adorned the walls of a well-known service club in which we were sitting after dinner. I knew that expression of his. K. has been in the army twenty years, and the sudden change in the public temper at the beginning of the war from habitual depreciation of the service to one of impassioned flattery had left him surprised, but incredulous. Wherefore, when the sacramental words about "the military caste" made one of their inevitable appearances in a newspaper "leader," the colonel always went one better and penitentially referred to himself and all officers as brutal and licentious.

"Well, what have we been doing now, sir?" I replied.

"Field Punishment," said K. laconically. "Some fellow in the newspaper says it's the mark of the beast. 'Militarism,' you know and all that. It reminds me," and he measured the length of the ibex's horns with his eye. "That soldier was a holy terror," he added inconsequently.

"Go on, sir," I said, encouragingly. I knew he had a story at the back of his mind.

"So I will in a moment. But, talking about F.P. and particularly F.P. No. 1. I see they say it's degrading. Perhaps it is. But is there anything half as degrading as being cashiered—eh! what?"

"I have yet to hear of it," I replied.

"Well, what's the penalty for an officer being drunk on active service? Cashiering, or Dismissal which amounts to much the same thing. And then FINIS. He's a marked man ever afterwards—blackballed in clubs, ostracised in society, an object for the contempt of some and the pity of others. And what's your private get? 84 days F.P. and forfeiture of pay—rarely more, usually less. And who's the wiser? His Field Conduct-sheet isn't public property. He's got to square the account with his wife, of course—when she writes and asks why her allotment has been stopped—which he does by telling her some cock-and-bull story of having lost his haversack and being 'crimed' by a brutal court-martial. And then the local M.P. is got at and puts a question in Parliament: 'Whether the right honourable gentleman's attention has been drawn to the vindictive and degrading punishment inflicted on Private John Jones by Field-General Court Martial, and whether he will take steps to put a stop to the brutal and barbarous practice,' etc., etc.' Faugh! Fetch me an ounce of civet—I mean a liqueur brandy. Waiter! Damn that boy!

"And then as to being drunk. If a private's drunk he's drunk. But if an officer's taken quinine and gets dizzy, if he's had shell-shock and gets excitable, if he's taken morphia and gets dazed, if there's a lack of muscular co-ordination—well, the Lord help that officer if he's

taken a single glass of whisky that day, for the A.P.M. won't! In the army there's only one rule for the officer—he's either sober as a judge or drunk as a lord. A court martial recognises no intermediate shades of distinction. None of your police-surgeon's tests about the 'British Constitution,' no trials of tendon reflexes, and all the rest of it. 'Sentence promulgated, accused to be handed over to A.P.M. at Boulogne, notice to Messrs. Cox and Co.' And then—as I say—FINIS. Very necessary, of course. Many a poor lad's gone that way, and for a first offence, too."

"Yes," I remarked, "dismissal from the service is death to an officer, but discharge with ignominy seems to be meat and drink to a certain type of private—or it was before the Military Service Act and the cancellation of discharges. But that doesn't stop some of 'em trying to get to Parkhurst all the same. I remember a Tommy saying to me the other day, 'There are fellows who say 'distance is better than cover' and commit these crimes so that they will be sent to prison.' Cold feet evidently."

"Well, of course. Why, if you'd been in the army as long as I have, my friend, you'd know that getting 'crimed' and jugged was one of the favourite dodges of a man with cold feet. Do you know the reason for the rule that an accused is not to wear his cap when in court?"

"Ceremony, I suppose."

"Ceremony be damned. It was to prevent his throwing it at the President. That used to be a favourite dodge with cold-footed wasters who were afraid the court-martial would acquit 'em. Yes, I mean it. Look here, my friend, lawyers may talk shop till they're blue in the face about Jeremy what's-his-name and theories of punishment—the reformatory, the retributive, the deterrent, and all the rest of it, but there's only one theory in the army, and it's the preventive. You've not only got to prevent crime, but you've got to prevent crime committed as a means to punishment. You've got to punish the criminal in the way he least expects or most dislikes—see? Now, Field Punishment is Punishment in the Field. D'you follow me? Consequently, the fellow who commits a crime in order to get jugged should not be jugged—he should get F.P. And as you can't give C.B. in the trenches you must give F.P."

"Yes," I said, "but why F.P. No. 1. Why not F.P. No. 2? Why tie him up? Why not put him on extra fatigues?"

"Why, because every man's doing extra fatigues in the trenches as it is; it's the daily round, the common task, latrines included. And you can't put him in a Guard Detention-room. There's no guard-room in the trenches even if you could spare men to look after him. Besides, the chances are with a real bad hat that he wants to hit the sergeant in the eye just to get jugged. Oh! yes, I know the penalty for that. Death! But it isn't often inflicted and the men know it—there'd be a holy row in Parliament if it was!"

"Well, but what about the new Suspension of

Sentences Act?" I interjected. "A confirming authority can suspend the sentence the moment he confirms it and keep the man in the trenches. Doesn't that dispense with the necessity of F.P.?"

"Not a bit of it. Quite the contrary. Supposing you've suspended the sentence, and the fellow is one of the kind who doesn't want to retrieve his character; in fact, an old offender or a cold-footed rotter who doesn't care a damn for your clemency, and he goes and commits another offence, where are you? You've got to send him to gaol after all unless—that's where F.P. come in."

"Your counsel is as the counsel of Abithophel," I said.

"Not mine. It's the A.G.'s—bless his holy name. He thought it all out. You see, you've got to stop up every earth. As to F.P. No. 1—they call it 'crucifixion.' It's sometimes a thief on the cross, I admit—some fellows think nothing of pinching a pal's belongings—but there isn't any cross. I've never seen one. I've known a fellow pegged out—once—and that was because he tried to kick the provost-sergeant in his vitals. But the only F.P. I ever inflicted when I was an O.C. was tying up by one arm. Why, damn it! A fellow must wipe his nose, you know."

"Of course, there are limits to F.P. If a fellow's made up his mind to get jugged to avoid service, jugged he'll get, sooner or later, and if his conduct in prison is ingeniously and scientifically bad, then you can't send him back to the trenches under suspension. So he gets out of the army—or rather out of the trenches—and to a certain kind of man and his class Wormwood Scrubbs or Parkhurst is no disgrace. Mind you, I'm not saying they are typical. Most of the men in the army are first-rate fellows, but you've now got conscription, and that means you've got the worst as well as the best. But there's no such way open to an officer if he should get cold feet, for the simple reason that prison to him is a stumbling block and cashiering foolishness. In other words, the only way of leaving the army open to an officer is closed to him—to put it paradoxically. He can't resign his commission."

"No," I said. "I remember when I asked you, just after I was gazetted, how an officer could resign his commission on active service, you said 'the only way you can be sure of doing it is to go into the orderly-room and hit the adjutant one in the eye.'"

"Yes," said the Colonel "it's never been known to fail. But it isn't often used."

"You were going to tell me a story," I said, after a pause. "About a holy terror."

"Was I? Oh, yes! Well, there was a fellow in a certain regiment who was absolutely the limit. A general practitioner in army 'crime,' in fact. He wasn't so much vicious as intractable. His tenancy of the guard-room was so frequent, continuous, and exclusive that I sometimes wonder he didn't get put on the register as a voter in virtue of an occupation franchise. That fellow's regimental conduct-sheet was quite unique. He'd have given the Recording Angel writer's cramp. You know how jealously conduct-sheets are kept in the army, and that fellow's record extended over twelve years. 'Absent from tattoo parade when on inlying picket: 6 days C.B.,' 'Absent from defaulter's roll-call at 2 p.m.: 168 hours,' 'Absent until apprehended by the police at 6.30 p.m., 2 months' I.H.L.,' 'Disobedience of Battalion's Orders, fastening his kit with coat-straps: 8 days' C.B.,' 'Drunkenness: fined 2s. 6d.,' 'Putting his head through a pane of glass in the guard-room: stoppages of pay,' 'Dirty on parade,' 'Quitting fatigue without permission,' 'Irregular conduct on Church parade,' 'Improper language to a N.C.O.,' 'Pulling the leg of the regimental goat,' 'Singing "Onward Christian soldiers" at punishment drill,' and so on. Well, when the present show started, he went out with the rest of his battalion and the leopard didn't change his spots. Very good fellow in a scrap all the same. And I must say the O.C.'s bull-pup had a high opinion of him—and I've never known that dog make a mistake. He had nursed the pup through a distemper. One day in the trenches he was brought before the O.C. in his dug-out and charged with giving the sergeant lip. 'Do you elect to be tried summarily?' said the O.C. 'Yes, please, sir,' he said."

"As you know every man who is tried for an offence

involving forfeiture of pay—and F.P. always means that—can elect to have a court martial. But he was a downy bird—knew the Red Book from end to end, though he'd never read a word of it—and he knew that an O.C. can only give 28 days F.P. at the most, while a C.M. can award as much as 90 days. 'Very well,' said the O.C., after the hearing was over, '14 days F.P. No. 1.' So the sergeant took him back to a dump and lashed him to a waggon by one arm, making it extra tight with a double knot, for he knew his man. That was for a two-hour shift, which, as you know, is the maximum dose *per diem*.

"Well, a few minutes later a German Taube came reconnoitring over our lines. It soon spotted the dump and signalled to the enemy batteries. And then the Hun began pitching heavy stuff over—8-inch. First short, then wide, but always getting nearer the spot until that dump was as black as a Man-of-War coaling her bunkers. The O.C. and two or three company officers were watching the display from the trenches near the O.C.'s dug-out in the support-trenches, and the company officers were exchanging odds on the chances of the Hun's getting a direct hit."

"'I'll bet you 2 to 1 the next's a dud,' said one of them who was bored stiff."

"'Done!' said the other."

"Of course, everyone had forgotten all about the holy terror—the O.C. had many other things to think about. And suddenly the O.C. said, 'Good God!' and scrambled over the parados and made a bee-line for the dump. His officers no doubt thought he'd gone off his chump. And the O.C.'s bull-pup, who was getting fed up with the trenches, went tearing after him. Well, he made tracks over the open ground—unhealthy place, and the surface like a Gruyère cheese—and after doing the mile in record time he got to the waggon. There was the fellow still tied to the waggon, covered with black earth, the veins on his temples standing out like whipcord, and yelling 'I'll be hit—Gawd's trewth, I'll be hit.' He was not a coward by a long way, but by that time his nerve had gone. The bull-pup, who had no nerves, began leaping up trying to kiss his dirty face. The colonel whipped out his knife, and in a trice cut him loose. He had to be pretty quick. 'Now follow me, my man,' he says, and they made a sprint for the communication trench. It was rather quaint, as the dog kept running from one to the other, thinking it all a huge lark and being frightfully pleased because, for the first time in his life, he was being taken out for a walk at one and the same time by the only two men he cared a cuss for. He'd always been trying to bring them together, not being very well up in military etiquette. When they'd got a few hundred yards they got a bad dose of shrapnel. And as luck would have it the holy terror got hit in the leg, which flopped as though he'd got locomotor ataxia—tendons smashed."

"'I'm done, sir,' he said and collapsed. So the O.C. picked him up and—"

"What a splendid thing to do," I said impulsively.

My friend snorted. "Not a bit of it," he said. "The O.C. had had him tied up—what else could he do but go and untie him? You don't suppose he was going to leave him there. He'd never have been able to look his dog in the face again. Oh no! Damn it! Can't leave a fellow like an Aunt Sally for Huns to shy at."

"Well, now, would you believe it, that fellow turned over a new leaf from that very day. When he was evacuated and returned fit for duty he was a new man. Talk about the penitent form at a revival meeting! He's a company sergeant-major now. And he'd have licked that O.C.'s boots if the O.C. had let him; he had to content himself with blacking them as his batman till he got his stripes."

* * * * *

There was a pause. The Colonel studied the ibex; I studied the Colonel.

"I say, sir, what was the name of that O.C.?" I asked.

"Fine pair of horns that," said the colonel. "I remember when I was shooting buck in South Africa—"

"Excuse me, sir, but what was the name of the O.C.?" I persisted.

The Colonel seemed annoyed; he coloured slightly. "I—I forget," he said.

The New Warfare at Verdun

By Arno Dosch Fleuret

[The writer of this article is an American journalist, just back from Verdun. He gives a vivid account of how the French fight and win now that the infantry is supported adequately by heavy artillery]

ON the side of Fort Douaumont, called by the Kaiser the keystone of Verdun, there is a hole in the shell-torn earth named the *Abri Adalbert*. It is a well-protected shelter built by the French in the early days of the war, but renamed by the Germans after the Kaiser's son, Prince Adalbert. Now that the French have recaptured Douaumont and the whole ridge of the Barren Ground (*Froide Terre*) upon which it is situated, as well as all the other forts dominating Verdun from the east, it amuses those wonderful fellows, the poilus, to keep the name, and to sleep thick and safe in the *abri* named in honour of the brother of the Crown Prince. The fact that they recaptured it in a lightning attack at the end of October might be enough to brighten the dark hole, but it is more particularly the complete failure of the Crown Prince's pretences and of the whole Imperial purpose that gives the joke the Gallic touch.

An Important Lesson

Sitting in the *Abri Adalbert*, between the setting of the moon and the dawn, a few days after Fort Douaumont was recaptured, I heard at first-hand how the *Froide Terre* and Douaumont had been retaken. It contains an important military lesson, one the Germans experienced too thoroughly not to understand. So there is no impropriety in relating it. It reveals an entirely new period in warfare—the period that has succeeded the trench warfare. It is no less distinct a development of this war and requires greater engineering skill as well as greater heroism. It shows clearly for what all armies must prepare. The nicely calculated success of the French points the way.

I got the story from too many mouths—white teeth flashing and bright eyes fired again—to put it directly into the words of any one. The military significance of it only came up after we had talked of many things in our efforts to forget we were soaking wet to the skin. Sitting around an alcohol stove lighted to make us chocolate, there were two privates, a sergeant with a telephone receiver to his ear, a handsome young captain, two other American correspondents and myself.

We took up the tale from the hour when the big attack began. At this time Fort Souville on the ridge to the south had already been retaken, and the slow progress of the summer had brought back into French hands the gradual slope towards the watery plain of the *Woëvre*, including the village of Fleury. But, at the moment of the big attack, Vaux, farther down from Souville towards the *Woëvre*, was still held by the Germans, and, on the *Froide Terre* ridge the Germans not only held the two dominant forts, Thiaumont and Douaumont, but were more than half way down the ridge towards the Meuse and Verdun. From that point their menace of Verdun was the most dangerous, particularly as they were constantly launching attacks down the hill. It was necessary first to dislodge them from the *Froide Terre*, no easy task considering their occupation of the two forts, their numerous shelters and complete trench-series.

But the French did it, and did it in four hours once their heavy artillery work had prepared the way. Their method was also not expensive in lives, considering the ground gained, and will undoubtedly become the accepted method of rooting out an entrenched enemy. In it lies the technique essential to every attacking army.

Up to the time of the rapid regaining of Verdun's outer defences, the French had been handicapped by the lack of heavy artillery. General Mangin, who directed the artillery fire, felt rightly that he could blow the Germans completely off *Terre Froide* ridge. He began with a preliminary artillery fire that spared no square inch on the whole ridge. He used only his heavy pieces and fired contact shells. It required more

than a million shells, how much more I do not know, but the destruction was complete. The ridge was left as I have described it. It has since been shelled by the Germans with almost equal completeness, but there has been nothing more for them to do than to boil it over again.

Timed to the Minute

This work finished, the attack began. It had been figured down to the minute, and went off as scheduled. The earth in front of the French troops no longer showed a piece of barbed wire or a trench. Its defenders were crouched in the shell-craters and hidden in the *abris*. Over them swept a curtain of French fire from the smaller but quicker .75 millimetre and .105 millimetre guns. This curtain descended on the riflemen and mitrailleuse companies in the shell-craters.

The first line of French riflemen was not very thick, but was so far forward it was really under the edge of its own curtain of fire. Of the 20,000 Germans in the first line of defence, not one escaped.

Immediately behind this doubly heroic first line came the "cleaners of the trenches." Their name sounds bloodthirsty, but their work is not necessarily so. Their business is, first, to prevent the first line being shot in the back, and then to make prisoners. In this case they were armed chiefly with bombs to throw into the shelters, and, from the looks of the entrances of the shelters on the *Froide Terre*, they did not miss one. One way or another they finished off the first German line and moved on to finish off each succeeding first line as they moved on up the hill. Behind the "cleaners of the trenches" came the main body of infantry, supported by big machine guns. They moved in comparative safety, if it can be considered even remotely safe to be under an enemy barrier-fire.

The attack up the hill was scheduled for a certain minute, and at that minute the curtain of fire fell just before the first French line. Each minute it moved forward 25 metres, nearly eighty feet. The commanders of the artillery two or three miles back and the commanders of the first, second and third lines of infantry worked with their eyes on their watches. Minute by minute the line swept forward eighty feet at a time. There could be no hitch, no delay. Once the curtain of fire descended it had to sweep up over the ridge and the lines behind had to pace it. It was possible for the Germans to bring up reinforcements and meet the first French line under their curtain of fire, and to prevent the French from bringing up their third line by a barrier-fire so intense as to give the troops no chance of coming through alive, but either they did not have the troops or were unwilling to have them annihilated under the French curtain-fire. The French met resistance, and reinforcements were brought up, but not in sufficient numbers to slacken that steady pace of eighty feet a minute. That speed may not seem much, but it was made up and down over shell-craters.

The essentials of this latest form of attack were:

- (1) Plenty of heavy artillery supplied with millions of shells.
- (2) An equally good supply of lighter, rapid-firing artillery of which the best type is the French .75 millimetre, and the bigger model of similar type, the .105.
- (3) Light machine guns that can be carried by one man with helpers bearing ammunition.
- (4) Heavier machine guns to back them up.

All other considerations are variable.

Carried out on a wide front, so rapid an advance as this against an entrenched enemy can only be guided from the air. Aeroplanes must hang immediately over the advancing troops reporting the progress back to the artillery commander. They must also fly low enough to see in detail what is going on.

The whole plan of the battle was so scientific, so carefully worked out and scheduled, there was no room for slack work. There was also no place for "cannon-fodder." The unskilled soldier has disappeared. He must be an

expert at something, and all must be expert bomb-throwers.

The Verdun attack was successful for the French because they had prepared to the last detail, and put in their best brain-work. I was reminded of something M. Loucheur, the chief shell manufacturer in France, had said to me: "The nation that makes war in the most complicated manner has the best chance of success."

In this respect the Germans had all the advantage over the French at the beginning. If the French had not succeeded in keeping the secret of their .75 mm. gun, they would have been defeated at the Battle of the Marne, regardless of heroism. When the war broke out the Germans had 3,500 pieces of heavy artillery, pieces sufficiently big to destroy as the Froide Terre is destroyed.

Concentrated Attacks

It has always been a part of the German plan of campaign to make concentrated attacks, but they never before carried the idea as far as they did at Verdun commencing with February 22nd. They brought up sufficiently heavy artillery and a sufficient number of divisions to charge up the hill from the Woivre and carry the heights. They captured Douaumont in four days. But they did it against an unprepared army. The fight was nowhere near even. It was not even at any time during the long fight on the tops of the ridges, because the Germans always had the superiority in artillery. The French line held, but it paid in blood for its lack of heavy artillery. Here, as on the Marne, the .75 had to do most of the work of defence.

But the French have been making big guns and getting more nearly on an equality with the Germans from the point of view of artillery. They did not start as soon as they might have, as the faith of the military authorities in the .75 was so great as to retard the building of heavy artillery even after the war had lasted many months. The sons of France paid dearly because their army was not adequately supplied with heavy artillery, just as the sons of England, America or any other country would pay and have paid, under similar circumstances. Providence was bound to be on the side of the army with the heaviest artillery.

So the French *poilus* saved Verdun largely with their small .75's and their helmeted heads. It was magnificent, but expensive. The Crown Prince, having plenty of heavy artillery and great stores of munitions, began his attack on the heights to the east of Verdun on the twenty-second of last February and in four days had reached Douaumont and beyond. The Kaiser praised his "brave Brandenburgers" for doing it, and, while they were certainly brave and indefatigable in attack, they owed their success chiefly to the concentrated artillery fire thrown out before them. The French had never experienced any such fire as this, because the Germans had never before taken the full advantage of their artillery superiority. An army less brave and devoted than the French would not have stood and died there. Verdun without adequate heavy artillery was looked upon by the French army as almost certain death for its defenders. Everyone who saw the Verdun army last spring was struck by the stricken, though determined aspect of the soldiers. When I went there in early November I was as much struck by the superhuman coolness of these men under shell-fire. They had gone to Verdun convinced they would die there. Now they had lived through a miracle and found the great sacrifice no longer necessary. They had reason for feeling they had charmed lives.

If the original defence of Verdun did not cost the French as much as the attack cost the Germans, it was because the .75 is a marvellously versatile gun. It did not, as a matter of fact, cost the French as much as it cost the Germans, but the price of defence was much greater than it should have been. The Germans brought up twenty-two divisions of 20,000 each before Verdun by the first of July. After that time the necessity of shifting the mobile divisions of the German army to the Somme stopped the continuous attacks. The exact casualties of the Germans cannot be ascertained, but out of the 440,000 men who attacked Verdun, between 160,000 and 175,000 were lost. Few were taken prisoners and more than the usual average, perhaps one in four, were

killed outright. At least forty thousand Germans fell dead or mortally wounded before Verdun. The casualties of Verdun have been figured as high as a million.

The French retook Douaumont for a few days in May, a great feat of arms when it is considered that they were still inferior from the point of view of artillery.

But the French were able to do nothing effective until they were in a position to bring up new heavy artillery equal to that of the Germans opposing them. Then they took the German idea of concentrated attack and carried it to its logical conclusion. They had already had some practice in concentration on the Somme, but, as if in poetic justice, it was at Verdun that they made the most complete reply to the German method.

At Verdun we have a comparison of the development of the warfare in six months. When the Germans made their attacks last winter and spring they were preceded by a heavy, but not a completely devastating, artillery fire. They also brought up their men in the old mass formation. So they did not destroy entirely the front line that faced them and their mass formations were but targets for the French artillerymen.

Note the change in six months:

The French artillery fire began by destroying every destroyable protection.

The curtain of fire was much more intense than the German.

Instead of a mass attack, there were three separated lines, offering a poor target for the German barrier-fire.

Only Possible Defence

The only defence possible against this new type of attack is the deep dug-out, or its improvement, the underground fort. There is no relying on trenches and barbed wire. They disappear before a sufficiently heavy fire. That is the most significant fact about the latest development in warfare. But, as the Germans found on the Froide Terre and the adjoining ridges, disconnected forts, such as Thiaumont, Douaumont and Vaux, cannot be held against a sufficiently determined attack. A continuous line must be presented to the enemy, and, even though he over-run this line in the heat of an attack, it must be there complete and full of defenders when the attack is over. The Germans found that when their trenches were blown to bits and their few survivors were cornered in shelters, the French lines swept around the three sides of the forts, and they had to evacuate or surrender. In Douaumont they surrendered, but in Vaux they profited by the lesson of the week before and left while there was still time. But the fact that these forts escaped with so little interior damage when the surrounding country was turned into a fantastic mud-hole shows that the only effective way to meet the attack of the newest warfare is by building continuous forts, with deep communicating underground passages.

When the truly brave Brandenburgers took Douaumont in mass formation, their losses were so terrible that the Kaiser felt called upon to make up for it in praise. So he declared they had taken "the keystone of the strongest fort of our most important enemy." When the French retook Douaumont and the surrounding forts with only three divisions of infantry it did not even call forth an "order of the day," and at this time a complete official statement of the feat has not appeared. The French did not have to go into heroics, because their losses were not so heavy that they needed to hearten up the troops. The people of France also took it calmly because it had become generally known that France at last had the artillery to match its troops.

A good collection of the war cartoons of Allied and neutral countries is embodied in *Caricatures et Images* (Librairie Chapelot, Paris, 2 fr.), which devotes a section to the work of each country—even including South America—and gives a goodly share of its space to the work of Raemaekers. The various points of view, especially the American standpoint, are well demonstrated.

The Verdict of India, by Sir M. Blownaggee (Hodder and Stoughton, 2d. net), is a statement of the merits of British rule in India by an eminent native of the country. It is intended to combat German vilification of the British system of government in India, and shows that, in spite of enemy efforts, the loyalty of the Indian Empire is unimpaired.

What We Are Fighting For

By L. March Phillipps

IS there any means, by way of international treaty and arrangement, by which peace can be secured to the world? Why should not a League or Federation of Nations strong enough to impose their will upon the rest of Europe be formed with the express object of insuring peace?

All wars are terrible; this war is especially so: it is natural, therefore, that at the present time such seemingly obvious and easy solutions of the difficulty should be largely entertained and discussed. They have, it seems, definite ideas on this head in America. Dr. Eliot, President of Harvard, described in one newspaper as "in many respects the most distinguished living American," is of opinion that a covenant between France, England and America would meet the case. The *Manchester Guardian* has lately dealt at length with American ideas on the matter, and Lord Bryce describes in its columns the unanimity which prevails among leading American statesmen. There seems to be a general idea that "an organisation of the world against war," is a feasible project, that it is even, as the *Daily News* expresses it, "a splendid task," and in short, that the prevention of war is really a comparatively simple matter which a deed upon parchment signed by the representatives of the leading Powers could adequately secure.

But though on the face of it the question may seem simple enough, it is not so simple as it seems. What the peace politicians in fact demand, is that peace should be recognised as an ideal in itself, as a supreme ideal, as an ideal to which all others are secondary, as an end to be striven for for its own sake. War is the evil above all evils, peace the good above all goods—that is the position which Dr. Eliot in America and Lord Bryce in England and all their many followers in both countries take up when they demand a world organisation with peace for its guiding motive.

An Unsound Thesis

What is there unsound in such a position? There is this—that it places life before and above the very things which give it value. War is an evil, if it is an evil, because it destroys life; to teach that war is the supreme evil is to teach that the destruction of life is the supreme evil. In the same way to hold that peace is the supreme good is to hold that life is the supreme good. Not faith, not liberty, not any aspiration moral or spiritual, or intellectual, none of these but life itself, the preservation and maintenance of life, is to be life's goal and object. The doctrine recalls a sentence of Matthew Arnold's in which he speaks of the "almost bloodthirsty clinging to life" of the great English middle class: the bourgeois element in that attitude consisting in its concentration on a material issue.

Such an estimate defeats itself. For life itself changes and alters with the point of view from which it is regarded. It is most noble and beautiful when it is esteemed of no worth at all; and it is most empty and despicable when conceived of the highest value. And this because it is only precious for the things it contains, things of altogether higher origin than itself, which are independent of it, which do not pass with its passing, which shine through and transfigure it, and which, precisely because they are of higher origin, may rightly demand at any moment the sacrifice of life on their behalf. It is these that count. I can quite well understand that the lives of cattle or pigs should be accounted precious, for these are supposed (though I believe on very insufficient evidence) to carry nothing of greater value than themselves. Take from a pig his life and you take his all. But that such an argument should be applied to human beings only shows the depths of animalism or materialism into which the mind of man is apt to sink.

But it is argued on the other side, why not have both, both life and its contents? The individual shall enrich his life spiritually and intellectually, and the State shall grant him security of tenure by means of an anti-war

treaty with other States. One would have thought that the present war was itself a sufficient answer to any such contention. What is a State but an agglomeration of citizens, voicing and interpreting their aspirations and beliefs? To invite a State or nation to place peace above all other considerations is to assume that such is the view of its collective units; it is to demand a proof from a people that it has not and never hopes to have a faith or a cause worthy dying for. This indeed is the basis of Treitschke's saying that God will always see to it that there is war in the world. He meant that God will always see to it that there are ideals in the world worth dying for.

Conflicts of Ideals

But is there nothing to be added to this? Because peace as an end in itself, as the guiding principle of an international federation, as the supreme good, is an immoral idea—immoral because it puts life above the things that ennoble life—does it, therefore, follow that peace is an impossible dream, not to be wished or hoped for, for ever unattainable? Not necessarily. War itself, the conflict of armies, is but the expression of an inward conflict of ideals, and it is this inward conflict of ideals, that makes war possible and even inevitable. True, there have been wars enough in the past that have sprung from petty and superficial motives. But from these the future has little, and with the democratic awakening and more complete national self-consciousness now in progress, will have less and less to fear. War, the terrible modern war with all its dreadful equipment and resources, is an instrument only to be wielded by motives as formidable as itself. The change from ancient armies to modern, from the comparatively insignificant armies of individual rulers to the hosts which are commensurate with the strength of nations, marks the same transition.

Kings made war with the armies of kings for the ambition of kings. Nations will make war with the armies of nations for the ideals of nations. Thus in future the inward motives or causes of war will consist in a conflict of ideals such as are capable of enlisting a national devotion. Nations will not wage war, will not put their whole national strength into a quarrel, which does not seem to them worthy of their collective self-sacrifice. That is what we have come to. It is not, or will not be in future, so much personal ambitions or jealousies that will evoke war as those fundamental principles and beliefs which are of racial scope and range. Yet if the opposition of these will produce war, their reconciliation will equally produce peace, and peace the more lasting and durable as based on an assured identity of purpose. It is on this side that hope lies.

I know not what law governs the caprices of princes, but whoever is a believer in the destiny of mankind must hold that there is an instinct in humanity which is guiding it towards the light. Racial dissensions are guesses at ultimate truth, and ever, through constant experiments and thought and intercommunication, tend towards a closer approximation to it, and a more perfect conformity with each other. To lay down a basis of agreement in the mind may be said to be the object of all disinterested thought. The day will come (the progress of truth assures it) when by this means the ground will be cut from under the very feet of war. Outward peace is the expression, the look on the face, of inward peace, and the abolition of war, the surface-friction, can come only with the abolition of the inward friction of ideals in the minds of men.

Every influence, therefore, every controversy, that has truth for its object, that works towards the light, is an instrument of peace. If the peace party would really make headway let them fight against error and prejudice, against the discrepancies and darknesses of the mind. Is there an answer to the question how to live? Does there exist a theory of onward and upward progress and development so universal in its application as to embrace civilisation and hold within itself, as the acorn

holds the oak, the future hopes of mankind? If there is such a theory the recognition of it and gradual adherence to it of the nations will ensure peace, for it will ensure the inner unity of intention and aspiration which peace symbolises. But until the day of recognition dawns of what use is it to cry peace, peace, when there is no peace? Could we but realise once for all that acts spring from ideas and have their roots in the mind, we should forego such idle clamour and turn our attention to the true seat of the evil.

It is between two such rival, incompatible and forever antagonistic theories of life that the present war is waged. Each theory commands the devotion of its own side, and that being so I would not say that the war, even on Prussia's side, is an unjust war. It is not unjust for Prussia, for what can a nation do other than die for a cause it believes to be worth dying for? Nor is Prussia's ideal, the tyrannic ideal, wholly base. It has not been productive of evil only. In the past it has done some great things. It has been the motive of many powerful Empires which, in days when barbarism and anarchy prevailed, have ensured a certain iron discipline and order and thus secured the primary conditions of future advance. Its place and useful purpose in man's history are marked, and in its own day it had its justification. But it was essentially limited, for the system of order by force which it imposed was fatal to the free play of the human faculties in which the ultimate hope of progress resides. The day was bound to come when tyranny would be challenged by Liberty, and that day has come.

Against the discipline imposed by a minority we have set the effort and experiment participated in by all. It is not only that tyranny paralyses initiative and development, that society under its control remains passive, obeying not originating, making no effort of its own, not encouraged to exert its own faculties, not tempted to advance on the stepping stones of its own blunders to fuller knowledge: nor is it only that liberty is life and growth, because liberty is inward effort, that what it does badly to-day it will do better to-morrow, that it is a perpetual incentive acting within society and stimulating it to perpetual endeavour. There is a further

contrast which more than any has decided the aspect of the present struggle. Liberty acts upon whole populations, upon all classes, leaving none behind, consolidating and uniting all in the same effort. All share its inspiration, all are in the movement. Free nations advance in their integrity as the planets roll through space, for the whole of society is animated by the same inward impulse of self-direction and self-control. Liberty in a word is the hope of the masses. Has anything been known in history more wonderful and curious than the gradual recognition of this ideal during the last hundred years by the bulk of the people of Europe, as, nation by nation, impelled by the wavering, dumb motives of the popular instinct, they have taken sides with the forces of liberty? Is there an answer to the question how to live? The legions of liberty believe they have found the answer. In development through use, in the free exercise of all man's endowments and capabilities does the hope of mankind consist.

It is evident that when such deep and far-reaching impulses as these come into opposition, there can be no question of artificially maintained peace. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* We are all involved. In these days of common and universal intercourse ideas recognise no frontiers. Tyranny attracts to itself all kindred governments and States. Liberty draws to its standard all nationalities inspired by that principle. This is the scale on which the wars of the future will tend to be waged, and upon such conflicts no arbitrary system of control can act. It is no longer a question of holding a fretful realm in awe but of holding the world itself in awe, which cannot be done save by securing the interference of another planet. Yet there is a sense in which war itself will work out the solution; for in the end that principle will triumph in war which, because it holds the future of mankind, will be sustained with the more inflexible pertinacity and endurance; and its triumph confirming its authority and giving it room to act, will further its more complete acceptance and finally result in the establishment of a common ideal. In this sense the present war, a war to enthrone liberty as life's guiding motive, may truly enough be called a war to abolish war.

The Coming Trade War

By Arthur Kitson

[Since this article was written, Mr. A. J. Hobson, a leading Sheffield manufacturer, has publicly stated: "The nation has to remember that it was not only in war that for the last twenty years at least Germany had been maturing her plans. Those who knew the commercial and industrial history of this country would say that her preparations were just as far advanced to destroy our industrial independence as they were to destroy our political independence. Britons had to realise that they had to fight for permanent industrial freedom from terrorism, just as they had to fight for it in the political and national sphere."]

ALTHOUGH the vast majority of the British people shed their party politics the day the German troops invaded Belgium, a small section found this operation disagreeable—if not impossible. And much as we may deplore the fact, we shall be compelled to hear a revival of the centuries-old discussion of Free Trade versus Protection as soon as peace is within sight. In view of this threatened re-erudescence of a dispute that ought to have been finally settled long ago, it is necessary that the preparation for the economic war which is to follow should be made at once.

We now realise the appalling price in blood and wealth our military unpreparedness has cost us and our Allies, and we know that much of the responsibility for this unpreparedness lies at the door of the busy little group of pacifist fanatics who thirty months ago assured us that the warnings uttered regarding German military aggression, was a stupid and wicked invention of our jingoes and hireling journalists! We are now told by the selfsame group that "to pretend that all this activity (i.e., German industrial, commercial and financial enterprises) is in the main a screen and an instrument of Prussian State policy, aimed to penetrate all countries

of the world commercially and financially, in order to convert this economic into political control, is idle vapouring, whether it proceeds from angry bagmen or from statesmen who should be 'responsible.'" This writer adds:

The notion that all this expanding German trade and finance have been the cats-paw of the aggressive German State is baseless. The capitalists who rule German industry, trade and finance are out for profit, not for political aims, and their success would have been impossible on any other terms.

The writer of this, Professor J. A. Hobson (*The New Protectionism*) is the most widely-read Free Trade "authority" in this country, whose opinion is accepted by certain Radical politicians as conclusive. One would have thought that after all the innumerable exposures of German State intrigues in America, Russia, Poland, Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, Turkey, Roumania, Greece, Spain, Mexico, Africa and elsewhere, any doubt as to German commerce and finance being employed by the Pan-Germanists as instruments for German political aggression, would have been definitely set at rest for all time. To deny this aggression is to deny the evidence of one's own senses as well as the testimony of clouds of witnesses in all countries.

To attempt to argue with those who meet known facts with brazen denials, is a waste of time. . . . But there is one question in relation to this subject which needs consideration. According to certain Free Trade writers, like Hobson, international trade is merely an exchange of goods or services, in which the gains or benefits are mutual and equal. This being so, how can such trade be termed "aggressive?" How can there be a trade "war?" "Imports" they say "must be paid for by exports or not at all, and these exports consist of either

commodities or services, and in any case they provide employment for our own people." "This" they add, "is the conclusion of the whole matter." "The notion of trade as a 'contest' in which one of the trading parties secures 'domination' over the other, the notion that protective tariffs and other barriers are needed for 'defence' and the notion that such 'defence' can be successfully obtained by any of these methods," are termed by the Free Trade Professor "curious assumptions."

Now if the assertions of the so-called Free Trade school are correct, if international trade is nothing more than simple barter—the exchanging of one class of goods for another, the shipment of the surplus products of one country in return for those of another—beginning and ending at the frontiers of such countries, all this talk of trade "war," economic "slavery" and "aggression" is undoubtedly mere "idle vapouring." In this case, we must also regard the Paris Conference as a waste of time and money, and its recommendations should be disregarded. If, however, international trade is something far more serious than barter, if it means the possible foreign control of our factors of wealth production to such an extent as to threaten our national existence, then every barrier possible—no matter by what name it has hitherto been known, whether "Tariff Reform," "Trade Protection" or "Prohibition"—should be raised by us and our Allies against the enemy. And those writers who would seek to deceive the nation by hulling us into a false security by deliberate deception and the propagation of economic heresies, should be branded as false teachers and traitors.

Power of the Trust

Half a century and more ago, when the Manchester school was in its zenith, trade was a much simpler and less comprehensive affair than it has since become. Trade, as defined and understood by Richard Cobden, was precisely as it is defined to-day in standard Free Trade books. The "Trust" and "Combine" had not been invented. Finance was then a far less potent factor in trade and industry than it is now. It was regarded as the tool of exchange and little more. Finance rules supreme to-day. Industry and Commerce are its servants. In all countries finance dominates every sphere of human activity. It governs trade, commerce, industry, inventions, science, art, politics, the State and even the Church itself! The creation of the Trusts has been the work of Finance. And nowhere have these Trusts met with greater encouragement from the State than in Germany. The United States which has been dominated by them, has attempted by legislation to suppress them—although with comparatively little success owing to their vast political power. Those familiar with their methods know how all-pervading this power is, how ruthlessly individuals and private firms have been driven out of business—exterminated—by the unscrupulous use of concentrated economic power!

The foreign trade of Germany of late years was largely in the hands of these great Combines and Trusts. When a foreign market seemed desirable for certain German staples, the well-known methods of under-selling competitors and offering long credits were practised. Behind these Trusts stood the German Government ready to guarantee them against losses incurred in strangling foreign competitors and securing foreign markets! I know of one case where a great Electrical Supply company of Berlin furnished the Buenos Aires market with £500,000 of electrical apparatus far below cost—at a loss of £300,000 at least—which was afterwards repaid them by their own Government. Hand in hand with these methods went also the control of all the agencies by which the public wants were supplied, such as advertising, transportation and distribution. Germans of all classes and occupations flocked to these various markets in order to control every branch and avenue of trade and its tributaries. In Belgium for example, the Germans controlled most of the merchandise transport. Everywhere they established their banking houses, and by offering cheaper credit facilities than their competitors they secured a vast volume of the financial business of foreigners. This gave them an insight into the private affairs of their trade competitors regarding terms,

prices, etc., which they did not scruple to make use of for the benefit of Germans. They started in all foreign cities German clubs which were mere centres for their Government spies. They secured interests in foreign journals which they utilised to foster German influence and power, in every sphere. To what extent they used these privileges and opportunities afforded them by the generosity of their unsuspecting friends and neighbours, Belgians, Dutch, Italians, Americans—to say nothing of ourselves—the history of the past twenty-nine months bears eloquent testimony. Prior to the war, the Belgians believed that within a few years the annexation of their country to the German Empire was a certainty, by the growth and extent of Germany's peaceful penetration.

Free Trade's Fundamental Error

The fundamental error of Free Traders, is in supposing that trade is merely an exchange of commodities. On the contrary, trade nowadays means the exchange of commodities or services for money or credit, *i.e., legal claims upon society.* The object of the successful trader is to acquire wealth, which takes the form of investments—lands, bonds, shares, mortgages, etc. And all these forms of wealth are merely claims backed by the power of the State upon labour, present and future. *These claims are a source of economic power.*

Economic power is the basis of political power. Surely there can be few questions more serious or important than into whose hands the economic and political power of a nation is to reside? Moreover the political affairs of a nation naturally affect those who control its economic power, for the reason that such power can only be enjoyed by the authority of the State. States have been known to repudiate their foreign obligations. Hence universally we find the foreign claims of the financial and commercial classes of each country backed by its own military and naval power. The naval power of Great Britain was called upon some years ago to enforce the claims of British owners of Egyptian bonds, whilst Germany did the same with Venezuela on behalf of her own financiers.

Political and economic power are always found in close alliance. They act and react on each other, each rendering assistance and support to the other when required. *Trade warfare is therefore a struggle for economic power, for the control of men and of all factors of wealth production.* International Free Trade can only flourish among free nations. It cannot be truthfully said to exist where the tools of trade—money and credit—are the subjects of private monopolies, as they are in this country to-day. Moreover, Free Trade, like cricket, has its rules and obligations, observance of which is essential to a continuance of the policy. With a nation like Germany that holds such rules and obligations in contempt, how could Free Trade be resumed or attempted with safety? Free traders are right in asserting that tariffs tend to restrict the production of wealth. If Germany had succeeded in conquering Europe, Free Trade would probably have been established throughout the entire Continent (which would have become an enlarged Teutonic Empire), just as it was established throughout Germany when Bismark welded all the former petty States into one nation. No Protectionist or Tariff Reformer would deny that economically Germany has benefited enormously by the abolition of all her former inter-State tariffs.

But Europe is confronted by a far more serious danger than a curtailment of her annual wealth production, and that is the danger of each nation—especially the smaller ones—losing its liberty and nationality. Rather than forfeit these things, few would hesitate to sacrifice a portion of their annual revenue for the purpose of securing themselves and their own people against such a menace. On behalf of the future security of the British race and empire, our enemy—who advertises himself as our sworn and implacable foe, who has shewn himself to be false, treacherous, cunning, and utterly untrustworthy—should be denied every opportunity of acquiring the means of again threatening the peace and safety of the world. The measures recommended by the Allied representatives at the Paris Conference should be adopted by the Allies at once.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL is a philosopher of some repute, and as such demands our respect. He is also out of sympathy with the majority of his fellow-countrymen in the present crisis, and therefore challenges, and indeed seems to expect, a certain measure of obloquy. I confess that I approached his new book, *Principles of Social Reconstruction* (George Allen and Unwin, 6s. net), with misgivings bred of the reputation of the author. What dangerous doctrines of Pro-Germanism would be found therein, propounded with the irresistible force of Cambridge logic? Would I, as a result of reading it, be less whole-hearted in my support of the national effort to burn a plague-spot out of Europe? Is the book, in other words, likely to hinder the successful prosecution of the war?

Without attempting to decide whether in any legal way the book offends against the Defence of the Realm Act, I should be inclined to say that the answer to the last question is, in the language of Westminster, in the negative. Mr. Russell certainly believes that the war is wrong, and that England was wrong in going to war. But he brings no comfort to the enemy whom he severely trounces for their crime against civilisation. Nor can he hope to gain any great measure of support for his views, since the pacifists are for the most part contemptuously dismissed as men whose impulsive nature is atrophied, and who are thus more harmful to a nation even than those whose impulse is towards war.

* * * * *

The theme which Mr. Russell expands in his *Principles of Social Reconstruction* is easily summarised. Men are more often moved to action by impulses than by conscious purpose. Impulses are of two kinds, the possessive and the creative. The former are bad, and to be discouraged; the latter are good and to be encouraged. Here is a formula that is obviously capable of wide application, and Mr. Bertrand Russell applies it always with interesting and sometimes with surprising results. How does he derive from it a condemnation of England's war policy? He admits that Germany is the aggressor. Aggression is obviously a possessive impulse, and therefore wrong, but—and here Mr. Russell leaps a chasm of thought where few will follow him—opposition to aggression is also a possessive impulse and is therefore also wrong. Even if that were granted, and it is an arguable matter, how can Mr. Russell sweep aside all the creative ideals which have inspired men to give up the final and most cherished possession of their lives?

Mr. Russell sees in an artist killed in battle simply a loss to civilisation, but is not this to fall into that error of materialism against which his whole book, where it has any value, is directed? He is all for the things of the spirit, it would seem, but for the spirit enjoying the fruits of the earth. He cannot see the value of that most fruitful of all impulses, the impulse of self-sacrifice. One suspects whether he has entirely purged himself of the possessive impulse.

* * * * *

After all, how much of this sort of argument is merely a matter of words? Mr. Russell is a master of words, but even they sometimes betray him and show, as it seems to me, the weak points in his theory. Let us take an example, almost at random. Mr. Russell is talking about property which, like war, is one of the obnoxious institutions due to the possessive impulse. We look anxiously for his treatment of that crux of the socialists and the communists, the question of the minimum amount of property which must be individualised, if only for a short time, for the support of life. One would almost miss his treatment of the point in the text where it is dismissed in a sentence: "When we are fed and clothed and housed, further material goods are needed only for ostentation." We have read that so often before that we should perhaps pass it by without further consideration were not attention called to it by a footnote: "Except by that small minority who are capable of artistic enjoyment." How this footnote illuminates

the text! What is "ostentation" in one class, is apparently "artistic enjoyment" in another? Are there not degrees of "artistic enjoyment"? Who shall decide where "artistic enjoyment" ends, and "ostentation" begins? Of a truth this is largely a matter of words. We thank Mr. Russell for the stimulating interest of an old-fashioned academic debate, but—let us get on with the fighting and get it over successfully as soon as possible so as really to enjoy these things again.

* * * * *

Here is a contrast as strong as possible to Mr. Russell's placid tract. *Some Russian Heroes, Saints and Sinners*, by Sonia E. Howe (Williams and Norgate, 7s. 6d. net), is a book of blood and thunder. It gives us a vivid but rather dreadful study of Russia, by means of a series of portraits, up to, but not including the time of Peter the Great. We begin with some glimpses of the community of traders in furs and honey in prehistoric times. We pass in review a series of strange figures, such as St. Vladimir, Sergei, Radonejski, Ivan the Terrible, Yermak, and the false Dmitri, heroes, saints and sinners, some one, some another, some a strange blending of all three, all belonging to an age when human life was held of little account. We finish with the great schism in the Russian Church and the martyrdom of the Boyaryiwna Morozov for the Old Faith. Mrs. Howe, who has made an interesting book out of material in which she is so well versed, concludes with the hope "that Russians of the present day in their loveableness, or even in their apparent unreasonableness, may become better understood by their British friends, if it is borne in mind that they are of the same flesh and blood with the Heroes, Saints and Sinners portrayed in this volume." For this hope to come to fruition, the reader must bring some faith and sympathy to the reading.

* * * * *

In *My Life and Work* (John Lane, 7s. 6d. net), Mr. Edmund Knowles Muspratt, who started the book in his eightieth year three years ago, writes a record of a life of useful service. Mr. Muspratt is particularly well known for his benefactions and other services to the University of Liverpool, and to the historian both of Liverpool (of which Mr. Muspratt gives some interesting reminiscences of seventy years ago), and of its University his book will provide much invaluable material. Mr. Muspratt was as a young man, a pupil of the famous Baron Liebig (indeed it was to save the author's sister in a serious illness that the famous meat essence was invented), and both he and other members of his family have had a great deal to do with many of the developments in commercially-applied science during the past century. Mr. Muspratt does not, however, take a purely materialistic view of life, and indeed ascribes the surrender of the better German spirit to Prussian militarism, chiefly to the rapid growth of wealth that followed the Franco-Prussian War. He is a lover of the Arts, having an hereditary fondness for the stage in particular. We learn a great deal about the development of our newer centres of learning in our old centres of industry from this provincial celebrity, who is at the same time a cultured man of the world. His book has also considerable political interest.

* * * * *

Every week now brings its volume of poems—one of the most significant facts of the war. There is usually, too, something worth noting in each volume. Mr. E. Vine Hall, as *The Last Line* (T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net) shows, has the lyrical impulse without much originality, either of thought or expression, but he gives us two or three poems on flying that are worth lingering over. Less ordinary are the poems, chiefly in Lincolnshire dialect, in Mr. Bernard Gilbert's *War Workers* (Erskine, Macdonald, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net). Here we see the war as it affects the rustic mind, and there is some true pathos and humour, together with some very savage satire, in several of these verses. I particularly like the countryman's dirge for his pal, Nichol Bee.

The Golden Triangle

By Maurice Leblanc

[Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos]

SYNOPSIS: Captain Patrice Belval, a wounded French officer, overhears in a restaurant in Paris the details of a plot between two men for the abduction of a nurse who is known to her patients as "Little Mother Coralie." Belval gathers together seven wounded soldiers in the Rue Pierre Charron, and defeats the plan of the abductors, who try to get Little Mother Coralie away in a taxicab. Belval takes Coralie to his house, whither one of his seven men brings one of the abductors, who, before he can be questioned, is strangled by his confederates in the room in which he has been confined. Belval, feeling that the fact of having been maimed in the service of his country is an honour rather than a disability, declares his love to Coralie, only to be told by her that she is already married, and that he must make no further effort even to retain her friendship—she suggests that there might be danger for him in a friendship with herself. That night, after Coralie has left him, Belval has sent to him anonymously a box containing a large rusty key, and later he sees in the sky a rain of sparks, which had been mentioned by Coralie's would-be abductors as a signal possessing mysterious significance.

CHAPTER III

The Rusty Key

WHEN Patrice Belval was eight years old, he was sent from Paris, where he had lived till then, to a French boarding-school in London. Here he remained for ten years. At first he used to hear from his father weekly. Then, one day, the head-master told him that he was an orphan, that provision had been made for the cost of his education and that on his majority he would receive through an English solicitor his paternal inheritance, amounting to some eight thousand pounds.

Two hundred thousand francs could never be enough for a young man who soon proved himself to possess expensive tastes and who, when sent to Algeria to perform his military service, found means to run up twenty thousand francs' of debts before coming into his money. He therefore started by squandering his patrimony and, having done so, settled down to work. Endowed with an active temperament and an ingenious brain, possessing no special vocation, but capable of anything that calls for initiative and resolution, full of ideas, with both the will and the knowledge to carry out an enterprise, he inspired confidence in others, found capital as he needed it and started one venture after another, including electrical schemes, the purchase of rivers and waterfalls, the organisation of motor services in the colonies, of steamship lines and of mining companies. In a few years, he had floated a dozen of such enterprises, all of which succeeded.

The war came to him as a wonderful adventure. He flung himself into it with heart and soul. As a sergeant in a colonial regiment, he won his lieutenant's stripes on the Marne. He was wounded in the calf on the 15th of September, and had it amputated the same day. Two months after, by some mysterious wire pulling, cripple though he was, he began to go up as observer in the aeroplane of one of our best pilots. A shrapnel-shell put an end to the exploits of both heroes on the 10th of January. This time, Captain Belval, suffering from a serious wound in the head, was discharged and sent to the hospital in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. About the same period, the lady whom he was to call Little Mother Coralie also entered the hospital, as a nurse.

There he was trepanned. The operation was successful, but complications remained. He suffered a good deal of pain, though he never uttered a complaint and, in fact, with his own good humour kept up the spirits of his companions in misfortune, all of whom were devoted to him. He made them laugh, consoled them and stimulated them with his cheeriness and his constant happy manner of facing the worst positions.

Not one of them is ever likely to forget the way in which he received a manufacturer who called to sell him a mechanical leg:

"Aha, a mechanical leg! And what for, sir? To take in

people, I suppose, so that they may not notice that I've lost a bit of mine? Then you consider, sir, that it's a blemish to have your leg amputated, and that I, a French officer ought to hide it as a disgrace?"

"Not at all, captain. Still . . ."

"And what's the price of that apparatus of yours?"

"Five hundred francs."

"Five hundred francs! And you think me capable of spending five hundred francs on a mechanical leg, when there are a hundred thousand poor devils who have been wounded as I have and who will have to go on showing their wooden stumps?"

The men sitting within hearing revelled with delight. Little Mother Coralie herself listened with a smile. And what would Patrice Belval not have given for a smile from Little Mother Coralie?

As he told her, he had fallen in love with her from the first, touched by her appealing beauty, her artless grace, her soft eyes, her gentle soul which seemed to bend over the patients and to fondle them like a soothing caress. From the very first, the charm of her stole into his being and at the same time compassed it about. Her voice gave him new life. She bewitched him with the glance of her eyes and with her fragrant presence. And yet, while yielding to the empire of his love, he had an immense craving to devote himself and to place his strength at the service of this delicate little creature, whom he felt to be surrounded with danger.

And now events were proving that he was right, the danger was taking definite shape and he had had the happiness to snatch Coralie from the grasp of her enemies. He rejoiced at the result of the first battle, but could not look upon it as over. The attacks were bound to be repeated. And even now was he not entitled to ask himself if there was not some close connection between the plot prepared against Coralie that morning and the sort of signal given by the shower of sparks? Did the two facts announced by the speakers at the restaurant not form part of the same suspicious machination?

The sparks continued to glitter in the distance. So far as Patrice Belval could judge, they came from the riverside, at some spot between two extreme points which might be the Trocadéro on the left and the Gare de Passy on the right.

"A mile or two at most, as the crow flies," he said to himself. "Why not go there? We'll soon see."

A faint light filtered through the key-hole of a door on the second floor. It was Ya-Bon's room; and the matron had told him that Ya-Bon was playing cards with his sweetheart. He walked in.

Ya-Bon was no longer playing. He had fallen asleep in an armchair, in front of the outspread cards, and on the pinned-back sleeve hanging from his left shoulder lay the head of a woman, an appallingly common head, with lips as thick as Ya-Bon's, revealing a set of black teeth, and with a yellow, greasy skin that seemed soaked in oil. It was Angèle, the kitchen-maid, Ya-Bon's sweetheart. She snored aloud.

Patrice looked at them contentedly. The sight confirmed the truth of his theories. If Ya-Bon could find some one to care for him, might not the most sadly mutilated heroes aspire likewise to all the joys of love?

He touched the Senegalese on the shoulder. Ya-Bon woke up and smiled, or rather, divining the presence of his captain smiled even before he woke.

"I want you, Ya-Bon."

Ya-Bon uttered a grunt of pleasure and gave a push to Angèle, who fell over on the table and went on snoring.

Coming out of the house, Patrice saw no more sparks. They were hidden behind the trees. He walked along the boulevard and, to save time, went by the Ceinture railway to the Avenue Henri-Martin. Here he turned down the Rue de la Tour, which runs to Passy.

On the way, he kept talking to Ya-Bon about what he had in his mind, though he well knew that the negro did not understand much of what he said. But this was a habit with him. Ya-Bon, first his comrade-in-arms and then his orderly, was as devoted to him as a dog. He had lost a limb on the same day as his officer and was wounded in the head on the same day; he believed himself destined to undergo the same experiences throughout; and he rejoiced at

having been twice wounded just as he would have rejoiced at dying at the same time as Captain Belval. On his side, the captain rewarded this humble, dumb devotion by unbending genially to his companion; he treated him with an ironical and sometimes impatient humour which heightened the negro's love for him. Ya-Bon played the part of the passive confidant who is consulted without being regarded and who is made to bear the brunt of his interlocutor's hasty temper.

"What do you think of all this, Master Ya-Bon?" asked the captain, walking arm-in-arm with him. "I have an idea that it's all part of the same business. Do you think so too?"

Ya-Bon had two grunts, one of which meant yes, the other no. He grunted out:

"Yes."

"So there's no doubt about it," the officer declared, "and we must admit that Little Mother Coralie is threatened with a fresh danger. Is that so?"

"Yes," grunted Ya-Bon, who always approved, on principle.

"Very well. It now remains to be seen what that shower of sparks means. I thought for a moment that, as we had our first visit from the Zeppelins a week ago . . . Are you listening to me?"

"Yes."

"I thought that it was a treacherous signal with a view to a second Zeppelin visit . . ."

"Yes."

"No, you idiot, it's not yes. How could it be a Zeppelin signal when, according to the conversation which I overheard, the signal had already been given twice before the war. Besides, is it really a signal?"

"No."

"How do you mean, no? What else could it be, you silly ass? You'd do better to hold your tongue and listen to me, all the more as you don't even know what it's all about. . . . No more do I, for that matter, and I confess that I'm at an utter loss. Lord, it's a complicated business; and I'm not much of a hand at solving these problems!"

Patrice Belval was even more perplexed when he came to the bottom of the Rue de la Tour. There were several roads in front of him; and he did not know which to take. Moreover, though he was in the middle of Passy, not a spark shone in the dark sky.

"It's finished, I expect," he said, "and we've had our trouble for nothing. It's your fault, Ya-Bon. If you hadn't made me lose precious moments in snatching you from the arms of your beloved, we should have arrived in time. I admit Angèle's charms, but, after all . . ."

He took his bearings, feeling more and more undecided. The expedition undertaken on chance and with insufficient information was certainly yielding no results; and he was thinking of abandoning it when a closed private car came out of the Rue Franklin, from the direction of the Trocadéro, and someone inside shouted through the speaking tube:

"Bear to the left . . . and then straight on, till I stop you."

Now it appeared to Captain Belval that this voice had the same foreign inflection as one of those which he had heard that morning at the restaurant.

"Can it be the beggar in the grey hat," he muttered, "one of those who tried to carry off Little Mother Coralie?"

"Yes," grunted Ya-Bon.

"Yes. The signal of the sparks explains his presence in these parts. We mustn't lose sight of this track. Off with you, Ya-Bon."

But there was no need for Ya-Bon to hurry. The car had gone down the Rue Raynouard; and Belval himself arrived just as it was stopping three or four hundred yards from the turning, in front of a large carriage entrance on the left-hand side.

Five men alighted. One of them rang. Thirty or forty seconds passed. Then Patrice heard the bell tinkle a second time. The five men waited, standing packed close together on the pavement. At last, after a third ring, a small wicket contrived in one of the folding-doors opened.

There was a pause and some argument. Whoever had opened the wicket appeared to be asking for explanations. But suddenly two of the men bore heavily on the folding-door, which gave way before their thrust and let the whole gang through.

There was a loud noise as the door slammed to. Captain Belval at once studied his surroundings.

The Rue Raynouard is an old country road which at one time used to wind among the houses and gardens of the village of Passy, on the side of the hills bathed by the Seine. In certain places, which unfortunately are becoming more and more rare, it has retained a provincial aspect. It is skirted by old properties. Old houses stand hidden amidst the trees; that in which Balzac lived has been piously pre-

served. It was in this street that the mysterious garden lay where Arsène Lupin discovered a farmer-general's diamonds hidden in a crack of an old sun-dial.*

The car was still standing outside the house into which the five men had forced their way; and this prevented Patrice Belval from coming nearer. It was built in continuation of a wall and seemed to be one of the private mansions dating back to the First Empire. It had a very long front with two rows of round windows, protected by gratings on the ground floor and solid shutters on the storey above. There was another building farther down, forming a separate wing.

"There's nothing to be done on this side," said the captain. "It's as impregnable as a feudal stronghold. Let's look elsewhere."

From the Rue Raynouard, narrow lanes, which used to divide the old properties, make their way down to the river. One of them skirted the wall that preceded the house. Belval turned down it with Ya-Bon. It was constructed with ugly pointed pebbles, was broken into steps and faintly lighted by the gleam of a street lamp.

"Lend me a hand, Ya-Bon. The wall is too high. But perhaps with the aid of the lamp-post . . ."

Assisted by the negro, he hoisted himself to the lamp and was stretching out one of his hands when he noticed that all this part of the wall bristled with broken glass which made it absolutely impossible to grasp. He slid down again.

"Upon my word, Ya-Bon," he said, angrily, "you might have warned me! Another second and you would have made me cut my hands to pieces. What are you thinking of? In fact, I can't imagine what made you so anxious to come with me at all costs."

There was a turn in the lane, hiding the light, so that they were now in utter darkness; and Captain Belval had to grope his way along. He felt the negro's hand come down upon his shoulder.

"What do you want, Ya-Bon?"

The hand pushed him against the wall. At this spot, there was a door in an embrasure.

"Well, yes," he said, "that's a door. Do you think I didn't see it? Oh, no one has eyes but Master Ya-Bon, I suppose!"

Ya-Bon handed him a box of matches. He struck several, one after the other, and examined the door.

"What did I tell you?" he said between his teeth. "There's nothing to be done. Massive wood, barred and studded with iron. . . . Look, there's no handle on this side, merely a key-hole. . . . Ah, what we want is a key, made to measure and cut for the purpose! . . . For instance, a key like the one which the commissioner left for me at the home just now . . ."

He stopped. An absurd idea flitted through his brain; and yet, absurd as it was, he felt that he was bound to perform the trifling action which it suggested to him. He therefore retraced his steps. He had the key on him. He took it from his pocket.

He struck a fresh light. The key-hole appeared. Belval inserted the key at the first attempt. He bore on it to the left; the key turned in the lock. He pushed the door; it opened.

The negro did not stir a foot. Patrice could understand his amazement, for he himself was equally amazed. By what unprecedented miracle was the key just the key of this very door? By what miracle was the unknown person who had sent it him able to guess that he would be in a position to use it without further instructions? A miracle indeed!

But Patrice had resolved to act without trying to solve the riddle which a mischievous chance seemed bent upon setting him.

"Come along in," he repeated, triumphantly.

Branches struck him in the face and he perceived that he was walking on grass and that there must be a garden lying in front of him. It was so dark that he could not see the paths against the blackness of the turf; and, after walking for a minute or two, he hit his foot against some rocks with a sheet of water on them.

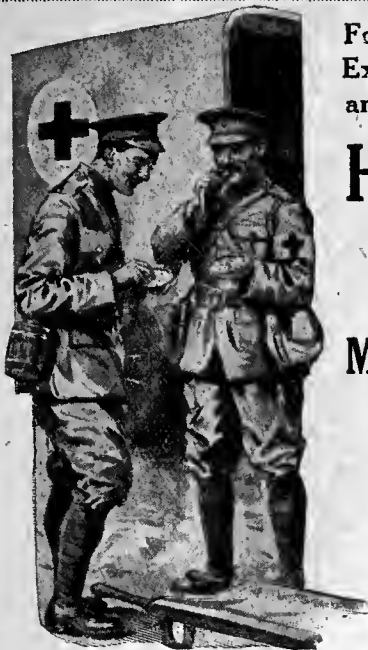
"Oh, confound it!" he cursed. "I'm all wet. Damn you, Ya-Bon!"

He had not finished speaking when a furious barking was heard at the far end of the garden; and the sound at once came nearer, with extreme rapidity. Patrice realised that a watch-dog, perceiving their presence, was rushing upon them; and, brave as he was, he shuddered, because of the impressiveness of this attack in complete darkness. How was he to defend himself? A shot would betray them; and yet he carried no weapon but his revolver.

The dog came dashing on, a powerful animal, to judge by

(Continued on page 22)

*The Confessions of Arsène Lupin By Maurice Leblanc Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. III. The Sign of the Shadow.



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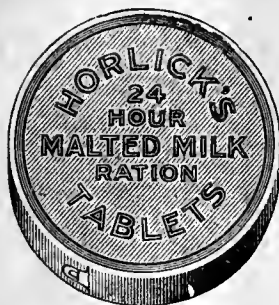
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Silver Plated, - 2/6
By post, - 2/9

(Continued from page 20)

the noise it made, suggesting the rush of a wild boar through the copsewood. It must have broken its chain, for it was accompanied by the clatter of iron. Patrice braced himself to meet it. But through the darkness he saw Ya-Bon pass before him to protect him; and the impact took place almost at once.

"Here, I say, Ya-Bon! Why did you get in front of me? It's all right, my lad, I'm coming."

The two adversaries had rolled over on the grass. Patrice stooped down, seeking to rescue the negro. He touched the hair of an animal and then Ya-Bon's clothes. But the two were wriggling on the ground in so compact a mass and fighting so frantically that his interference was useless.

Moreover the contest did not last long. In a few minutes, the adversaries had ceased to move. A strangled death-rattle issued from the group.

"Is it all right, Ya-Bon?" whispered the captain, anxiously.

The negro stood up with a grunt. By the light of a match Patrice saw that he was holding at the end of his outstretched arm, of the one arm with which he had had to defend himself, a huge dog, which was gurgling, clutched round the throat by Ya-Bon's implacable fingers. A broken chain hung from its neck.

"Thank you, Ya-Bon. I've had a narrow escape. You can let him go now. He can't do us any harm, I think."

Ya-Bon obeyed. But he had no doubt squeezed too tight. The dog writhed on the grass, for a moment, gave a few moans and then lay without moving.

"Poor brute!" said Patrice. "After all, he only did his duty in going for the burglars that we are. Let us do ours, Ya-Bon, which is nothing like as plain."

Something that shone like a window pane guided his steps and led him, by a series of stars cut in the rock in successive terraces, to the level of the ground on which the house was built. On this side also, all the windows were round and high up, like those in the streets, and barricaded with shutters. But one of them allowed the light which he had seen from below to filter through.

Telling Ya-Bon to hide in the shrubberies, he went up to the house, listened, caught an indistinct sound of voices, discovered that the shutters were too firmly closed to enable him either to see or to hear and, in this way, after the fourth window, reached a flight of steps. At the top of the steps was a door.

"Since they sent me the key of the garden," he said to himself, "there's no reason why this door, which leads from the house into the garden, should not be open."

It was open.

The voices indoors were now more clearly perceptible; and Belval observed that the sound reached him by the well of the staircase and that this staircase, which seemed to lead to an unoccupied part of the house, showed with an uncertain light above him.

He went up. A door stood ajar on the first floor. He slipped his head through the opening and went in. He found that he was on a narrow balcony which ran at mid-height around three sides of a large room, with long bookshelves rising to the ceiling. Against the wall at either end of the room was an iron spiral staircase. Stacks of books were also piled against the bars of the railing which protected the gallery, thus hiding Patrice from the view of the people on the ground floor, ten or twelve feet below.

He gently separated two of these stacks. At that moment, the sound of voices suddenly increased to a great uproar and he saw five men, shouting like lunatics, hurl themselves upon a sixth and fling him to the ground before he had time to lift a finger in self-defence.

Belval's first impulse was to rush to the victim's rescue. With the aid of Ya-Bon, who would have hastened at his call, he would certainly have intimidated the five men. The reason why he did not act was that, at any rate, they were using no weapons and appeared to have no murderous intentions. After depriving their victim of all power of movement, they were content to hold him by the throat, shoulders and ankles. Belval wondered what would happen next.

One of the five men drew himself up briskly, and, in a tone of command, said:

"Bind him . . . Put a gag in his mouth . . . Or let him call out, if he wants to; there's no one to hear him."

Patrice at once recognised one of the voices which he had heard that morning in the restaurant. Its owner was a short, slim-built, well-dressed man, with an olive complexion and a cruel face.

"At last we've got him," he said, "the rascal! And I think we shall get him to speak this time. Are you prepared to go all lengths, friends?"

One of the other four growled, spitefully!

"Yes. And at once, whatever happens!"

The last speaker had a big black moustache; and Patrice recognised the other man whose conversation at the restaurant he had overheard, that is to say, one of Coralie's assassins, the one who had taken to flight. His grey-felt hat lay on a chair.

"All lengths, Bournef, whatever happens, eh?" grinned the leader. "Well, let's get on with the work. So you refuse to give up your secret, Essarés, old man? We shall have some fun."

All their movements must have been prepared before hand, and all the parts carefully arranged, for the actions which they carried out were performed in an incredibly prompt and methodical fashion.

After the man was tied up, they lifted him into an easy chair with a very low back, to which they fastened him around the chest and waist with a rope. His legs, which were bound together, were placed on the seat of a heavy chair of the same height as the arm-chair, with the two feet projecting. Then the victim's shoes and socks were removed.

"Roll him along!" said the leader.

Between two of the four windows that overlooked the chimney was a large fire-place, in which burnt a red coal-fire, white in places with the intense heat of the hearth. The men pushed the two chairs bearing the victim until his bare feet were within twenty inches of the blazing coals.

In spite of his gag, the man uttered a hideous yell of pain while his legs, in spite of their bonds, succeeded in contracting and curling upon themselves.

"Go on!" shouted the leader, passionately. "Go on! Nearer!"

Patrice Belval grasped his revolver.

"Oh, I'm going on too!" he said to himself. "I won't let that wretch be . . ."

But, at this very moment, when he was on the point of drawing himself up and acting, a chance movement made him behold the most extraordinary and unexpected sight. Opposite him, on the other side of the room, in a part of the balcony corresponding with that where he was, he saw a woman's head, a head glued to the wall, livid and terror-stricken, with eyes wide open in horror gazing frenziedly at the awful scene that was being enacted below, by the glowing fire.

Patrice had recognised Little Mother Coralie.

(To be continued)

The plot of *Jimmy's Wife*, by Jessie Champion, (John Lane, 6s.), is not a new one, for the husband and wife who have quarrelled and agree to meet henceforth as strangers is no new thing in fiction, but in this particular example of the situation a complication is introduced by making a third person tell the story, and making that person ignorant of the identity of Jimmy's wife. Jimmy himself, his wife, the other woman, the Scots professor, and, in fact, all the main characters of the story, are people worth knowing, and the book is written in a witty, pleasant way that makes it thoroughly entertaining, and, at times, amusing.

THE MOTOR CAR IN INDIA



A 16-h.p. Sunbeam car owned by Mr. J. E. Grafton of Bombay, who is scared at the wheel. The car has now done over 30,000 miles on Indian roads and the owner states that it is running just as well as when new.

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY DECEMBER 7, 1910

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[A NEWSPAPER] ONE SHILLING



By Louis Raemaekers

Drawn exclusively for "Land & Water"

Christmas in the Trenches

GREETINGS !

Every parcel and every letter for the men at the Front this Christmas will be conveyed by motor transport on some part of its journey.

May I, therefore, as the foremost manufacturer of British tyres, take this opportunity of wishing every officer and every man on all the Fronts on which the Allied Armies are operating a happy Christmas and a victorious New Year?

Dunlop

DUNLOP
RUBBER COMPANY, Ltd.,

Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry,
Para Mills, Aston Cross, BIRMINGHAM.



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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1916

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CREATIVE WAR

WE are busy in these times distilling out the soul of goodness in things evil, and to speak truth the result often surprises us. Yet it should not be so. One of the great prophets of the Victorian era—a period when as we all recognise to-day "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace" ate deeply into the national being—told the young soldiers of Woolwich, in a speech at the Royal Military Academy in 1865, that "all the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war; no great art ever yet rose on earth, but among a nation of soldiers." Ruskin evidently used the word "art" in a wide sense seeing that on another occasion, about the same time, he prophetically declared war was needed to teach England the true value of science. But in this Woolwich speech occurred the following passage, which is so vividly true that it might have been first spoken in this very year instead of being addressed one and fifty years ago to the grandparents of young officers at the Front:

The creative, or foundational, war is that in which the natural restlessness and love of contest among men are disciplined, by consent, into modes of beautiful—though it may be fatal—play: in which the natural ambition and love of power of men are disciplined into the aggressive conquest of surrounding evil: and in which the natural instincts of self-defence are sanctified by the nobleness of the institutions, and purity of the households which they are appointed to defend. To such war as this all men are born; in such war as this any man may happily die; and out of such war as this have arisen throughout the extent of past ages, all the highest sanctities and virtues of humanity.

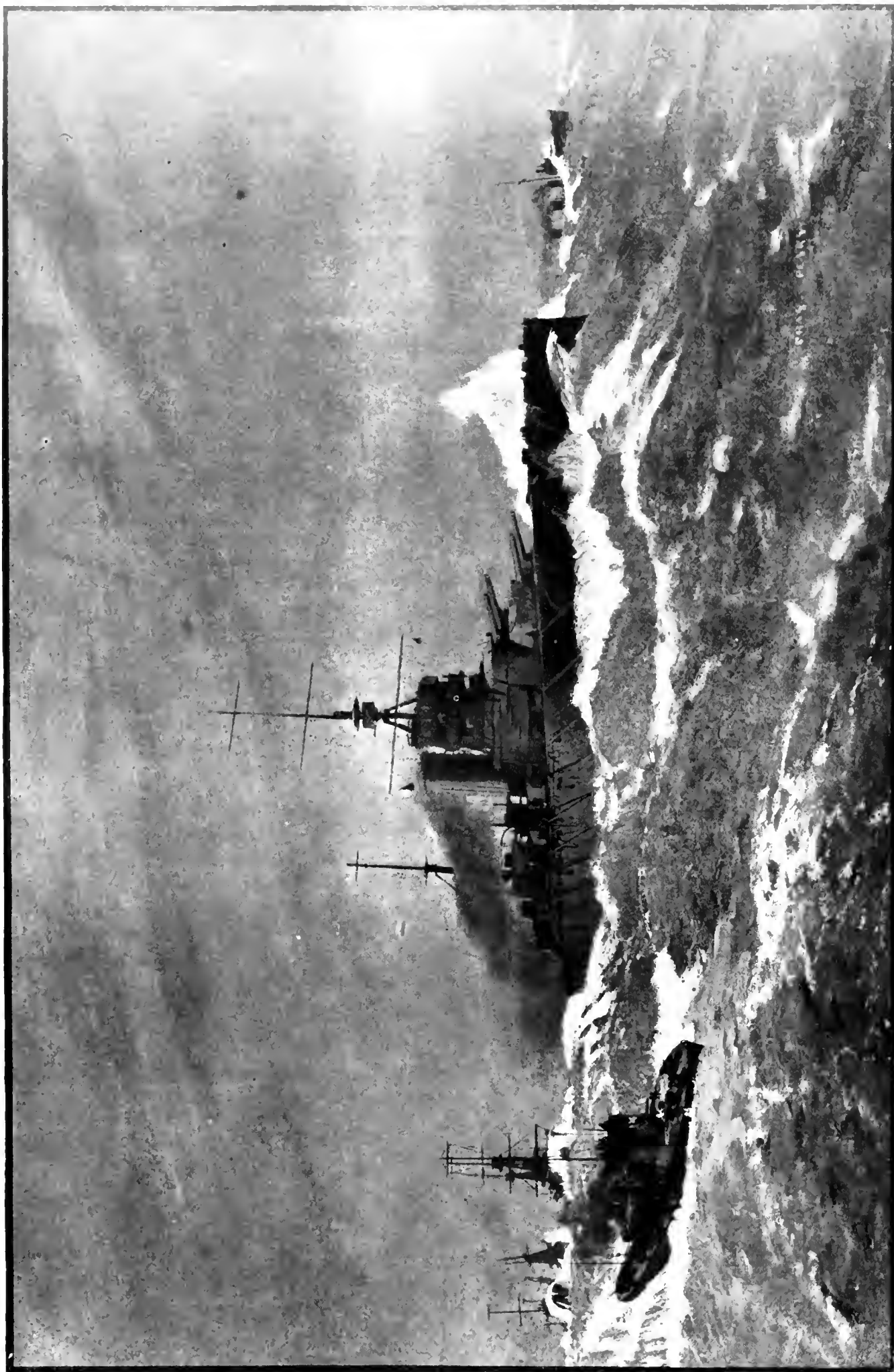
Who will deny that this is a creative war? It is impossible to behold in German brutality or in the devastation and the shell-pits of the actual battle zone "beautiful play," but if we look nearer home we shall see that this phrase is not an exaggeration, and that "the natural

restlessness and love of contest among men" are disciplining the nation in a manner few would have dared to predict aforesaid. Beautiful play has banished from a thousand homes—and for ever it is hoped—semi-idleness and aimlessness of feminine life; woman is more busily buckling the armour on man in these modern days of scientific "cannonry" than ever she was in the mediæval times of gallant "chivalry." Whether before the fight, in munition factories, or after the fight in hospitals, she is lending tangible and substantial help in winning the war. The victory when it is gained will be in part hers, for without her active co-operation it never could be won. New energy is generated; new standards of self-sacrifice and industry are established; new manners and habits are formed, which must inevitably leave a permanent mark on the national character and which in our belief will both elevate and strengthen it. The virtues and sanctities of the home may be superficially different from old conventions, but they will be based on the eternal principles of freedom, justice and humanity in self-defence of which the British Empire and her Allies are putting forth their full strength regardless of cost.

In these pages we have endeavoured to portray the busy life in progress throughout the country this Christmas. Such scenes of activity have never before been witnessed in these islands; the whole nation is at work. The common purpose to which all equally bend the will, is eliminating many foolish class distinctions and prejudices. From the very outset of the war, a softer feeling was noticeable throughout the country. This has spread, and the flood of grief which has poured into multitudinous homes has served to wash away misconceptions and antipathies. England has rested true to herself; she has proved that the spirit of youth still animates her; she has entered into glorious competition with the younger nations as to who should excel in enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, and organised industry. Much has still to be accomplished before the war is over, but the resolution which has carried the nation so far is not going to weaken at the last.

What is to be the new structure that shall arise upon this foundational war? We are too much occupied in winning it to be able to devote very much time to this consideration, but it is the duty of the thinkers to take care that opportunities are not lost to build up a stronger, healthier and happier State in the future. We are determined not to go back to the old haphazard *laissez faire* slipshod style of living, which was accepted as a matter of course three years ago. Politics, domestic and imperial, have to be vivified. Ruling the country is never again to be a sort of parlour game played between a score or couple of score of gentlemen who happen to have found themselves in power. One has only to read the many Victorian reminiscences which have lately been published to realise to what an extent this was the case in the past. Tradition is a very potent force in the political world, but out of the war should come a still stronger power, which should make its own traditions and be done for ever with the follies and weaknesses of our fathers.

"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Samson's old riddle rings in the ears in these days. Much is being devoured, but there shall come forth strange meat from the devourer, and the Philistines shall be confounded. The strong shall yield new sweetness to life. The beginning is already visible. There is no occasion for despondency. Not a life will have been sacrificed in vain in order that securer peace and nobler good-will shall dwell on earth. This thought may bring comfort to saddened hearths this Christmas. The toll of death has been terrible, but it is the price paid for refusal to allow mankind to return to barbarism and slavery, as our enemies desire.



By Charles Pears

Battle Cruisers in a Gale of Wind

Drawn exclusively for *Land & Water*



An Air-Craft Factory

Man-Power and Munitionment

By Hilaire Belloc

THIS great campaign, like all things of the first magnitude, is fundamentally simple in structure. It is governed by two sets of elements, the one certain, the other uncertain. It is (unfortunately) by the *uncertain* that public opinion in this country has been largely moved. But the only profitable exercise of the mind under this strain is a calculation of the *certain* elements.

The uncertain elements are moral factors (such as the political relations between the belligerents and neutrals) and the element of time. The first of these need not be considered here. The second is notoriously that upon which most debate has taken place, and in spite of the utter uselessness of such debate.

The certain elements are the *numbers* of men and women, adults, available for the war and the support of the war, to the various belligerents; and the material available.

It is upon these alone that useful debate and useful analysis can turn.

The public discussion of political relations is imprudent. Speculation upon the factor of time is futile. When a great mass of correspondence demanded some such discussion in the early days of the war, we published in this paper certain articles pointing out that the time factor was necessarily uncertain, and that all that could possibly be predicted was—as is always the case with indeterminate problems—a series of alternatives. “If so and so then one of two things, but if on the contrary so and so, then another of two things.” Yet such was the appetite for some sort of decision upon this undecidable matter that even a statement of that sort was made the basis for vain affirmation as to the probable duration of hostilities.

The Certain Elements

I cannot tell in what proportion public opinion has now leant towards the other and the only fruitful field of such enquiry, the field of statistics that are *certain*.

For now eighteen months these statistics have been analysed so far as the enemy man-power was concerned, at regular intervals and with increasing accuracy.

For instance, in March 1915, we did not know to within something like 30 per cent. margin of error the real number of the German military dead. By July of the same year we had got our margin of error down to pro-

bably under 20 per cent. To-day we have got it down to something like 5 per cent. When we say that by October 25th (the last date up to which I have seen official work carried) 1,500,000 German soldiers of one service or another have died since the beginning of the war, we are certainly not more than 75,000 out one way or the other. The reason of this increasing accuracy is that time accumulates not only the mass of the evidence but the power of co-ordinating that mass and at the same time (in spite of the counter-action of defensive secrecy) the methods of obtaining information. And that is why the reproach of inaccurate, exaggerated or vague estimate, which was rightly attached to such work at the beginning of the war, no longer attaches to it.

Change in Equipment and Munitionment

But the campaign does not turn upon man-power alone. It turns also upon equipment and munitionment.

It is here very important for the student of war to remark the change which has come over the subject of his study during the last generation. It is a fundamental change.

Within the last few years, since the men who are now middle aged were boys, *the power to produce military equipment and munitions has ceased to be common to all civilised men; it has become peculiar to certain highly industrialised spots, and even among these it varies greatly.*

That is the first great formula.

Observation until quite lately depended upon men riding horses and in all countries many men can ride: It depends to-day upon the special skill of men in aircraft which, again, only specialised men can produce. Even as late as the Franco-Prussian War, the railway was subsidiary to the road and steam transport to horse transport. To-day the railway is vital and the road means petrol.

The howitzer beyond a calibre of 5 inches was a thing for slow emplacement. To-day it is mobile, but its mobility depends upon rare methods and an advanced science. Orders and the putting together of the plan depended in the youth of the present commanders upon horsemen. They depend to-day upon the telephone. Fighting by night was rare, eccentric, and always in the nature of a surprise. It has become almost normal since the combatants can command the modern methods of illumination in the battlefield. A certain measure of cold,

of water difficulty, of vermin, destroyed half your effectives through an epidemic. To day, with a sufficient measure of instruments and science, an army doubles its efficiency in this respect.

Examples might be multiplied indefinitely. There is one typical example which is more easily followed in detail than any other, and it is that of the field piece.

Example of the Field Piece

Within the memory of men now living, a field piece of average calibre was a plain tube of metal that any small provincial shop could cast. It was mounted upon two cart wheels with axles and bearings that any wheelwright could make. The missile which it shot to a distance of no more than 800 or a thousand yards was a round metal ball fitting loosely into the tube and propelled by a charge of common black powder, which could be made pretty well anywhere. The powder was exploded by a match applied to a touch-hole, which you or I or any one could drill in a few minutes through the body of the piece. You raised or lowered the tube for more distant or nearer ranges with a simple screw or even with wedges, and you traversed it, to the right or to the left, by grasping and moving to left or right a rough hand-spike stuck into the trail.

Such were the guns with which, for instance, the British fought in India, the French in Algiers. Such was the artillery used during the popular insurrections of '48. I do not know how much a field gun of average calibre, say, a 12 pounder, cost in those days. If I make a rough guess of, say, £100, I do not think I should be exaggerating the cost. It may have been much less.

All civilised men, unless they were quite cut off from metal or from fuel, could make such an instrument and munition it and use it for an indefinitely long period. The ingredients of gun power were almost universally distributed, and the general widespread culture of our civilisation from the Pacific to Asia permitted of the construction of such an instrument by the simple and equally widespread mechanical processes everywhere available, and by artisan labour of a common type. Turkey or Mexico could produce guns for putting up a fight, just as France or England could. The instrument, when it was produced, was of the same efficiency whether a small peasant State had put it into the field or a highly developed industrial civilisation. The margin of error in range was enormous; the effect, by our standards, extremely limited.

To-day a field piece is a highly complicated and extremely expensive piece of mechanism. The preparation of the metal is an art in itself. The construction of essential parts is as delicate as that of scientific instruments.

Its accuracy is such that it can maintain, at ranges far exceeding its forerunners, a fire delivered just over the heads of its own troops and bursting only a few yards in front of them, covering their advance and yet not injuring themselves.

It is both elevated and traversed upon as finely graduated a scale as the eye can use, and either operation is of the most delicate precision.

In the place of the rough touch-hole simply drilled through metal, you have a breech block depending for its action upon exactly correlated screw threads. Instead of a plain tube you have rifling grooved upon a curve of highly complicated formula, and exactly fitted by a projectile which must be gauged with the same minuteness as, say, the piston rings of an engine. Its fuse is worthless and only a peril unless it has been constructed like a fine watch. The propellant explosive is a chemical compound the manufacture of which demands the exact co-ordination of many preliminary processes: Even high chemical knowledge and specially-trained workmen can only produce within quite special surroundings, the preparation of which is not even possible save in a few places. And that propellant explosive must be of an exactly even production, every charge to within a tiny fraction of error possessing an exactly known propellant power.

Take but one test point, the absorption of the recoil. Not 25 years ago a field piece upon its discharge shot back a considerable distance and was checked by a rough brake of rope. The piece could only be laid again by a separate operation after each discharge. To-day, the field piece is capable of continuous fire, because it absorbs

its own recoil by the action of buffers, and these are as complicated and delicate a piece of work as anything in the whole gun, and any inaccuracy in them would be fatal to the gun's action.

I have purposely taken the example of the field piece because it is a continuous example wherein we can follow the increase of complexity without a break. If we consider the hundred other developments of armament in the same brief period of time, the conclusion is even more striking.

Within living memory there was no such thing at all as the torpedo. The modern torpedo is an immensely complicated piece of automatic machinery, demanding the co-operation of a hundred processes each dependent upon the most highly skilled labour of a type quite unavailable to simple social conditions. The aeroplane, the dirigible, the various forms of trench weapons—even the grenade—are as novel as they are specialised, and this vast revolution has affected not only certain special and necessary instruments without which modern war could not be conducted, but the whole field of effort.

Now, having that formula of the high differentiation of modern munitionment and equipment clearly in our minds, and *appreciating how universally it increases the gulf between the highly industrialised and the simple agricultural society*, let us consider two modifications which still further extend that gulf under the conditions of the present great war.

The New Factor of Numbers

The first modification proceeds from the factor of numbers.

These instruments, quite unobtainable save under the special circumstances of highly-developed industrial centres, have to be produced for armies not measured by thousands but by millions. At Waterloo, even after the arrival of the Prussian contingent in flank, the total number of men armed and combatant in the field, was far less than a quarter of a million, and their fate was decided in eight hours. The Marne—to consider only an action of movement—took a week to decide and involved the actual combatant action of two million armed men.

Not only, therefore, is the problem of munitionment during this great campaign a problem of getting very expensive and very complicated machinery produced, *but also the problem of getting it produced for forces hitherto undreamt of.*

The second modification proceeds from the nature of the present operations. The advent of trench warfare has proved by experience what not one of the combatants foresaw when the war broke out: That a decision is only to be arrived at after a great space of time and at a gigantic *current* expense in projectiles, wasting guns, wasting lost and destroyed air-craft, and the rest of it. It is a rate of production, not five or tenfold, but a hundredfold and two hundredfold, the rate allowed for in calculations made before the war.

When we have surveyed the whole field in the light of these considerations, we understand with what an advantage that party fights which can best produce in this novel fashion. We understand that such production is possible only to certain special societies, and that the general level of productive capacity which sufficed for all civilised men in the old wars, has been replaced by a hierarchy of opportunity such that one combatant highly industrialised may be overwhelmingly the military superior of another only slightly less industrialised, and that upon this difference the fate of the combatants will turn.

Where, then, does man-power come in to such a calculation?

That is a point which must be very carefully examined. Errors upon it still disturb public opinion, and among other mistakes lead to a lack of proportion in the distribution of effort.

There are three factors present in the production of modern equipment and munitionment (including transport) which must be each separately considered if we are to gauge the chances of the belligerents for the future.

The first of these factors is the raw material available for the factories which supply each belligerent, notably coal and iron.

The second factor is the general labour available for the winning of these raw materials from the soil, for their

transport and for the common processes of production.

The third is the highly skilled specialised labour available, the indispensable but very similar group of trained mechanics without whom the whole process halts. This must, in practice, be considered separately from the whole of that more subsidiary though necessary production which feeds and clothes, mines, smelts, stokes, rivets, drives and the rest of it. There is no fundamental difference between the last two categories. Each is the product of special training, the miner just as much as the instrument maker. *But the kind of man who can become the latter and the time it takes to train him* are not the same. And that difference is, as we shall see in a moment, of great effect upon the fortunes of the war.

To these three factors in the power of production some would add a fourth—the provision of plant for the making of special instruments. It is no good, they would say, having raw material and the labour to make it up, or even the highly skilled artisans necessary to the final process until you have the plant sufficient for the production of such specialised machines and that plant on a sufficient scale for your needs.

In the earlier phases of the struggle this fourth category would have had to be specially considered, and was specially considered in all calculations; but we have reached, or are rapidly reaching, a stage, in the west at least, where the plant is well on a level with the supply of labour and where the variable element subject to calculation is the latter alone.

Now when we proceed to estimate the present situation of the main belligerents in this struggle we perceive the following division.

The Central Empires when they challenged the civilisation of Europe as a whole and proposed to impose their will upon it (or rather the will of Prussia, which was their master) already enjoyed an advantage over the Western Allies in every one of the factors of production; while towards the east their superiority was overwhelming. Their production of raw material, the skilled labour they had available, gave them an even more remarkable preponderance than their great superiority in military numbers.

By the time that the new conditions of the war were clearly established, that trench warfare had become the rule, and that the unexpected demand for production a hundredfold and more than a hundredfold of what had been foreseen, was fully grasped upon all sides, the advantage of the Central Empires—though they had already potentially lost the war at the Battle of the Marne—was actually increased.

The Turning Point

If we take as a turning point the end of the winter 1914-1915, the months just before the great Austro-German offensive against the Russian lines, Prussia commanded at that moment over and above the German and Austrian factories, the services of industrial Belgium, most of what was industrial in France and, with the exception of Warsaw, all that was industrial in Poland. The Allies had not had time in the West to develop their plant. Russia was almost entirely dependent upon stock accumulated for no such ordeal, and upon the produce beginning to arrive (over what distances) from the American Continent and from Japan.

Prussia thus commanded not only the vast majority of the skilled artisans in Europe, and perhaps five-sixths of the plant available to all the belligerent areas combined, but she also commanded much the greater resources in raw material, particularly in coal and iron. The blockade was not yet severely felt. She still actually imported *directly* the sub-tropical products such as cotton, which were among the necessities of war. Even so Prussia failed (and history will think it a marvel!) to make good in the west. The extraordinary blunders on the one side, the military genius upon the other, which had permitted her to lose the Marne, were continued in her failure to prevent herself being pinned before reaching the sea-gate and concluded by the moral contrast between the defence of and the attack on the Ypres sector.

This is not the place in which to return to that defensive maintained under every disadvantage, and is triumphantly decided. It is enough to state the magnitude and decisive character of the British success and pass on.

These advantages Prussia possessed, then, at the outbreak of the war. They actually increased after her first defeats because, as the character of the war changed during its first winter she found herself supplied with the means of providing the new equipment and munitionment, while her opponents were still lacking.

But from that moment there appeared a tri-partite division among the belligerents which has been more and more emphasised as time has proceeded.

West, Centre, and East

Upon the east you had a civilisation not industrialised and cut off by geographical accident from its Western Allies. In the centre you had a vast polity united for purposes of war, highly industrialised, possessing the greater part of the coal and iron of Europe and controlling of the skilled artisans of Europe.

Upon the west you had the alliance of the French and English. The English indeed highly industrialised, but not for the purposes of war; the French far less industrialised, and that part of their country upon which they chiefly rely in the hands of the enemy.

On the other hand, the Western Allies were of a more ancient, more complex and higher civilisation than the Central Powers and would, if they could hold through the interval, inevitably surpass their rivals in any field of human effort whatsoever to which they might be challenged, for they are intellectually the chiefs of the world. Further the Western Allies had open to them the industrial power and the materials mined in the American Continent, and the same opportunities from their Ally, Japan, and this advantage was due to the strength of the British Fleet.

So the race began. How do the competitors stand to-day?

The Western Allies have been joined by Italy, a nation rivalling the two others in engineering skill and possessed of considerable plant. All three have so vastly increased their power of production for war that they are now definitely and permanently the superiors of the Central Powers. They can replace guns more quickly, add to them more quickly; produce shell and construct aircraft, at a greater rate than can the German or Austrian factories. And the difference is increasing. They not only produce at a greater rate, but produce better.

In the eastern field, which cannot munition or equip itself sufficiently, the Central Powers have had to supply their successive allies, the Turks and the Bulgars. The Western Powers and the factories of America and of Japan have had to supplement the production of Russia, and latterly that of Roumania as well. The Central Powers have had the advantage where *their* Eastern Allies were concerned of rapid and direct communications by land. The eastern members of *our* alliance, upon the contrary, must be supplied precariously by sea, and that sea, the Arctic, closed for many months every year until the new railway with the Mourman coast shall be opened.

Upon the balance, then, the general situation is this:

A central body fighting two others, one east, one west. To the east this central body possesses a permanent advantage in munitionment and a permanent power of exercising pressure corresponding. On the west it is the other way about. The pressure is now exercised by the three Western Allies possessed of superior munitionment and increasing their preponderance.

In this one factor of munitionment (eliminating all the rest) you have an ascending scale as you go westward, and the grave weakness of the east is only relieved, as it were, spasmodically. A great head of shell and a provision of weapons accumulating at intervals and suffering at intervals dissipation.

With the west one must count, as its last limb, the army of Macedonia. There, and wherever the superiority of the Western civilisation is felt, the potential of force is against the enemy. Elsewhere it is in his favour.

So much for the present. It is when we consider the future that the relation of munitionment to man-power weighs not only upon one-half of the siege front, but everywhere against the enemy. To appreciate this truth which, with the corresponding truth concerning effectives in the field, is the determining force of the whole war, let us return to what the power of munitionment means.

It means, as we have said, three things: The material,

the general labour, and the skilled artisan directly connected with equipment and munitionment.

In the first and in the last of these three factors the enemy will not fail. He still commands much the greater part of that skilled labour which only a small proportion of men can furnish, and which it takes years to educate. He will have, so far as the mere materials for equipment and munitionment are concerned, an ample provision for a long time to come. Unless indiarubber be regarded as an absolute necessity, he has a supply of all that he requires for the mere purposes of war. It is in the middle factor, general labour, that the strain is already being felt and will increase, and that the advantage of the Allies will appear.

Coefficient of Labour

There is a certain coefficient of labour which, with given machinery, is present in any field of production.

If you have so many miles of double railway track, so much rolling stock, and so much transport work to be effected with that machinery in a given time, then you will want of labour as a whole so many more men or, in the absence of men, so many more women and children during all that time. In ordinary conversation we think of these things very vaguely and common political judgments are based upon these vague conceptions, so is the judgment of nearly all contemporary journalism. But the men whose business it is to direct these great concerns, will tell you that they arrive at a hard and fast measurement and discover for labour a certain coefficient, exactly measurable in ton-miles. It varies so little after organisation has reached its maximum that you can treat it almost as you can treat dead matter. If you want to transport a hundred tons over a hundred miles in a hundred hours you will want during those hours a certain constant number of men in good health and neither too young nor too old, and you may take for your unit of the ton-mile a certain measure of man-power which you will call M. That figure M will never greatly vary. Special effort may diminish it for a time, that is, less men working harder may have the same result for a time, but there will be a reaction, and the next period of time will show a rise in the coefficients. The coefficient is, under a given excellence of organisation and with a given type of labour constant, or very nearly constant. Just as you can work out the cost of the ton-mile to several decimal points of a penny, so you can work out, though of course with less precision, the coefficient of labour.

You may replace men by women in some cases, and even by children, but of course your coefficient will rise rapidly whenever you do so. You may replace the trained by the untrained (as you nearly always do when you use prisoners)—but again your coefficient will rise. The conclusion is that the work of munitionment, transport and the rest will only be done at the expense of a certain number of men, or men and women who cannot while they are being used for these things, be used in any other fashion. And there is therefore not a vague and general but a strict and calculable relation between the number of things produced and of miles over which they are transported, and the number of human beings available for the effort.

Now if we bear this in mind and never let ourselves slip back into the vague and therefore inaccurate view of the matter, we shall retain our confidence in the superiority of the Allies over the enemy.

To test it, let us take the matter negatively and meet the sort of arguments which are put forward upon the other side. I will take them one by one.

(1) The enemy has the advantage over us because of the numerous prisoners he holds.

This is an error. The prisoners held by the Allies are not so numerous as those held by the enemy in the proportion of perhaps sixteen to twenty. Some time ago the proportion was much more against us, but during the summer of 1916 we have been taking far more of his men than he of ours. But so far as industrial power is concerned, the balance is slightly against him. We hold upon the whole more men from his industrial districts than he does from ours, so far as mere prisoners of war are concerned. The great bulk of his prisoners

come from the Russian peasantry. Not three per cent. of them come from the industrial parts of England, France or Italy. Further, the fact that the seas are open to us, permits the importation of labour upon a scale which he cannot command and leaves at our disposal a considerable balance of the labour power in neutral countries, though it is true that the latter is only available against some considerable produce of our own. The mere export of gold will not indefinitely command it, nor even the sale of foreign securities, nor, what should theoretically command it if victory were obvious to all, credits. On the balance, however, the enemy's slight advantage in numbers of prisoners is overwhelmed by the counter-advantage upon our side of sea-power.

(2) The enemy by superior organisation lowers the coefficient of labour, that is, increases its efficiency.

This is a legend and a stupid legend at that. It is believed almost in proportion to the provincialism of the believer. The coefficient of labour is not higher at Essen than it is at Creusot or Sheffield. Get the statistics of production and the figures are decisive. The same is true of the railways. Transport is not effected more quickly or with less men within the Central Empires than it is in Italy or France. The troops swung behind the battle line of the Marne by rail against Von Kluck, the transference of the British contingent from the Aisne to Ypres, the feat performed by the Italian General Staff when they moved that great mass from the Isonzo to the Trentino last June, are conclusive proof of this on a large scale. The co-efficient of labour in handling petrol engines is certainly not superior upon the enemy's side. He has done nothing better than nor equal to the munitioning of the Verdun sector by petrol. He shows no superiority over the West in the handling of petrol engines in air or on sea, and the Italian road traction is perhaps best of all.

Road-Making

The same is true of road-making. The rapidity and the thoroughness with which the new roads necessary to a progressive offensive or to intensive defensive action are laid down is equal or superior in the West to the enemy's rapidity and thoroughness. For instance, compare the number of pieces massed upon the Somme, upon the Allies side, and the extent of their movement with the corresponding factors upon the German side in front of Verdun. The Somme effort is superior. In no department of energy yet observable has the enemy's co-efficient of labour appeared superior to that of the British, the French or the Italians.

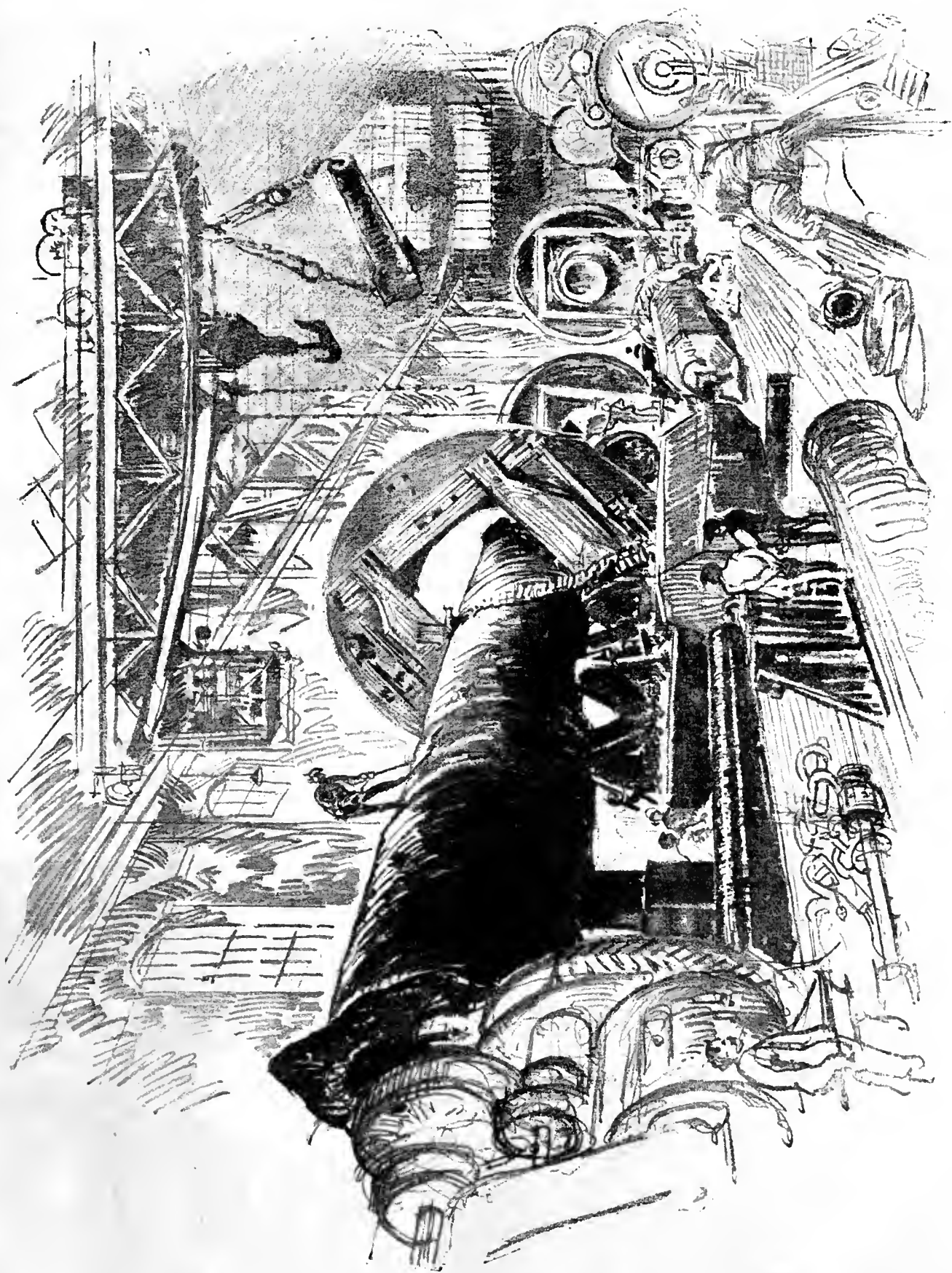
It may be urged that the enemy has none the less an advantage of organisation in that he has put more women to work than have the Western Allies. He may have been constrained to do so. There are no statistics available and no instances from which we can deduce the truth, as we can deduce it in the matter of railway transport or road making. But there is here no particular question of organisation, but simply a choice. The work of women where it can be usefully employed is available to us as it is to him, with perhaps only one exception in the whole Alliance, which is that national tradition greatly diminishes in Britain the agricultural labour usefully open to women.

Lastly, it is pointed out that the actual numbers of total population at the disposal of the enemy is superior to that at the disposal of the Western Powers, including, of course, the oppressed occupied territory. That is a serious argument and must be seriously considered.

The total number of human beings nominally controlled by the enemy is over 150,000,000: That is, including the occupied territories and the Allies upon the south-east. The total number of human beings controlled in Europe by the Governments of the Western Allies is not more than 120,000,000. The thing so stated is very crude, but still the balance has to be considered.

I have called this argument a serious argument because it is serious compared with the two others. The bogey of superior enemy "efficiency" is only a bogey, and a provincial bogey at that. The difference in the number of prisoners and in the work to which they can be put is negligible compared with the advantage of

(Continued on page 10)



Turning the Big Gun

By Joseph Pennell

the neutral markets and the domestic populations among which they are distributed. But if there is a serious difference between the actual number controlled by the opposing governments it is another matter.

Now upon examination we shall see that the first crude statement which we have just set down, will not hold.

In the first place it deals only with the West, and the East, though so little industrialised, is not negligible. It may count in industrial power for but a fraction of the West, but it more than maintains itself in the general life of the State apart from munitionment and equipment, and that burden falls heavily upon the enemy.

Effect of Wastage

Next we do well to note that nearly thirty millions of this supposed superiority in numbers is found in Bulgaria and the Turkish Empire, which do not appreciably add to the industrial power of the enemy. What we are really dealing with is what lies north of the Danube and east of the Vistula.

But far more important than such considerations, is the effect of military wastage.

The core of all heavy work, the nucleus or skeleton of it, the thing upon which it depends, and lacking its due proportion of which, it fails, is the labour of the adult and healthy male—that is of the male of military age and commonly fit for service. Stretch abnormal methods to their utmost; organise women for the lighter work, and even children in whatever numbers you choose, you can never really replace this central mainstay of the whole affair, adult and healthy male labour in industry which, in times of peace, covers nearly the whole field.

Now we know the situation of that vital factor generally before the enemy as a whole, and very accurately indeed in the case of the principal enemy upon whom all the rest depend. Of adult, healthy male labour the German Empire, counting the lads of eighteen, and up to the age of forty-five, has mobilised the whole, and in the present stage of the war she has—

50 per cent. and a little more in the armies;

10 per cent. (and a little more) still in depots;

30 per cent. (and a little more) dead or hopelessly mutilated.

These three categories combined come to certainly 92 per cent. of the mobilisable population, and probably 10 more like 94 per cent. About 6 per cent. have been kept back for the necessary work of the nation. They

first kept back as necessary something like a million and a half. Last spring they have come to perhaps a million; at the opening of the present winter they were 600,000. That was the number of men called up and passed for service, but exempted for civilian work. It is clear that in this indispensable category, the enemy is very near his limits.

Now how does this state of affairs contrast with that of Western Allies?

There is simply no comparison. France, which was fully mobilised from the beginning and has fought at full power without cessation for over two years, is still less exhausted by a whole class at least, that is, by a whole year's recruiting, than is the German Empire. Italy and Great Britain have reserves of adult male labour out of all proportion to this shred left to Germany. Over and above these resources the Western Allies have their Colonies for a recruiting field, and in some measure for a labour supply.

This last and most serious argument, then, can, I think, be traversed by anyone who will be at the pains to consider actual statistics instead of depending upon vague and general impressions.

We are now in a position to summarise our thesis.

The superiority of the Allies in recruiting power has always been evident. It is more evident than ever in this the penultimate phase of the war; but upon the other factor necessary to success, equipment and munitionment, less analytical work has been done.

Eastern Enemy Necessities

When the present situation of that other factor is analysed, however, the analysis is found to reach much the same result, with this difference, that the Eastern field is and will remain heavily handicapped compared with the enemy.

But the enemy is compelled none the less to devote to that Eastern field much the greater part of his military man-power, and of his man-power available for munitionment what remains is overwhelmingly surpassed by the corresponding industrial power of the Western Allies. In this field of calculation, therefore, as in the purely military field of recruitment, we are led to the conclusions that have governed our judgment throughout the war, since the Marne, and there remain as possibly adverse no factors save those political or moral ones which are not susceptible of calculation. H. BELLOC



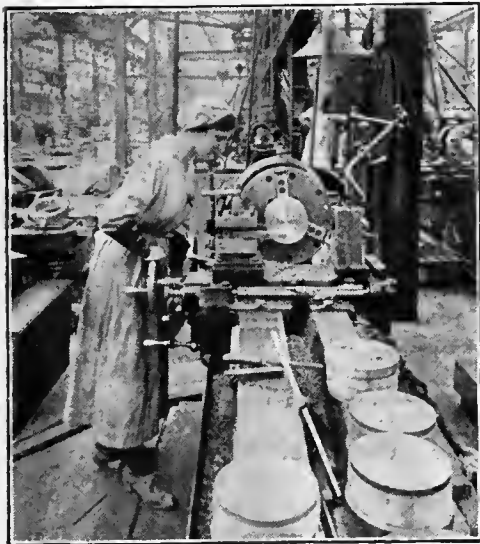
Women Turning Shells

Shells and Their Makers

By a Special Correspondent

We are indebted to the Ministry of Munitions for the necessary facilities for our special correspondent to compile this graphic story of the birth of these messengers of death. We have also to thank the Ministry of Munitions for the use of the photographs that appear on the preceding and following pages.

WHEN, armed with the necessary passes and introductions and under suitable escort you are taken into the foundry just, by the luck of the game, at the moment when the tap-



Rectifying a Base Plug

hole is being broken in the wall of the furnace-crucible, you find yourself assisting at the first readily intelligible preliminaries of the making of a shell. You are also seeing one of those supremely beautiful things which a Brangwyn, in paint, and a Meunier, in bronze, delight to honour. The long low building is crowded with solemn black shadows, the soft-

lighted surfaces of the immense ingots and castings, the laced girders, the travelling cranes and other giant gear, are a warm dun colour in the glow diffused from the chinks of the furnace doors.

The Martian at Work

One very definite picture reminiscent of nothing so much as Mr. Wells's Martians is worth recording—a crane suspending a cage from which protrudes an immense arm of steel a score of feet long with clumsy, competent hands and—yes! a wrist-joint. The crane carries the arm to the bars of pig (of a prepared shape). The arm reaches out and picks up its burden of a ton or two; then swings back to the open furnace. The giant hand thrusts in and a turn of the gross mechanical wrist slides the pig into the white of the crucible, where you can see the obstinate metal dripping—as a rasher drips on a grill. You scarcely note that a mere man in the cage works the Martian's devilish black limb. The whole lurid scene is a significant setting for the birth of those sinister children of destiny, the shells.

The grey-haired foreman at my elbow is not thinking how paintable, how fine a figure of a man he looks, in this sombre fantasia; he is mainly anxious as to the quality of his expected ladleful of steel. He gives his orders harshly; the last blow is struck on the crucible walls: and from the jagged aperture the swift blinding-white stream gushes out, dropping with an uncanny, silent splash into the steel clay-lined ladles that would hold a coroner's jury. Our foreman, blue-spectacled, peers down into the seething pool. The long gloomy cave of the foundry is gorgeously, gloriously aglow, the shadows, blacker by contrast, shifting restlessly in the deep recesses and dancing a *danse macabre* on the roofs and walls—shadows of the moving cranes, and of the expectant workmen nobly transfigured in the dominant glare of the molten stream of steel.

Casting of the Ingot

The crane swings the ladle out over the ingot moulds; the team of stalwart figures guide the tap-hole over the mouth of the mould; the lever opening the tap is worked at the shouted command and the incandescent jet of

metal does its work. And thus you have the ingot that forms the basis of the shell body.

The ingot is, then, a casting. But cast steel must become wrought—must be worked upon and forged—by fire and hammer or press or roller before it can do its appointed job. Perhaps these rough line diagrams which I made as the swiftest shorthand notes of my various guides' intelligent explanations will enable the reader to follow the interesting details of the work. They may claim to be accurate as far as they go, which is not too far to mystify the amateur. Their artistic shortcomings will, it is hoped, be pardoned for the sake of their honest intention. The information they may convey to the enemy is, it is considered in expert circles, distinctly slight.

Armament Man's Chef D'œuvre

I heard the opinion expressed that the making of a shell was the most difficult feat in armament making. To the writer who saw single ingots of steel something near the size of the visible piers of Charing Cross Bridge, rolled and fused and machined into armour plates, gun-shields, keels, propellers and shafts of Gargantuan proportions, incredible unless seen and handled, this seemed but a pleasant exaggeration. But the evidence went far to prove it. The other work, it was urged, was, if colossal, simple and straightforward—men had here long learnt to be undismayed by mere size. But at every stage of the shell's career there was required rigidly mathematical accuracy and again accuracy—as will appear. At every stage gaugings, testings, inspections: at every stage tricks or failures of materials and personnel to thwart the closest calculations; at any stage a possible flaw which might convert the shell into an engine of death against our own folk, civilian or military, instead of against the enemy soldiery.

A Target Missed

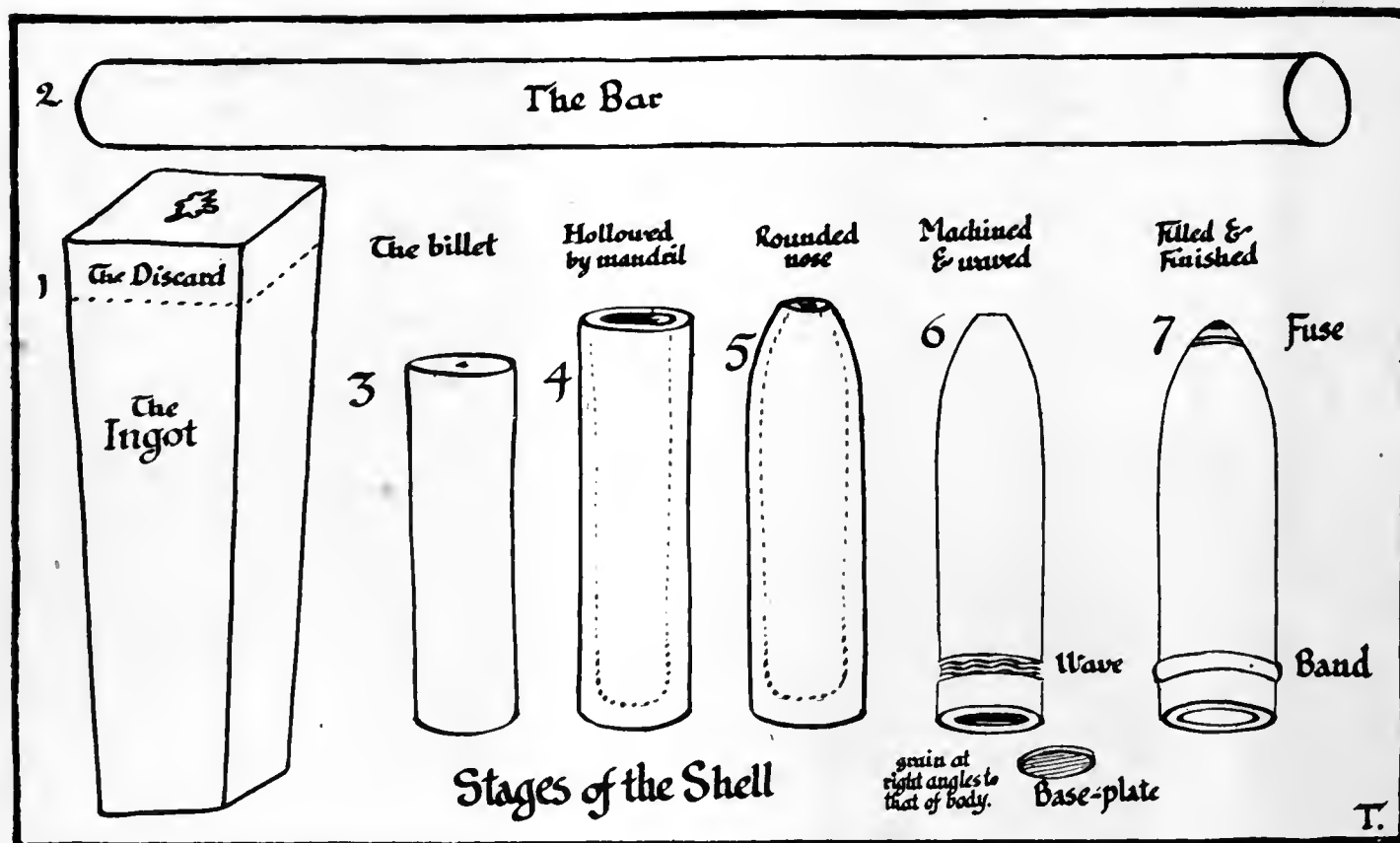
Leave the foundry for the shell-shop proper. Across that soft deep starlit blue that is best seen from the shelter of a dimly lighted building, sweeps the guardian beam of a searchlight, reminding one that enemy visitations are at any moment apt to interfere with the schedule of the shop. My guide chuckled over the memory of one such visit when a straight string of a baker's dozen of bombs was dropped at right angles to a valley which held as many million pounds of capital in plant as one has fingers on both hands—and missed hitting sixpennyworth of it. Much depends on an angle, it would seem.

Let us return to our ingot. Slightly tapered so that it may part readily from the mould, it holds at its top such flaws and dross as may be in it. A portion of it—the discard—is therefore sheared away from the top. Still white hot it is guided by stout sweating fellows with immense pincers over the steel floors to the rolling mills.

Here, reduced by successive passages through the mill to a bar of a little over the diameter of the finished shell, it is sheared into appropriate lengths. Each length is re-heated and passed under a mandril plunger which roughly hollows it to the shape of a neckless bottle.

The Shell Family

And here perhaps it will be as well to distinguish the various classes of shell. Ammunition is divided into fixed and ordinary. Fixed ammunition contains propellant and projectile in one, such as the ammunition for rifles, machine and semi-automatic guns. As the gun calibre increases ease in handling dictates the use of a separate propellant charge. Shells also are distinguished by their method of explosion, whether by time, or by



percussion, fuse. They may be, yet again, distinguished by their intention, according as they are directly man-killing, as shrapnel and common shell, or primarily wrecking and battering, such as the naval armour-piercing shells. The now indispensable high explosives used primarily for wrecking defences are now also employed against troops in movement, and kill not merely with their scattered metal, but by the force of the air concussion, pulping the brain (as is related by the surgeons) and, of course, producing every degree of shell-shock short of death. War is a brutal business and these stark things must be said.

We will follow through the process of making shrapnel. When the shell length has been hollowed, and the head has been turned over so as partially to close the shell, the men who have carried the work to this stage hand over to the women. As you look down the shell shop the girlish figures in the long drill overalls definitely predominate. We have heard a great deal about dilution, and testimony—sincere or perfunctory—is paid to the action of the Trades Unions in permitting this temporary destruction of their long upheld policy. Only those who do not realise what is buried in the history of these past eighty years will lightly reckon the sacrifice made in the cause of the country. It was not a personal sacrifice—that would have been easy enough—but a class sacrifice, which is a very different matter, and one which, if we are to be candid with ourselves, has as yet no parallel in other classes. Obstructions and difficulties there have been, no doubt, some more, others less, justifiable; none perhaps quite justifiable in the national emergency. But this great class sacrifice must not be merely remembered as a light and obvious performance of simple duty.

What Women Have Done

Queer, as well as admirable, results have followed from the practice of dilution by unskilled girl labour. Perhaps certain figures which may or may not be unusual, but which are at any rate quite explicit, may provide an easily intelligible example. A certain shop designed for the estimated output of 4,000 shells per week was manned early in the war by such skilled men and semi-skilled boys as were available: which is to say that they were not the most skilful of skilled men. After some months' work, they attained an output of 600 per week, which they never bettered. When the dilution negotiations had been completed, the machines were handed over to girls. They soon attained the old maximum of 600 per week, and after a few months worked up to an average of five thousand, that is a thousand beyond the calculated average; this they have main-

tained. There is no doubt that the recruitment of many women of better education and with a more explicitly imaginative and patriotic impulse had its effect on this result; but the bare facts throw much light on that phenomenon known as limitation of output.

To get on with our business of shrapnel making. The shell length, forged hollow by the mandril and with its top lip turned over so as to form a blunt nose with an aperture (later to be fitted with fuse-bush and fuse), is now ready for machining at the lathe. The shell-to-be is fixed in the chuck and revolved, the cutting tool set against it and adjusted. The fine steel shaving that ripples off from the cutting edge would be more of a marvel if one had not seen in the larger work the high-speed tools shearing ribbons of metal an inch by half an inch with more than the ease of a modeller cutting wet clay. The shell, turned accurately to gauge—the inside and outside gauges are constantly in use—is trimmed at the base and made ready for the base plate.

Why the Germans want Copper

But first there is cut near the base a series of grooves in a waving curve, jagged at intervals with a stroke of the chisel, which is an important preliminary to the fixing of the copper band, so essential a portion of every shell. The function of this band is, of course, to take easily the grooves of the rifling which give that spin to the projectile which allows it to keep to its normal trajectory under the force of the propellant. It is for this copper—for which no adequate substitute has yet been found—that the kitchens of German Schloss and Gasthaus have been so sedulously rifled. The band, a simple ring of copper, is slid over the shell and pressed by hydraulic power into the grooves of the wave which holds it immovably in position. The base plate is an instance of the meticulous scientific care that goes to the manufacture of a shell. It has been found that when the ingot is rolled into the bar, such flaw as there may be, is most likely to be found in the centre. When the sheared length is hollowed under the mandril, that flaw may still be perpetuated in the centre of the base. It may, in effect, be a "pipe," invisible to the naked eye, but capable of allowing passage of the heated gas of the propellant and so causing an explosion in the shell itself. This danger is less apparent in shrapnel which does not contain high explosive than in any other form of ammunition, but the danger cannot be ignored.

Guarding Against "Prematures"

Safety is secured by cutting away the centre of the base and rivetting in a base plate of metal of which the grain runs at

right angles to the grain of the shell body. In shrapnel, which carries its fuse in its nose, a solid plate is used. In armour-piercing shell, a base plug or adapter, into which is threaded the fuse-bush, is itself threaded into the shell base. It should be noted that the shrapnel is fitted with a loosened head riveted to the shell body by soft wire rivets, so that when the time fuse ignites the charge within it, the head is blown off and the bullets forced forward by the explosion. In the case of H. E. shell, with its fuse at the nose, and of armour-piercing shell, which also contains high explosive but has its fuse at the base, the shell body must be accurately turned inside as well as out. Any friction between the container of explosive and the shell might easily produce a "premature" with wrecking of gun and gun team. In fact, the outer configuration of the container conforms accurately to the inner curve of the shell body and in addition an air pressure is introduced into the container which still further enhances the accuracy of the fitting. You will readily see that it is a business in which no risks can be run.

The armour-piercer is the aristocrat of the shell business. The tempering of the head, which is to drive through a given number of inches of hardened steel at a range of several miles, is an exquisitely exact and difficult business. It is impressive to the point of magic to see the re-heated shell body of a giant A. P. set in front of the radiometer, which from a distance of some fifteen yards delicately tests the evenness of its temperature before it is lowered into the rape oil bath which gives it an all but diamond hardness.

A Happy Accident

And there are further tests with the scleroscope, which operates by measuring the rebound of a diamond point on the polished surface. But perhaps the most interesting of all the features of the A. P. is the cap, which is made of soft steel covering the head. Its operation seems to be the double one of distributing pressure at the point of violent impact and of acting as a solid lubricant for the first passage of the shell. The story was told me of its having been discovered by the accident of a compound armour plate used in a range test being turned with its softer face towards the gun. The armour plate was drilled so cleanly and effectively that the deduction which led to the fixing of the soft steel cap to the actual head of the shell was at once made by some astute observer.

To get back to the shrapnel. Into the simple shrapnel body is placed, first, the canister of black powder (which is the active propellant of the shrapnel balls) connected by a tube communicating with the time fuse. An iron disc is fitted over the canister; the balls are poured in by an automatic machine; another automatic device rattles the shell body up and down to settle the balls; if the weighing machine registers underweight buck shot is carefully added; liquid resin is poured in to embed the whole firmly and prevent shifting, with consequent dangerous friction and wear of parts; the head with its wooden (or brass) plug is fixed, fuse bush and fuse added, and (if fixed ammunition is in question) the cartridge containing the propellant of the shell is attached. This of course in another shop and area. We don't gaily court disaster by handling cordite and H.E. in the neighbourhood of shell shops.

The action of shrapnel will be clear from the diagram. The time fuse is set; the round placed in the gun; the trigger detonates the percussion fuse which fires the charge

which propels the shell from the gun; the time fuse, acting at a moment in its flight determined by the skill and experience of the gunner, ignites the charge in the canister; which, exploding, forces out the iron plug, driving forward the bullets, incidentally shearing off the head which falls clear of the spreading burst. The little clouds of white smoke, which appear as shrapnel bursts, are made by the black powder and serve as guides to the spotters for the batteries.

With regard to high explosive shells it is to be noted that the propellant used is not H.E., but the more controllable cordite. The activities of H.E. are pleasanter to observe at a distance rather than in the chamber of your own gun. And we have seen what precautions have to be taken to keep the fierce gases of the propellant from getting at the more deadly cargo of the shell itself.

The diagram of the gun in section shows the bare essentials of the firing of ordinary ammunition. Behind the shell (its fuse set in the base for A.P.'s., in the head for all others), with its band just ready to engage the rifling, lies the charge (which may be one or more neat silk covered parcels of cordite).

Some Mysteries of Ballistics

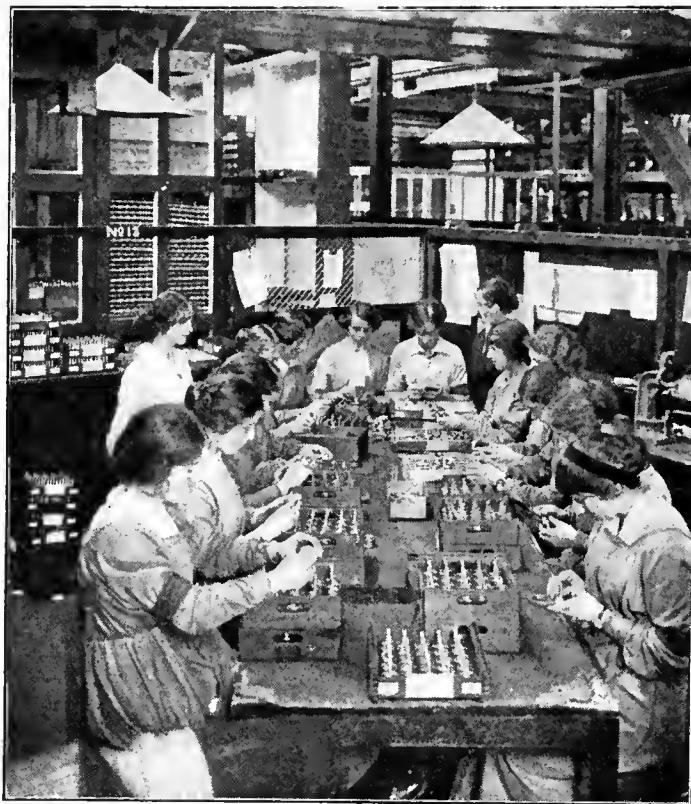
Accuracy, accuracy and again accuracy. The most rigid system of inspections prevails at every stage. The work of inspection carried out by the manufacturers is covered by multitudinous Government inspectors against whose numbers it is a common fashion to sneer. Not merely safety in handling but calculable accuracy of range, of burst, of penetration, is essential. Incidentally, the mathematics behind the practice of ballistics is something to appal the layman. A celebrated mathematician F.R.S., has declared that all his previous flights of calculation were

babies' play compared with this. And the chemists, experimenting with their lives in their hands, add their substantial increment to the sum of all this destructive wisdom and efficiency.

Tests and experiments at the ranges form a part of the general process of supervision; but the general run of tests is founded on calculations which depend on the mathematicians and the formulæ of the designers. The fact that a range test of a single 15 in. A.P. shell, allowing for depreciation of the gun and the cost of the shell, will work out at something near a thousand pounds, may help the grumbler to realise that skilled inspection is cheaper, and the financial pessimist to deepen his impressions as to the appalling cost of the war.

Women Serving the Guns

There is a curious air of calm and, with the exception of one or two processes, such as the riveting of the base plates and the settling of the shrapnel ball, of quiet in the shell shop. As I recall it now with its armies of overalled women bending industriously over their lathes it might well have been a cocoa factory; and certainly the production of cocoa tins would be an immeasurably noisier process. There seemed to me something peculiarly sinister in this astonishing quiet, in the apparently supreme detachment of workers and management amid all these instruments of death and torture. For the lathes were grinding out death and worse; and the pre-occupied girls were no other than gunners in dead silent batteries a little behind the lines. Yet stores of



Inspecting and gauging body of a Fuse.



Rough turning 9.2 in. H.E. Shell

high-packed 18-pdr. shells looking not unlike the well-filled bins of an epicure's cellar, and the 15-in. A.P.'s, standing upright higher than an average man, like a new kind of gate post, convey no impression of deadliness.

I do not make the mistake of supposing these thoughts are peculiar to myself or that the appalling sense of waste in all this efficiency is lost upon the shop managers. It is not. They are setting their teeth to it as a necessary job, but they are distressed to see good steel going the way of death—steel which might be locomotives and bridges and rails and buildings and tools. I had it explicitly from one who handled his nuggets of steel alloys for the making of high speed tools, much as a merchant (or a beauty) handles diamonds, bidding me with pride observe this "beautiful fracture"—a fine fellow of hard spare build with deep chiselled lines on his face as if his own beloved steel had had something to do with the making of it. As indeed it had. He was brought up on steel, had worked as a teemer in the crucible shop and had perfected his loyal service of the prince of metals by hard labour and harder study. A *laudator temporis acti*, he felt that men (yes, and masters too, he added, adopting a tentative amendment of mine) no longer worked for the love of steel but for the love of gold, a corrupting metal. Steel was the only metal, and high speed steel the greatest wonder in the great world of steel.

High speed steel for tools. For you must realise that behind the army of munitioners there is a brigade of makers of tools; from lathes, with their complement

of cutting tools, to files; besides all the tools of precision that the work requires throughout its course.

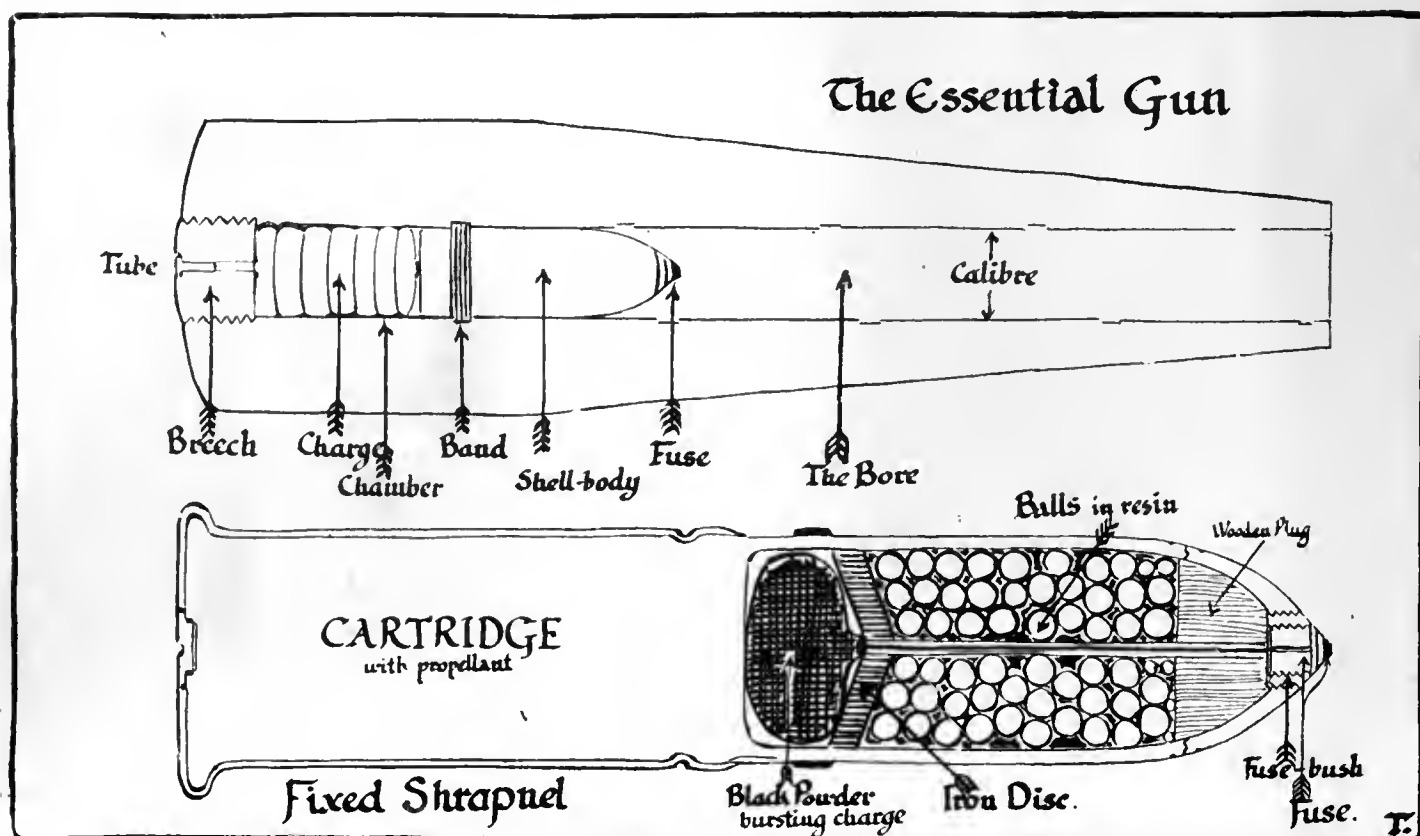
The discreet journalist offered facilities to see the manufacture of munitions will not press unduly for permission to visit those areas in which the shells are filled. No doubt every precaution would be taken to save his valuable life, but it remains true that the workers engaged upon this business are in an atmosphere of continuous and deadly danger; and tribute must not be withheld from those—by no means only those drawn by considerations of pay—who have flocked to that work in the national crisis.

How do the Shells get There?

One of the curiosities of the war may be said to be the rarity with which the general public catches glimpses of the stupendous stores of ammunition which are daily being made and conveyed to the ports of exit of the country. Imagine—for an exact quotation of figures is forbidden in these strenuous times—the amount of ammunition exported before the delivery of such an attack as preceded the capture of Beaumont-Hamel, and then consider what swift passages of shell-laden boats must be made to France to accumulate besides the normal current expenditure even a day's reserve for such heavy work. Use this as a litmus to test the quality of the German claim to have broken old England's control of her containing seas. Use it again in reprimand of those sedulous pessimists who sing their jeremiads over the decadence of the British Fleet and would carve their Ichabods over Whitehall.

Imagine again the life of that harassed officer in charge of the depots with these immense cargoes with all their potentialities for misconduct dumped upon him. "Every shell is a mad dog," runs a naval maxim, and such a Dogs' Home as a receiving depot must surely be enough to turn white the hairs of its superintendent. Indents from the armies to the main depot; from the divisions to the army depots; from the brigades to the divisional depots; from the batteries to the brigade depots, according to the authentic procedure of the ordered hierarchy, flutter down upon responsible officials in unending flights. There must be no shortage, or gallant lives and fateful positions will be lost.

Then you may take a glance at this slight excrescence that we see on the way towards the lines; its edges carefully broken and softened, its tarpaulins covered with designs that would delight the futurist in Mr. Roger Fry. Behold the shell dump; to be guarded with all the tact and skill that the ordnance officer can command or commandeer from the prying Taube and the havoc of his launched bomb.



State Control of Industries

By Arthur Kitson

WITH the establishment of a Ministry of Munitions there occurred one of the most remarkable industrial revolutions in British history. By a mere stroke of the pen, a large proportion of the industries of Great Britain were suddenly transformed from independent competitive enterprises into one vast co-operative system for the object of producing munitions and supplies for military and naval purposes. This revolution was accomplished not only without bloodshed, riots or friction, but was actually welcomed by the majority of the industrial classes concerned! Over four thousand independent firms, employing between 2,000,000 and 2,500,000 people, have thus been brought under direct Government control.

It will be interesting to see how this control was accomplished, what it involves, and what benefits it has achieved. Under the special Defence of the Realm Act, very elastic and far-reaching powers were conferred upon the Government. The acquisition of these powers was comparatively simple, requiring merely the vote of Parliament. The extraordinary feature was, the cheerful readiness with which the public accepted these innovations and interferences with their rights and liberties. Indeed, it is a fact worth noting, that from the very beginning of the war the public readiness to surrender their liberties and privileges for the national safety and welfare, has always been far in advance of the Government demands. On the question of providing ways and means no Government has ever had a smoother task. The one serious criticism which has been heard from all classes is, the tardiness of the Government in employing more fully and speedily the help and assistance offered.

The limits of the State control of our industries have not yet been defined. The powers conferred would permit the Government to do anything considered to be essential for the national safety. When the writer received the official announcement that his works were to be controlled, his associate—the head of a large Midland engineering firm—wrote as follows: "This will not affect your business except in the matter of profits. The Government will take charge of everything in excess of a certain percentage."

Since that was written, however, Government control has made considerable progress. As to various details of procedure it may be stated that contracts for such supplies as can most readily be furnished by the Contractors, are offered them. The contractor tenders at his own price. If this appears excessive, he is either invited to headquarters or a representative of the Army Contracts Department or Ministry of Munitions may call and explain that his tender is too high, that other firms are doing similar work for a less figure, and he is asked to reconsider his estimate. If he insists on his price terms, his tender may be refused or the contract may be given him with the understanding that if it is found that he is making excessive profits, the Government will exercise their right to reduce the contract price.

The books of the State-controlled firm are open to the inspection of Government auditors at all reasonable times. Weekly or fortnightly reports have to be sent to headquarters on special forms stating the condition of each contract and the progress of work. Inspectors, both general and local, visit all such firms from time to time to see that Government orders are being pushed forward and not impeded or hindered by other work. No restrictions are imposed upon firms for tendering or executing orders for their own clients—except the understanding that Government contracts must always take precedence. It naturally follows that where Government contracts are large enough to engage a firm's entire plant, all other work has to be indefinitely postponed.

Controlled firms cannot add new machinery to their plant without the Government's consent. Nor can machine and tool makers supply such firms without special sanction and certificates. Various conditions are also imposed upon controlled firms regarding rates of wages, hours of employment, holidays, etc. "Sweating" is of course not permitted under any circumstances. The sale and purchase of material—particularly metals, such as copper, nickel, brass and steel, are all State-regulated, and special forms and certificates setting forth the class of work, numbers of Government orders, for which the material is required, must accompany every order. So far, however, as the management and running of these controlled factories is concerned, little



A Busy Scene in a Big Workshop

if any change has been occasioned. If through mismanagement, ignorance or carelessness work is spoiled or defective the entire loss falls on the firm responsible. The Government does not attempt to interfere with a firm's particular methods of manufacture. On the contrary, every encouragement is given by the various Government departments concerned to help firms in increasing their output and in settling any disputes and overcoming friction with workmen. Herein lies the secret of much of the success achieved by the administration of the Ministry of Munitions which has succeeded in securing and maintaining all the advantages of individual initiative and enterprise under State organisation.

Mutual Aid

A spirit of mutual aid has also been fostered among firms which were formerly bitter rivals. Information as to improved methods of manufacture, instead of being kept profoundly secret as heretofore, is freely offered by firms to each other whenever requested, chiefly no doubt from patriotic motives with a view of winning the war as quickly as possible.

What benefits, if any, has this association of the Government with private firms conferred upon industry at large? Does it tend to improve industrial conditions? Does it make for efficiency or the reverse? These questions have an all-important bearing—not only upon the present war but—upon the future of British industry, and particularly in view of the coming trade war for which we have now to prepare. There can be no doubt that State control has proved enormously beneficial to the nation and has tended to efficiency and consequently to increase of production. In the first place, the mere substitution of the co-operative for the competitive system alone, has been of incalculable value. Instead of the sordid spectacle of a dozen or more firms competing to secure contracts for certain limited supplies in which prices are driven down to the farthest point scarcely consistent with a bare living wage for labour and a minimum rate of return to capital, we are presented with the picture of an unlimited demand for goods at *fair* (in many cases *high*) prices, enabling the employer to pay labour the highest wages in this country's industrial history and giving abundant returns to capital with a surplus for taxation. *The result is an era of the greatest industrial prosperity ever known!*

Some writers will see in this a complete demonstration of the claims of State Socialists as to the benefits accruing from the State ownership of all the means of production. But we have not yet arrived at this stage. *We are at present enjoying the advantages of individual efficiency combined with State organisation.* Had the Government adopted the principle of State ownership, the results would most likely have been different. Very wisely, Mr. Lloyd-George at the outset of his administration, invited the leading manufacturers and business men to join him, and most readily and loyally they responded. Instead of becoming a mere politically controlled organisation operated by politicians and their friends, the controlled firms have been entirely free from all such pernicious influences. The hitherto insuperable objection to the State ownership of industries has been the fear that the efficiency of private ownership and management would be exchanged for State wastefulness and mismanagement. Whether in the future the State can be so improved as to dissipate such fears remains to be seen. If it can, the claims of State socialism are brought within the scope of practical politics. Until then, the association of the State with Industry should be strictly limited and defined. Within such limits, the association has so far proved itself to be useful and beneficial in introducing the co-operative spirit, in greatly increasing the remuneration of labour, in organising a great variety of industries to one particular end, and in adjusting and settling differences between labour and capital. In my judgment *this association of the State with industry should be continued after the war.* Merely to be in the position of umpire in any future disputes, would alone fully justify such association. But there are other considerations.

It will be noticed that one of the main successes of State control has been the equalisation of industrial and

labour conditions throughout the country. Instead of allowing a few firms to take the cream of the orders whilst others are scarcely able to employ themselves on half time, each controlled firm has been provided with sufficient to keep its plant running to its full capacity. This is due to the fact that the Government has acted as a sort of National Clearing House, distributing orders for goods fairly and impartially, and collecting and distributing the supplies in response thereto. This is an unquestionable advantage to the nation and quite impossible under the pre-war laissez-faire, go-as-you-please, devil-take-the-hindmost policy. *How to organise and maintain a similar system for producing and distributing the munitions of life after the war is a problem which ought to be worked out immediately. Its solution will contain the means for achieving the future industrial prosperity of the Empire and the welfare and happiness of all classes.*

The Ministry of Munitions has opened a branch known as the Welfare Department under the direction of Mr. Seeböhm Rowntree, which promises enormous benefits to our industrial classes. Inquiries and investigations are being made all over the country regarding the physical conditions existing in our works, the health of the workers, the lighting, heating, ventilating, the canteen and sanitary arrangements, the number of working hours, the question of Sunday labour, the amount of sickness and its causes, special industrial diseases and their cure, the question of fatigue and its cause, of workers' food, their home life and housing, the employment of women and children, etc. Here we find a really practical and honest attempt by the Government to *humanise labour conditions*, to bring about changes under which employees will cease to be regarded as merely machines, or money-making instruments for the benefit of employers. The truth has at last dawned on the minds of very many of our leaders of thought, that the health, prosperity and happiness of the vast masses of our population is not only an end worth pursuing in itself, but is an important factor in maintaining the industrial prosperity of the nation.

The Labour Factor

The labour factor is the most valuable, the most precious asset a nation can possess—and it ought to be treated as such! Together with the land it is our only fundamental source of wealth. We are witnessing to-day a practical demonstration of a truth I pointed out many years ago to the chief of the Labour Bureau in Washington during the period of the McKinley Tariff Bill discussion. It was the claim of the party of high protection at that time, that tariffs were directly the cause of industrial prosperity which resulted in high wages. *My contention was and is to-day that high wages are the cause of trade prosperity.* This can easily be shewn. Consumption is the parent of demand, and demand is the parent of supply. The great consuming classes are the industrial workers. *Give them the means to make their demands effective—namely, high wages—and they at once create the demand sufficient to keep themselves in constant employment. In short, industrial prosperity instead of being intermittent and like the weather, variable and uncontrollable, ought to be continuous so long as the prime factors, land and labour, remain unexhausted.* The secret of continuous trade activity many are beginning to understand. This is, to return to the original factors of production the bulk of the produce, sufficient for their full growth, health and development, according to their needs so that consumption, demand and supply can develop in the same proportion.

The State has the supreme power of effecting this happy consummation. It can assist in organisation, in maintaining the principle of co-operation, in humanising industrial conditions, in ending finally all contentions between the two factors, labour and capital, in solving the problem of the distribution of wealth in such a manner as will ensure a continuous steady growth of trade year after year and therefore the constant and regular employment of every man and woman in the particular occupation for which each one is best fitted. No Government since the factory system first started has ever had a better opportunity nor fewer obstacles to encounter in solving our industrial problems than the present one. Can the Coalition members and their successors rise to the occasion. And will they?

Spoils of War

By Boyd Cable

SOUVENIR hunting and helmet collecting are not items that are expected to figure importantly in any Staff's plan of battle, and yet there is at least one instance where the final taking of a certain village, and no doubt the consequent operations, were largely affected by the ardour of an enthusiastic helmet collector, added to an ingrained reluctance in a battalion of Anzacs to make a retiring movement, and their eagerness to accept a reasonable excuse for advancing instead.

The village occupied a strong position in the long line of German front that was being attacked. The village itself had been obliterated by shell-fire, but the underground burrows that had taken its place, the trenches and deep dug-outs and fortified machine-gun emplacements had so far proved too strong to be taken by direct assault, and the attacking battalions had been severely handled, held up, and subjected to a fierce counter-attack, while the line that had pushed past to right and left of the village were suffering a good deal from machine-gun fire pelting out from strong points inside the flanks of the village position. When the German counter-attack was beaten off—and that too by a very narrow margin—an intense bombardment was renewed on the village, and at its close strong attacks were launched against the flanks of the village, the weakened battalions fronting the position being meant, meantime, to retire a little out of their precarious position in shell-holes and broken ground, to beyond immediate danger of another, and this time, perhaps, overwhelming counter-attack.

This was the state of affairs when Private Ben Sneath obtruded his helmet-hunting activities on the plan of battle. He himself, of course, knew nothing of any plans or dispositions, and merely heard there was a village somewhere in front that had to be taken, only knew that he had lain for a long time in a deep shell-hole with a few others, shooting occasionally, mixed up in an incomprehensible and horrible turmoil of noise, bursting shells and drifting smoke, mud, and more noise. When the German counter-attack was beaten off he was too busy for some minutes helping to bandage a wounded man and get him away to pay much attention to what the Germans were doing. When a couple of stretcher-bearers had, after their ordinary miraculous use and wont, materialised out of the bullet and shrapnel riddled haze in answer to a lusty yell of "Stre-tcher!" and had removed the casualty, Ben returned to his own particular business, and, settling himself against the sloping wall of the crater nearest the Germans, took a cautious survey of the ground before him. At first he saw nothing but the rough churned up surface and a filmy curtain of smoke through which the resuming bombardment was again beginning to splash fountains of shell-flung earth, rock and dust. But as he looked a figure appeared, came forward at a scrambling run for a score of paces, and dropped out of sight. Instinctively at first sight of him Ben had thrust forward his rifle muzzle and snapped off a quick shot, but the man had run on apparently without taking any notice of it. Ben was a fair enough shot to feel some annoyance. "D'jer see that?" he asked his neighbour, "Beggar never even ducked; an' I'll bet I didn't go far off an' inner on 'im." The neighbour was taking a long and careful sight over the edge of the pit. He fired, and without moving his rifle gazed earnestly in the direction he had shot. "Wot's that, Ben?" he said at last, jerking out the empty shell and reloading. "Who ducked? Ah, would yer!" he exclaimed hastily, and pumped out a rapid clipful of rounds. Ben joined in with a couple of shots and the dodging figures they had shot at vanished suddenly. "Wot's their game now, I wonder," said Ben, "D'you think they're edgin' in for another rush?" He had raised himself a little to look out, but the venomous hiss-zizz of a couple of bullets close past his head made him bob down hurriedly.

"You gotter look out Ben," said the other man, "A lot o' them blighters didn't bolt when we cut up their attack. They just dropped into any hole that come

handy, an' they're lyin' there snipin' pot shots at any one that shows."

Ben banged off a shot, jerked the breech open and shut and banged off another. "See that, Chick," he said, "Same bloke I potted at afore. Not 'arf a cheeky blighter either. Keeps jumpin' up an' runnin' in to'ards us. But you wait till nex' time—I'll give 'im run." He settled himself nicely with elbow-rest, wide sprawled legs, and braced feet, and waited with careful eye on his sights and coiled finger about the trigger. Two minutes he waited, and then his rifle banged again, and he exclaimed delightfully. "I gottim, Chick. I gottim that time. See 'im flop?" But his exclamation changed to one of angry disgust as he saw the man he supposed he had "got" rise from behind his cover, beckon vigorously to someone behind him, and move forward again another few steps.

Ben blazed another shot at him, and in response the man, in the very act of dropping to cover, stopped, straightened up, and after staring in Ben's direction for a moment, turned, and, lifting the helmet from his head, repeated the beckoning motion he had made before.

"Well of all the blinkin' cheek," said Ben wrathfully, "take that, you cow!" firing again.

"Wot's up, Ben?" said his companion, "Is some bloke stringin' you?"

"Fair beats me," said the exasperated Ben, "I've 'ad half a dozen clean shots at 'im, an' 'e just laughs at 'em. But I've marked the last place 'e bogged down into, an' if 'e just pokes a nose out once more, 'e'll get it in the neck for keeps."

"Where is 'e?" said the interested Chick, "show us, an' I'll drop it acrost 'im too when 'e pops out."

"No," said Ben firmly, "Fair dinkum. E's my 'own private little lot, an' I'm going' to see 'im safely 'ome myself. S-steady now, 'ere 'e comes again. Just 'avin' a look out, eh Fritz. Orright m' son. Keep on lookin', an' it'll meet yer optic plunk," and he fired again. "Missed again," he said sadly as he saw a spurt of mud flick from the edge of the German's cover. "But lumme Chick, di'jer see the 'elmet that bloke 'ad?" The German it may be remembered had drawn attention to his helmet by taking it off and waving it, but Ben at that moment had been too exasperated by the impudence of the man's exposure to notice the helmet. But this time a gleam of light caught the heavy metal "chin-strap" that hung from it, and although the helmet itself was covered with the usual service cover of grey cloth, Ben could see distinctly that it was one of the old pickelhauben type—one of the kind he so greatly coveted as a "souvenir."

"That settles it," said Ben firmly, "I'm goin' to lay for that bloke till I gets 'im, an' then when we advance I'll 'ave 'is 'elmet."

He lay for several minutes, watching the spot where the German was concealed as a cat watches a mouse-hole, and when his patience was rewarded by a glimpse of grey uniform he took steady aim, carefully squeezed the trigger until he felt the faint check of its second pull-off, held his breath, and gave the final squeeze, all in exact accordance with the school of musketry instructions. The patch of grey vanished, and Ben could not tell whether he had scored a hit, but almost immediately he saw the spike and the rounded top of the helmet lift cautiously into sight. Again Ben took slow and deliberate aim but then hesitated, "Tchick-tchicked" softly between his teeth, aimed again, and fired. The helmet vanished with a jerk. "Lookin' over the edge of 'is 'ole, 'e was" said Ben, "An' at first I didn't like to shoot for fear of spoilin' that 'elmet. But arter all," he conceded cheerfully, "I dunno' that it wouldn't maybe improve it as a fust-class sooven-eer to 'ave a neat little three-oh-three 'ole drilled in it."

"Did you drill it?" asked his companion directly.

"Dunno," admitted Ben, "But I'm keepin' a careful eye on 'im, an' I'll soon know if 'e moves again."

But in the process of keeping a careful eye Ben was

tempted for an instant into keeping a less careful head under cover than the situation demanded. A bullet leapt *whult* past within an inch of his ear and he dropped flat to earth with an oath. "That was 'im," he said. "I saw the flash of 'is rifle. Looks like 'e's got me piped off, an' it's goin' to be 'im or me for it."

Chick and another man in the same hole had been busy shooting at any mark that presented, but when their every appearance above ground began to be greeted by an unpleasantly close bullet, they ceased to fire and squatted back in the hole to watch Ben, and the conducting of his duel. A dozen times he and the German fired, each drawing or returning instant shot for shot, Ben moving from one spot to another in the shell crater, pushing his rifle out slowly, lifting his head cautiously an inch at a time.

Over their heads the great shells shrieked and rushed, round them crackled a spattering rifle fire, the occasional hammering of a machine gun, the rolling crash and whirr of bursting shells and flying splinters. Far out to right and left of them, far to their front and rear the roar of battle ran, long-thundering and unbroken, in a deafening chorus of bellowing guns, the vibrating rattle of rifles and machine guns, the sharp detonations and reports of shells and bombs and grenades. But Ben, and in lesser degree his companions, were quite heedless of all these things, of how the battle moved or stayed still. For them the struggle had boiled down into the solitary duel between Ben and his German; the larger issues were for the moment completely overshadowed, as in war they so often are, by the mere individual and personal ones. Ben insisted in finishing off his duel single-handed, declining to have the others there interfere in it. "It's 'im or me for it," he repeated, "fair dinkum. An' I'm goin' to get 'im, and 'is 'elmet on my blinkin' own."

He decided at last to move his position, to crawl long and try to catch his opponent in flank, to stalk his enemy as a hunter stalks a hidden buck. Since he could not escape from the crater they were in without exposing himself to that watchful rifle, he scraped down with his entrenching tool a couple of feet of the rim of the crater where it formed a wall dividing off another crater. When he had cleared the passage he came back and fired another shot, just to keep his enemy watching in the same spot for him, and hurriedly crawled over into the next crater, squirmed and wriggled away from it along cracks and holes and folds of the torn and tumbled ground in a direction that he reckoned would allow him to reach the German sheltering in his hole and behind a broken hillock of earth. But before he reached such a position as he desired he found himself looking over into a deep crater occupied by an officer and half a dozen men with a machine gun.

The officer looked up and caught sight of him. "Hullo Sneath," he said, "Where are you off to? You're moving the wrong way, aren't you? The order was to retire, and you're moving forward."

Ben wriggled over into the crater and crouched puffing and blowing for a moment. "I 'adn't 'eard nothin' about retiring, sir," he said doubtfully.

"That's the order," said the officer briskly, "I don't know what it means any more than you do, but there it is. You'd better wait now and move back with us."

Ben was annoyed—exceedingly annoyed. This retirement looked like losing him his duel, and what was more, losing him his coveted helmet. Retirement was a thing he had not for an instant calculated upon. He had taken it quite for granted that if he could slay the wearer of the helmet, the helmet was his, that he had only to wait until the line advanced to go straight to it and pick it up. With a vague idea that he would have managed the affair much better on his own, without these interfering directions of his movements, he began to wish he had never come across this officer, and from that passed to wondering whether he couldn't give the officer the slip and finish off his programme in his own way.

At that moment the British artillery fire redoubled in intensity and the rush of shells overhead rose to a roaring gale.

"Sharp there," said the officer, "Get that gun picked up. Now's our chance to get back while the guns are socking it into 'em."

He was right, of course, and their chances of retire-

ment were likely to be improved by the heavier covering fire. But Ben was also right in a half-formed idea that had come to him—that the covering fire would also lessen the risk of a move forward, or as he put it to himself—"With all them shells about their ears they'll be too busy keepin' their heads down to do much shootin' at me if I chance a quick rush; an' most likely I'd be on top o' that bloke wi' the 'elmet afore 'e knew it."

The others were picking up the machine gun and preparing to move, and Ben took a long and careful look over the edge of the hole to locate his helmet wearer. With a quick exclamation he snatched the rifle to his shoulder, aimed, and fired.

"That'll do," said the officer sharply turning at sound of the shot. "Cease firing and get along back." But Ben was gazing hard in the direction of his shot. "I've got 'im," he said triumphantly, "I'll swear I got 'im that time. Showin' a fair mark 'e was, an' I saw 'im jerk an' roll when I fired."

"Never mind that," said the officer impatiently, "There's their rifle fire beginning again. Time we were out of this. Keep down as well as you can all of you. Move yourselves now."

The men began to scramble out of the hole, and in an instant Ben's mind was made up. They were retiring; so far as he knew the battalion might be retiring out of the line, out of the battle, and out of the reach of chances of German helmets. And meantime there was his helmet lying there waiting to be picked up, lying within a hundred yards of him.

He climbed up the rear wall of the crater, halted and spoke hurriedly to the officer. "I won't be 'alf a mo' sir," he said, "Something there I want to pick up an' bring in," and without waiting for any reply turned and bolted across the open towards his helmet. The officer was consumed with a quick gust of anger at such disobedience. "Here," he shouted and scrambled out of the pit, "Hi, come back you"; and as Ben gave no sign of having heard him, he shouted again and ran a few paces after him.

And so it was that about a dozen Anzacs rising sullenly and grumblingly out of a big shell-crater in reluctant obedience to the order to retire, saw a khaki figure rise into sight and go charging straight forward towards the enemy, and a second later the figure of an officer bound into sight and follow him.

Two or three of the Anzacs voiced together the thought that rose to all their minds:

"Who said retire . . . What blundering fool twisted the order . . . retire, Gostreth, they're advancing . . . us retire, an' them goin' forward . . ."

To them the position required little thinking over. They could see some men advancing, and distinctly see an officer too at that. And how many more the smoke hid.

In an instant they were swarming up and out of their crater; there was a wild yell, a shrill "Coo-ee," a confused shouting, "Come on boys . . . at 'em Anzacs . . . Advance Australia," and the dozen went plunging off forward. Out to right and left of them the yell ran like fire through dry grass, the coo-ees rose long and shrill; as if by magic the dead ground sprouted gleaming bayonets and scrambling khaki figures. Every man who looked saw a ragged and swiftly growing line surging forward, and every man, asking nothing more, taking only this plain evidence of an advance, made haste to fling himself into it. Straight at the flashing rifles and the drifting fog-bank of shell smoke that marked the German position the shifting wave swept and surged, the men yelling, shouting and cheering. Bullets beating down upon them, shells crumpling and smashing amongst them cut them down by dozens, but neither halted nor slowed down the charging line. It poured on, flooded in over the wrecked trenches and dug-outs, the confused litter of shell holes big and little, piled earth heaps, occasional fragments of brickwork and splintered beams that alone remained of the village. The flank attacks that had been launched a few minutes before and held up staggering under the ferocious fire that met them, found the weight of their opposition suddenly grow less, took fresh breath and thrust fiercely in again, gained a footing, felt the resistance weaken, and bend, and break, and in a moment were through and into the tumbled wreckage

of a defence, shooting and stabbing and bayoneting, bombing the dug-outs, rounding up the prisoners, pushing on until they came in touch with the swirling edges of the frontal attack's wave, and joining them turned and overran the last struggling remnants of the defence. The village was taken; the line pushed out beyond it, took firm grip of a fresh patch of ground, spread swiftly and linked up with the attack that raged on out to either side and bit savagely into the crumbling German line.

These wider issues were of course quite beyond the knowledge or understanding of Private Ben Sneath. He had come uninjured to the spot where his German lay, found he was an officer and quite dead, snatched up the helmet that lay beside him, and turned to hurry back. Only then was he aware of the line charging and barging down upon him, and understanding nothing of why or how it had come there, noticing only from a glimpse of some faces he knew that men of his own battalion were in it, he slipped his arm through the chinstrap of his captured helmet, turned again and ran forward with the rest. With them he played his part in the final overrunning of the village, the usual confused scuffling jumble of a part played by the average infantry private in an attack, a nightmarish mixture of noise and yelling, of banging rifles, shattering bomb reports, a great deal of smoke, the whistle of passing bullets, the crackling snap and smack of their striking ground and stone, swift appearance and disappearance of running figures. He had a momentary vision of men grouped about a black dug-out mouth hurling grenades down it; joined a wild rush with several others on a group of grey-coated Germans who stood firm even to a bayonet finish; scrambling and scuffling down and up the steep sides of the smaller shell-craters, round the slippery crumbling edges of the larger, caught glimpses—this towards the end—of scattered groups or trickling lines of white-faced prisoners with long grey coats flapping about their ankles, and hands held high over their heads, being shepherded out towards the British lines by one or two guards. All these scattered impressions were linked up by many panting breathless scrambles over a chaos of torn and broken ground pocked and pitted with the shell-craters set as close as the cells of a broken honeycomb, and ended with a narrow escape, averted just in

time by one of his officers, from firing upon a group of men—part of the flank attack as it proved—who appeared mysteriously out of the smoke where Germans had been firing and throwing stick-grenades a moment before.

Through all the turmoil Ben clung tightly to his helmet. He knew that there had been a stiff fight and that they had won, was vaguely pleased at the comforting fact, and much more distinctly pleased and satisfied with the possession of his souvenir. He took the first opportunity when the line paused and proceeded to sort itself out beyond the village, to strip the cloth off his prize and examine it. It was an officer's pickelhaube, resplendent in all its glory of glistening black patent-leather, gleaming brass eagle spread-winged across its front, fierce spike on top and heavy-linked chain "chin-strap" of shining brass. Ben was hugely pleased with his trophy, displayed it proudly, and told briefly the tale of his duel with the late owner. He told nothing of how the securing of his prize had assisted at the taking of the village, for the good reason that he himself did not know it, and up to then in fact did not even know that they had taken a village.

He tied the helmet securely to his belt with a twisted bit of wire and at the urgent command of a sweating and mud-bedaubed sergeant prepared to dig. "Are we stoppin' 'ere then?" he stayed to ask.

"Suppose so," said the sergeant, "Seeing we've taken our objective and got this village."

Ben gaped at him, and then looked round wonderingly at the tossed and tumbled shell-riddled chaos of shattered earth that was spread about them. "Got this village," he said, "Lumme, where's the village then?"

Another man there laughed at him. "You came over the top o' it Ben," he said, "Don't you remember the broken beam you near fell over, back there a piece? That was a bit o' one o' the houses in the village. An' d'you see that little bit o' grey wall there? That's some more o' the village."

Ben looked hard at it. "An' that's the village, is it?" he said cheerfully, "Lor' now, I might 'ave trod right on top o' it by accident, or even tripped over it if it 'ad been a bit bigger village. You can keep it; I'd rather 'ave my 'elmet."

Munition Making in America

Effects Present and Future on National Industry of Supplying War Needs of the Allies

By Lewis R. Freeman

WHATEVER the ultimate effect on American industry of turning so great a part of national effort to supplying arms, munitions and other requirements of the Allies in the European war, there is no possible doubt that the incidence of the war—with the distant demand it brought for so much that the United States was able to supply—saved the country from what might well have been the worst spell of business depression in its recent history. There were several causes underlying the unsatisfactory conditions existing in the summer of 1914, and perhaps the chief of them was the widely unfavourable effect of two years of low tariff on the manufacturing industries of the country.

At any rate, the outlook, even in the face of almost record-breaking crops, was just about as bad as it could be. Speaking in New York just before the outbreak of the war, one of the country's most conservative financiers and economists said that "there is a sense of depression and dismay in this great city such as I have not before seen in the whole seventeen years I have been here." From the South and Middle West came still gloomier forebodings, and only the comparatively un-industrialised West still exhibited some degree of prosperity. Unemployment was prevalent to an extent unprecedented in America—running in places from 20 to 25 per cent.—and public and private charities in all of the manufacturing centres were taxed to the utmost to house and feed the thousands out of work. The 18,280 business failures in 1914 established

the worst record ever known. Bank-clearings fell off 20,000,000,000 dollars from 1913, or over 11 per cent., while the capital invested in new industry was less, by 700,000,000 dollars than in 1913, and 600,000,000 dollars less than in 1912. Iron production had fallen off 25 per cent., 40 per cent. of the looms in all American woollen mills were idle, and 50,000,000 dollars of capital invested in the cotton industry was absolutely unproductive through spindles that were not turning.

Chaos to begin with

The first couple of months of the war only served to aggravate conditions that were already serious, and the same chaos ruled in the American markets and exchanges as in those of Europe. After September, however, the huge and ever increasing demands from the Allies and neutral countries of Europe—demands that have been limited only by the shipping facilities available—quickly neutralized, first, the bad effects of the war itself, and next those of the two whole years of financial depression preceding the war. Foodstuffs and such manufactured goods as were already being turned out were, naturally, the first things to figure in the war export list. The value of the maize shipped to Europe in the first year of the war showed an increase of 400 per cent. over that shipped in the corresponding year preceding. Wheat increased 115 per cent., and beef—from less than 4,000,000 pounds to 127,000,000—nearly 3,200 per cent. Motors and motor lorries increased

more than 160 per cent. in quantity and 235 per cent. in value; steel bars 410 per cent. in quantity and 715 per cent. in value. Manufactured cotton goods increased 52 per cent. in quantity and about doubled in value. The increase in the export of various explosives, for manufacture of the most of which new factories had to be created, was slower in the first year than that of food-stuffs, but the figures for 1916 show they have now passed everything else in their rate of gain. For the year 1914 but 6,000,000 dollars worth of explosives were shipped to Europe, and for the year 1915, 41,000,000. For the year ending June 30th, 1916, the total amounted to 473,000,000 dollars in value, which is actually an increase of something less than 8,000 per cent. over that of the year which preceded the war.

"Battlefield Shipments"

The total foreign trade of the United States for the year ending June 30th, 1916, was 6,525,000,000 dollars, the increase alone of that year over the one preceding—itsself practically a "war year"—being greater than the total foreign trade of the country ten years ago. Roughly speaking, the exports to the Allies have increased by about a thousand million dollars, while the exports of the Allies to the United States have fallen to about half their former value. Part of this balance has been paid in American securities held in Europe; the rest by loans and the shipment of gold. The net result of it has been to change the position of the United States, as regards Europe, from a debtor to a creditor nation, and also to accumulate in the former what is probably the greatest store of gold any one country has ever held. The exports from the port of New York alone were nearly 11,000,000 dollars a day for the month of September, over a half which represented what are spoken of as "battlefield shipments." These figures will probably be increased every month that the war lasts, as it is only since early summer that the new American factories which have been built especially to supply the needs of the Allied armies began to make their weight felt in the export column.

Government Control in America

In the greatly increased trade balances; in the paying off of her debt to Europe and the accumulation of gold which may be used in internal development or in extending her foreign trade; in busy factories and the decrease of unemployment; in the avoidance of what would undoubtedly have been a protracted period of serious if not desperate business depression; in these things we have the principal financial, industrial and economic benefits which America owes, directly or indirectly, to the European war. The goods are very much on the shop-window side of the country—the East—for all the world to see. And before leaving the credit side of the account and turning to the debit (to reckon something of the cost at which these benefits have been garnered), it would not do to overlook what may ultimately prove to be the greatest gift the war has thrown at the feet of America—the creation of an industrial organization for the supplying of war munitions such as there is hardly the slightest chance of there having been created during the next half century without such a stimulus.

One of the most gratifying bits of news—to an American abroad—that has come across the Atlantic is the announcement that not only does the War Department purpose not to allow this organization to disintegrate at the conclusion of the war, but that steps are being taken for putting *all* of the great engineering plants of the country under a system of Government control in time of peace such as will make it practicable to mobilise their effort in the event of war with the loss of the minimum of time. This may very well prove the means of avoiding a disastrous defeat, such as it is extremely difficult to picture being otherwise avoided in the case of a sudden attack by a strong European power or coalition, and on that score alone is undoubtedly worth more than all the other momentarily more tangible benefits of the war combined.

The following very carefully compiled lists of so-called "war exports" gives the value of the principal American products which have been sent to Europe solely—up

to June 30th, 1916—on account of war demands, they would not have been sent had there been no war. (The figures are the estimated excess over normal export).

	Dollars.
Brass and manufactures of brass	124,000,000
Aeroplanes	6,000,000
Motor cycles	2,000,000
Chemicals, drugs medicines, etc. .. .	78,000,000
Goods vans, passenger coaches, etc. . .	100,000,000
Copper pigs, ingots, etc.	59,000,000
Electrical machinery	7,000,000
Explosives	408,000,000
Motor tyres	12,000,000
Other rubber products	6,000,000
Steel bars and rods	25,000,000
Steel rails	6,000,000
Steel plates	7,000,000
Steel billets and ingots	32,000,000
Fire-arms	12,000,000
Petrol engines	3,000,000
Steam engines and parts	18,000,000
Machine tools etc.	48,000,000
Miscellaneous Tools	5,000,000
Nails and Spikes	6,000,000
Tin-plate, etc.	10,000,000
Wire and wire manufactures	28,000,000
Miscellaneous manufactures of iron and steel	40,000,000
Manufactures of lead	4,000,000
Leather and skins (raw and manufactured)	60,000,000
Horses	60,000,000
Bacon	30,000,000

\$1,189,000,000

Turning now to the reverse of the shield—the unfavourable effects of the war—we find these principally in evidence in retarded internal development and the generally unsatisfactory state of trade with practically all non-European countries. The total value of the principal raw materials of export was less for the year ending June 30th, 1916, than for the year immediately preceding the war, though their prices had risen greatly in the interim. The average value of the exports of American agricultural implements for a number of years previous to the war was around 30,000,000 dollars a year. For the year 1915 this had fallen to 9,000,000 dollars, and the following fiscal year did not add enough to bring it to half of the former annual average. Sewing machines have fallen from an annual average of 10,000,000 dollars to less than half of that amount, and tobacco and manufactures of tobacco from 61,000,000 dollars to 40,000,000 dollars. Practically all other peace-time staples have registered similar decreases.

America built high hopes in the early months of the war upon the opportunity presented her for building up a foreign trade in markets in which the belligerent countries must needs relax their efforts. I still recall how much was written of this aspect of the situation in September, October, and December, of 1914, before the magnitude of the trade in war supplies had become evident to any but a few of the most far seeing. These hopes have never been realised, for which fact there are several reasons. In the first place, manufacturers—dazzled by the big profits on these first carelessly-flung about war contracts—went "munition mad" and began bending all their energies to satisfying a part of the rapidly accumulating demands of the Allies. Most of these have probably been warranted—from a financial standpoint—in doing as they did, although, as soon as the Allies were able to put the placing of their contracts on a business basis profits were reduced until they amounted to no more for a war contract than for one of similar size at home. Other manufacturers would unquestionably have been better advised to have turned their attention to strengthening their trade footholds in various non-European countries, where there would have been more to show for their efforts after the war.

One of the reasons then for the disappointing showing made in American exports to countries outside of Europe was the disproportionate amount of energy deflected to munition work. Another was the decreased purchasing ability of all non-European countries as a consequence of the curtailing of their incomes through the closing or restriction of their European markets. A third reason was the unexpected vitality of certain European

countries—and especially England—displayed in manufacturing for export in the face of the unprecedented demands made upon their industrial energy at home. (In a former issue of *LAND & WATER* I called attention to the remarkable fact that Great Britain supplied a larger percentage of Argentina's needs in 1915 than for the year immediately preceding the war).

In spite of the fact, therefore, that Europe has had a war on its hands American gains in practically all non-European markets have been almost negligible, and where such gains have been made, they have been far out-balanced by the increased exports of those countries to the United States. Exports from America to Oceania, for instance, increased only 5,700,000 dollars for the fiscal year 1916, while the imports from Oceania increased over 32,000,000 dollars. Exports to North Africa increased but 7,000,000 dollars, while imports from that region increased nearly 30,000,000 dollars. The same was true of trade with Japan and the British East Indies. China sold America three times as much as she bought there, and the value of the imports from Cuba exceeded the exports by over 100,000,000 dollars.

Whether or not the United States would have done better to have concentrated upon the building up trade in neutral markets a large part of the energy she expended, and is expending, upon making munitions for a group of belligerents will probably be a moot question for many years. The fact remains that, due almost solely to the deflection of so much effort to munition making, she will find herself at the end of the war in only a very slightly stronger position in any of the markets of the world than she was at the beginning. The only important geographical division of the world in which the United States is in a distinctly stronger position as a consequence of the war is South America, where, as a consequence of a steady extension of loans, investments and—ultimately—an improvement of transportation facilities, she will undoubtedly be able to sell more of her goods in the future than in the past.

Internal Development

Just how much of the remarkable slump in the internal development of America is due to the depression prevailing immediately before the war, and how much to the deflection of capital and labour to munition-making, cannot be definitely determined, but there is no question that the latter factor was by far the more important of the two. Both railway and building construction has been slacker than for many years. Indeed, the mileage of new railways built in the United States during 1915 was less than for any year since 1868. There have only been three years since 1848 when there was less railway line constructed than during 1915. The slump in railway construction extended also to that of rolling stock. The goods vans built in 1915 were fewer than for any year since 1904, and the number of passenger coaches the smallest since 1900. As for locomotives, not since the early 90's have so few new ones been added to the existing stock.

In discussing the munitions industry of America one cannot help endeavouring to draw comparisons between the great new plants that have been rushed to completion there and those which have been hurried through under similar conditions in England and France. On the score of equipment there is no point in comparison, for practically all of the new plants of the Allies are served by American machinery throughout. As for design utility, not beauty I mean—it seemed to me that two or three of the latest of the American plants were better planned on the score of labour-saving than anything I had seen in Europe, though certain new British works which I have visited and a rapidly expanding French shrapnel factory are very much up-to-date on that score. As for speed in construction, the advantage is, of course, with America, for one reason, because, there being no war there, it was much easier to assemble materials and labour and, for another reason, because steel-frame construction—which enters so largely into munition-works—has been specialised on longer there, and on a far greater scale, than anywhere else in the world.

It is not likely that any one great munition works project that has been carried out in any of the belligerent countries of Europe has equalled the construction record

of the huge new plant of the Remington Arms Company at Bridgeport, Connecticut. Here, where in April, 1915, was a half-drained swamp, there were reared by October of the same year—less than six months later—thirty-eight five story steel-and-brick buildings, each 272 feet by 60 feet on the ground. These thirty-eight buildings were connected around a quadrangle by an equal number of what are called "service buildings," each having a ground dimension of 48 by 60 feet and five stories in height, the whole really forming one gigantic building with over a hundred acres of floor space.

A Great Rifle Factory

This great plant was designed solely for the manufacture of military rifles and certain munitions, and its construction was determined upon before a single contract had been signed with any of the European belligerents. When I visited it in January of this year it was employing 36,000 hands, who were turning out rifles at a rate—over 10,000 a day—that will bring the annual output up to a figure considerably in excess of 100,000,000 dollars in value. The works were policed by 300 honourably discharged soldiers of the United States army, formed into companies and officered as a regular military organization.

Unlike most of the mushroom munition works of America, the Remington plant is intended to remain such permanently, and was not constructed with the idea of conversion after the war. Just what sort of a "peace market" there is expected to be for upwards of three and a half million rifles a year I was not told, but as small arms are now being turned out here as cheaply as in Europe, it is probable that the Remington works will be an active bidder whenever military tenders are called for in all parts of the world. In any event Americans who have been in a position to realise the perilous position of their country if confronted by a sudden war, will at least breathe easier in the knowledge that the great struggle in Europe will have left them a legacy of one arms factory with a capacity of several times that of all the Government arsenals combined.

Most of the "big money" in the war work was made by those American manufacturers who got to work early and secured contracts permitting them wide margins of profits at a time when the Allies were competing with each other for any and every kind of military supplies. Whether the plants built later for turning out munitions will justify the venture will depend partly upon the duration of the war, and partly upon the cost of putting them back on a "peace work" basis. Charles M. Schwab, head of the American Steel Co., and the best informed man in the country on the subject, took an optimistic view in a recent interview. He said:

The war is the basis of our present prosperity, but it is a mistake to imagine that the greater portion of our business is war order business, or that the war has called for manufacturing that is far outside of our peace-time trade. Popular opinion inclines to the view that at the end of the war we will have on hand many factories and much machinery fit only for making shells, rifles and the like. This is a belief fostered by the peace cranks, who hope to make out that war is fomented by manufacturers to keep machinery busy. It is a fact, however, that the bulk of our war export is drawn from the ordinary course of business. It is also a fact that at present prices, domestic orders are as profitable as foreign munitions business. Peace will affect only future not present orders. It will not, therefore, bring any sudden change, and there will be ample opportunity to transform gradually the most of the purely munition plants into ordinary machine factories. Every conservatively managed plant has already, charged off all the extensions including machinery and buildings—which cannot be instantly turned to normal peace work.

A very useful aid to the study of the war is embodied in Nelson's *Map Book of the War* (1s. 6d. net), in which are given no less than fifty pages of maps of the various fronts, showing all the salient features of each theatre of action, together with a diary of the war from the beginning to the end of September, 1916. The maps are drawn with a view to the military situations, and give in detail the features of the country and the political divisions of all the main and subsidiary fronts. Matter and its arrangement are alike well selected, and the editors may be congratulated on this admirable reference map.

The Industrious Apprentice and Patriotism

By G. K. Chesterton

THE very word "industrial" suggests something of the narrowness which so long made industrialism insufficient. The mere derivation involves something unimaginative which misses the main part of the labours of men under the sun. There really was a notion that a man must be industrial in order to be industrious. There is nothing in which we shall find ourselves more lucky in our Alliance with France and with Russia than in a certain widening of experience about the possibilities of rural industry, such as those two great peasant countries can give. Widely as the Frenchman and the Russian differ in their high and diverse types of virtue, they are alike in the fact that they have done all their great work by industry; but have done it without industrialism.

But this truth does not merely belong to our Allies; it belongs historically to ourselves, for it belonged very decidedly to our ancestors. It is notable that even when the Englishman became a town mouse he still talked with the tongue of a country mouse. It is still more notable that this was particularly true when he talked of the more active moral duties incumbent upon mice and men. Even the men of the Manchester School were compelled to praise the virtues of industry in a terminology taken from the fields far beyond Manchester.

Links with Country Life

The Early Victorian merchants encouraged children to be not slothful in business by reciting "How doth the little busy bee"; though they already had a rather hazy idea about how he doth. A mercantile youth of the early nineteenth century may well have been adjured to work like a beaver; and had merely the impression that he was being told, somewhat unreasonably, to imitate a hat. All the links with a country life, however, would not thus have been lost between one generation and another. Even to this day the proverbs of business, in its literal sense of being busy, are proverbs coloured by the countryside and somewhat incongruous in the streets. A man in the middle of a London fog briskly announces that he is going to make hay while the sun shines. A man standing on a hard asphalt pavement is needlessly recommended not to let the grass grow under his feet.

The early mistake of the Manchester philosophy, contradicted even by those common forms of speech which it still had to employ, cut off many Englishmen for a generation or two from many sentiments which in the long run are found necessary to the very manhood of man. These must be recovered by modern industry if it is to become once more human; and they are not confined to this curious delusion that the country is always a garden of idleness. The delusion did exist, though it would not have been consciously formulated; it was really a vice of the Victorian time or its artists; to regard the country as a picture gallery, and even its naturalists as a Natural History Museum. It was, of course, a confusion of thought; for the Bradford wool merchant would have found himself in a condition of much cry and little wool, if shepherds really passed their lives in pastoral piping and dancing. But it was no uncommon confusion; and referred back to the chief fallacy of what may be called the Manchester culture, its complete lack of historical imagination.

This can perhaps be most conveniently illustrated under a single image. The Industrious Apprentice in the pictures of Hogarth became an incarnation of that mercantile morality which steadily increased after Hogarth's time. He was the man who came to London with twopence in his pocket and became Lord Mayor of London by mere hard work. He was the industrial hero—I might almost say the industrial saint, of the Individualists; who set first among human virtues the industry of the Industrious Apprentice. He was, to use the highly atheistic expression, a self-made man.

And yet there was in the very words "Industrious Apprentice" an historical truth which all these men

missed. At least one of the facts about the Industrious Apprentice was that he was an apprentice; that he was a child of the mediæval system of apprenticeship. Hogarth lived among the lingering remains of a more human tradition which made his slightly wooden morality at least moral. The Individualist version of the Industrious Apprentice could not be called too moral; it was rather simply moral. It did not encourage the apprentice so much to be a prig as to be a more or less respectable rascal. But the old system of apprenticeship, inherited from the Guilds of the middle Ages, at least lent some moral meaning to its praise of personal industry. Apprenticeship was a school and not merely a scramble. We shall be fortunate if we can return to something of the sort, if the real virtue of industry is to be anything but the Individualism of a pickpocket.

Manchester Morality

But agriculture and apprenticeship are not the only examples, nor the worst examples, of this hiatus in the historic sense which weakened the Manchester morality. The most vital instinct which early Industrialism neglected was the instinct of patriotism. In another sense the citizen of the new cities was cut off from the land; in the more sacred sense of the fatherland. In another sense the new apprentice forgot his service and his livery; he too often learnt to look at least coldly and distantly at the heraldry of the English uniform and the service of the English flag. This defect in the Manchester doctrine must not indeed be exaggerated, in the sense of being misunderstood. Men like Cobden remained very English in their character, just as we have already seen that they remained very countrified in their proverbs.

But the abstract theory of Cobdenist Capitalism was certainly international, and often even in the bad sense of being anti-national; and this more theoretic side was thrust the more forward through the accident which gave so much of the leadership of early Individualism not to Englishmen but to Scotchmen. This does not imply, of course, that Scotchmen are not patriotic; but rather that the same thing which makes most of them rather excessively patriotic (a fine power of fanaticism in the Scotch character conspicuously absent in the English character) makes a few of them capable of a political asceticism which can do without patriotism altogether. In any case there was a degree of truth in the taunt that the new towns and the new trades were cut off from patriotism because they were cut off from history.

It is one of the first, if not the first, good element of this war that the taunt is no longer true. This war is, whatever else it is, the putting of the very modern and complex machinery to a very simple and ancient moral purpose. If the Industrious Apprentice is crying "Shells! Shells!" instead of "Clubs! Clubs!" it is so far a widening of his mind that it takes him not only outside his own country but outside his own town into his own country. The great war is the return of England to Europe. But the great war is also the return of Manchester to England. I am not here talking about particular political and economic doctrines with which I agree or disagree; I am talking of a certain moral atmosphere which to those outside it must always seem either tawdry or sentimental; of a flag and of the memory of our fathers.

In this matter there cannot be the shadow of a doubt of the enormous reaction towards Nationalism which overtook our industrial society when the gauntlet was thrown down in Belgium. A man must be utterly ignorant of the rudiments of the Labour Problem before the war, if he supposes that anything short of a furious enthusiasm could have induced the organised artisans to suspend the Trades Union Rules for ten minutes. Even the material manifestations, the external excitement of machinery infinitely multiplied and output at the top of its energy, carries with it the character of one of those crises in which men have discovered some-

something that is very new because it is very old. Even the rise in wages, complicated as it is by the rise in prices, is a sort of symbol of the positive side of war; the side that makes it something very different from mere destruction. The case is of course much stronger than this; for the patriotism of the artisan is the key not only to his content but to his discontent. Even in the exceptional cases where he is merely angry, it is almost wholly a patriotic anger; founded on his conviction, right or wrong, that profits are being secreted at the expense of the whole national scheme. The Industrious Apprentice is not now being industrious for himself, or even merely for his Guild, but for his nation and for the overwhelming millions of normal Europeans everywhere; the nation is the one great window upon the history of the world.

One thing is substantially certain; that whatever industrial system rises in the new England, it will be English. It is notable that even the most advanced, and what the conventional would call audacious,

of economic reformers no longer talk the cant of cosmopolitanism. One of the most revolutionary and imaginative of these groups chooses the name of "National Guilds." I will wager that twenty years ago the name would have been "International Guilds." Nay, the sort of Socialism which specialised in using the very word "International" as a sort of substitute for the word "God" has now contributed not only its most famous but its fiercest members to the formation of a "National Socialist Party" which might almost be called Jingo.

Whatever we have to fear in the future, we have not to fear that hideous spectre of humanity, stripped of all its human loves and loyalties. We have not to fear that sort of catholicism which is not so much a union of all beliefs as a union of all unbeliefs; nor shall we be called upon to accept as the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World, the sort of cosmopolitan club which consists at the best of exiles and at the worst of spies.

Effect of War on Agriculture

By Christopher Turnor

AS a nation our organisation, if we can be said to have an organisation, was on a peace basis. Our systems of finance, industry, and food supply were all based on the supposition that the world would never again be troubled by a great war—certainly not by the greatest war in all history. When it came upon us with its astounding suddenness all our views had to be reformed, and at a moment's notice we were forced to begin organising our population. The result is that the total output of our factories is higher than it was before the war, and this in spite of the withdrawal of millions of men.

In this general increase in the output of war materials one industry stands out as a striking exception to the rule, agriculture, the industry that provides home-grown food. Though in the early stages of the war the truth of it was scarcely recognised, few to-day would deny that food is a material of war; in fact some have even reached the stage of understanding that the carrying on of a great war is as dependent upon an organised agriculture (i.e., food supply) as it is upon the military organisation. Alas! that this truth was not understood from the very outset—or rather that the Government did not realise it years ago in days of peace as other European Governments did. This really is the key to the present situation as far as the food supply of the nation is concerned. If the Government had fully realised the strategic and economic importance of a secure food supply over which they had complete control we should to-day find ourselves in a very different position. The effect of the war upon the agricultural industry would have been very different. If the Government had understood the vital national importance of land and of the industry of food production we should presumably have seen the Government classing farms as munition factories and taking the necessary measures to secure their effective working.

But in times of peace our greatest and most vital industry was neglected. And so in time of war. Men born and bred on the land quite naturally appealed to military authorities as the best raw material out of which to turn the finished soldier, so that without weighing the consequences all effort was directed towards getting every possible man from the land. If during the last fifty years we had been developing the rural population as Germany has developed hers the industry could have stood the drain better, for there would have been a greater residuum of men over military age to work on the land; there would have been a larger population of country-bred women to replace the men of fighting age that it was expedient to take for the army.

The Prime Minister announced that it was essential to maintain the supply of home-grown food—and farmers were promised officially that essential skilled men would not be taken from the farm. All empty words—essential skilled labourers were taken from the farm. Then they

were promised a greater supply of labour-saving machinery—the promise was not made good. To-day the number of steam plough plants has been greatly reduced. In June, 1916, a minimum staff for each farm was agreed upon by the War Office and the Board of Agriculture. Even before this arrangement came into force many farms were staffed below the minimum, and in practice the scale has not been strictly adhered to.

Not only has agriculture suffered from many cases of excessive withdrawal of men by the military authorities, it has also lost many men who have gone into other work, tempted by higher pay.

This could have been obviated only by the mobilization of the whole manhood and womanhood of the nation, and the allotting to each individual his own sphere of national service. Such a mobilization of the nation was naturally distasteful to the whole race of politicians—it would constitute a certain interference with the individual against which our pre-war doctrinaires are still battling. And yet such a mobilization would have enabled the Government to weigh the importance from the national and war point of view of the different industries, and to have arranged to leave the vital industry of food production sufficient man-power not only to maintain but increase its output.

Owing then to the Government's attitude towards the land, how has the war affected agriculture? It may be stated briefly and it is a sad record. In 1915 more wheat was grown than in 1914—partly owing to the high price which wheat was making and partly owing to the appeal of the Board of Agriculture to farmers to grow more wheat.

But this increase of wheat was at the cost of other arable crops—it did not mean that more food was produced, for the official report shows that the area under grass increased by 10,000 acres. Yet it is arable land that produces the greatest amount of food per acre. Professor T. H. Middleton's recent report* upon this subject should be read by every one.

In 1916 the area under wheat was less than that of 1915 by 254,000 acres, and for 1917 the shrinkage will undoubtedly be still greater. Further in 1916 the area under "bare fallow"—i.e., growing no crops whatever—was greater than the pre-war average by 112,000 acres.

But still more serious than this decrease in the annual output is the shrinkage in the capital value of land from the agricultural point of view. Owing to lack of labour the standard of cultivation is becoming lower—the land is being let down.

We shall have to pay for this. The Prime Minister recently appointed an Agricultural Reconstruction Committee, which is I believe to report on what alterations in the system of agriculture will be necessary to

* The recent development of German Agriculture. By T. H. Middleton. C.B. Wyman and Sons, 4d.

enable the land to produce more food. But for years to come it cannot be a question of increasing the production but of making good the lost ground—ground lost owing to the absence of a sound policy.

One cannot help wondering if the Government ever did seriously consider the relative importance to the nation in this hour of crisis of the different industries. From the declaration of war Germany carefully distinguished between the essential and non-essential industries, and not only did she take measures to maintain her agricultural output, but she told her cultivators upon what branch of food production they should concentrate. It is true that our Government had periods of alarm in regard to our food supply, and appointed committees to consider the agricultural situation, but by the time the committee reported they either had ceased to be alarmed or they were so disappointed that no committee could suggest any way of at once doubling our production that they felt it useless to take action.

One specific effect of the war upon agriculture which I must briefly deal with has been the number of women who have come forward to work on the land, and right good work has the country-bred women done; but I am afraid this cannot be said of the townswomen who have volunteered for farm work—though there are many notable exceptions. It will be interesting to see if the war will have the effect of permanently increasing the number of women who work on the land.

But it is necessary to bear in mind that it is impossible for women to do *all* kinds of farm work, though they can do *some* kinds of farm work very well. On the whole I am inclined to think that women have already been substituted for male labour to as great an extent as is possible. A very serious effect of the war has been the considerable number of children released from school under the leaving age to work on the land. It has been necessary, but it is none the less deplorable—these children will have lost much educationally, and this loss will eventually prove the country's loss.

What About the Future

So much for the present effect of the war upon agriculture. Can we at all forecast the future and the permanent effect? The realm of prophecy is filled with danger, but one or two things seem fairly certain. Before the war there were in England and Wales some 700,000 agricultural labourers; at the present moment some 350,000 or one half have been withdrawn. At the end of the war will those who survive return to agriculture? Will agriculture attract workers from other sources? The answer can only be in the negative; men who have been seeing the world will not return to work again on the land under the conditions which existed in many counties before the war—nor will fresh men be attracted.

Post-war wages and conditions of life will have to be very different from those existing before the war if the needed cultivators are to be attracted to the land. The State will therefore have to see that these important conditions are created.

The second point is that we are clearly at the parting of the ways. After the war is over British Agriculture will have either to develop greatly or fall into a worse condition than ever, and the nation will become still more dependent on sea-borne food than it was in the past. Which is it to be? It is for the nation to say. We have the richest land in Europe, which yields us about £4 worth of food per acre, a low yield compared with the £7 and £8 of Denmark and Germany. Are we going to sit still and say it is impossible for us to increase the yield of our soil as other countries have done, or are we going to insist upon the land being put to its full potential use?

In conclusion, it would seem that the Government is at last seriously studying the problem of food supply. They have appointed a Food Control Board: doubtless it will have to concentrate much attention upon economies in consumption; but for the sake of our national safety and well-being it is to be hoped that the Food Dictator will give much of his attention to the possibilities of increased production. The vital question is—what can be done now? The evil has struck deep; the land is depleted of labour; and it is very difficult to see how to supply the farmers with sufficient cultivators. The pre-

sent substitution scheme I fear will not prove very effective. So that at once the farmer should be made to realise that his staff will not be further depleted.

But above all it is necessary for the Government to come to terms with the farmer: let it explain the seriousness of the situation—for very few farmers realise how serious it is. Let the Government tell the farmers exactly what it wants done; let it assure them that the price of the staple products will not be allowed to fall below a remunerative price. Food is our first necessity of life, but the producer cannot be expected to produce at a loss. If therefore the country is to be given a largely increased and *secure* supply of food over which in times of crisis it has complete control the farmer must be guaranteed a fair price.

This understanding between the Government and the farmer must be an enduring understanding, for our food supply is not merely a war question but it is one of a nation's greatest problems for all times.

New Poems by Mr. Watson

I was walking the sun, my day's work done,
And the great world rolled like a wheel,
When a cur came yapping, came yap-yap-yapping,
When a cur came yapping at my heel.

Shall I send him all asprawl from my good stout shoe,
Turn his yapping to a yelping and a squeal?
Nay, leave him to the thing Fate fashioned him to do—:
His dog's-work of yapping at one's heel.

For God made the arrows that around life whirr,
And the thunders that above life peal.
And He made, too, the miserable mangy little cur,
And its instinct for yapping at one's heel.

Evidently a new happiness has come into the life of Mr. William Watson, which has touched with a ray of gold all his work, even the most trivial. One would like to thank the poet personally for his *Retrogressions* (John Lane, 3s. 6d.), for he is all the time placing the reader under a sense of benefit received, by expressing, beautifully, compactly, and truly the reader's personal feelings. Lives there any man who has tried to do his duty who is not familiar with the yapping cur, referred to above. And Mr. Watson teaches the right way in which the cur should be regarded. So, too, are we thankful for this delicious rebuke to one who is a blank on Mr. Watson's page, and is fast becoming a blank in most men's minds.

At first I almost thought that your fine gift,
Your noble genius for depreciation,
Had given a happy and a timely lift
To poor old Shakespeare's tottering reputation.

But much I doubt, reading once more his page,
Whether such proud advertisement it needed;
No—'twill be sweet when you have reached a stage,
By ripeness oft preceded.

There is a touch of Chesterton in his "Ballad of the Boot-maker." His "Nature's Way"—we must not quote further—is as full of music and beauty as anything he has ever written. *Retrogressions* adds another leaf to Mr. Watson's laurels.

Union Jack Club Fund

The following is a list of subscribers to the Union Jack Club Extension Fund up to Friday, December 1st:

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	2,799	19	6
Major Wm. Pilkington	25	0	0
Bolton <i>Evening News</i>	10	0	0
Anonymous	5	0	0
A. R. Allan, Esq.	2	10	0
"Ex Libris"	2	5	0
Dr. Dodwell	2	2	0
Major J. C. Holdich Leicester, I.M.S.	1	1	0
Capt. T. L. Adam	1	1	0
To Edith Mary Bee	1	0	0

Arming the Fleet

Beatty and Jellicoe

By Arthur Pollen

IT was the original intention to include in this double number of LAND & WATER as full an account as might be possible of the changes that have been made in the material and in the arming of the fleet. But circumstances have proved too strong for the plan. In the first place obligations of secrecy have made it impossible to deal with the subject either thoroughly or in any useful informative way. Next, the changes in the chief command constitute an event so large and far reaching in their consequences, that all other naval topics become unimportant when compared to them. I am not sure indeed that there is not in this compulsory supercession of a discussion of naval matters by an overwhelming question of personnel, something very like a vital lesson in the theory of war. At any rate the conjunction seems to me so happy, that I have retained in this article the title I had chosen for the other. Indeed, if the new commands give to the fleet as a whole a wider and more successful sweep, a keener edge, a more distant capacity to strike, a better co-ordination of all its forces, then indeed we shall be re-armed at sea with a fullness and a perfection which all the efforts of all the armament firms could not in a century equal.

Need of the Hour

And this of course is the end, which, most of all things is now to be desired. Indeed; at every stage of the war from the first day, the ultimate issue has been conditioned by sea power. We have delayed that issue again and again, through failure to perceive the advantages our sea power could give us, were it properly, rightly and resolutely used. We opened with the cardinal blunder of not realising that the three departments of war—policy, armies and fleets—must be used together from the first and to a common end, that end being the employment of force for the weakening, confusion and ultimate defeat of our enemies. So little did policy and sea power work together, that the whole complexion of the war was decided unfavourably to us in the first three days, when the *Goeben* was permitted to pass unchallenged from the Atlantic to the Dardanelles. It was an error that reflected disastrously upon the Admiralty, but hardly less upon the Foreign Office. Had the departments been working together, having one common purpose in view, and both agreed as to the means for achieving it, then the sailors in the Mediterranean would surely have been informed that it was a far greater danger for the *Goeben* to get to Constantinople than to make the port of Pola. But they got no guidance and the disaster occurred which has changed the whole balance of force in Europe.

Later the opportunity was given of equalising the balance again. In February, 1915, the British and French Fleets began the bombardment of the Dardanelles forts, and our Allies consented to the action because, as they said, should it fail it could always be treated as a demonstration. The effort was continued for a month. It failed completely, and, having failed put the enemy on notice to defend his coasts. Then an expeditionary force was sent out too small, too ill equipped for the now hopeless task of conquering the peninsular. The purpose of the attack was to help Russia to the conquest of Turkey and to open the seaway from Odessa to the Mediterranean. But the major need of the hour was to prevent Turks and Germans from joining hands. The method was obvious. In Serbia and Montenegro we had two isolated and unsupported Allies. Greece, bound by treaty to the first, was neutral, but not unfriendly. Bulgaria was neutral, but clearly waiting to join the enemy. Venizelos was still Prime Minister, and his authority would have been used on the Allies behalf. It was urged, but urged in vain, that, as the French had suggested, the Dardanelles adventure should now be treated as a demonstration, and Sir Ian Hamilton's force

sent through Salonika into Serbia. What would have been the position in the Balkans had an Anglo-French army of a quarter of a million passed through Greece to stiffen our Ally on the Danube? It is certain that Bulgaria would not have attacked, probable that Greece would have joined, indisputable that the road by which munitions could pass from Constantinople to Vienna would not have been opened. But once more the divorce between policy, the use of the fleet, and the employment of the army was complete.

The third, the most obvious, and in some respects the most disastrous of all the consequences of running the war as if the co-ordination, of which I spoke, were of no importance, was the fatal failure to declare a blockade from the beginning. In August, 1914, there were no neutral interests vested in the supply of food, metal, oil, cotton and wool to the Central Powers. A strict blockade based, as is our present blockade, upon the two principles of "ultimate destination," and a generous rationing of the sea board countries, could have been enforced without any appearance of hardship, and would have been accepted without the disturbing protests that ultimately arose. But for eight months even the ports of Germany were open, and for at least sixteen the imports of essentials into that country were virtually unchecked. What our omission to prevent the import of cotton has cost us is beyond calculation.

Free Naval Action

Now it is as well to recall these matters at a moment when we are making such significant changes in the command of the fleet, and are accompanying them by even greater changes in the constitution of the Government itself. For it is axiomatic that neither Sir John Jellicoe, nor yet Sir David Beatty, can do what we all expect of them, and what may be well within their powers, unless the principles on which naval forces are to be employed are agreed upon by all, so that the Government when it acts through the army, the navy, and the Foreign Office, shall do so consistently and fearlessly, and with singleness of purpose and with certainty of aim. Unless, in other words, Sir John Jellicoe's work is so defined that it is impossible for him to be checked or hampered by the interference of other departments—and it is immaterial whether they are the Foreign Office or the Board of Trade—then it is impossible that he should do what he has to do, as he should.

Burden of Command

So much for the general conditions in which the two men, who now control the fleet, must work if they are to work successfully. Given these conditions, what briefly is the task they are set? It is a natural instinct to congratulate both on attaining such great positions. Each has long since been marked out for the office at last put upon him. For more than a year these changes have been pressed upon the Admiralty. It is even said that but for intemperate attacks in Parliament on the First Lord's late chief naval adviser, these changes would have been made before May last. Then Jutland made changes difficult; and the longer they were postponed the more delicate the consequential alterations in commands became. Now that they have come at last, they have been welcomed with an approval that is unanimous. But Sir John Jellicoe and Sir David Beatty have succeeded, not to posts of honour, but to posts of enormous labour and cruel responsibility. There is a curious impression about that the work of the Grand Fleet is over, that its command is a sinecure, that there will be no more sea fighting, and that it is indeed immaterial whether such fighting takes place or not. No more foolish, nor, were it to affect the Government, more dangerous illusion could prevail. The Grand Fleet is to-day not less, but

more than ever, the main instrument of this country's policy. So far from the matter of its command being one of indifference, it is by all odds the most responsible and the most arduous that any subject can bear. Its right employment depends first, on the Government, which must define its mission, and next, the success of this mission must depend primarily on its Commander-in-Chief. And its mission is not limited to maintaining itself intact. It is a force brought into existence and kept in existence, not only as a constant and instant threat to the German Fleet, but as the main cover of every other form of naval action that can be taken against the enemy. And that the war has been conditioned from the first by naval action is, as we have seen, already admitted by all. Finally, navies and pre-eminently their main units exist only to fight.

Grand Fleet

The control of the Grand Fleet in whatever mission is given to it by the Government, is now in Sir David Beatty's hands. It is, as has been said, a weighty task and a great responsibility and yet, as it seems to me, if the burdens of the new Commander-in-Chief and of the new first naval adviser of the Government are compared, it is the task of the former that will be the easier. It will be easier for three reasons. First the man who shoulders it has had a long experience of command and all the experience that anyone can have had of modern fighting. Both in peace and war, in action and in preparing for it, he has exhibited an aptitude for leadership unexcelled, so far as contemporaries can judge, by any seaman in history. From the beginning of his first engagement at Heligoland to the final and disappointing end to his third, off Jutland, his strategic insight, his tactical mastery, his genius for leading—amply proved by the fact that in so many instances, his subordinates, as the despatch tells us, kept anticipating his wishes—and what better proof can there be of good leading than that the following should be instinctive?—this unflawed career of success makes it as certain as anything human can be that, in taking over the combined fleet, the slower and stronger division, together with the fast division, he is undertaking a task to which he is manifestly equal.

Secondly let it be made clear at once that it will be an easier task for him than it was for his predecessor. The teaching of history is conclusive on the point that, for victory to be decisive at sea, there must be a right concentration of force at the right point. Concentration of force is not merely an affair of how ships are grouped or formed. It is far more an affair of their being brought into battle at the right moment. And to create a right moment and to seize it, are matters of co-ordinated movement. Jutland in this only confirmed the lesson of all previous battles. Now Sir David Beatty has commanded the Battle Cruiser Fleet for eighteen months in peace and for twenty-eight months in war. He has created that fleet as an organisation; he has made it a weapon exactly adapted to his own methods of fighting, and there is no commander of any force in any field of war who knows, with more exact precision, what to ask of it and what to expect of it. No man then, can know better how to support it and how to complete this work.

It is no disparagement of his predecessor to say that this must be an easier task for the new Commander-in-Chief. Of all the twenty-eight anxious, wearying, and distracting months, during which Sir John Jellicoe had the Grand Fleet under his vigilant and imperturbable control, there were but two and a half hours during which his ships were within action range of the enemy. And of those two and a half hours, the periods during which action of any sort was possible, were measured by minutes only. In this matter, the fortune of war was far more generous to Sir David Beatty. His fighting experiences may not equal those of Nelson when he first attained to a chief command, but it is something that they are the most varied and the most prolonged of any flag officer afloat. He may not know all that there is to know about how to fight a battle; but it is certain that he must know more than anyone else, if his talent for war is rightly gauged, and if that talent has been, as it should have been, developed in the only school where right development is possible. It would seem, then, if we assume that the Battle Cruiser Fleet is led in the future by those who understand Sir

David Beatty's tactics, by those, who, like the cruiser leaders on May 31st, do not need orders because they can anticipate the wishes of their Chief, then it would seem, as if, so far as leadership is concerned, the whole main fleet, in Sir David Beatty's hands, can be confidently expected to be used with a rapidity and certainty and, therefore, with a finality hardly attainable by any other command.

Two difficulties might be thought by some to stand in the way of this most happy consummation. Admitted that Sir David Beatty has handled his fleet of battle cruisers with consummate skill, should we not remember that war supplies innumerable cases of men most admirably successful when commanding small forces, yet failing altogether in larger and more complicated operations? Next, is it humanly possible for any commander-in-chief to handle so vast a force—the combined Battleships and Battle Cruiser Fleet—with the precision and exactitude with which a lesser force can be controlled? The answers to these two questions seem to me to be simple. Sir David Beatty is not promoted from the command of a small force to the command of a large one. I do not pretend to know the total number of ships under his direct control at Jutland, but I should not be surprised if I were told that, reckoning the nine battle cruisers, the four battleships of the Fifth Squadron, the squadrons of light cruisers and all the flotillas of destroyers, with the *Engadine* and other auxiliaries, that his force was actually more numerous than that under Sir John Jellicoe's command on that great day. The problems presented by large combinations are not, then, new problems to the new Commander-in-Chief. He may have to extend his admirable staff to deal with the greater numbers. But the extension in itself should present no problem that is either insoluble or even puzzling.

And there is a further reason why this should be so. He inherits, as the main constituent of his new combined force, a fleet that for the last two and a quarter years has been brought to a point of flexibility in organisation and of keenness of military preparedness, unexampled in the history of fleets. It is not for nothing that it has, for all these months, been under the command of the ablest naval administrator of our time. And it is perhaps the best measure of the wonderful success of that command that, in placing this finely tempered weapon in his successor's hands, Sir John Jellicoe is bequeathing to him a mission far less burdensome than that which he discharged himself.

Our Chief Weapon Still

It seems to me a matter of the very first importance that the country, and the Government, should realise how crucial a matter it is that the first and immediate result of the naval changes is, that it gives us a fleet more efficient for its work, because united, and more likely to use the opportunity of doing its work, should opportunity offer, because the unified fleet is under the command of the man to whom the fortune of war has given the widest experience of fighting. And it is crucial that this should be realised, because the only simple and final solution of all our sea problems is to be found in decisive battle, and because—and deriving from this truth—it should be the first object of our policy to impose such disadvantages upon the enemy that he can find no solution of them except in battle. The new First Lord will have to tackle many problems now he is at Whitehall, and to the average man the one that seems most obvious will also seem most important. It is, of course, the urgent necessity for some abatement of the submarine nuisance. Through his submarines the enemy is attempting a blockade, not only of these islands, but of all the Allies. But the first problem is not defensive. It is to hit back harder than ever.

To what extent is our own blockade as effective as it can be? We are assured that the last turn has been given to the screw. It is a statement we should find it easier to believe if a war trained seaman, who knew the facts, could assure us that he was satisfied as to its exactitude. If, when he comes to know the facts, Sir John Jellicoe is not satisfied on this point, then the qualms of the diplomatists and the trepidations of traders must be put on one side, and our counter-stroke made as rigid and as ruthless as sea power can make it. Our

doing so will serve a double purpose. If our embargo is complete, we ensure a constant sapping of the civil resolution of our enemy, and, consequentially, a constant diminution of his ultimate military strength. It is a form of pressure which may force him to fight at sea, the thing we most desire. For it is upon a decisive sea-fight that our second counter-stroke, the direct attacks on the submarines themselves and the aggressive defence of our trade, largely depends. One would have thought it hardly necessary that this point should once more be argued. But, within the last few days, two signed articles have appeared by naval and military writers in journals of great repute. In one, we were told that the Grand Fleet had nothing whatever to do with the submarine campaign; in another, that it was a matter of absolute indifference whether the German fleet were defeated and sunk or not, except of course, for the prestige its sinking would give our navy. Surely the best answer to such statements as these is to ask this question. If the new First Sea Lord were given his choice between a sea action, in which half the British capital ships were sunk and all the Germans, or keeping both fleets intact—which would he choose? No one could hesitate. Remove the High Seas Fleet and two forms of counter-stroke against the submarine become possible. And so far as we can see they are the only two forms that can ever be really effective. If, at the last resort, the enemy cannot defend his own minefields nor attack our defence of those we lay—with the largest units of naval force, then, in the main, the war of mines passes from the enemy to us. In a great measure, if not entirely, hostile submarines could be kept within the limits of their bases. But, only when the main force of the enemy has gone can the mine war be carried to the approaches of his harbours. This is the first, and might easily be the most effective, of all measures for ridding the seas of these piratical pests. The second is to employ the most numerous possible force of mobile and well-armed ships, either for a modified form of convoy or for patrolling the routes that the trade must take, or for the direct search for and pursuit of the submarines themselves. We all know that to-day all our fastest cruisers, and all our most modern destroyers are, necessarily, devoted to their allotted duties with the main squadrons. The mine and the torpedo have in this respect revolutionised sea force altogether. The battleship is still the strongest and the supreme unit, but it can only be employed with faster and lighter craft, that can find the minefields and warn the main squadron, or can attack and deflect the torpedo-using light craft of the enemy, and themselves hold the menace of under-water attack over the opposing squadrons and, by this attack, turn them off their course, shake and deflect their gun fire, and make the final task of the great gun-bearing vessels easier. If there were no enemy fleet afloat, all this light craft, the ideal vessels for the purpose, would be available for the anti-submarine campaign. Once more the point must be insisted on that success in the immediate task of the moment can only be made complete when sea victory is complete.

Need of Attack

How else, save by blockade, can naval force be used to compel the enemy fleet to fight? Only by invasion. And doubtless one of the main questions that the new Admiralty must consider, concerns the possibilities of opening the Baltic, and all other forms of amphibious aggression that are possible. It would be a fatal error and one most unlikely to be committed, for the impression to gain ground that the new *regime* regarded its main task to be purely defensive. And in this connection it is well to draw attention to a not very cheering symptom. A good many journals have administered cautionary warnings to Sir David Beatty not to gamble with the fleet. "Why," says one mentor, "should we be tempted into adventures which if they failed might imperil the mighty victory which the navy is silently winning? We win by waiting, the enemy loses by waiting. A false step at sea would be fatal to us, it would not be fatal to the enemy." Another reminds the new Commander-in-Chief that "dashing courage and determination must be associated with strategic insight and a measure of what may be called calculating caution." Do these writers really suppose that Sir David Beatty's mind is likely to be

improved by precepts of this sort? Do they really think that any person of sense accepts the Churchillian doctrine that Germany has everything to gain by defeating the Grand Fleet, and we nothing to gain by sinking the German fleet? Or that it is "the primary and dominant fact of the situation that from its bases in Scottish waters the British fleet delivers a continuous attack upon the vital necessities of the enemy; whereas the enemy, from his home bases, produces no corresponding effect upon us." If Lord Beresford's statement is true, that nearly 1,500 of the ships, available for the service of the Allies, have already been sunk by submarines, if the German statement is true that our shipping is vanishing from the sea at the rate of about 10,000 tons a day, surely a more flagrant conflict with the truth could hardly be set out. Now to force the enemy to an issue, whether by a sea fight or by an amphibious fight, must obviously involve risks, and the public must take it for certain that, if our naval policy is to get a new orientation, and a fresh vigour, and is to be marked by a new boldness and decision, no success can be won without certainly risking and probably incurring great losses. Cool-headed on-lookers see this clearly enough. It is gratifying to see in Tuesday's *Morning Post* a quotation from a New York paper in praise of Admiral Beatty's appointment. Its eulogy was based upon the fact that he had been rightly willing to sacrifice his ships at the critical moment in the Jutland battle, when, by doing so, it seemed that the sacrifice might secure the crushing defeat of the enemy. Let the public be assured that in this matter Whitehall and the men at sea must be, and will be, at one. If Sir David Beatty does not know his own business—when to take a risk, because only so can the desired result be gained, and when to avoid it because the risk is greater than the object justifies—then no one does. If Sir John Jellicoe cannot choose between policies in which success is possible, at a cost that is tolerable, and those in which failure is too likely, then we are in a bad way indeed. But neither one man nor the other needs instruction in these elements of war.

Sir John Jellicoe

So far I have dealt with these two momentous changes simply as they affect the command of the Grand Fleet and the policy under which it is directed. But the First Sea Lord will have many duties besides these, and indeed in some respects the Grand Fleet, its mission, its care and its supply will, if not the least of his burdens, still be far less burden to him than it was to any of his predecessors. For he knows its needs at first hand. He knows its conduct is in the best hands. And his own work, while in command, was so thoroughly done as to leave, as we have seen, his successor a lighter burden than he bore himself.

His own burden is one that none will envy.

He has with him in what he undertakes, not only the best wishes, but the confidence of his fellow countrymen to a quite extraordinary degree. That his task is the most difficult of the day is hardly disputable. Three distinguished seamen have preceded him in it—and no one of the three has succeeded. And its difficulties—except in the one respect—have not diminished. They have, on the contrary, increased enormously. Apart from questions affecting the main fleet, the naval problems of the day are vastly more complicated than they were. A good many writers in the Press, I observe, have invited us to put confidence in the new First Lord, *because of his long experience of Admiralty administration*. They remind us that he has been assistant to Sir John Fisher when he was Director of Naval Ordnance, assistant to him again when he was Controller and third Sea Lord; then that he was himself Director of Naval Ordnance and then Controller, and finally served as Second Sea Lord, and that he had two brief spells of sea command, one between his tenure of the post of D.N.O. and Controller, and the other between his two tenures of office on the Board. And, undoubtedly, a man who is master of official procedure and forms is less likely to waste time reading unnecessary papers, or to get tangled up in the intricacies of red tape, than one whose whole time has been spent at sea. But these, after all, are very negative advantages. A strong man, in time of war especially, would not long or often be hampered by

official rules or thwarted by departmental obstruction. Yet, except for this negative benefit, I see nothing in such an official record that is particularly encouraging.

Disillusions of War

My own faith in Sir John Jellicoe's success rests entirely upon the belief that two and a half hours of the realities of war must have made him *unlearn* the teachings of ten years' Admiralty experience. The man who took over the Grand Fleet in August, 1914, and lived through the time when he had no base that was proof against under-water attack, must know enough about peace time naval administration to make him proof against official shibboleths, and deaf to the importunities of self-constituted mentors—however long may be the inexperience of war on which their advice is founded. I gather that those who know Sir John Jellicoe best see salvation in the fact that, till now, when in office, he has never played any but a subordinate part, and that now he takes the principal place, after a grinding experience of responsibility, and, unparalleled opportunities for knowing the Navy's mind. It is this combination that invests his present tenure of the highest post open to a British seaman with such momentous consequence. He has a free choice of colleagues.

He has, while standing aside from the animosities and proscriptions to which they give rise; seen the evils of party divisions in the navy: and he can be trusted to found no party of his own. The Board, the war staff, the civil chief—all these have no doubt been—or will be—made to represent the service and the Government, and from them we have the right to expect a clear vision of the objects the navy should achieve.

Miracles Impossible

On two points we must be prepared. The actual changes in the naval command, coinciding as they do with impending changes in the Government, have taken place just when a large section of the public have been victims of a fit of nervous excitement. I believe it to be the steady opinion of the Navy that the changes made so far are all for the good, and could quite wisely have been made long ago. But we shall only prepare ourselves for a worse attack of nerves if we suppose that the new men can find instant solutions for our difficulties. We must still pay the penalty for the administrative blunders made in the early stages of the war. There is no way of converting the scores of useless monitors into three times their number of submarine-hunting destroyers. There is no way of turning any superfluous super battle cruisers into ten times their number of *Arcthusas*. The fallacies that prevailed in peace continued, in our building policy, long after war had been declared. It is certain, then, that Sir John Jellicoe cannot instantly create the material necessary for tackling the enemy submarines with effect. All he can do—and this no doubt he will do—is to reorganise the craft, the experience, and the energies already employed. To provide new material takes time, and submarine hunters are far from being the only form of provision that is necessary.

It is a vital affair, that merchant shipping should be replaced. Equally vital that the shipping we have should be more expeditiously used. This last is a matter which illustrates the necessity of unity of war purpose. It must be one of the Admiralty's first duties, under the new regime, to rid the War Office and Board of Trade of any illusions under which they may be suffering, as to the continuance of submarine depredations. And it is devoutly to be hoped that the new Admiralty will have the courage to allow the public to know the truth about these depredations. Nine-tenths of the present nervousness might, I believe, have been avoided, had the plain facts been communicated to the people as they occurred. For, unquestionably, we must prepare for drastic economies and to spring decisions of this kind on the world without warning, is not the way to ensure calm thinking, steady judgment, and an equable temper in the people.

Warning from History

The misfortune is that unless these elements are considered, it is the seamen themselves who will be made to

suffer. When, on the actual eve of the victory of Quiberon Bay, the news came to London that many days before Sir Edward Hawke had had to withdraw his fleet from the blockade of Admiral Conflans, "the alarm and terror of the populace," as Burrows tells us, "were such that, on the very day of victory, a mob was burning him in effigy as a traitor and coward for letting the French get out of Brest." "The burden of this responsibility," adds the historian, himself a seaman, "every officer entrusted with the decision of great issues expects to bear . . . And it may here be remarked that there is not a single case of a great naval officer, however passionately favoured by the people, having escaped at some perilous moment of his career the violent and often brutal denunciations of its lower ranks. . . . Nor should the conduct which is the effect of impulsive ignorance and terror be too much condemned. In the last resort a people's instinct tells them that they must make themselves felt; a free country cannot afford to choke such impulses; a really great administrator or warrior does not do his duty the worse for the feeling that he has a rope round his neck."

These may not be gracious, but I am not at all sure in view of the public temper, that they are not appropriate words with which to welcome the two distinguished seamen who have just taken up, the one the greatest responsibility, and the other the greatest burden of the war. May heaven speed them.

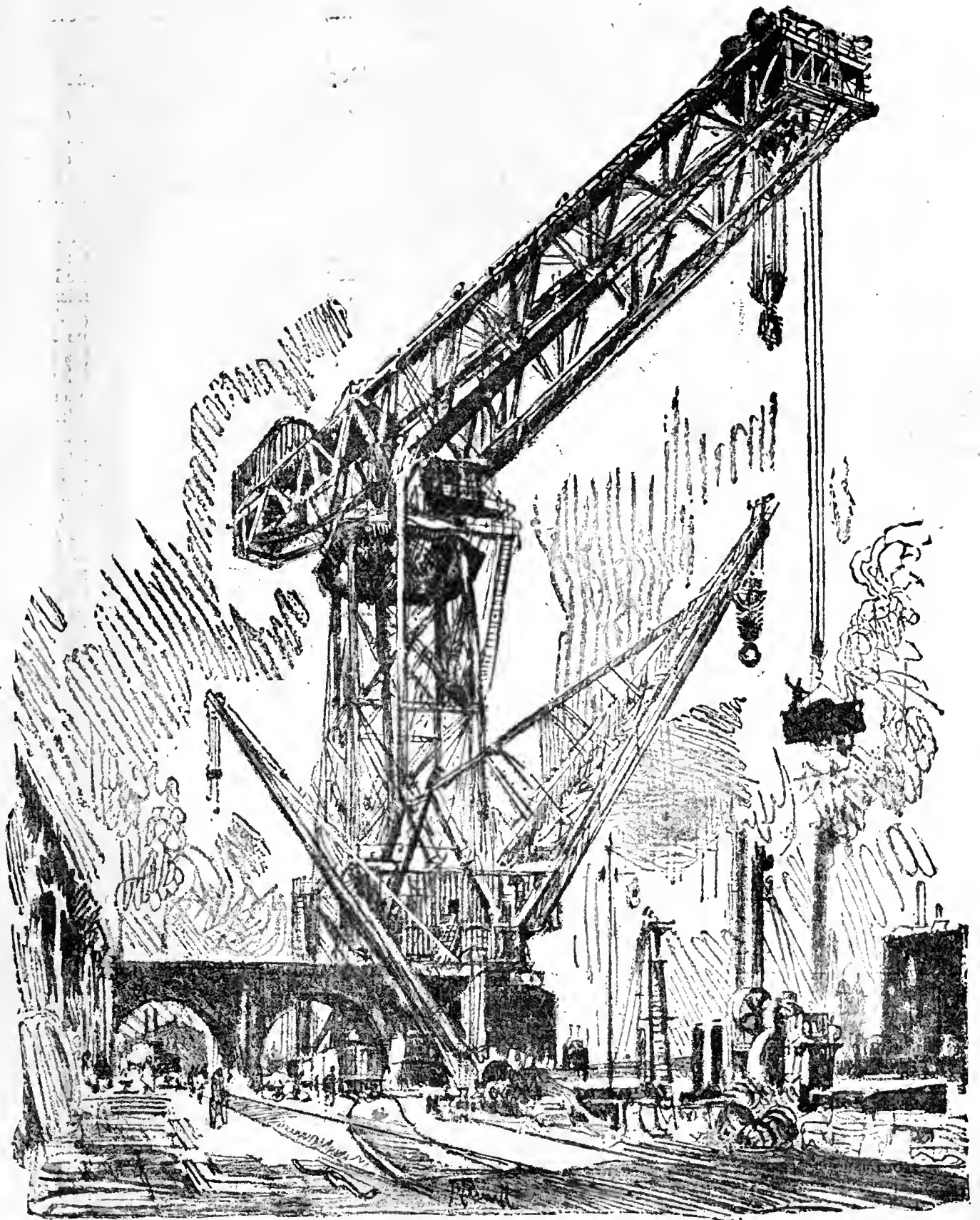
Postscript

I have just learned that Sir Cecil Burney and Captain Lionel Halsey succeed Sir Somerset Gough-Calthorp and Commodore Lambert as second and Fourth Sea Lords respectively. The Third Sea Lord, Rear-Admiral Tudor, remains for the present. Sir John Jellicoe has brought with him to the Board, then, his late second in command and his Captain of the Fleet. They are well known to be men of the highest ability and wide and diverse experience, and the selection is of excellent augury, if only because the First Sea Lord will have as colleagues men with whom he is already accustomed to work. There is, of course, a great difference between the relations of a Commander-in-Chief at sea, and a subordinate, and those that prevail between fellow members of the Board. In council all are equal. On the quarter deck there is no appeal from seniority. In practice this distinction may not really be very important. It is perhaps more significant that neither of the new Lords has ever served as an official at the Admiralty before. In this respect their selection indicates a welcome departure from peace traditions. Admiral Burney has had two years in the Grand Fleet after a varied and successful career. Commodore Halsey has taken part in all the North Sea engagements. It was his singular fortune to be on successive occasions in the flagship of the Admiral who succeeded Sir David Beatty in control of the operations which Sir David had begun. In the affair of the Dogger Bank Commodore Halsey was Sir Archibald Moore's Flag Captain, at Jutland Captain of the Fleet on board the *Iron Duke*.

No announcement has yet been made as to the changes in the commands afloat; and it is natural that there should be a very great curiosity on the subject. That they must be extensive is obvious. Sir David Beatty, even with the seniority given to him by the Order in Council of the 3rd August, 1914, is nearly a year junior to Sir Thomas Jerram and eight months junior to Sir Doveton Sturdee; and the Order in Council put him over the heads of eight of the Vice-Admirals now on the list. All difficulties of seniority can, of course, be overcome by a fresh Order in Council, and indeed it is certain that the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet should be given the rank of Admiral while he holds that post.

Nothing has been said about those who have ceased to be members of the Board. Both Sir Henry Jackson and Commodore Lambert have given long and faithful service to the Navy. If ever the history of naval administration in the last three years comes to be written their work may be seen in its true light and their services appreciated. The navy and the country owe them a heavy debt and both possess in a rare degree the respect, the confidence, and the affection of their brother officers.

ARTHUR POLLEN



The Great Crane

By Joseph Pennell

The Battle Round Bucharest

By Edmund Dane

Mr. Belloc is absent on the Continent this week, and Mr. Edmund Dane, the well known military correspondent has kindly contributed the following article

IN the communiqué issued from Berlin on Monday evening, and published in the papers here on Tuesday morning, a distinction was drawn between what is called the battle of the Arges, and the fighting to the south of Bucharest, and the claim was put forward that this battle had been won on the preceding day, Sunday, December 3rd.

The distinction thus drawn is fanciful. It represents one of those devices for imposing upon common opinion which for some time past have increasingly marked the enemy's official announcements.

Very little consideration is needed to dispose of this attempt to pick out one part of an action where on appearances a success has been scored, and treat it as independent.

The German plan for the attack directed against Bucharest was an advance along the railway from Pitechti, combined with an advance from the south-west and south. The necessity of this plan will be seen by a glance at the main roads and railways.

There is a great road from Pitechti to Bucharest running all the way roughly parallel with the railway. There are great roads from Islaz and from Zimnitza

the points at which to carry out a crossing of the Danube is now evident. Those movements allowed of a strong concentration at Alessandra preparatory to an advance upon Giurgevo, and the crossing was made at Zimnitza to begin with, because it compelled the evacuation of Islaz.

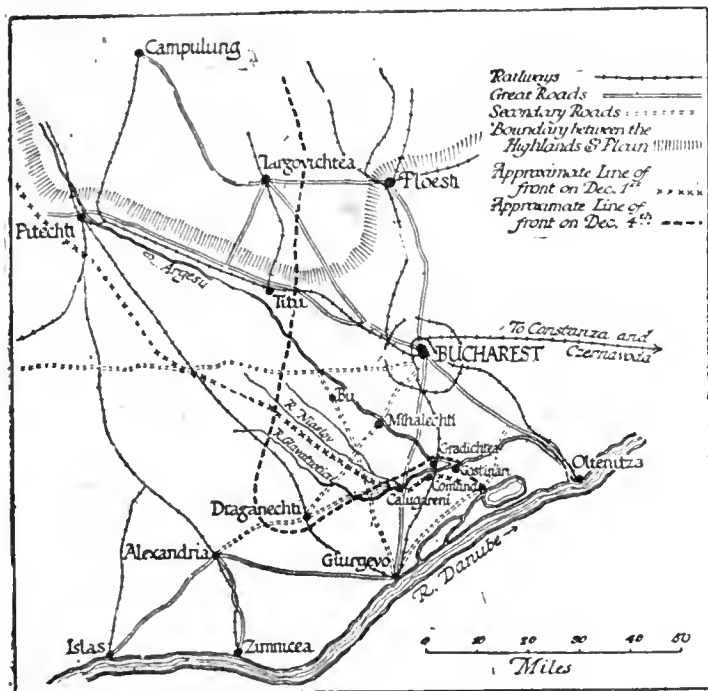
Dependent Enemy Movements

Two points should be noticed about this German plan. The first is that the movement from Pitechti and the movement from Giurgevo were dependent one on the other. Of the two that from Giurgevo was for the Roumanians the more serious. The second point is that an enemy landing at and advancing from Olenitza would have been more serious still. The Germans did not attempt it, and the most probable explanation is that at the time they had not the force. Without delay the Roumanians made the attempt impossible. This omission was a weak point in the enemy dispositions. An advance from Olenitza would have rendered defence of the route from Giurgevo very difficult.

We can now follow the operations from the time when the northern German column under the command of General von Delmensingen reached Pitechti.

Their capture of that place, an inconsiderable village at the foot of the hills, but of a certain importance as a junction of railways, involved the evacuation of Campolung. Like most other things in this particular campaign, the value of Pitechti has been exaggerated. The chief value to the enemy, an advantage undoubtedly substantial, was that it enabled him to strike the great route to Bucharest. Obviously the Roumanian troops who had fought so long and so heroically between Campolung and Dragoslavele, could not remain at the former place when the railway communication with it was immediately menaced. Near Pitechti the Roumanian 1st Army made a temporary stand. It was temporary only because its purpose was to enable the Campolung force to get out. And that was done. The Berlin bulletin which recorded the occupation of Campolung and announced at the same time that the pursuit was being energetically pressed, did not claim the capture of more than 1,200 men, and seven field pieces. These round figures, as regards prisoners, did not, we may depend upon it, err on the side of modesty. All they indicate is an action with a rearguard. How the main body of the Roumanians at Campolung got away together with most of their guns and baggage is plain enough. The road from Campolung through Targovitchea is a military road, and it had been kept open.

From Pitechti the Roumanians retired upon Titu and the action at Pitechti appears to have been fiercely contested. According to the Russian version of the matter the Roumanians withdrew only after repeated enemy attacks. Repeated attacks imply repeated repulses. The German version spoke of it as a decisive Roumanian defeat, but then the German version always takes that line. A glance at the map is enough to show that in view of the enemy movements to the south of Bucharest the position at Pitechti was far too advanced and that provided the troops from Campolung and those at Targovitchea were not abandoned, withdrawal was a course consistent with military prudence. As a fact, though it would seem with doubtful success, the Germans had tried to get on to the flank of the Pitechti force with their cavalry. They had at their disposal a very large mass of that arm, some seven and a half divisions altogether, partly it may be inferred for the purpose of collecting provisions, partly because they anticipated that their scheme would result in a rapid round up. But a relatively light line of troops in a country like that between Pitechti and Alessandra would suffice to head off these incursions. Decidedly the best course for the Roumanians was to fall back steadily upon the northern defences of Bucharest. That course was adopted. It was all the more advisable because of the counter-offensive that had been begun in the Prahova valley, as part of



meeting at Alessandra. From Alessandra the main route goes east to Giurgevo, and at that place strikes north, again roughly parallel with the railway.

Between these great routes from Pitechti to Bucharest on the north, and from Islaz through Alessandra and Giurgevo on the south, no road exists having any value for military purposes. Indeed, the only continuous road that does exist, an ordinary cross-country turnpike, is that from Bucharest to Slatina. The country besides is seamed with numerous streams, and most of the country roads run in the same direction from north-west to south-east. Except the Arges and its tributaries these streams are, in order to avoid complexity, not shown on the map. Both the absence of available roads together with the large number of watercourses would make the advance of any force across this stretch of country far from easy, and the advance of a large force next to impracticable. The movement of artillery, for example, and particularly of heavy artillery, would be out of the question. Relying very largely upon artillery the enemy attack was of necessity tied to the routes adapted to the transport of guns, and, what is of not less importance, to the transport of munitions.

The reason why Islaz and Zimnitza were selected as

the Russian movement upon which I shall touch presently.

Withdrawal from Titu involved the evacuation of Targovitchea. The main roads east of that place, however, and more particularly the important road to Ploesti are readily defensible. In the advance from Titu the enemy claimed the capture of further 8,000 prisoners, and a quantity of military material vaguely described as "immeasurable." The only item definitely stated was thirteen locomotives and certain other rolling stock. This unquestionably was a useful capture. It is very commonly assumed that when railways fall into the hands of the Germans they are seized as going concerns, lock, stock, and barrel. That very rarely happens. So far the seizures of rolling stock in Roumania have been limited. The chief present use of the railways to the enemy is as roads.

It was a much more decided advantage for Delmensingen to be joined by the German and Austrian troops under von Morgan who had marched down from Campolung. From Pitechti the German advance had been opposed only by the Roumanian rearguards.

Now we come to the more consequential feature of the enemy scheme—the advance upon Bucharest from the south. Upon the success or failure of this the whole plan manifestly turned. Any decisive check to the southern advance would leave the northern column in a perilous position, and the more perilous the nearer it had pushed towards the capital. From Giurgevo Mackensen's main force had meanwhile advanced as far as Comanes, which as will be seen by reference to the sketch is on the railway and the Niaslov a mile or two from the confluence of that watercourse with the Arges. The advance seems to have taken place along the railway with the main road simultaneously, and another part of the force occupied Calgurarini. Coincidentally a covering column advanced from Draganechti toward Mihalechti and a second covering column was thrown out along the road towards Lake Gretalor.

The prudence which, from the first intelligence of it had led the Roumanian command to conclude that the real danger lay in the threat from across the Danube, and not to hesitate in view of it to abandon Craiova, and to secure Olenitza, now made itself felt. The Russian reinforcements which had arrived—what they were we do not yet know, but they were probably appreciable—were thrown on to this left wing. The object of the thrust from the south was on the face of it to force the Roumanians to evacuate Bucharest, and this was also on the face of it the crucial phase of the battle. It began here on Friday last. On the news which came through on Sunday the enemy had met with a check. A counter-attack dislodged him from both Comanes and Gostinari. On the following day the Russians, attacking the column which had advanced to Mihalechti, defeated it, and drove it back. At Draganechti a stand appears to have been attempted by a division of Turks, but unsuccessfully. This was a significant success, because it threatened both to outflank the enemy's main column, and to cut one of his most essential communications. On Monday night's news from Petrograd the fighting was still going on between Bucharest and Alessandra, which would seem to imply that the wedge driven into the enemy front at that time still held.

Mackensen's position in face of a move that threatened to cut him off from the German forces to the north must have been grave. To get out of it he seems to have hit upon a bold expedient. Receiving reinforcements, probably from across the Danube at Rustchuk, and probably also the last of his available reserves, he renewed and pressed forward this original attack, retook Comanes, and pushing on as far as the Arges, captured Gradichtea. That village is on the south bank of the river at the point where the stream is crossed by the railway.

As it then stood it was a remarkable situation. Though such a method of illustration lies open to the objection that it really misrepresents the distribution of forces, and conveys the impression of a uniformity which rarely or never exists, in fact, the position is very roughly indicated on the sketch by the dotted line.

An advance of the Russians to Alessandra must plainly have brought about the total ruin of Mackensen's enterprise, for he would then have been cooped up

in a narrow strip of country along the Danube, and left dependent entirely on the outlet at Giurgevo. In the circumstances, finding himself in effect outflanked by the defeat of his left wing, he appears, after securing his right by the capture of Gradichtea, to have faced about to the north-west. This perhaps is the meaning of that statement that a body of Roumanians attacked him in the rear, but were themselves compelled to retire.

As to the latter part of that statement it is peculiar that it should have been made even if true. There have, however, been several peculiarities of that sort lately in the Petrograd communiqués. In one or two instances they could never have been sent out from any headquarters. The explanation may lie in the fact that these wireless messages have to pass across Europe.

This greatly reduces both the value and reliability of the news, and coupled with the notable intensification of enemy propaganda in every form, affords legitimate ground for suspicion.

So far, however, as the news available up to Tuesday enables us to go, the battle was at that time by no means decided either to the north-west of Bucharest or to the south of the city. The military advantage resulting from the advance of the northern enemy column remained uncertain. As compared to what it was on the preceding Friday, when his forces were deployed along the line of the Niaslov, the position of Mackensen had up to Monday not substantially improved. Further, in face of the disposition shown in some quarters in this country to take a Roumanian and Russian defeat for granted, it is as well also to remember that the mere circumstance of a great battle having been entered into indicates that in the opinion, at any rate of the Russian and Roumanian staffs, the issue was an open one. Had it not been Bucharest must have been evacuated without a battle. And it ought to be noted that the Roumanian and Russian dispositions and movements had been marked up to the time of writing by consistent soundness.

The Russo-Roumanian Offensive

Though on a great scale the Russo-Roumanian attack need only for the present be touched upon briefly. The enemy campaign in Roumania is governed by three imperative necessities. The first is food supplies and the collection of provisions; the second, the transport of munitions; the third, the making good of losses and wastage.

As regards the first it is pretty certain that the invading force has to live chiefly upon the country. The communications available do not for a moment permit the provisioning of such a force from bases in Central Europe and the moving of masses of munitions along the same routes at the same time. The limitation is at once a handicap and a risk.

As regards the second we have, at any rate for the time being, to suppose sufficiency, both of munitions and of the means of transport, presuming always that the lines are kept clear of provision traffic. But the draft upon the enemy's stocks of shell must be serious, and anxiety to make that draft good as soon as possible has unquestionably dictated the recent Compulsory Labour measure.

The third necessity is in all likelihood the gravest of the three.

The Russian counter-offensive through the passes of the Eastern Carpathians and the defiles from Moldavia does not affect the first necessity. It does, however, affect and very directly and very largely the other two. In face of this onset neither the munitions nor the men that might otherwise be sent into Roumania can be sent there. The concentration against Roumania in each of these respects is checked. So far as men are concerned, the tendency is to draw them from the most proximate theatres of hostilities, and the nearest theatres are Hungary and the Dobrudja. Neither can now be drawn upon except possibly to a very restricted extent. Whatever else may be questionable, the very heavy total of the enemy's losses in the Roumanian campaign is not, and unless those losses can be made good, and that rapidly, even the occupation of Bucharest can lead to nothing very definite. Concurrently the drain is lowering the enemy's vitality on other fronts.

The Sinews of War

By J. H. Morgan

THE army deals with two things: men and supplies; the Adjutant-General being concerned with the one, and the Q.M.G. preoccupied with the other. There are, of course, other branches: there is the R.E., which believes in justification by works, there is Ordnance, there is Operations, there is Intelligence. But men and what they shall eat and wherewithal they shall be clothed are, after all, the largest concern, and in the consideration of these problems the army has evolved an organisation which is the nearest approach to the ideal of the collectivist state that the political world has yet seen. It has, it is true, not yet appropriated the sphere of production in the same way as it has pegged out that of distribution; it is still dependent on the contractor, although, with the assistance of the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Munitions, it is getting hold of him, not by Wellington's method of hanging him *pour encourager les autres*, but by putting him in a strait waistcoat called the Defence of the Realm Act and the Excess Profits Tax, whereby his factories, land, stocks, and profits, are all laid under contribution. That, however, is not the immediate business of the army, although it is the outcome of its imperious necessities. The army in the field does indeed "produce"; the Director of Water Transport enters the sphere of production when he builds his reservoir and lays his miles of pipe-line on the Somme, as does the O.C. of a Rest Camp when he passes the empty tins of ration jam into his incinerator in order to transform them into a top dressing for his drainage scheme. And likewise when the sappers take ten thousand empty oil drums and, by packing them with the sand from the sand dunes, build an amphitheatre at a Base training camp for lectures to the drafts. And so, too when a section of a Pioneer battalion gets to work, as I have seen it getting to work in what was once the village of Longueval, to pick the bricks of the levelled houses out of the slime and pass them from hand to hand, like a game of rounders, in order to fill the lorries of the road repairers—then also the army turns producer. If, indeed, the conversion of waste products into new and surprising uses is "production," then the army has nothing to learn from "the business man," and a great deal to teach him. In its practice of economy it could give points to the French housewife who, as everyone knows, is the greatest of all economists.

Men

But to handle goods, to produce them, to distribute them, to put them to their best and most serviceable uses is, after all, a far less subtle thing than to make the most of men. And it is in its handling of men that the British Army has done its greatest. It has compiled the greatest biographical dictionary in the world. A distinguished officer has claimed for the War Office that if a Parliamentary question is asked about a soldier in the ranks, he can tell the questioner all about him in twelve hours. The claim was not unfounded; in this particular case the answer was forthcoming in four hours. From the moment a man has signed his attestation form, he is the subject of a continuous record of his physical peculiarities, his health, his conduct, his pay, his movements, and his whereabouts. His attestation form describes him, his military history sheet chronicles him, his medical history sheet diagnoses him, his conduct sheet testifies for or against him. If he is wounded, his case sheet will tell you the nature of his wounds and the state of his temperature; if he is "crimed," C.M. "proceedings" will inform you of the character of the offence and the circumstances which aggravate or mitigate it; if he is dead, then, with God's grace, the Graves Registry will tell you where he is buried. Every "corps"—using that word in its technical sense—has its records, at Woolwich or Lichfield or elsewhere as the case may be, and though the man be anywhere from France to Mesopotamia, "Records" can tell you in a few minutes where the man is. And once the scent is started, in a few hours

or days that man's army biography is open to you like a book. And this, be it remembered, is true, not of one man, but of many millions of men.

If the army does not waste goods, neither does it waste men. The whole object of the army organisation is to keep men "fit"—their kit, their training, their health, and their moral character are all equally the object of its solicitude. If a draft goes out to France, the first thing that happens to it is: it is put through its paces at a Base Training Camp. The O.C. and his instructors go round and study its "form"—in musketry, in bombing, in Lewis-gunning, in bayonet exercise—and award it marks. If the percentage of marks is high, it goes up to the front without delay; if they are low it stays till they are higher. Incidentally, the men learn a thing or two about gas. When it is ready to go, a kit inspection of every man's kit is made and the O.C. Details enters up the possession of some thirty-seven articles in every man's pay-book. The Medical Officer pays him the compliment of an intimate personal examination. Thereafter the Division takes him to its bosom as a hen gathers its chickens under its wings. The Divisional Commander, it is true, only thinks of him in terms of Operation or Divisional Routine Orders—he is merely a number. But to his company commander and sergeant-major he is not merely a number but a character from the day at home when the company orderly sergeant received the nominal roll of men to be warned for overseas draft—to the day when company orders were posted up on the Co. notice-board in billets, warning him and his fellows to be ready with packs and water-bottles for his first visit to the trenches.

And so from these days onwards the man is always under observation—but in no invidious sense. The word has gone forth that O.C.'s are to keep their eyes open for likely men for commissions, and if every soldier in the ranks does not carry a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack, he certainly may cherish hopes of a second-lieutenant's star. If it is all the other way, and he is more conspicuous by his faults than his virtues, that also does not pass unremarked. Anyone who is acquainted with the proceedings of a F.G.C.M., is familiar with the personal reports of a Company Commander or Battalion O.C., which often accompany the more formal conduct-sheet, when it comes to a question of considering the sentence to be awarded. And whether the sentence is suspended or put into execution, the man is from that moment the subject of a system of reformatory treatment which despairs of no one. Every three months his sentence comes under review; if it has been put into execution in a field-prison it may be suspended, if it has been suspended it may be remitted. Few people are aware that within the screen of the armies there is a Borstal system at work which has already produced surprising results.

This, however, is looking at the problem of the individual man, and it was worth while dwelling on it only to show that in this gigantic aggregation of men he is never lost sight of. But in the higher orders of the military hierarchy men are, of course, treated in terms of "strength returns." It is the business of the Adjutant-General and his A.A.G.'s to see that units are kept up to strength with the necessary drafts. It is a business which every day grows more complicated as infantry battalions become more composite; they have so many "specialists." Instead of the old normal complement of men with rifles and bayonets, there are now bombers and Lewis gunners in a certain ratio in each company, to say nothing of the machine gunners, the signallers, the tunnelling company, and the trench-mortar batteries attached to each battalion. These ratios (it is neither necessary nor advisable to say what they are), are more or less fixed and have to be maintained. The chief unit in the field is, of course, the Division, and not only are the infantry and artillery grouped accordingly, but also the field ambulances, the ammunition columns, and

the supply columns. And the ratios of these "divisional troops" relatively to each other and to the Division have also to be kept a more or less constant quantity. Drafts, reinforcements, casualties—these are the things that occupy the A.G.'s staff, night and day.

Concerning casualties much might be written. It took a long time for the courts of law to define what an "accident" is in the case of a workman, but no one has ever succeeded in exhausting the meaning of a casualty in the case of a soldier. If a soldier's wife has twins it is entered in the Pay Records as a "casualty"; if he gets convicted by a court martial, that also counts as a "casualty." This, perhaps, is not unreasonable as in both these cases the soldier always says it was his misfortune, not his fault. A wound is, of course, a casualty, but so is a bite from a transport mule or a fall from a motor-lorry. Perhaps it was by some such liberal interpretation of what constitutes a casualty that the ingenious Hun succeeded in satisfying himself that our casualties on the Somme were stupendous.

The A.G.'s branch also includes the A.P.M.'s and their military police. Among the A.P.M.'s are many smart officers from the Indian and Siamese police services. I know one who is the very image of Kipling's Strickland. The force is deservedly unpopular, which when you come to think of it, is as it should be.

Supplies

The saying that an army moves on its belly is as old as Napoleon. The German materialist has put it in his own sensual way by a metaphysical pun, "Man ist was er isst"—"man is what he eats." I should think it extremely probable that the German's heart is in his stomach. I remember a German officer telling me once that no man could make a good officer unless he periodically got drunk. That is German logic which always takes the form of a perversion of truth. The English soldier can and will fight on an empty stomach; he has often had to do it when isolated in a shell hole and cut off from ration-parties. But the A.S.C. always delivers the goods and the process of delivery from the day they are unloaded by the dockers' battalion at the Base, put on board the supply train, discharged from the unsealed trucks at railhead, carried up to the trenches by the supply columns, and handed over to the C.Q.M.S. at night to be distributed among the sections, is a triumph of efficiency. It involves an enormous use of stationery—way-bills, loading tables, indents—but the whole system is directed towards one aim, which is achieved, that not one pot of jam or one tin of bully-beef shall go unaccounted for.

The dockers' battalions, like the labour companies, are now a commonplace, but in the early days of voluntary service they required not a little tact. The A.S.C. solved the problem by making the stevedores and foremen into sergeants and corporals, and, of course, putting them and the men under military law. One of the men knocked a foreman down once; he did not do it twice. He learnt that what in the East End is a common assault, punishable with a fine of 40s., is a capital offence on active service, and he was lucky to get off with hard labour. But there was very little trouble. Some wise man gave a certain labour leader a commission in the A.S.C. and put him in charge of the battalion and all went well. Much might be written about the organisation of those fleets of land "tramps"—the supply columns of 72 motor-lorries whose strength nearly equals a company and who never go anywhere without a travelling workshop, and a crew of artificers, who with dynamo, lathe, and tools, and spare parts, can repair anything from a tyre to an engine. Many a time have they helped me and my car out of a hole.

The Q.M.G. can supply you with anything from a motor-lorry to a toothbrush, provided you give him a receipt for it. His are the greatest "Stores" in the British Empire; he is an outfitter, a provision-dealer, and a hardware retailer. He supplies the soldier with all his garments, but officers say that he does not cut trousers very well and most of them prefer to get their "slacks" in the West End. He is also a butcher and a baker. His bounty is supplemented by Requisitioning Officers whose Imprest Accounts remind one of the business-books of a hay and corn merchant. Motor Transport is a kind of side-show of the A.S.C.; it hoards

petrol as though it were the widow's cruse of oil, and if you want a car out of the "pool" for joy-riding, you cannot get it for love or money.

Works

But the most marvellous thing about the army, next to its faith, is its works. We have our own fire-brigades and fire-engines at the Base, our own trench-railways and rolling-stock at the Front. We build reservoirs, construct feed-tanks, and lay pipe lines. The pioneer battalions "site" trenches, build concrete emplacements, drive tunnels, and construct earthworks. Most of the men so employed are miners, and miners, as any company officer will tell you, make the best workers and the toughest fighters in the world. These things are generally ordered by the R.E., which can do anything from thinning a Normandy forest to laying a field-telephone. The R.E. has now a Forest service with experts in the art of forestry on its staff. Indents for fascines, poles, pit-props, scantlings, pickets and sleepers are prepared and a kind of balance-sheet of the supply and demand is worked out in the shape of a "Forest Return" like a temperature chart. The readings of that chart are like a record of operations. When there is a Push on the curve of demand rises; when there is a pause, it sinks. Each forest is carefully surveyed with a view either to clearing or "stripping" or thinning, according to the age, position, and character of the timber, and an estimate is worked out as to its prospective output per month. Then a felling and conversion column gets to work upon it and beech and oak are scientifically cut so that the "stool" may coppice and yield a new growth. The trees go to the saw-mill to be cut up into "defence timber" for dug-outs, trench-railways, and wire posts; the brushwood is woven into fascines.

The R.E. has, perhaps, carried specialisation of function further than any corps in the army. It has a chemical "corps" with laboratories presided by over an eminent physicist, assisted by a physiologist and a staff of trained chemists, and what they do not know about the lethal arts and the toxic sciences is hardly worth knowing. They have a museum of fuses, shells, bombs, which would delight the heart of a connoisseur, and are for ever seeking out new inventions. The chemists study the preparation of gases; the physiologists observe their pathological effects. Of course, they work hand in glove with the R.A.M.C., and, like a bacteriologist, they no sooner discover the bacillus of a gas (if I may be permitted such an outrageous metaphor), than they set to work to discover the anti-toxin. Periodically little buff-coloured manuals are turned out by the R.E. Printing Co., recording the results of these researches. Of the making of army books there is no end.

The R.A.M.C. co-operate with the R.E. in other directions. When we billet ourselves in a town an officer of the former goes out on patrol holding his nose. A few hours later he is joined by a fatigue-party, also holding their noses; they usually carry large quantities of chloride of lime and are accompanied by a tank like a vacuum cleaner. With this they rudely disturb the sanctities of private life until the Town-Major or the Camp Commandant is satisfied that the requirements of the Public Health Act have been complied with. The R.A.M.C., by the way, have a passion for post-graduate study. At one Base the O.C.'s of the Hospitals have formed a Medical Research Society and read papers on shell-shock, the treatment of wounds, and such things. And in the laboratories the bacteriologists wage a campaign of intimidating "Frightfulness" against microbes.

The R.E. are a mighty publishing firm. Their literature is admirable, but their cartography is *le dernier cri*. From the great staff maps which adorn the walls of every H.Q. office, down to the little oil-paper plan of his own particular parish which every company officer carries in his map-case, there is no limit to these surveys. In this kind of belles lettres a first edition is neither rare nor valuable; a map is useless unless it is brought up to date, and with every yard of ground gained a new map has to be brought out, the trench-lines corrected, and the new rectangles corrected to the nearest decimal. Thanks to our aviators and the French ordnance-maps the land beyond is no *terra incognita*, and the production of new maps keeps pace with the acquisition of new territory.

There are other things of which the less said the better.

The Evolution of the Gun

By H. W. R. T.

THE object of this article is to deal briefly with the evolution of rifles and guns—a subject closely interwoven with the history of mankind. From the earliest ages of man the science of projectile production has necessarily been a profound study. For how long man had to rely on his own unaided arm for propelling stones and on his teeth and nails for close quarter weapons no one can say. The earliest history shows that he soon realised that by lengthening the arm lever, projectiles could be hurled with greater force. Thus the sling was introduced. Seneca, the Stoic philosopher and tutor to Nero, records that lead missiles were used in his day (about 2,000 years ago) and that they were impelled through the air at such a great velocity that they actually melted. We know sufficient now to allow the assertion to be discredited, but projectiles were certainly discharged from slings with great accuracy and power, as David demonstrated when he slew Goliath. Slings were used as late as 1572 by the Huguenots at the siege of Saucerre, but then only to save their powder.

The antiquity of the bow may also be proved by reference to the Bible, wherein we learn that the overthrow

by those discharged by the mechanical edition. Crossbows of a magazine type are still used we believe in the interior provinces of China. Certainly some of these ingenious repeating arrow-shooting machines were used in the war between China and Japan twenty odd years ago.

The congregation of the ancient tribes in camps was naturally followed by the erection of walls and fortifications which eventually became of great strength. The problem of breaking through them led to the use by hostile hordes of battering rams, the great dimensions and weight of which few people comprehend. One of the rams of Vespasian, Emperor of Rome 70-79 A.D., was 90 feet long, and required the combined effort of 1,500 men to force it against the walls and a team of 300 pairs of horses to draw it.

The huge catapults, ballista and other machines of a similar category used at the same time for bombarding besieged camps were no doubt inspired by the bow. The catapult had various forms and would throw stones weighing 60 lbs. a distance of 450 yards. The ballista was really a great cross bow which shot beams of wood, heavy arrows, javelins and stones. (Cross bowmen were called "ballistrarii.") Catapults are not even yet out of date, for adaptations have been made for use in the present war for throwing grenades and other bombs. The files of patents taken out during the past two years prove that the minds of several people have been traversing the region of invention exploited by the ancients 800 years B.C.—for it is written "Uzziah made in Jerusalem engines invented by cunning men to be on towers and upon bulwarks, to shoot arrows and great stones withal." The late Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey was a great authority on these ancient weapons. He tried to reproduce them, but failed to achieve the expected results. The illustration here given of the capture of an ancient fortress is from Polybius, 1727, but is taken from Sir Ralph's book, *Projectile Throwing Engines of the Ancients* (Longman Green and Co.). The author remarks that "not only were ponderous balls of stone and heavy bolts projected into a town and against its walls and their defenders, but with a view to causing pestilence, it was the custom to throw in dead horses, and even the bodies of soldiers who had been killed in sorties and raids. Varillas (French historian 1624-1696) writes that "at his ineffectual siege of Carolstein in 1422 Coribut caused the bodies of his soldiers whom the besiegers had killed to be thrown into the town in addition to 2,000 cartloads of manure." Henry III. used a trebuchet—an engine in which a very heavy weight took the place of the twisted cordage of the catapult and ballista—for discharging stones 16 inches in diameter into Kenilworth Castle during the war of the Barons which ended in 1265.

These elementary weapons had eventually to make way for artillery and small-arms, the introduction of which—at any rate in Europe—followed the discovery of gunpowder by the English friar Roger Bacon. Gunpowder was known in the East many centuries before this discovery, but to Bacon must be ascribed the merit of bringing about an association between gunpowder and projectile propulsion. The German monk Schwartz is credited in some quarters with the discovery in 1320, but undoubtedly Bacon was in the field many years before, for the latter had set out his secret in cypher in his book, *De Secretis*, published about 1245.

Firearms of diverse types seem to have been used in the East for many years prior to Bacon's discovery, but cannon were invented—according to the deductions of Lt.-Col. Hime (*The Origin of Artillery*—Longmans) in 1313 by a German monk. Flanders became the centre of the gun trade, and principally in and around Liège remained one of the greatest centres (latterly of small-arms production) until the Germans swept over the country in 1914. Cannon, no doubt purchased from Flanders, were used in England soon afterwards. The great victory of the English at Cressy in 1346 was due in part to four or five cannon, which were used by Edward III., but our archers also did tremendous execution in that historic

(Continued on page 36)



The Capture of a Fortress

A fortification on being entered by the besiegers, who have made a breach in the outside wall with a battering-ram. A catapult is in the left corner of the picture, and four men are taking a ballista up the approach to the gateway. Note the huge towers of war

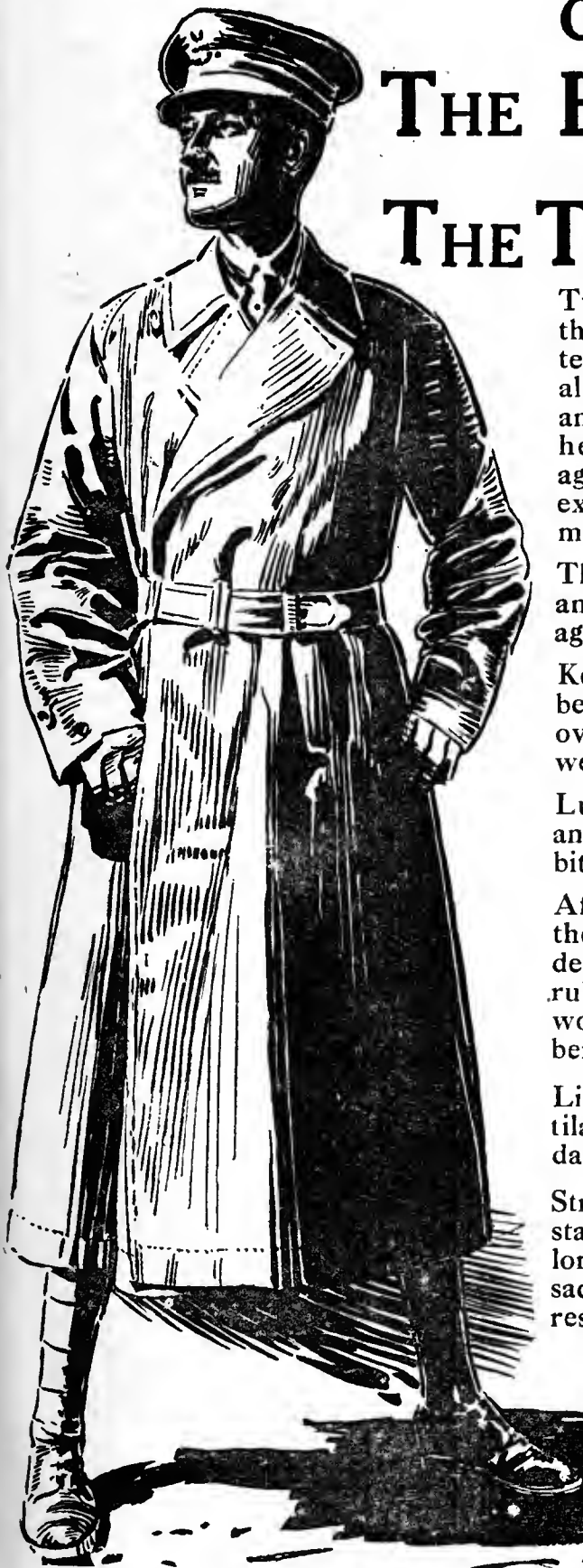
of Saul was due to Philistine archers. It was used in various forms for many generations and was apparently introduced into England by the Normans at the battle of Hastings. The long bow, with which the English subsequently greatly excelled, was a development of the old Saxon bow, and was preferred by our archers even to the mechanical device called the crossbow—a short bow sometimes made of steel arranged crosswise on a stock, bent by a lever and released by a trigger. Archery became the national pastime of England, and the remarkable skill acquired by our men won many notable victories for England from the time of the introduction of the bow to the days of Queen Elizabeth—a period covering several centuries. The use of the crossbow, notwithstanding its greater accuracy, was actually forbidden by law for a time. The long bow could no doubt be used with greater facility, and we know that arrows could be propelled by it a greater distance than could be reached

DEPENDABLE WEATHERPROOFS

For Winter
Campaigning

THE BURBERRY and THE TIELOCKEN

*Every
Burberry
Garment
is labelled
'Burberrys.'*



THE TIELOCKEN

Two reliable Overcoats that ensure staunch protection in the face of all weather emergencies, and effectually safeguard health and comfort against the hardships and exposure of the winter months.

They provide a light and healthful defence against rain, sleet or snow.

Keep out searching wind better than any other overcoats of treble their weight.

Luxuriously warming and comfortable in the bitterest weather.

Afford security without the aid of any heat-condensing agent—such as rubber or oiled-silk—that would make them cumbersome and enervating.

Lightweight and self-ventilating, are worn on mild days without discomfort.

Strong and durable, withstand rough wear and long service without sacrifice of their weather-resisting powers.

Illustrated
Naval or
Military
Catalogues
Post Free



THE BURBERRY

This workmanlike model doubly covers every vulnerable part of the body, providing, from chin to knees, light, comfortable and effectual protection against bad weather. Quickly adjusted—no buttons to fasten or lose.

NAVAL AND MILITARY WEATHERPROOFS.

During the War BURBERRYS CLEAN AND RE-PROOF Officers' "Burberrys," Tie Lockens, Burfrons, and Burberry Trench-Warms **FREE OF CHARGE**

MOUFFLON

The fleece of the Corsican mountain sheep, famed for its warmth-giving, lightweight properties. Very handsome, and the one perfect pelt for Military use.

TRENCH-WARM AND BRITISH-WARM COATS Lined Moufflon Fleece.

Burberrys hold an immense stock of Fur Coats for Motoring, Aviation, Military and Civilian use. Furs of all descriptions. Best qualities and picked skins.

Its reputation for healthful efficiency is so high that tens of thousands of Officers wear it in preference to all other weatherproofs, because they know that "The Burberry ensures comfort and security in every kind of weather."

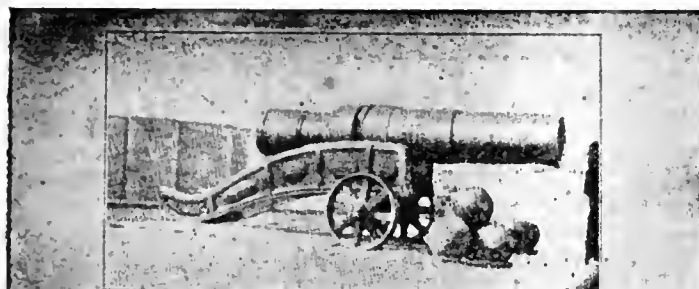
**Complete Naval or Military Kits
in 2 to 4 Days or Ready for Use**

BURBERRYS

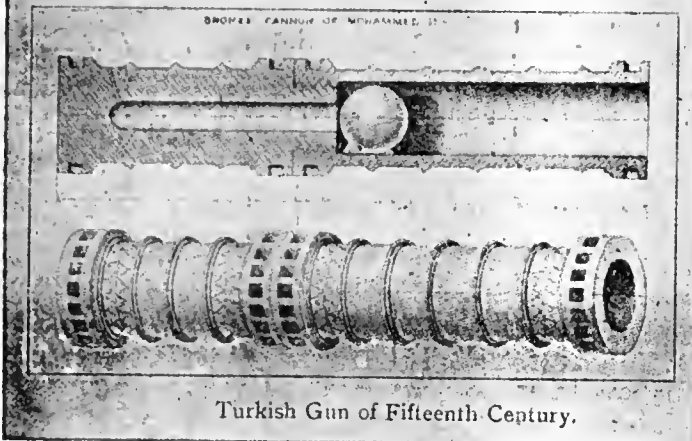
Haymarket S.W. LONDON
Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents

(Continued from page 34)

event. Artillery—originally *arcualia* from *arcus*, a bow—was soon in general use, and curiously enough very early in its development we find breech-loading introduced. There is still preserved, in London, a breech-loading gun recovered from a man-of-war called the *Mary Rose*, which was sunk off Spithead in 1545, by the weight of her own armament. The crew of 600 men perished. The gun was 8½ inches in diameter, 8½ feet long, and consisted of an iron cylinder with an overlap throughout its length. Iron rings three inches square, which were apparently driven on whilst hot, bound the tube securely at intervals. It was bolted to its heavy wooden bed, and the breech



Mons Meg, Scottish Gun of Fifteenth Century.



Turkish Gun of Fifteenth Century.

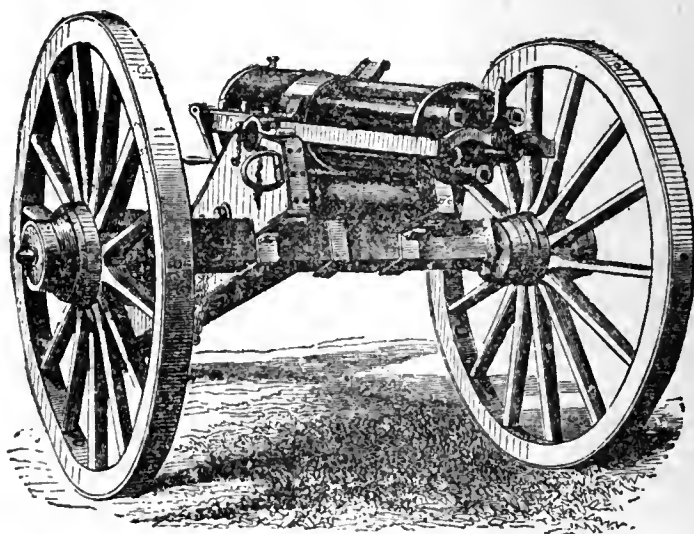
was kept in place by a block of elm. The famous Mons Meg, a wrought-iron muzzle-loading cannon, now in Edinburgh Castle, and until lately shot daily, was fashioned in the fifteenth century, and was used in the bombardment of Dumbarton Castle in 1489. It has a bore of 30 inches and fired a granite ball 330 lbs. in weight. Another remarkable cannon is described by Gibbon in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It belonged to the Turks and was used in the siege of Constantinople in 1543. It was made of brass, fired a 600 lb. stone projectile, and it occupied thirty wagons in transit, these being drawn by 60 oxen. To smooth the way and strengthen the bridges 250 men were necessary, whilst 200 others steadied it on the wagons. Two months were occupied in transporting it 150 miles, and with its end buried in the ground its rate of fire was seven shots a day! Illustrations of these two guns are reproduced from *The Engineering of Ordnance* by the courtesy of the author, Sir Arthur Trevor Dawson, the eminent artillery authority.

Gradually artillery was improved, it was made lighter and more mobile for use in the field, its power was increased and regularly constructed organisations were created to handle it in war in the most effective manner. Notwithstanding the early use of breech-loading, the muzzle loading smooth-bore system prevailed until the last half of the nineteenth century. Between the highly-developed automatic breech-loading rifled guns of to-day shooting elongated projectiles (sometimes weighing as much as a ton) and the old system which existed for over 500 years, roughly 50 years only have elapsed. Black powder has given way to smokeless propellants invented by Alfred Nobel, and high explosive bursting charges have come into use in combination with the most accurate time and percussion fuses, all within this comparatively limited space of time. The old mortars used for high angle indirect fire have gradually taken the form of the howitzer as we know it to-day. Muzzle-loading mortars have not, however, become quite obsolete, for they are used quite extensively in the trenches in France for

throwing bombs—great and small. Rate of fire, accuracy and range have been enormously improved, but the *ultima thule* has not even yet been reached.

In 1742 the celebrated English philosopher Robins—the father of scientific gunnery—produced his work called *New Principles of Gunnery*. In this he disproved Galileo's theory of parabolic trajectory, and he foretold the advantages that were to be derived by the nation that first adopted an elongated projectile spun on its longer axis by rifling in the barrel. Not until the best part of a century after was effect given to this remarkable advice. On all fours is the neglect of another famous Englishman's discovery. About 1850 General John Jacobs found by experiment that by sharpening the nose of a bullet its "air boring" capacity was increased and its trajectory flattened. The information was open to the world, but not until the end of the last century was advantage taken of it. Then the Germans introduced the "Spitzer" bullet, of a shape which has only quite recently been given to our own bullet. The French quickly followed the Germans. Their bullet has a sharp "Spitzer" like nose, and is besides partly pointed at the base, so that as a whole it takes the shape of a boat. The taper base is supposed to give an added advantage in flight by reducing "air sucking," but that remains yet to be proved.

The machine gun—no doubt the most important arm used in the present war—is of comparatively recent origin. There are records of early revolving ordnance, but a type of machine gun—called a *requa* battery or organ gun—seems first to have been employed at the siege of Charlestown in 1863. It had 25 barrels, arranged horizontally. The French invented the "mitrailleuse" and employed it very successfully in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. Like the British Gatling gun illustrated, it was worked by hand. Maxim's great invention of 1883 employs the gases of combustion to work the breech. This well-known "automatic" gun has been adopted by practically every civilized nation, and is used by the Germans in the present war. The French have their own Hotchkiss and we have, besides the Maxim, the light Lewis gun, which has made history faster perhaps than any other gun has ever done. The Maxim is a "recoil" gun worked by the backward thrust of the gases against the base of the cartridge, and is water-cooled. The Lewis is the invention of an American ordnance officer. It weighs only 26 lb., and can be used, therefore, in attack as well as in defence. The Germans—always expert cribbers and adapters of the work of foreign inventors—



Gatling Battery Gun

One of the earliest British machine guns

have quickly grasped its advantages if the recent report be true that they are now using machine guns of about the same weight.

Small-arms commenced their career in the form of hand cannons or small bombards about 1400. They first consisted of a vented tube simply fixed to a straight piece of wood. The charge was fired with a match. Wilkinson, in his book *Engines of War*, says "Small fire-arms appear to have been introduced into the English army in 1471. When Edward the Fourth, landing at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, brought with him, among other forces, 300

(Continued on page 39)

The Truth about Apollinaris

Apollinaris & Johannis, Ltd., is, and always has been, a British Company with 4,500 British Shareholders, who have invested over £3,000,000 in the Company and who hold 97% of the total capital.

At the commencement of the War, the German Government, in view of the British interest in Apollinaris, placed Supervisors in control of the Spring in the same way as the British Government has appointed Supervisors in control of some concerns in this country where German interests are paramount.

In 1872, a British Company, recognising that the waters of the Apollinaris Spring were greatly superior to those of any other known mineral spring, successfully secured for British interests the world-wide distribution of this famous table water.

Since its foundation 43 years ago, the business has been carried on under a Board of Directors consisting entirely of British subjects.

Apollinaris

SMITH'S ALLIES WATCH
LUMINOUS



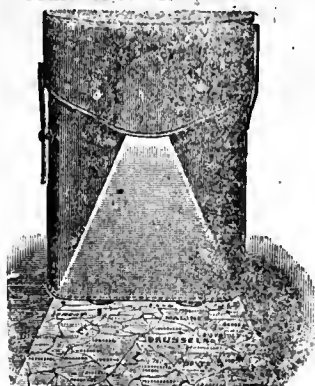
ACTUAL SIZE

FRONT ABSOLUTELY UNBREAKABLE.

SCREW IN SILVER CASE. **£3.3.0**

EVERY WATCH WARRANTED.

SMITH'S ELECTRIC READING LAMP.



Size of Lamp, 5½ x 3½ x 1½ inches.

MOUNTING CUSTOMERS' WAR TROPHIES A SPECIALITY.



Fuse Mounted as Letter Weight on Ebony Stand with Silver Plate for Engraving; size, 5½ in. high, 5 in. diameter, £1 6s. 0d.

Liquid Night Marching and Field Sketching COMPASS

(Patent applied for).

Is an IMPROVEMENT on all Prismatic Compasses.

Its chief points are:

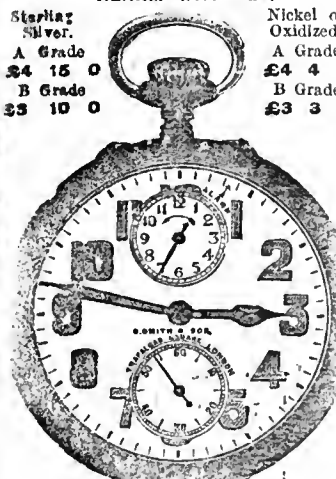
- (1) The dial and object can be observed at one and the same time.
- (2) The dial comes to rest in a few seconds giving a decisive reading.
- (3) New bearings can be set in the dark.
- (4) Back angles easily found.
- (5) The divided ring (E) gives a full circle of divisions. Having no interruptions.
- (6) The illumination is permanent. Further particulars on application.

Price, complete, in leather sling case, **£3 15s.**

(Full details will be sent with each Compass, with explanation of the figures A to G.)

LATEST SPECIALITY IN ALARM WATCHES.

Sterling Silver.	Nickel or Oxidized.
A Grade	A Grade
£4 15 0	£4 4 0
B Grade	B Grade
£3 10 0	£3 3 0



LUMINOUS DIAL—PERFECT TIMEKEEPERS
Further particulars, on application.

The Lamp for map and despatch reading. The push-piece can be operated on without opening the case, and the case can be detached without unbuckling the belt. Full Directions sent with each Lamp.

Price **20/-** Or including one extra bulb in lid, 21/-
Inland Postage, 6d. extra. Foreign, 1/- extra
Extra batteries ... 1/6 each
Hermetically sealed in Tin box.
Extra bulbs ... 1/- each

Badge Brooches

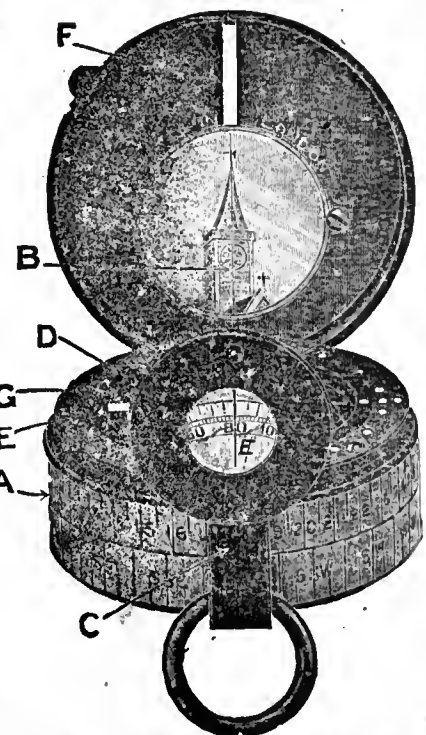


Enamel and Gold ... £2 2 1
Smaller size, all Gold ... 15 1

Any regiment same price.
ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.



NEW IDENTIFICATION DISC FOR WRIST
In Sterling Silver 10/6. Engraving, 2/6.
Space for Name and Address on back if desired. Actual size.
Disc with chain for Neck same price.



S. SMITH & SON, Ltd. Estd. 1851

6 Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C. And 68 Piccadilly, W.

By Appointment to H.M.
the late King Edward VII.



Watch and Chronometer
Makers to the Admiralty.
Holders of 5 Royal Warrants.



A Critical Survey

By
H. Dennis Bradley

ADVERTISING is to-day the godmother to progress. It represents one of the essential factors to commercial success, yet it is still in its infancy.

The artistic and literary development of advertising during the last decade has been considerable, and even the ruthless retarder War, altering values, changing perspectives, and reducing to insignificance all things not appertaining to it, has not succeeded in nullifying its force.

From the undistinguished mediocrity of the Victorian era, with its obvious and elementary methods, advertising has evolved to its present form, in which it now incorporates the arts. Old-fashioned prejudice, fostered by unscrupulous publicity-mongers, has been broken down by modern cleanliness, and the nineteenth century shibboleth that the very best firms should never advertise, exists no longer.

To achieve really successful results, advertising, in its highest form, must possess dignity, psychology, argument, atmosphere, and sincerity. Exaggerations and specious statements are useless in addressing a public of intelligence and discrimination, and advertisements based on an artificial foundation quickly evaporate to the oblivion from which they spring.

A Criticism Criticised from an international standard, British advertising is superior in tone and more any other country. America is convincing in effect than that of the only serious competitor, but whilst considerably more dollars are spent by American advertisers, they are in general inclined to be blatant in argument and crude in literary style. The efforts of Germany are clumsy and unimaginative, conveying only an impression of grossness in keeping with their manners and their appetites. French advertising is indifferent at present, only because it is undeveloped. When the subject is seriously studied by them, they will probably evolve the best in the world.

In giving British advertising pride of place I do so on average. Much of the commercial advertising is good and more is moderate. Particularly uneven was the Government recruiting and economy advertising. In parts one could trace the practised hand and the logical mind, but on the whole there was little cohesion, with the result that there were many glaring examples which were very bad. The statement made in certain newspapers that the recruiting advertising was responsible for raising a huge voluntary army, must be entirely refuted. The British voluntary army was created solely by the patriotic spirit of the nation, and this wonderful spirit was in no way influenced by a form of advertising which in some instances consisted merely of cheap gibes. The economy advertising was simply wasted time, effort, and money, not wasted brains, for none were exhibited. In the history of Press and publicity advertising, never has so much money been spent (our money, unfortunately) with such little result. The arguments advanced were not only illogical but fatuous. They were received by all intelligent people with the derision they invited, and even our Cabinet Ministers' wives neglected to follow their doctrines. Of necessity the masses cannot be extravagant, and who dare term the classes so, when they are paying the State 5s. and upwards out of every £1 of their income? Having done this, extravagance becomes no longer a vice, but an art.

Governmental Advertising Governmental advertising is, however, hardly a fair criterion, as it is only human nature to be prodigal in spending other people's money. As an illustration of the relation of judicious advertising to commercial success,

let me instance the progress of Pope and Bradley. This I do, in no spirit of egoism, but in a cold statement of facts. In thirteen years from foundation, the House of Pope and Bradley has achieved its present position. The turnover of the House is now in a week what it was then in a year, and the clientèle is far larger than any other firm of its kind in the West End. Even since 1913, when the rapid progress was supposed by many to have reached its zenith, the turnover has been considerably more than doubled. These results, which may be claimed without exaggeration to be phenomenal, could never have been obtained without the aid of advertising, but none the less could they have been obtained without a perfect system of business organisation and a perfect system of production. The best advertising in the world would produce only ephemeral results, unless the articles offered were of an equivalent standard to the character of the advertisement.

In artistic businesses it is possible to judge to a degree the style of each business by the style of its advertisements.

I believe that the refined atmosphere of a House can be clearly indicated by the atmosphere of its advertising, just as the blatant advertisement indicates the vulgar production.

It is, perhaps, because I write so many advertisements, that the art side interests me the more. To see one's ideas expressed by such artists as Barribal, Caffyn, Will Houghton (killed now, poor fellow), and "Rilette," is a very great joy. I have deliberately during the last year used with my somewhat severe writing, illustrations of light and delicate character. This I have done by way of strong contrast, and the effect may be estimated by the fact that I have received several thousand letters of appreciation from officers at the front.



"The Question on Arms"

From the painting by "Rilette" to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley.

Taxing Progress

Government is considering the advisability of taxing advertisements. Such a tax would be prejudicial to national interests, and would deliberately place progress and enterprise at a discount. It would be equally logical to tax morality and religion. Industry requires no further handicaps, it demands encouragement. British commerce is contributing hugely towards financing the war. It represents the "silver bullets" which Mr. Lloyd George so glibly said would win the war. Let commerce therefore receive the consideration and respect which is its due.

Industry to-day is being conducted under colossal difficulties. Its work is of vital importance to the Empire, and it has survived marvellously, yet there is at the moment an anomalous tendency exhibited by a certain section of the Press to adulate German methods.

And now a word on war profiteering. The business which I control, with illimitable opportunities of which it could have taken advantage, has traded throughout the war, on a considerably lower percentage of profit, than that obtained in peace time. Only by adaptability to existing conditions has it continued to progress, and had peace continued this progress would have been infinitely greater.

Altruism is not entirely responsible for the principles of my House, since it possesses a wholesome regard for future prestige, and after peace is declared I anticipate a wonderful era of international commercial prosperity, in which Britain will maintain and increase the supremacy she has always held.

(Continued from page 36)

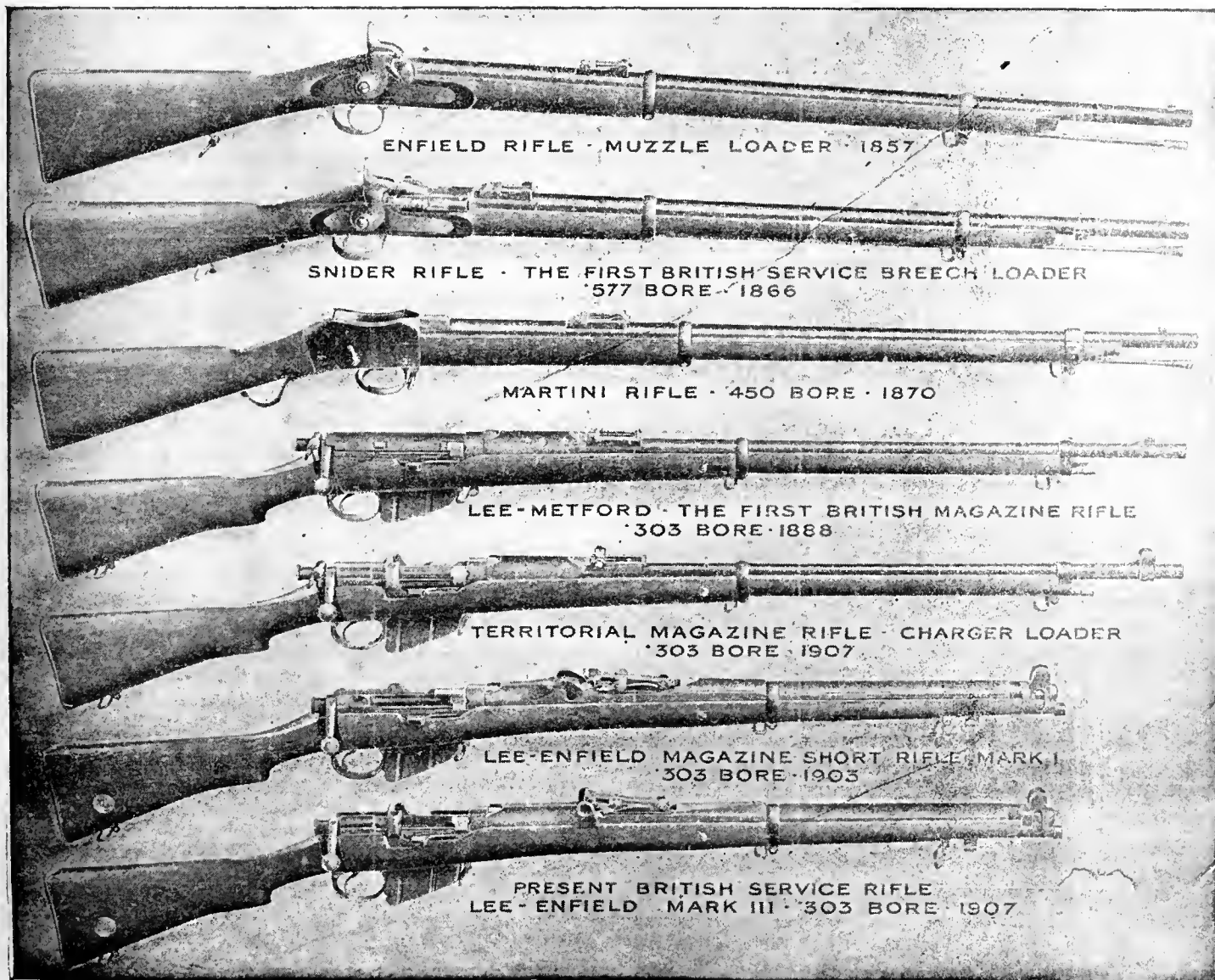
Flemings armed with hand-guns. This is fifty years before the date usually assigned for their introduction, Mr. Anderson and other writers placing that event at the siege of Berwick in 1521, soon after which they were generally adopted in England."

The matchlock in which a "serpentin" or cock forming part of the trigger was employed to hold the match was introduced towards the end of the 15th century. It was followed by a new type with mechanical lockwork called the wheel lock which was first known in England in the time of Henry VIII. On pulling the trigger a wheel spun round in contact with pyrites, so producing a stream of sparks close to the touch hole. Flint-locks followed and these were first introduced into our army in the 17th century. The old "Brown Bess" was adopted generally about 1700, and was the British service pattern in various forms for 150 years. The Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns were fought and won with it. Hand cannon, matchlocks, and even flint-locks at first, were very unwieldy and entailed the carriage on the person of the soldier of a quantity of accessories. The simple bow could be used with much greater ease, and it was consequently not finally discarded until many years after small arms were introduced.

The flint-lock persisted in use until the advent of another great British invention in 1807—that of the application of fulminates—sensitive and violent high explosive compounds—to the ignition of propelling charges by the Scottish clergyman Alexander Forsyth. Many methods of conveying the flash of the fulminate to the charge were at first in vogue, but they were finally centred in the copper percussion cap—a device that we find in the base of central fire cartridges of the present day. The percussion system was first used in the British Army in connection with the muzzle-loading Brunswick rifle in 1836. The value of rifling, long debated, had already been admitted, for the Baker rifle had been served out to a few regiments in 1800; but it was not until breech loading was introduced with the Snider pattern .577

bore rifle that its advantages were fully felt. The Snider was the reply to the Prussian *Zundnadelgewehr* or needle gun which was used first in 1863 in the Danish war and later with extraordinary effect in the war against Austria in 1866. The French were fortunately prepared in this respect for the war of 1870, having already served out and become familiar with their breech-loading Chassepot. Both German and French rifles had breech actions of the bolt type, whereas the Snider, adapted from the older muzzle loader, had a breech block which swung over to the side on a hinge. The present-day German Mauser is a development of the old needle gun. The Austrians use a "straight pull" bolt action. In 1877 the Martini single loading rifle was served out, and it had the smaller .450 bore. Accuracy of fire was much improved, but this otherwise excellent weapon had eventually to be dropped because it could not be adapted for magazine loading. A Martini pattern *automatic* rifle has since been invented by the French. The Lee-Metford magazine rifle made its first appearance in the hands of some of the troops in 1894, and in the present shortened Lee Enfield form we discover that the British have the best rifle in use in the present war. Its action may be a trifle weak, but it is the most rapid in the world and its accuracy attains to the highest standard.

Many other weapons have been used in the wars recorded in history. With the dagger, the sword and bayonet this article is not concerned, though each has played a prominent part in the settlement of many bloody combats. Grenades, stink pots, Greek fire and other explosive and incendiary devices have from time immemorial been employed in warfare. The destruction of the enemy is, the object of all war, and he who uses the most effective killing machines and material must *ceteris paribus* be the victor. Regrettable as the departure of chivalry may be from the conduct of war, we must be content to live with it in history and to bend our efforts now to the establishment of every conceivable means whereby the brutal enemy we are fighting may be crushed.



British Service Rifles from muzzle-loader to present-day magazine-loading small bore rifle

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

OF all living poets, William Watson stands most surely in the central stream of national achievement. He has never been content with slipshod expression or mistaken fervency for inspiration. Here, as one would expect, his interesting essay in literary criticism, *Pencraft* (John Lane, 3s. 6d.), is "A Plea for the Older Ways," a plea for the normal, for the perfect expression as well as the impassioned thought. His confession of literary faith may be given in his own words, in which he argues against Browning's "less is more" doctrine as applied to art. "Art is not morals, in which the will may sometimes count for more than the deed, and the widow's mite may overtop the rich man's munificence; nor is it a relapsing in which even faith without works may perhaps be allowed some measure of spiritual efficiency." Works impassioned by faith, irradiated by truth, but above all, consummated by power, are its only stepping stones to salvation."

* * * * *

"The man who never broke his word." In these words J. M. Barrie introduces his friend and "producer" in the Appreciation which he contributes to *Charles Frohman: Manager and Man*, by Isaac F. Maccosson and Daniel Frohman (John Lane, 12s. 6d. net). He might equally well have called him in a phrase which he and, as we gather from this book, Frohman between them have made familiar in every home in England and the United States, "the boy who would not grow up." For it is as a great lovable boy with an overmastering passion for the stage that Charles Frohman appeals to us throughout this astonishing and fascinating chronicle of his theatrical enterprises. His love of sweet things, his joy of spending, the naïveté of his tastes and ambitions, his fondness for a practical joke, his shyness and his simplicity, all tell the same tale. At the end, when this "hyphenated" American, who loved England, was smilingly awaiting the death to which his German cousins sent him on the *Lusitania*, his sense of kinship with Peter Pan evidently inspired his last words: "Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure of life."

* * * * *

There is, I think, in one of the *Roundabout Papers*, a passage in which Thackeray describes his fondness for "The Play," and expresses indignation with the lack of understanding which anyone would show who should ask: "What play?" Frohman, with all his knowledge of its more sordid aspects and with the kind of intimacy that is supposed to prevent a valet from regarding his master as a hero, ever seemed to be inspired in a sublimated fashion with this romantic spirit of the stage. There are many people who have a sufficient share of this feeling to enjoy a visit to a theatre for its own sake, quite apart from what they are likely to see there, and to all who thus love "The Play," this intimate account of the English and American stage for the last twenty years or so will have a strong appeal. It may come as a shock to some English playgoers to know that rôles which they associate particularly with English actors and actresses are in other peoples' eyes more properly associated with American performers. First impressions count for so much on the stage. But, persons apart, the book is so full of theatrical adventure, theatrical lore and theatrical anecdote that it cannot fail to be a delight to those who are or who have been stage-struck. They will make the engaging acquaintanceship of Charles Frohman, the least advertised of the great advertisers of the age.

* * * * *

Dr. W. Boyd Carpenter's *Further Pages of my Life* (Williams and Morgate, 10s. 6d.), is a miscellany of experiences, chiefly in friendships and acquaintanceship, garnered from a life particularly rich in such spiritual adventures. Dr. Boyd Carpenter has an impressionable nature of the kind that can retain and reproduce the im-

pressions it receives. In these "Further Pages" we have impressions, equally vivid, of his childhood and of such comparatively recent events as the death of King Edward VII. Very often they record an emotion so very personal that one reads of it with a sense of eaves-dropping. Besides the author, one meets in the book such interesting persons as General Gordon, F. W. Robertson, the great preacher, Henry Boyd Carpenter, his poet-brother, and John Henry Shorthouse, the novelist. But the study which will attract most interest is that of the Emperor William, who evidently set himself with all his powers of fascination to show his best nature to the Bishop. He certainly made him believe, at any rate up to the time of the last interview in June 1913, when the Bishop detected signs of a growing fear in his Imperial friend, that he wished to go down to history as a Keeper of Peace. Dr. Boyd Carpenter writes of his "bitter disappointment" in a frank, interesting way.

* * * * *

Those who would know anything of the soul of a people must learn something of its songs. Florence Randal Livesay's translations of the folk-songs of Little Russia under the title of *Songs of Ukraina* (J. M. Dent and Sons, 3s. 6d. net), give us an opportunity of learning something of the inner thoughts and aspirations of the purely Slav population of Ukraina and Ruthenia. Though it is not easy to appraise the value of these translated verses as literature, it is possible to realise from them the justice of Mr. Paul Crath's claim that "the singing of the Ukrainian is a precious pearl in the common treasury of mankind." There is the history of an ever-oppressed but ever free-souled people in these songs—many of which appear to have been collected from self-exiled Ukrainians in America.

* * * * *

Among the many young men of promise who have laid down their lives for their country during the last two years, William Noel Hodgson is bound to leave a bright and particular memory behind him. There is a dramatic completeness about the story of his twenty-three years which must appeal to the least imaginative. A happy and hopeful educational career was broken short when he left Oxford at the outbreak of war to take up his commission in the Devons. In October 1915 he was awarded the Military Cross and received promotion. On July 1st of this year he was killed. Three days previously he had written his little Litany, "Before Action," of which the last verse runs:

"I, that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of Thy servants spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say good-bye to all of this:—
By all delights that I shall miss
Help me to die, O Lord."

Now all that remains of him here is this slender volume *Verse and Prose in Peace and War* (Smith, Elder and Co., 2s. 6d. net), of which I would not willingly spare a line, so vividly does it seem to express Young England called from sport to graver things, and meeting the call with a joyous faith and a courage that endures even unto death.

* * * * *

How many of those to whom the Claimant, Arthur Orton, Old Bogle, and Dr. Kenealy were once household names could now give a connected account of the great *cause célèbre* of the Sixties? A generation that knew not the pseudo Sir Roger Tichborne or the Magna Charta Society, which gave to Dr. Kenealy for a time a political importance even greater than Mr. Pemberton Billing's, has only learnt from those who were contemporary with the events, a very garbled and fragmentary version of the great affair. Yet it forms not

(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 40)

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Tales of Man and Beast

COMFORT it is to know that nothing in the world can interfere with the children's love of fairies and fairy land. Surely it is one of the beauties of the Christian calendar that there should be this annual children's festival, when it becomes a duty of each of us to take a little child by the hand and lead him forth metaphorically beneath the star-lit heaven, away from the houses of men, so that he may listen to the voices of the angels which not all the big guns on earth can silence with their murderous roar. "On earth, peace, good-will toward men," the words ring with mockery to-day in the ears of elder folk, but they are as full as ever of truth and beauty to the little child, whose heart lingers in the lovely spots which its mind has discovered through the tales of noble and good animals and men. The House of Macmillan has always prided itself on its thought for small people, and this Christmas it has issued *The Indian Story Book* (7s. 6d.) and *The Russian Story Book* (7s. 6d.), both retold by Mr. Richard Wilson. Of the former Mr. Wilson says that these Oriental stories are the same as our own, in that they tell the "love of virtue, hatred of oppression, tenderness towards women, children and the aged, bravery and resources in face of danger, patience under tribulation and faith in the ultimate conquest of evil." The Russian stories have been taken from the early legends of Holy Russia and give forth the living sentiment of the people. Both these volumes are beautifully illustrated by Mr. Frank Papé.

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The story begins with some interesting extracts from the journal of the young Charles Tupper, then a student, afterwards a distinguished Empire Builder and a famous figure; it ends with the old man, bereaved of his beloved companion of 66 years, bidding farewell to his grandsons as they left to fight for the Empire in the Great War, which must, at least, get the credit of having taught the whole world what the unity of the British Empire means.

The battle over Confederation is well-known history. But it may be interesting to recall that the meeting of the delegates to the Conference in London took place at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and forty-four years later, in June 1911, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Lord Strathcona sat at table and paid each other cordial compliments on the occasion of the unveiling in the hotel of the tablet which commemorated the Conference. Those who were present—among them was the writer—will long remember the enthusiasm with which the aged statesman was received by the younger men who had grown up in a United Canada.

Although most of the space in the two volumes is devoted to political history, and to correspondence relating thereto, there are occasional lighter gleams. The little account of the association with Martin Tupper who wrote, *Proverbial Philosophy*, which was, according to one frank critic, "the most unreadable book in the English language," is interesting, as is the allusion to Bishop Wilberforce's wit, both at the expense of his chaplain and of John Bright. While those who study the occult will find support in Sir Charles Tupper's own story of a warning he received in mid-ocean of his wife's dangerous illness.

Moor Fires, by E. H. Young (John Murray, 5s. net.), is the story of a family of two girls and two boys, subjected to the influence of the moor, and growing up under its domination. With a gift almost equal to that of Hardy, in some of his phases the author makes the moor real; where the work falls short of Hardy is in that the moor and its influence are always a little bit away from the reader; it is a presence off the stage, felt, but never visible entirely. For the rest, the book is a psychological study, well and carefully done; every character is alive and interesting, and the work will hold its readers. It is a book to read carefully—and to enjoy.

There is a good deal of fun, and a very canny sense of human nature and its workings, in Miss Dorothea Conyers' novel, *The Financing of Fiona* (George Allen and Unwin, 6s.). Fiona Beresford, Irish to the backbone, was left at her uncle's death with the house that he lived in and all its contents, but nothing to keep up the establishment, so she set to work to make two ends meet by taking in paying guests for the hunting season, said guests including an eligible and altogether delightful young man, whom Fiona did not marry in the last chapter. A cousin who got the uncle's money and wanted the house that was left to Fiona, provides as much amusing villainy as one of Lever's characters, and Miss Juliette O'Geary is another character who might have stepped straight out of *Handy Andy*. The book is delightful outdoor comedy, a fit companion for an evening by the fire.

The third volume of *Germany in Defeat*, by Count Charles de Souza (Kegan, Paul and Co., 6s. net), carries on the story of the war in just as entertaining fashion as the two preceding volumes. The author is mainly concerned in this volume with the Russian advance to the Carpathians and its effect on the eastern campaign; he considers, and adduces ample reason for his conclusion, that a grave strategic error was committed by the Grand Duke Nicholas in leaving the western flank so lightly held at the time of the adventure against Austria, and in misreading the evidence of a German concentration. In this volume the story of the war is brought down to the battle of Verdun, which is concisely and lucidly presented to the reader. The author has the gift of making strategic problems interesting, and, believing as he does that the final decision of the war lies in the west he pays ample tribute to the part that France has played and to the genius of Joffre.

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The Mark of the Beast

The Leading Article of the "New York Tribune," November 15th, 1916.

This outspoken article which was printed in the "New York Tribune" of the 15th ultimo, under this heading, was accompanied by a cartoon of Raemackers, showing the brutal deportation of Belgian workmen to Germany. The "Tribune," one of the most powerful organs in America, explains in the plainest terms what the war is for. "There can be no peace until this German spirit sinks of its own weight. . . . There cannot be peace between Germany and civilization" while things are as they are. It is a point of view which was needed to be put before America, for peace is not possible on any other terms. Neutrals in Europe understand it, and our New York contemporary renders a great service in making it equally clear across the Atlantic

THERE is something almost pathetic about the vain reachings of the Germans for neutral sympathy. They murder neutrals, they sink neutral ships and they violate neutral rights, and then, in their desire for neutral approval, they buy newspapers in neutral capitals and eagerly reprint the comments appearing in the purchased columns. Thus it is that for the latest Belgian outrage Berlin finds warrant in the comment of Copenhagen and Stockholm newspapers.

"And yet the most astonishing thing about the whole war is the complete inability of the German to understand the rest of the world. He sent his troops into Belgium; he permitted, he commanded them to murder, burn, rape; under his orders children were slain and women violated, cities were destroyed and homes ruined, and then the German produced a hocus-pocus of documents discovered in Brussels to defend his course, to justify not merely his offences against Belgian neutrality but his offences in Belgium against all humanity.

"And from the outset of the war the Belgian episode has endured as a final damnation of Modern Germany. It is one thing about which there is no argument in America. It is one phase of the war which is settled, not for the duration of the war but for a lifetime of men and women now alive. We are numb with the horror of this war, we are deadened with the charges and counter-charges, but in the matter of Belgium our minds remain clear and fixed.

"It is not surprising that the nation which murdered Belgian women and children is now enslaving Belgian men. It is not surprising that the nation which is responsible for what was done, not merely in Louvain but in all the villages from the frontier to Dinant through which the troops passed, should now be invoking the methods of African slave traders in the conquered regions.

"The true meaning of this Belgian episode is that there can be no peace while the spirit which is responsible for it dominates Germany. Europe cannot make peace with such statesmanship of murder as rules in Berlin. To do this would be to recognise the spirit itself. A native village might as well make terms with a man-eating tiger which by night preyed upon its children as could France, for example, make peace with a neighbouring Germany in its present mood.

"Belgium is the sign manual of Germany. Whenever the world needs a fresh illustration of what the German Kultur and German spirit means it is supplied in Belgium and furnished by the agents of the Kaiser. The whole world is weary of this war, but whenever there seems a chance that the weariness may lead to peace Germans do something in Belgium which produces an instant revulsion of feeling and a willingness to see the war go on until such brutishness as Germans manifest is finally crushed.

"There can be no peace, there can be nothing in the systematic slaughter of Germans along all the fronts until

this German spirit sinks of its own weight. Every time Germany does something in Belgium, does a Belgian thing elsewhere, she pays for it in casualty lists. More than half as many Germans have been killed, wounded and captured since this war began as there were Belgians in Europe when Von Emmich crossed the frontier. Perhaps we shall see the population and the casualty figures stand equal before the end of the struggle.

"The one thing that is certain is that there cannot be peace between Germany and civilization while Germany remains the exponent of all the things that mean the destruction of civilization and the denial of common humanity. No one can want peace enough to surrender Belgium for all time to the beasts who now occupy it or to the beastliness which Germany practices there and elsewhere whenever it pleases a German purpose.

"If this were only a war between nations there would be no real obstacle to settling it. If it were just a quarrel about territories, it has reached a point where all the contestants recognise that no territory is worth the cost of a month more of struggle, granted that each is ready to recognise the integrity of the other. If this were like any war that we know of, in recent centuries, mankind would revolt against its folly and madness.

"But who shall maintain that a war against a nation doing the things that Germany has done and continues to do in Belgium is like to any modern war? The French who have so far borne the burden of the war in the West, are resolute against peace now, because they know that peace now would leave their children exposed to the same peril that they are facing in the trenches.

"Here we are in the third year of this struggle and the Germans are still creating an obstacle to all settlement by their brutality, their brutality in Belgium. All over Germany there are signs of a desire for peace, and the German government is by its course making the desired peace impossible. The real reason that the war goes on, that it is now the draw the Germans insist it is, lies in the fact that the nations that are fighting Germany do not think primarily of Germany as a nation, but they think of Germans as a tribe which practices the abominations which have made the fate of Belgium a world wide tragedy.

"Early in the war the Germans sent an aeroplane into Lodz in Poland to drop leaflets proclaiming German admiration for the Poles and the German purpose to liberate them. The next day at the same hour the same aeroplane returned and dropped bombs in the same place, killing and wounding women and children. This is an admirable illustration of the German method. In Louvain, which is a Flemish town, the Germans first committed their abominable crimes and then undertook to establish a Flemish university which should revive the separatist spirit of the Flemings, under German inspiration.

"We are not at the end of this struggle against Germanism of the sort that now prevails in the German empire. We are not appreciably nearer to peace, despite all the oceans of blood that have been shed and the millions that have suffered, because no peace with this thing is conceivable; it must perish or civilization must perish. Belgium is the sea-sand in which, ever and again, the world sees the hoof-mark of the German brute. It is the German who sends the peacemakers back to their trenches to kill more Germans, because even for them there seems no other way to win peace."

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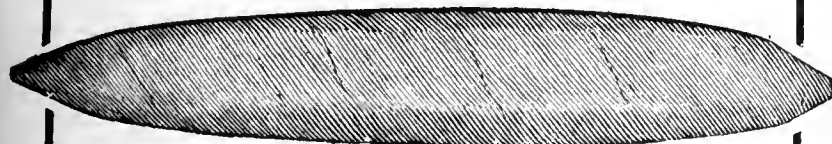
"Extra Mild," "Mild,"
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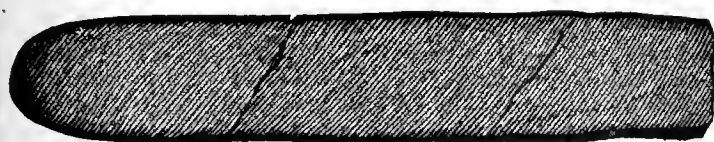
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Joy of the Working Woman

By Mary MacLeod Moore

ASK the thoughtful observer of life in these islands in war-time if he thinks British women are doing their share and he will say "yes," bearing in mind the impossibility, for domestic and other reasons, of all women doing work of national importance all the time. Ask the pessimist, and you may come to the conclusion that the women are not taking advantage of their opportunities of usefulness in the great crisis.

To a certain section of the press the number of soups or the menu placed before butterfly ladies—if one may refer to butterflies and soup in the same breath—the lavish display of fine clothes, and the gay scenes in theatres loom large. So far as Woman is concerned, taking her in the aggregate, these things, as in the case of Meddlesome Matty of our pinafore days, "like a cloud before the skies hide all her better qualities." If they really represented the women of the nation well might we cry "Ichabod," but they do not. The woman who flees, as from a noisome pestilence, from work and from responsibility, is not the child of this war. Her many-times-removed predecessor was a trial to the patriarchs and inspired the most mournful of the prophets. Her more recent ancestors must have been a thorn in the flesh in half-forgotten wars. A certain poem tells us there was a sound of revelry by night before a great battle, and there were ladies whose behaviour during the South African war was not all the most particular could have wished. The type is to be found even in Gentle Germany, where she rustles and shines on war profits. In that land, however, females—as the Jane Austen school would say—are less hampered by pretty manners than civilised people. As a result German papers proclaim that hair has been pulled and cheeks scratched by the upright, as a protest against show and frivolity, and we are thus supplied with a relish for our morning egg or bacon (never both).

Thanks to dismal writers and to successful plays, there is danger that many of our own people here and overseas, as well as those in neutral countries, will gain the impression that our female population contains too large a proportion of light-minded idle women, who dance and flirt and dine extravagantly while the world runs with blood and hearts ache and break. Unhappily the doings of the well-behaved, the faithful and the industrious, who form the immense majority, provide no spicy paragraphs. To paraphrase "G.K.C.," no one writes to the papers to tell eagerly that Mary Brown of Kensington still toils conscientiously, day in and day out, for twelve hours at a stretch, in a munition factory, nor do the news vendors hasten to attract the passer-by with the tidings that Jane Jones of Westminster, who had never, before the war, done anything to order, now spends long days in a Government Office, a bank, or a hospital, turning an ear as deaf as any adder's to the call of youth and pleasure.

A hundred fountain pens leap, however, to write of the self-indulgent girls and women who feel they have responded to the call of King and Country when they sell flags for the Allies in the shortest skirts the law allows. They supply "copy" but they also obscure the public view of the hundreds of thousands of women, even millions, who are steadily doing splendid work for long hours, with as high a sense of duty as that which sent their



Discharging Dross

brothers and lovers to the trenches, and are finding in the unaccustomed joy of working, and in the sweets of independence, the reward of sacrifice.

The woman war-worker has, indeed, become something of a commonplace.

Yet from half to three-quarters of a million women, drawn from all classes, are engaged in munition making alone, working on nearly five hundred different processes, many of them glad to be employed in danger rooms because they thus feel nearer their heroic men. Thousands of female clerks in the banks and in

Government and general offices are taking the place of men. Crowds of women and girls are working in hospitals, including several thousand V.A.D.'s, some of them of high social standing, who are glad to do manual labour. Nearly two thousand women are bus and tram conductors. Sturdy healthy girls, who "wasted their time" before the war in playing games, are helping on the land despite the prejudices of the farmer. There are numerous women drivers of horses and motors, and women are now to be employed to drive the Royal Mail vans. There are "stable girls," and there are women working in canteens who stand behind counters or make beds and wash dishes cheerfully. Women are working for railway companies; thousands are engaged in Post Office work temporarily, as well as those permanently employed. Hosts of women spend their days at the various hospital supply depots, making all that is required for the sick and wounded sailors and soldiers. An army of kind, patient women has, since the outbreak of war, helped puzzled wives and mothers to obtain their allowances, or to fill up the forms which are bogies even to the better-educated. A myriad others work quietly and faithfully in various unclassified "jobs" and hundreds of thousands of the unparaphrased and unsung help the country by doing unaccustomed domestic work, abstaining from purchasing luxuries, and making many sacrifices, that more money may be lent to the Government or given to the Red Cross and kindred societies.

In many cases women workers know only a change of occupation; work *qua* work is no novelty. In a vast number of others the workers enjoy a fresh sensation, for they have discovered one of the keenest and purest of pleasures in life, that of being able to do something that is necessary, and to feel that they have actually *earned* rest and pleasure and money.

To most of them it was a surprise that work could mean pleasure and satisfaction. They never dreamed that they would gain more than they gave. Many had lived the life of the average woman of the comfortable classes—a certain amount of social life, pleasant trips, a few classes, some simple duties, a seasoning of church or charitable work, but nothing that must be done. It was a life that left many empty corners. Suddenly the war burst upon us. Girls who had never known responsibility felt the call to help a personal one and entered the ranks of the workers. In their unselfish desire to be useful they found treasure for themselves. Work became a vivid thing, and they themselves won self-respect as useful members of society actually worth a wage. And the pleasure of earning the money that pays for your necessities and luxuries is a sterling one.

The lessons taught by work are many. The girl who

(Continued on page 48)



Music of the Allied Countries ENGLAND.

Country Dance from "Nell Gwyn." By Edward German.

IT would be difficult to find any music more characteristically English, more native to the national temperament, than the suite of dances from which the above is selected. The 'Country Dance' has a simplicity of melody reminiscent of folk-music, yet it is marked by a rare daintiness and grace which is peculiar to the work of this composer. The brisk jocund rhythm of the music conveys to the mind, as clearly as could words, a picture of the old time dances and frolics of rural England.

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(Continued from page 46)

has been a little humoured by fond parents discovers that the whys and wherefores of failure to do certain work matter nothing at all to an employer—only the result counts. Nor do private worries and physical ailments interest those whose chief concern it is to get work done properly by a certain time. To some women it is a surprise that the fact that she is a woman does not excuse her when she proves inefficient. These rank among the lessons the inexperienced have learned and they are all the better and stronger for them. The woman worker finds herself sealed of a great sisterhood with a closer and more sympathetic understanding of life's difficulties.

Watch the woman worker and you are conscious of something fine and purposeful in her attitude. Go to a munition factory and feel the electricity in the air. Each woman and each girl—some with the bloom of sweet sixteen, and a dimple—has an aim. They give you a sensation of something big and portentous. You ask one and another "Why are you here?" and you find that it is to do something genuine, something that will end the war and make life easier for the unborn children. Often the unseen face of the man in khaki or in blue is the inspiration to greater exertion, but whether a woman is inarticulate or outspoken you know that she is one who



Canteen Service Window

has heard the call of Mother England to her daughters and has answered with passionate loyalty.

If you visit the danger rooms where women work among high explosives—some of them gentle pretty girls—you realise that they have taken up this work with a true sense of its importance. Of one girl I asked "Why are you doing this?" and she replied "Why should the men face all the danger? After all I'd sooner help to destroy Germans who want to make life miserable for our kiddies than do work that doesn't count in the war."

I know a gently-bred young artist who for months has done some of the dirtiest night-work in a munition factory—work that soaks her clothes with oil.

"Someone has to do it," she says smilingly, "and I mightn't be so good at the more expert kind of job."

It is a familiar sneer to say that the workers, especially munition workers, are making fortunes and buying fur coats and diamonds and gold watches, though I have noticed that one's informant seldom knows these highly-paid ladies personally. Munition and other workers being human it is quite likely that some of them spend money unwisely, but it would be a mistake to undervalue their work because a few copy the idle women.

Who that has known the joy of being worth something to the community will settle down after the war to a purposeless existence?

Books of the Year

THE second year of the war shows that the interest in really good fiction, and in all that comes under the head of "Literature," in the best sense of that much-abused word, is as strong as ever. Publishers, who feared at the outset that the war would close down houses that had existed the greater part of a century, found that as has always been the case—the man who can tell a good story is always certain of an audience, and the man who has a thought to express, as long as either the thought or the form of expression is new, finds his public automatically. Neither war nor peace affects the fact that, since the permutations of the alphabet replaced the strains of the minstrel, men and women *will* read, as long as one can be found to write.

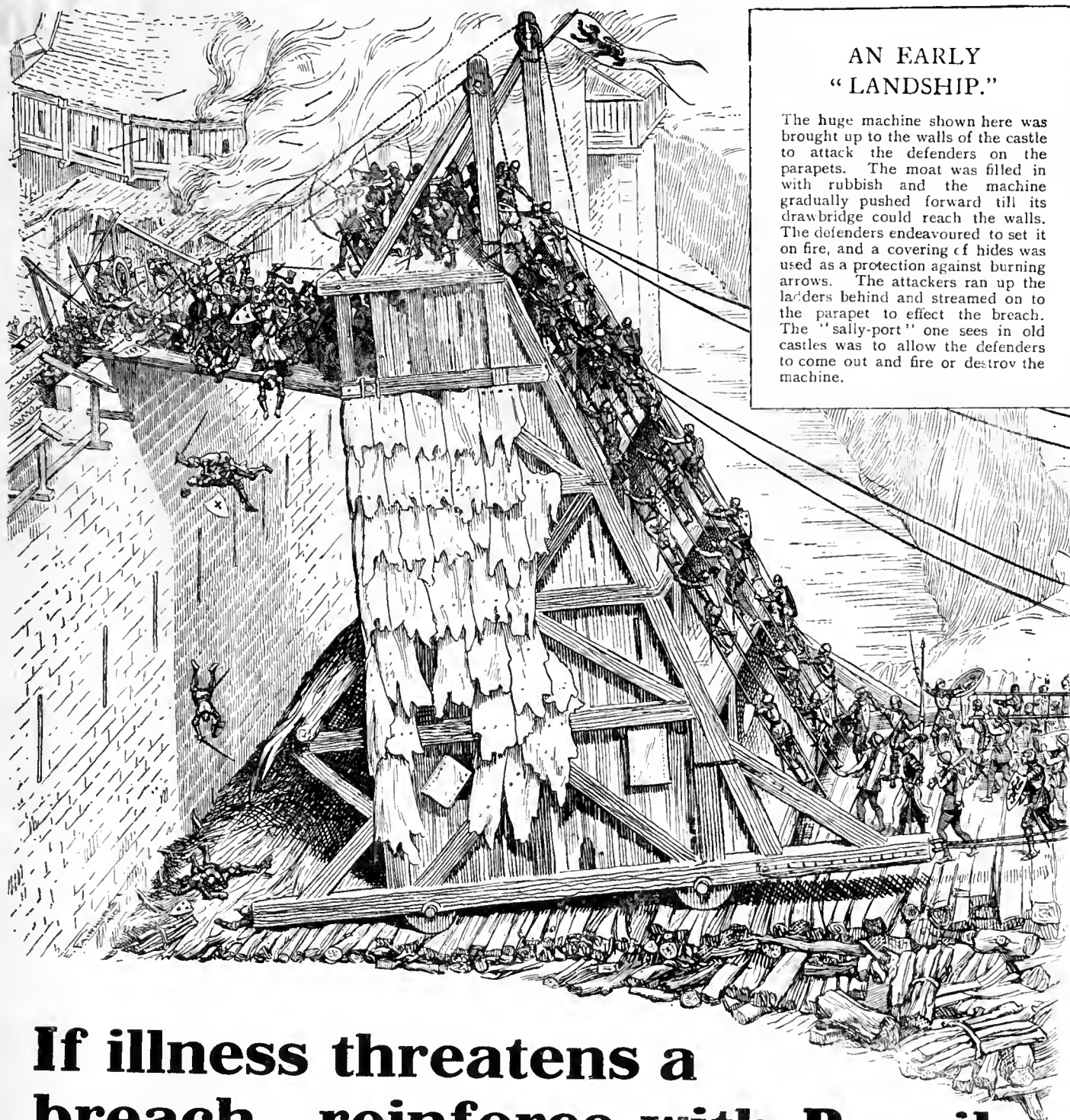
In the matter of books on the war, the great artist who can combine fact and fiction in the way that Buchanan and Tolstoi and others have done for previous wars, has yet to arise. Wells' really great novel, *Mr. Britling Sees it Through*, won to its place because it mirrors the macrocosm—it is not so much fiction as the reflex of what all men are feeling, and for that reason the British world reads—and to a certain extent slobbers over—*Britling*. Another book that has won to a good place is E. F. Benson's *Mike*, and here again the appeal to the individual is responsible for a real success.

In war books pure and simple, records of actual experience, there are two really outstanding volumes: these are Ian Hay's *First Hundred Thousand*, and Boyd Cable's *Between the Lines*. These men, as Kipling has so aptly expressed it, have each "sung of the little things he knows about," and the fact that the public has set these books among the "best sellers" of the year proves that personal experience is an author's greatest asset.

Mr. John Lane states that fiction by old favourites, such as W. J. Locke, Muriel Hine, F. E. Mills Young, and their like, has lost none of its appeal to the library subscriber. Messrs. Duckworth and Co. confess that the demand is principally for fiction, which is equivalent to saying that the great mass of the reading public is now, as ever, feminine—save for invalid masculinity. Messrs. Smith, Elder, apart from Boyd Cable, state that the demand is for good novels, biographies, and volumes of "recollections." Messrs. Chapman and Hall endorse this by giving first place among sellers to Edward Clodd's *Memories*, and award honourable mention among novels to S. P. B. Mais' *April's Lonely Soldier*, a book which, while cast in novel form, still mirrors civilian views and reflections on the war.

A curious feature of war psychology is noted by Messrs. Sampson Low, who state that there is no exceptional demand for books of an altruistic character. This feature is emphasised by Messrs. Williams and Norgate's statement that the effect of the war has been an enhancing and broadening of the appreciation of books of real merit; social science, history, and science pure and simple being in general request. On the other hand, Mr. Fisher Unwin notes a great demand for verse of the popular order, and Mr. John Murray says that price rather than quality dominates sales. Mr. Heinemann mentions that cheap reprints have had a big sale, and on the whole, "War books" have sold best. The most optimistic of publishers are Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, who remark that the demand for books of a general character, and particularly fiction, is rapidly increasing, and see good evidence that before the settlement of peace the pre-war position will be reached again.

There is, throughout the whole of the publishing business, evidence of a great demand for cheap editions, and for books dealing with the war, as well as a revival of interest in biographies and memoirs. The demand for cheap editions is, of course, a corollary of the work done by the many military hospitals—since sick men must read—and the demand for books dealing with the war is evidence that, so far as the civilian population is concerned, this war has been realised as a very vital matter. As to the revival of interest in real literature, apart from the war—neither publishers nor ordinary mortals can foresee or forecast the demand for a particular class of book; if they could, writing would cease to be an art, and publishing would become a stereotyped and custom-bound trade. Which, to misquote Euclid, would be absurd.



AN EARLY "LANDSHIP."

The huge machine shown here was brought up to the walls of the castle to attack the defenders on the parapets. The moat was filled in with rubbish and the machine gradually pushed forward till its drawbridge could reach the walls. The defenders endeavoured to set it on fire, and a covering of hides was used as a protection against burning arrows. The attackers ran up the ladders behind and streamed on to the parapet to effect the breach. The "sally-port" one sees in old castles was to allow the defenders to come out and fire or destroy the machine.

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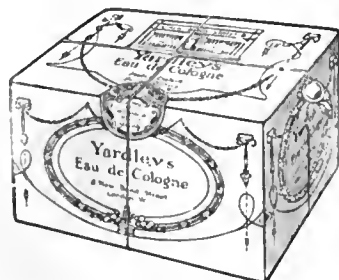
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Wickered Bottles.

½ pint, 4/- Pint, 7 6
Quart, 15/- Magnum, 30 -



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14 in., 16/6 16 in., 25/-

(The black carved wood stand is extra).



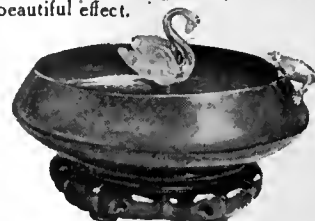
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THE OLD PUCE COLOUR GLASS.

After continuous experiments this colour is now absolutely perfect, and produces a most beautiful effect.



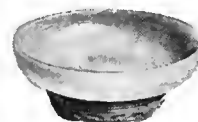
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ALABASTER GLASS.

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Round Bevelled Polish Mirrors.
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By Maurice Leblanc

[Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos]

SYNOPSIS: *Captain Patrice Belval, a wounded French officer, overhears in a restaurant in Paris the details of a plot between two men for the abduction of a nurse who is known to her patients as "Little Mother Coralie." Belval gathers together seven wounded soldiers in the Rue Pierre Charron, and defeats the plan of the abductors, who try to get Little Mother Coralie away in a taxicab. Belval takes Coralie to his house, whither one of his seven men brings one of the abductors, who, before he can be questioned, is strangled by his confederates in the room in which he has been confined. Belval, feeling that the fact of having been maimed in the service of his country is an honour rather than a disability, declares his love to Coralie, only to be told by her that she is already married, and that he must make no further effort even to retain her friendship—she suggests that there might be danger for him in a friendship with herself. That night, after Coralie has left him, Belval has sent to him anonymously a box containing a large rusty key, and later he sees in the sky a rain of sparks, which had been mentioned by Coralie's would-be abductors as a signal possessing mysterious significance. He goes out with his servant, Ya-Bon, to try to ascertain the source of the rain of sparks, and quite by accident, sees one of Coralie's would-be abductors, in company with four other men, break into a house in the Rue Raynouard. By means of the rusty key, Belval gains access to the house, in which he finds the five men torturing another man, obviously with a view to extracting information from him. Just as Belval is about to rescue the victim, he sees that Coralie, horror-stricken, is also watching the torturers at their work.*

CHAPTER IV

Before the Flames

LITTLE Mother Coralie! Coralie concealed in this house into which her assailants had forced their way and in which she herself was hiding, through force of circumstances which were incapable of explanation.

His first idea, which would at least have solved one of the riddles, was that she also had entered from the lane, gone into the house by the steps and in this way opened a passage for him. But, in that case, how had she procured the means of carrying out this enterprise? And, above all, what brought her here?

All these questions occurred to Captain Belval's mind without his trying to reply to them. He was far too much impressed by the absorbed expression on Coralie's face. Moreover, a second cry, even wilder than the first, came from below; and he saw the victim's face writhing before the red curtain of fire from the hearth.

But, this time, Patrice, held back by Coralie's presence, had no inclination to go to the sufferer's assistance. He decided to model himself entirely upon her and not to move or do anything to attract her attention.

"Easy!" the leader commanded. "Pull him back. I expect he's had enough."

He went up to the victim:

"Well, my dear Essarès," he asked, "what do you think of it? Are you happy? And, you know, we're only beginning. If you don't speak, we shall go on to the end, as the real *chauffeurs* used to do in the days of the Revolution. So it's settled, I presume: you're going to speak?"

There was no answer. The leader rapped out an oath and went on:

"What do you mean? Do you refuse? But, you obstinate brute, don't you understand the situation? Or have you a glimmer of hope? Hope, indeed! You're mad. Who would rescue you? Your servants? The porter, the footman and the butler are in my pay. I gave them a week's notice. They're gone by now. The housemaid? The cook? They sleep at the other end of the house; and you yourself have told me, time after time, that one can't hear anything over there. Who else? Your wife? Her room also is far away; and she hasn't heard anything either? Siméon, your old secretary?

We made him fast when he opened the front-door to us just now. Besides, we may as well finish the job here. Bourné!"

The man with the big moustache, who was still holding the chair, drew himself up.

"Bourné, where did you lock up the secretary?"

"In the porter's lodge."

"You know where to find Mme. Essarès' bedroom?"

"Yes, you told me the way."

"Go, all four of you, and bring the lady and the secretary here!"

The four men went out by a door below the spot where Coralie was standing. They were hardly out of sight when the leader stooped eagerly over his victim and said:

"We're alone, Essarès. It's what I intended. Let's make the most of it."

He bent still lower and whispered so that Patrice found it difficult to hear what he said:

"Those men are fools. I twist them round my finger and tell them no more of my plans than I can help. You and I, on the other hand, Essarès, are the men to come to terms. That is what you refused to admit; and you see where it has landed you. Come, Essarès, don't be obstinate and don't shuffle. You are caught in a trap, you are helpless, you are absolutely in my power. Well, rather than allow yourself to be broken down by tortures which would certainly end by overcoming your resistance, strike a bargain with me. We'll go halves, shall we? Let's make peace and treat upon that basis. I'll give you a hand in my game and you'll give me one in yours. As allies, we are bound to win. As enemies, who knows whether the victor will surmount all the obstacles that will still stand in his path? That's why I say again, halves! Answer me. Yes or no."

He loosened the gag and listened. This time, Patrice did not hear the few words which the victim uttered. But the other, the leader, almost immediately burst into a rage:

"Eh? What's that you're proposing? Upon my word, but you're a cool hand! An offer of this kind to me! That's all very well for Bourné or his fellows. They'll understand, they will. But it won't do for me, it won't do for Colonel Fakhi. No, no, my friend, I open my mouth wider! I'll consent to go halves, but accept an alms, never!"

Patrice listened eagerly and, at the same time, kept his eyes on Coralie, whose face, still contorted with anguish, wore an expression of the same rapt attention. And he looked back at the victim, part of whose body was reflected in the glass above the mantelpiece. The man was dressed in a braided brown-velvet smoking-suit and appeared to be about fifty years of age, quite bald, with a fleshy face, a large hook nose, eyes deepset under a pair of thick eyebrows and puffy cheeks, covered with a thick grizzled beard. Patrice was also able to examine his features more closely in a portrait of him which hung to the left of the fireplace, between the first and second windows, and which represented a strong, powerful countenance with an almost fierce expression.

"It's an Eastern face," said Patrice to himself. "I've seen heads like that in Egypt and Turkey."

The names of all these men too—Colonel Fakhi, Mustapha, Bourné, Essarès—their accent in talking, their way of holding themselves, their features, their figures, all recalled impressions which he had gathered in the Near East, in the hotels at Alexandria or on the banks of the Bosphorus, in the bazaars of Adrianople or in the Greek boats that plough the Ægean Sea. They were Levantine types, but Levantines who had taken root in Paris. Essarès Bey was a name which Patrice recognised as well-known in the financial world, even as he knew that of Colonel Fakhi, whose speech and intonation marked him for a seasoned Parisian.

But a sound of voices came from outside the door. It was flung open violently and the four men appeared, dragging in a bound man, whom they dropped to the floor as they entered.

"Here's old Siméon," cried the one whom Fakhi had addressed as Bourné.

"And the wife?" asked the leader. "I hope you've got her too!"

"Well, no!"

"What is that? Has she escaped?"

"Yes, through her window."

"But you must run after her. She can only be in the

garden. Remember, the watch-dog was barking just now."

"And suppose she's got away?"

"How?"

"By the door on the lane?"

"Impossible!"

"Why?"

"The door hasn't been used for years. There's not even a key to it."

"That's as may be," Bournef rejoined. "All the same, we're surely not going to organise a battue with lanterns and rouse the whole district for the sake of finding a woman."

"Yes, but that woman."

Colonel Fakhi seemed exasperated. He turned to the prisoner:

"You're in luck, you old rascal! This is the second time to-day that minx of yours has slipped through my fingers! Did she tell you what I happened this afternoon? Oh, if it hadn't been for an infernal officer who happened to be passing! . . . But I'll get hold of him yet and he shall pay dearly for his interference."

Patrice clenched his fists with fury. He understood: Coralie was hiding in her own house. Surprised by the sudden arrival of the five men, she had managed to climb out of her window and, making her way along the terrace to the steps, had gone to the part of the house opposite the rooms that were in use and taken refuge in the gallery of the library, where she was able to witness the terrible torture practiced on her husband.

"Her husband!" thought Patrice, with a shudder. "Her husband!"

And, if he still entertained any doubts on the subject, the hurried course of events soon removed them, for the leader began to chuckle.

"Yes, Essarès, old man, I confess that she attracts me more than I can tell you; and, as I failed to catch her earlier in the day, I did hope this evening, as soon as I had settled my business with you, to settle something infinitely more agreeable with your wife. Not to mention that, once in my power, the little woman would be serving me as a hostage and that I would only have restored her to you—oh, safe and sound, believe me!—after specific performance of our agreement. And you would have run straight, Essarès! For you love your Coralie passionately! And quite right too!"

He went to the right-hand side of the fireplace and, touching a switch, lit an electric lamp under a reflector between the third and fourth windows. There was a companion picture here to Essarès' portrait; but it was covered over. The leader drew the curtain; and Coralie appeared in the full light.

"The monarch of all she surveys! The idol! The witch! The pearl of pearls! The imperial diamond of Essarès Bey, banker! Isn't she beautiful? I ask you? Admire the delicate outline of her face, the purity of that oval; and the pretty neck; and those graceful shoulders. Essarès, there's not a favourite in the country we come from who can hold a candle to your Coralie! My Coralie, soon! For I shall know how to find her. Ah, Coralie, Coralie!"

Patrice looked across at her; and it seemed to him that her face was reddened with a blush of shame. He himself was shaken by indignation and anger at each insulting word. It was a violent enough sorrow to him to know that Coralie was the wife of another; and added to this sorrow was his rage at seeing her thus exposed to these men's gaze and promised as a helpless prey to whosoever should prove himself the strongest.

At the same time, he wondered why Coralie remained in the room. Supposing that she could not leave the garden, nevertheless she was free to move about in that part of the house and might well have opened a window and called for help. What prevented her from doing so? Of course, she did not love her husband. If she had loved him, she would have faced every danger to defend him. But how was it possible for her to allow that man to be tortured, worse still, to be present at his sufferings, to contemplate that most hideous of sights and to listen to his yells of pain?

"Enough of this nonsense!" cried the leader, pulling the curtain back into its place. "Coralie, you shall be my final reward; but I must first win you. Comrades, to work; let's finish our friend's job. First of all, twenty inches nearer, no more. Good! Does it burn, Essarès? All the same, it's not more than you can stand. Bear up, old fellow."

He unfastened the prisoner's right arm, put a little table by his side, laid a pencil and paper on it and continued:

"There's writing-materials for you. As your gag prevents you from speaking, write. You know what's wanted of you, don't you? Scribble a few letters; and you're free. Do you consent? No? Comrades, three inches nearer."

He moved away and stooped over the secretary, whom Patrice, by the brighter light, had recognised as the old fellow who sometimes escorted Coralie to the hospital.

"As for you, Siméon," he said, "you shall come to no

harm. I know that you are devoted to your master, but I also know that he tells you none of his private affairs. On the other hand, I am certain that you will keep silent as to all this, because a single word of betrayal would involve your master's ruin even more than ours. That's understood between us, isn't it? Well, why don't you answer? Have they squeezed your throat a bit too tight with their cords? Wait, I'll give you some air."

Meanwhile the ugly work at the fireplace pursued its course. The two feet were reddened by the heat until it seemed almost as though the bright flames of the fire were glowing through them. The sufferer exerted all his strength in trying to bend his legs and to draw back; and a dull, continuous moan came through his gag.

"Oh, hang it all!" thought Patrice. "Are we going to let him roast like this, like a chicken on a spit?"

He looked at Coralie. She did not stir. Her face was distorted beyond recognition; and her eyes seemed fascinated by the terrifying sight.

"Couple of inches nearer!" cried the leader, from the other end of the room, as he unfastened Siméon's bonds.

The order was executed. The victim gave such a yell that Patrice's blood froze in his veins. But, at the same moment, he became aware of something that had not struck him so far, or at least he had attached no significance to it. The prisoner's hand, as the result of a sequence of little movements apparently due to nervous twitches, had seized the opposite edge of the table, while his arm rested on the marble top. And gradually, unseen by the torturers, all whose efforts were directed to keeping his legs in position, or by the leader, who was still engaged with Siméon, this hand opened a drawer which swung on a hinge, dipped into the drawer, took out a revolver and, resuming its original position with a jerk, hid the weapon in the chair.

The act, or rather the intention which it indicated, was foolhardy in the extreme, for, when all was said, reduced to his present state of helplessness, the man could not hope for victory against five adversaries, all free and all armed. Nevertheless, as Patrice looked at the glass in which he beheld him, he saw a fierce determination pictured in the man's face.

"Another two inches," said Colonel Fakhi, as he walked back to the fireplace. He examined the condition of the flesh and said, with a laugh:

"The skin is blistering in places; the veins are ready to burst. Essarès Bey, you can't be enjoying yourself; and it strikes me that you mean to do the right thing at last. Have you started scribbling yet? No? And don't you mean to? Are you still hoping? Counting on your wife, perhaps? Come, come, you must see that, even if she has succeeded in escaping, she won't say anything! Well, then, you are humbugging me, or what?"

He was seized with a sudden burst of rage and shouted:

"Shove his feet into the fire! And let's have a good smell of burning for once! Ah, you would defy me, would you? Well, wait a bit, old chap, and let me have a go at you! I'll cut you off an ear or two: you know, the way we have in our country!"

He drew from his waistcoat a dagger that gleamed in the firelight. His face was hideous with animal cruelty. He gave a fierce cry, raised his arm and stood over the other relentlessly.

But, swift as his movement was, Essarès was before him. The revolver, quickly aimed, was discharged with a loud report. The dagger dropped from the colonel's hand. For two or three seconds he maintained his threatening attitude, with one arm lifted on high and a haggard look in his eyes, as though he did not quite understand what had happened to him. And then, suddenly, he fell upon his victim in a huddled heap, paralysing his arm with the full weight of his body, at the moment when Essarès was taking aim at one of the other confederates.

He was still breathing.

"Oh, the brute, the brute!" he panted. "He's killed me! . . . But you'll lose by it, Essarès. . . . I prepared for this. If I don't come home to-night, the Prefect of Police will receive a letter. . . . They'll know about your treason, Essarès. . . . all your story. . . . your plans. . . . Oh, you devil! . . . And what a fool! . . . We could so easily have come to terms."

He muttered a few inaudible words and rolled down to the floor. It was all over.

A moment of stupefaction was produced, not so much by this unexpected tragedy as by the revelation which the leader had made before dying, and by the thought of that letter, which no doubt implicated the aggressors as well as their victim. Bournef had disarmed Essarès. The latter, now that the chair was no longer held in position, had succeeded in bending his legs. No one moved.

Meanwhile, the sense of terror which the whole scene had

(Continued on page 54)

*This announcement
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¶ It was certainly imported, in the fulness of perfection, into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

¶ Doubtless, Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, Jonson, and other great luminaries of that age appreciated it—it touched them with poetic power.

¶ On festival occasions it was diffused through water, and in this form received many fanciful names, all suggestive of Health, and Song, and the Mystic Moon.

¶ Long afterwards the discovery of the effervescing principle of champagne

by van Helmont, and the subsequent work of Priestley, Lavoisier, Black, and others, turned men's thoughts to the production of sparkling non-alcoholic beverages, and, appropriately enough, Ireland, with its lovely skies and pure crystal waters, became the centre of a great industry.

¶ Starting with a vision, the Messrs. Ross, Belfast, built a factory to protect and preserve their own deep underground Springs of peerless water, and very quickly indeed the name of Ross became famous throughout the world in association with *the best non-alcoholic beverage* ever devised by man.

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¶ Pour it briskly into a pint glass and notice its delicate bouquet—sweeter than the breath of the brier, the beaded bubbles bursting with fragrance at the brim, and the aroma of ginger stealing through all like the rich mellow notes of the 'cello in orchestral music.

¶ Its purity and wholesomeness commend it as *the best beverage* for all those who have something to do in the world, and for the Home Circle when the day is done—it quenches thirst, charms away the feeling of fatigue, gives stamina, and convinces you that the end of the British Empire is not yet—not yet.

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(Continued from page 53)

produced seemed rather to increase with the silence. On the ground was the corpse, with the blood flowing on the carpet. Not far away lay Siméon's motionless form. Then there was the prisoner, still bound in front of the flames waiting to devour his flesh. And standing near him were the four butchers, hesitating perhaps what to do next, but showing in every feature an implacable resolution to defeat the enemy by all and every means.

His companions glanced at Bournef, who seemed the kind of man to go any length. He was a short, stout, powerfully-built man; his upper lip bristled with the moustache which had attracted Patrice Belval's attention. He was less cruel in appearance than his chief, less elegant in his manner and less masterful; but displayed far greater coolness and self-command. As for the colonel, his accomplices seemed not to trouble about him. The part which they were playing dispensed them from showing any empty compassion.

At last Bournef appeared to have made up his mind how to act. He went to his hat, the grey-felt hat lying near the door, turned back the lining and took from it a tiny coil, the sight of which made Patrice start. It was a slender red cord, exactly like that which he had found round the neck of Mustapha Rovalaïof, the first accomplice captured by Ya-Bon.

Bournef unrolled the cord, took it by the two buckles, tested its strength across his knee and then, going back to Essarès, slipped it over his neck after first removing his gag.

"Essarès," he said, with a calmness which was more impressive than the colonel's violence and sneers, "Essarès, I shall not put you to any pain. Torture is a revolting process; and I shall not have recourse to it. You know what to do; I know what to do. A word on your side, an action on my side; and the thing is done. The word is the yes or no which you will now speak. The action which I shall accomplish in reply to your yes or no will mean either your release or else. . . . He stopped for a second or two. Then he declared: "Or else your death."

The brief phrase was uttered very simply but with a firmness that gave it the full significance of an irrevocable sentence. It was clear that Essarès was faced with a catastrophe which he could no longer avoid save by submitting absolutely. In less than a minute, he would have spoken or he would be dead.

Once again Patrice fixed his eyes on Coralie, ready to interfere should he perceive in her any other feeling than one of passive terror. But her attitude did not change. She was therefore accepting the worst, it appeared, even though this meant her husband's death; and Patrice held his hand accordingly.

"Are you all agreed?" Bournef asked, turning to his accomplices.

"Quite," said one of them.

"Do you take your share of the responsibility?"

"We do."

Bournef brought his hands together and crossed them, which had the result of knotting the cord round Essarès' neck. Then he pulled slightly, so as to make the pressure felt, and asked unemotionally:

"Yes or no?"

"Yes."

There was a murmur of satisfaction. The accomplices heaved a breath; and Bournef nodded his head with an air of approval:

"Ah, so you accept! It was high time: I doubt if any one was ever nearer death than you were, Essarès." Retaining his hold of the cord, he continued: "Very well. You will speak. But I know you; and your answer surprises me, for I told the colonel that not even the certainty of death would make you confess your secret. Am I wrong?"

"No," replied Essarès. "Neither death nor torture."

"Then you have something different to propose?"

"Yes."

"Something worth our while?"

"Yes. I suggested it to the colonel just now, when you were out of the room. But, though he was willing to betray you and go halves with me in the secret, he refused the other thing."

"Why should I accept it?"

"Because you must take it or leave it and because you will understand what he did not."

"It's a compromise, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Money?"

"Yes."

Bournef shrugged his shoulders:

"A few thousand-franc notes, I expect. And you imagine that Bournef and his friends will be such fools? . . . Come, Essarès, why do you want us to compromise? We know your secret almost entirely. . . ."

"You know what it is, but not how to use it. You don't know how to get at it; and that's just the point."

"We shall discover it."

"Never."

"Yes, your death will make it easier for us."

"My death? Thanks to the information lodged by the colonel, in a few hours you will be tracked down and most likely caught: in any case, you will be unable to pursue your search. Therefore you have hardly any choice. It's the money which I'm offering you, or else . . . prison."

"And, if we accept," asked Bournef, to whom the argument seemed to appeal, "when shall we be paid?"

"At once."

"Then the money is here?"

"Yes."

"A contemptible sum, as I said before?"

"No, a much larger sum than you hope for; infinitely larger."

"How much?"

"Four millions."

CHAPTER V

Husband and Wife

THE accomplices started, as though they had received an electric shock. Bournef darted forward:

"What did you say?"

"I said four millions, which means a million for each of you."

"Look here! . . . Do you mean it? . . . Four millions?"

"Four millions is what I said."

The figure was so gigantic and the proposal so utterly unexpected that the accomplices had the same feeling which Patrice Belval on his side underwent. They suspected a trap; and Bournef could not help saying:

"The offer is more than we expected. . . . And I am wondering what induced you to make it."

"Would you have been satisfied with less?"

"Yes," said Bournef, candidly.

"Unfortunately, I can't make it less. I have only one means of escaping death; and that is to open my safe for you. And my safe contains four bundles of a thousand bank-notes each."

Bournef could not get over his astonishment and became more and more suspicious.

"How do you know that, after taking the four millions, we shall not insist on more?"

"Insist on what? The secret of the site?"

"Yes."

"Because you know that I would as soon die as tell it you. The four millions are the maximum. Do you want them or don't you? I ask for no promise in return, no oath of any kind, for I am convinced that, when you have filled your pockets, you will have but one thought, to clear off, without handicapping yourselves with a murder which might prove your undoing."

The argument was so unanswerable that Bournef ceased discussing and asked:

"Is the safe in this room?"

"Yes, between the first and second windows, behind my portrait."

Bournef took down the picture and said:

"I see nothing."

"It's all right. The lines of the safe are marked by the mouldings of the central panel. In the middle you will see what looks like a rose, not of wood but of iron; and there are four at the four corners of the panel. These four turn to the right, by successive notches, forming a word which is the key to the lock, the word Cora."

"The first four letters of Coralie?" asked Bournef, following Essarès' instructions as he spoke.

"No," said Essarès Bey, "the first four letters of the Coran. Have you done that?"

After a moment, Bournef answered:

"Yes, I've finished. And the key?"

"There's no key. The fifth letter of the word, the letter N, is the letter of the central rose."

Bournef turned this fifth rose; and presently a click was heard.

"Now pull," said Essarès. "That's it. The safe is not deep; it's dug in one of the stones of the front wall. Put in your hand. You'll find four pocket-books."

It must be admitted that Patrice Belval expected to see something startling interrupt Bournef's quest, and hurl him into some pit suddenly opened by Essarès' trickery. And the three confederates seemed to share this unpleasant apprehension, for they were grey in the face, while Bournef himself appeared to be working very cautiously and suspiciously.

At last he turned round and came and sat beside Essarès.

(Continued on page 56)

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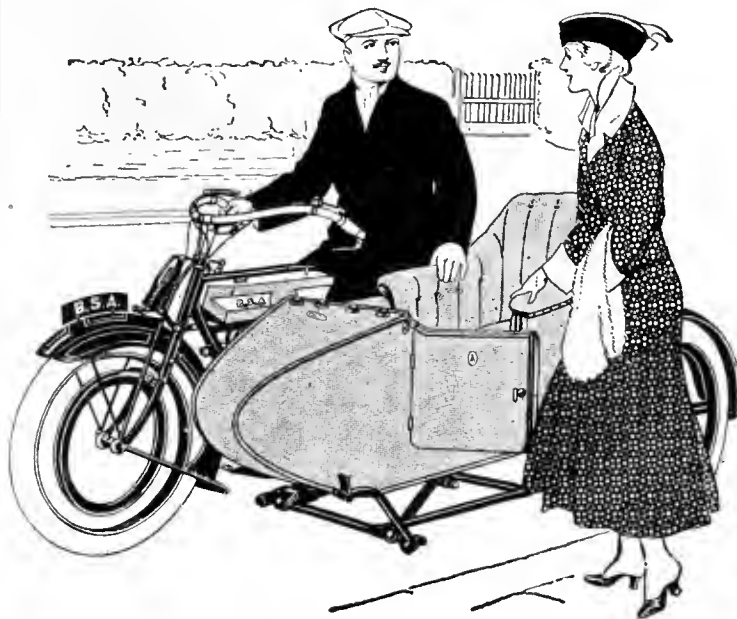
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Ask for other details.

(Continued from page 54)

In his hands he held a bundle of four pocket-books, short but extremely bulky and bound together with a canvas strap. He unfastened the buckle of the strap and opened one of the pocket-books.

His knees shook under their precious burden; and, when he had taken a huge sheaf of notes from one of the compartments, his hands were like the hands of a very old man trembling with fever.

"Thousand-franc notes," he murmured. "Ten packets of thousand franc notes."

Brutally, like men prepared to fight one another, each of the other three laid hold of a pocket-book, felt inside and mumbled:

"Ten packets. . . They're all there. . . . Thousand-franc notes. . . ."

And one of them forthwith cried, in a choking voice:

"Let's clear out! . . . Let's go!"

A sudden fear was sending them off their heads. They could not imagine that Essarès would hand over such a fortune to them unless he had some plan which would enable him to recover it before they had left the room. That was a certainty. The ceiling would come down on their heads. The walls would close up and crush them to death, while sparing their unfathomable adversary.

Nor had Patrice Belval any doubt of it. The disaster was preparing. Essarès' revenge was inevitably at hand. A man like him, a fighter as able as he appeared to be, does not so easily surrender four million francs if he has not some scheme at the back of his head. Patrice felt himself breathing heavily. His present excitement was more violent than any with which he had thrilled since the very beginning of the tragic scenes which he had been witnessing; and he saw that Coralie's face was as anxious as his own.

Meanwhile Bournef partially recovered his composure and, holding back his companions, said:

"Don't be such fools! He would be capable, with old Siméon, of releasing himself and running after us."

Using only one hand, for the other was clutching a pocket-book, all four fastened Essarès' arm to the chair, while he protested angrily:

"You idiots! You came here to rob me of a secret of immense importance, as you well know; and you lose your

heads over a trifle of four millions. Say what you like, the colonel had more backbone than that!"

They gagged him once more and Bournef gave him a smashing blow with his fist which laid him unconscious.

"That makes our retreat safe," said Bournef.

"What about the colonel?" asked one of the others. "Are we to leave him here?"

"Why not?"

But apparently he thought this unwise: for he added:

"On second thoughts, no. It's not to our interest to compromise Essarès any further. What we must do, Essarès as well as ourselves, is to make ourselves scarce as fast as we can, before that damned letter of the colonel's is delivered at headquarters, say before twelve o'clock in the day."

"Then what do you suggest?"

"We'll take the colonel with us in the motor and drop him anywhere. The police must make what they can of it."

"And his papers?"

"We'll look through his pockets as we go. Lend me a hand."

They bandaged the wound to stop the flow of blood, took up the body, each holding it by an arm or leg, and walked out without any one of them letting go his pocket-book for a second.

Patrice Belval heard them pass through another room and then tramp heavily over the echoing flags of a hall.

"This is the moment," he said. "Essarès or Siméon will press a button and the rogues will be nabbed."

Essarès did not budge.

Siméon did not budge.

Patrice heard all the sounds accompanying their departure; the slamming of the carriage gate, the starting-up of the engine and the drone of the car as it moved away. And that was all. Nothing had happened. The confederates were getting off with their four millions.

A long silence followed, during which Patrice remained on tenterhooks. He did not believe that the drama had reached its last phase; and he was so much afraid of the unexpected which might still occur that he determined to make Coralie aware of his presence.

A fresh incident prevented him. Coralie had risen to her feet.

(To be continued)

Keep on sending me OXO

The reviving, strength-giving power of OXO has received remarkable endorsement from officers and men during the War.

OXO exactly meets their needs: It aids and increases nutrition and stimulates and builds up strength to resist climatic changes; it is invaluable for all who have to undergo exertion either to promote fitness or to recuperate after fatigue.

OXO is made in a moment, and with bread or biscuits sustains for hours.

A Captain in the R.A.M.C. writes to his father:

"I can buy most things here except cigarettes, OXO and soups. If you could send me OXO occasionally it would be very useful, and would be a great comfort to some of my fellows in hospital and expedite recovery."

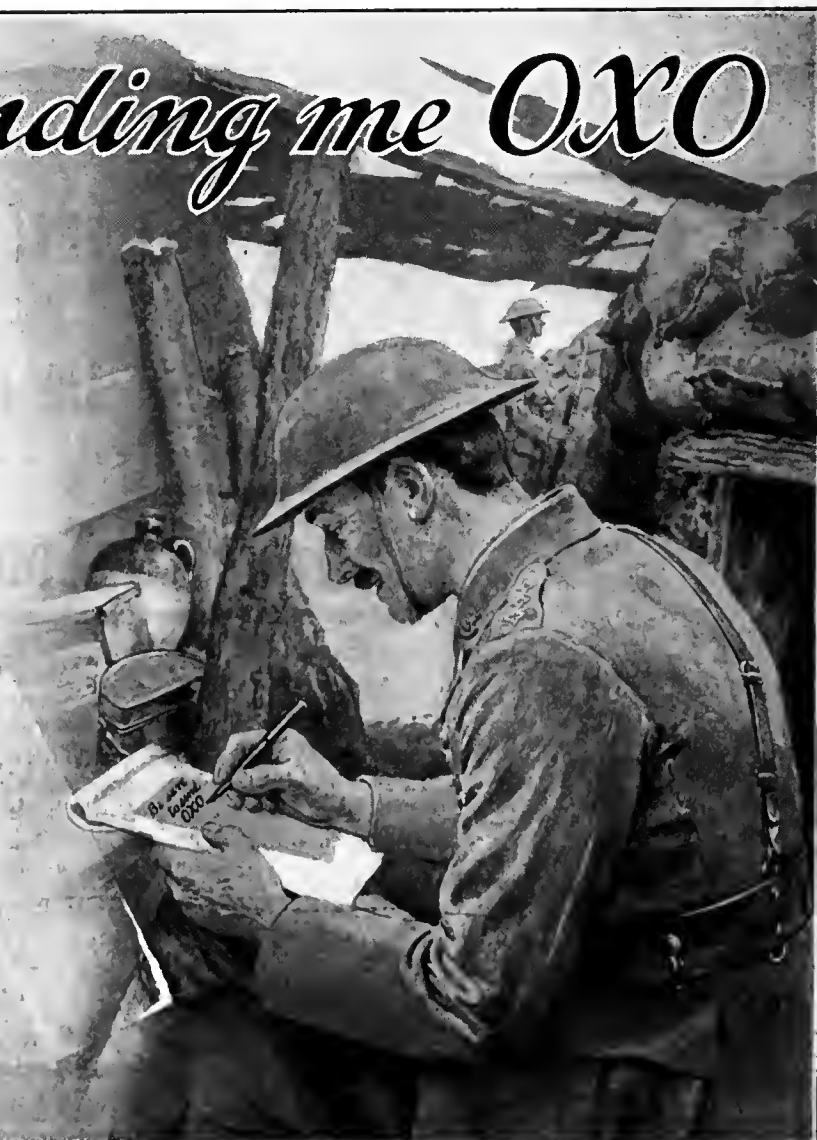
Oxo in Mesopotamia.

"It was with some doubt and misgiving that I sent some OXO to my son in Mesopotamia,

feeling it might not reach him in good condition; but he writes home to us that he uses OXO to fortify the soup they have, and asks for more to be sent each week, as OXO is very sustaining and helpful to buck one up in such a trying climate."

From a Mine-sweeper:

"OXO has kept warmth in us all these perishing nights. There was a terrific rush on it as soon as our chaps found out it was aboard. I can tell you it has proved one of the best gifts we have received."



FOOT'S

ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIRS



Auto-
matic
Adjust-
able
Back

"THE BURLINGTON" (Patented).

Simply press a button and the back declines, or automatically rises, to any position desired by the occupant. Release the button and the back is locked.

The arms open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and can be used as a footstool. When not in use it slides under the seat.

The Reading Desk and Side Tray are adjustable and removable. The only chair combining these conveniences, or that is so easily adjusted. The Upholstery is exceptionally deep, with spring elastic edges.

Would not one of these chairs add considerably to the enjoyment of your relaxation and rest?

CATALOGUE C 6 OF ADJUSTABLE CHAIRS, FREE.

171 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

A Bagful of the Best

There is nothing you can send to Friend on Active Service or Friend at home so certain to please as

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The Supreme Pen and the Ideal Gift.

TO whomsoever it is sent it will be welcome. There will be nothing lukewarm about its reception; the pleasure will be wholehearted. No wonder—for Waterman's Ideal is the World's Best Pen—a beauty in appearance and in performance.

Regimental Badges.



The Safety and Self-Filling types with two half-marked gold bands can now be obtained with regimental Badges or Ships' Crests enamelled on gold in the correct heraldic colours, at 35/- each.

An unusually suitable Christmas or other gift for men on Active Service.

Three Types: Regular Type, 10/6 and upwards. Lever Pocket Self-filling and the Safety Types, 15/- and upwards. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Nibs exchangeable if not suitable. Call, or send to "The Pen Corner." Full range of pens on view for inspection and trial.

Booklet Free from—

L. G. SLOAN, Ltd.,
The Pen Corner,
Kingsway, London



Let your 'XMAS GIFT to our brave Serbian Allies be a DONATION to THE SERBIAN RELIEF FUND

Patroness: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

President: THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

THE present calls upon the Fund represent upwards of £15,000 per month, and *the end of its resources is in sight*. The Fund is most economically distributed, the management expenses being less than 1½%.

SERBIAN PRISONERS OF WAR.

The Serbian Relief Fund is now supplying (through an admirably-conducted Swiss agency in Berne) a DAILY BREAD RATION to upwards of 50,000 Serbian prisoners of war. The Fund is expending nearly £5,000 per month on food alone. Clothing, which is greatly needed, is also being supplied as far as the means allow.

REMEMBER! Their own country can send them nothing.
We are the one source through which they can obtain relief.

EDUCATION OF SERBIAN BOYS.

500 Serbian boys are now being educated in England and Scotland under the auspices of the Serbian Relief Fund, which has made itself responsible for their welfare.

REFUGEES IN CORSICA.

The Serbian Relief Fund, co-operating with the French authorities, is carrying on extensive work amongst the large numbers of Serbian refugees in Corsica—improving their housing accommodation, establishing work-rooms, and in many other ways helping to make the lives of these poor people more tolerable.

THE NEED FOR FUNDS IS UNLIMITED. We also need shirts, socks, and underclothing for the prisoners; household linen, dressings and clothing for the hospital in Macedonia.

Cheques should be made payable to THE EARL OF PLYMOUTH, and addressed to 5, CROMWELL ROAD, LONDON, S.W. (Only Address).

All Parcels to be addressed to Mrs Carrington Wilde, Serbian Relief Fund, 5 Cromwell Road, London, S.W.

Send for Latest Report, "FOR SERBIA," describing the past, present, and future work of the Fund.



THE WEST END

By Passe-Partout

The aim of these notes is to bring articles of present-day use and interest to the knowledge of our readers. All articles described have been carefully chosen for mention, and in every instance can be recommended from personal knowledge. Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to PASSE-PARTOUT, "Land & Water," Old Serjeant's Inn, 5 Chancery Lane, W.C. Any other information will be given on request.

Well Matured Lavender Water



Lavender water with its old-world scent and associations appeals to every dainty woman, and is sure of a grateful reception at Christmastide. Like many other things there is, however, lavender water and lavender water, the lesser qualities being but mere apology for the perfume they really should be.

It is good news to learn of a really perfect lavender water, the fragrance from which is like a lavender bed in full bloom with the sun pouring down on it. This

lavender water is kept by a firm of widespread renown and reliability, and the reason for its excellence is its age. It is all kept for four years after distillation, none being offered for sale till then. This makes all the difference to lavender water, as those buying it will quickly discover. It gains in perfume and delicacy to an almost incredible extent, and is a toilet water unusually rare.

The price is all it should be, bottles costing 1s., 2s. 2d., 4s. 6d., 6s. 3d., just according to size.

Golden Meal Semolina

Everybody is on the hunt for cheap nutritious food and it can be found with golden meal semolina. This hails from America, the demand of Americans over here for it in fact leading to its being stocked at all. Once established in this country the fancy for it is likely to remain, for with golden meal semolina a clever cook can work wonders.

In colour it is a pale attractive-looking gold colour. When made into a milk pudding even that ordinary dish loses its dullness, while the addition of a little cream makes it particularly tempting. The main point, however, at this time is its cheapness. Two pounds cost the modest sum of 5½d., while a big quantity, twenty eight pounds, costs but 5s. 9d., amply repaying buying in bulk.

The Perfect Bed Table

In the past few months many bed tables have been mooted, but the best design without doubt is the "Adapta" adjustable bed table. This can be adjusted to any angle by the simple pushing of a button at the top. It can thus be easily worked by the person in bed.

Through these means it can be a breakfast tray, a book rest, a card table or anything else needed. The table is supported on a forked foot going right under the bed so that no weight is on the occupant inside. Another rather unusual feature is the way in which this table can act as a back rest. It gives the most complete support to anyone sitting up in bed and for this alone is invaluable.

A clear little booklet fully illustrated concerns itself solely with this new comfort and will be forwarded with pleasure.

Notions Worth Adopting

People with an eye to the renovating of their evening wardrobes on account of Christmas visiting or the like will be interested in some most attractive Russian coats. Made in ninon or a thickish weave of chiffon they are trimmed most becomingly with marabout. The waist gauged into pretty fullness is run on elastic so that they fit practically everybody. They fasten beneath a marabout square buckle

and worn over an old evening frock or tea gown refresh it in a way nothing short of electrifying. They are kept in any amount of lovely colourings.

Renovating etceteras are indeed a feature at the shop in mind. Also shown here is a most lovely wrap fichu, copy of a Doucet model. Of gold run lace, the graceful ends fasten at the back in a very novel way and once more a transforming work is wrought.

The same people stock ready for wear slips in white or black taffetas at exceedingly low prices. Colours will be made to order and one of these slips combined with one of the lovely chiffon coats shown in such profusion make the most attractive informal evening gown.

To Bazaar Stall Holders

A toilet stall can be the centre of attraction at a bazaar if it is properly equipped and prettily arranged. A firm of the most enticing perfumers in town are making special bazaar offers, full particulars of which will be promptly dispatched to any caring to see them. A form has to be filled up vouching that the articles will be used at a bazaar, but this is the only formality.

The firm's specialities are legion. There is a most fragrant refreshing powder for dusting after a bath. Bath salts are exceptionally good, while some face powder called the "Heart of a Rose" is so true to its lovely name that one might indeed be smelling a bunch of fresh cut summer roses.

Stockings for Christmas

for stockings is famed far and near are putting up the most delightful boxfuls for Christmas. In their dainty cretonne covering these stockings appear more than ever to advantage, and the woman who may include them among her Christmas gifts will count herself a lucky mortal. Half a dozen pairs of pure black silk with lisle feet

and tops cost 28s. 6d. in their box complete. Another box holds six pairs of coloured stockings of the purest French silk. Each stocking is finished by a hand-embroidered clock. The shades are perfectly lovely and the price for the whole thing thirty shillings. Three pairs of capital cashmere stockings with silk clocks in black or coloured cost 9s. 6d., these, too, being in a dainty box. So are some fine black spun silk stockings, three pairs of which cost 12s. 6d., a price to snap at now spun silk is so scarce.

Apart from Christmas presents these stockings are worth buying from the ordinary point of view. Stockings are amongst the commodities that are bound to increase in price as time goes on, and the woman wise in her generation is fast laying in an advance stock of them. Every one of the stockings mentioned above are quoted at unusually low prices. Prices which it is very certain cannot be repeated once the present stock is sold out. French hose is becoming difficult to get because so many of the weavers are engaged on Government work, and the works themselves have been commandeered for other purposes. The French silk coloured stockings sold by the firm in question rank doubly in consequence.





DAINTY TOILET HINTS.

*Some Old-Fashioned
Recipes.*

SIMPLE YET EFFECTIVE.

BY MIMOSA.

How to Discard an Unsightly Complexion.

HOW many women exclaim as they behold their ugly complexion in the mirror, "If I could only tear off this old skin!" and, do you know, it is now possible to do that very thing? Not to actually remove the entire skin all of a sudden; that would be too heroic a method and painful, too, I imagine. The worn-out cuticle comes off in such tiny particles, and so gradually, requiring about ten days to complete the transformation—it doesn't hurt a bit. Day by day the beautiful complexion underneath comes forth. Marvellous! No matter how muddy, rough, blotchy or aged your complexion, you can surely discard it by this simple process. Just get some ordinary mercolised wax at your chemist's, apply nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the mornings.

Why Have Grey Hair?

FEW people know that grey hair is not a necessary feature of age—that it can be avoided without resorting to hair dyes. A very old, home-made remedy will turn the hair back to a natural colour in a few days. It is only necessary to get from the chemist two ounces of concentrate of tammalite and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply this simple lotion to the hair for a few nights with a small sponge and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing the grey-ness disappear. This recipe is perfectly harmless, is neither sticky nor greasy, and has given perfect satisfaction for many generations to those in possession of the secret.

A Strange Shampoo.

I WAS much interested to learn from this young woman with the beautiful glossy hair that she never washes it with soap or artificial shampoo powders. Instead she makes her own shampoo by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. "I make my chemist get the stallax for me," said she. "It comes only in ¼ lb. sealed packages, enough to make up twenty-five or thirty individual shampoos, and it smells so good I could almost eat it." Certainly this little lady's hair did look wonderful, even if she has strange ideas of a shampoo. I am tempted to try the plan myself.

Blackheads Instantly Go.

A VERY simple, harmless and pleasant process is now used to remove blackheads and correct greasiness and large pores in the skin. You have only to obtain a tablet of stymol, obtained from the chemist's into a glass of hot water and bathe the face with the liquid after the effervescence has subsided. The blackheads will then come right off on the towel. The enlarged pores immediately contract to normal and the greasiness disappears, leaving the skin smooth, soft and cool and free from blemish. But to make sure that this desirable result is permanent, it is advisable to repeat the treatment several times at intervals of, say, about four or five days.

Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.

HOW to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered pheminol, obtainable from the chemists, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

D.H. Evans & Co

LTD

Everything for Ladies' and Children's Wear.

**TWO USEFUL GARMENTS
FOR CHILLY WEATHER.**




No. 254 LW.—SUEDE LEATHER WAISTCOAT, for Motoring or Sports Wear. In a durable Dark Grey. Sizes 36, 38, and 40 in. with Sleeves 33/9 Sleeveless 18/11

Also in Cardigan Shape, to cover hips. Sizes 36, 38, and 40 in. with Sleeves 39/6 42 in. size, in both styles, from 2/- to 4/- extra.

WRITE FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED LIST OF XMAS PRESENTS POST FREE ON REQUEST.

No. 45 LW.—PRACTICAL KNITTED COAT (as illustration), suitable for House or Sports Wear. Obtainable in a wide range of colourings.

Price **29/6**

**290 to 322
Oxford St. London W.**

"THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT." SESSEL PEARLS

SESSEL PEARLS are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

Brochure No. 14 on request post free.

Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, etc., taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL (Bourne, Ltd), 14 & 14a New Bond Street, London, W.
(Directly opposite Aspreys.)



Beautiful Necklace of SESSEL Pearls in fitted case with 18-ct. gold clasp.

£4 4s. 0d.

Real Diamond Clasps with SESSEL Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire or Ruby centre, from

£2 2s. 0d.

SESSEL Pearl Earrings, Studs, Scarf Pins, Rings with Solid Gold mountings, from

£1 10s. 0d.

Wilson & Gill

139 Regent St., LONDON, W.

THE MILITARY CROSS.





No. 607.—Solid 18ct. Gold and Palladium Brooch. £3.

No. 608.—Solid 18ct. Gold and Palladium Pendant. £2/15/-.

No. 609.—Solid 18ct. Gold and Palladium Brooch Pendant with Bar Enamelled in Colours. £3/15/-.

With Amethyst and Diamond Bar, £10 10s.

Illustrated Catalogue of Jewellery sent on request.

These Miniatures of the Military Cross are made in solid 18ct Gold fronted with Pure Palladium.

❖ Town and Country ❖

THERE is no aspect of munition work in which the King and Queen are more interested than in the home side. Her Majesty is of a practical nature, and she has shown active sympathy in making the life of the toiler easier. There has been a good deal of rebuilding on the Royal estates in recent years, and the style of the new homes for the working classes that have been erected is in every way a model of their kind.

In order to extend the essential duty of providing huts, hostels, rest-rooms and canteens for women wartime workers, mainly in munition areas, the Young Women's Christian Association, of which Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra are patrons, is organising a Women's Day for Tuesday, February 27th, for Greater London, with subsequent dates for the whole of Great Britain and the overseas dominions.

There appears to be something unhealthy about that plot of grass next Gwydyr house in Whitehall. James II. was moved on at the time of King Edward's Coronation, and now Lord Clive has followed suit. This last move points to an endeavour of the authorities to find more suitable positions for London's statues. The Duke of Devonshire is entirely out of place in Whitehall Gardens; a site might easily have been found near the Palace of Westminster.

Sir John Collie, who has recently written on the treatment of the neurasthenic, has had an exceptional experience of this form of malady. He is the recognised authority on malingerers which not seldom is the direct outcome of neurasthenia in some shape or other. A most kind-hearted man, with a brusque and almost ferocious manner, he was the terror of the workshy, and the stories he can tell of his diagnosis of this form of complaint are most amusing. Since the war began, he placed his services at the disposal of the country and has done splendid work in various directions. He is now an Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel.

The President of the Board of Agriculture is again calling attention to the urgent need that exists for the assistance of

women, not already connected with agricultural industry, in the work that is required for food production on the land, and to replace agricultural labourers who have been called up for military service. Educated women, we are told, are especially invited to offer their services, and short courses of training can be provided for them.

But the Board of Agriculture appears to ignore the fact that only this summer many educated women did offer their services to agriculture and were ignominiously turned down by farmers without a trial, simply because they were educated. The whole subject has been played with hitherto, and the women have been bandied between farms and Whitehall in a most humiliating manner. If there is truth in this need, it is high time Lord Crawford should deal seriously with the subject, and make such arrangements that suitable women, whether educated or town-bred, shall be provided with suitable employment, or at least be given an honest trial.

The Hackney Horse Society holds its annual show at the Agricultural Hall at the beginning of March. Hackneys are more in demand than ever, and there have been several buyers over here recently from friendly nations on the Continent on the look out for good sires.

For some months Mr. Muirhead Bone has been engaged as a commissioned officer in the British army in France making drawings of places and incidents in the war for permanent record in the British Museum. Reproductions of some of these drawings are to be published (by authority of the War Office) in monthly parts, with appropriate letterpress. The first is appearing early this month with a preface by Sir Douglas Haig. Mr. Bone is an artist of international reputation whose drawings perhaps are better known abroad.

I was an unwitting listener the other day of a discussion between two Australian men in khaki on the merits of Australian and British hospitals. Said one: "Some of our outlaws have run against the discipline of British hospitals and

(Continued on page 62)



The DUCHESSE D'ANGOULEME

DAUGHTER of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, when a visitor to London in the early days of the last century, made her home at "Grillon's Hotel," a house very popular with the aristocracy of the period. Here she held many famous receptions. Occupying the same spot and catering for "the Quality" of to-day—as represented by the best County Families—stands the Coburg Hotel.

ON a site which joins the two most aristocratic and historical squares in London—Berkeley and Grosvenor Squares—its situation is unique. Away from the rush of traffic, it is yet adjacent to Oxford, Regent and Bond Streets, near Hyde Park, and within ten minutes of the Farthest West-end Playhouse.

THE Coburg has a *cachet* all its own, which appeals to Naval and Military Officers, who in their hotel environment seek a quietude not always possible in large caravansaries.

The
**COBURG
HOTEL**
Mayfair
W.

CHRISTMAS LEAVE—The Management will be glad to receive early intimation of accommodation required during the Christmas Holidays.



HOTEL CECIL

THE
**COST of LIVING REDUCED
DURING THE WAR**

Exceptional inclusive terms to
RESIDENTS and OFFICERS.

SUITES and BEDROOMS
with
PRIVATE BATHROOMS.

Telephone: GERRARD 60. Apply, **MANAGER,
HOTEL CECIL, STRAND.**



GONG SOUPS are "TOP HOLE."

A few packets of Gong Soups in his naversack, and a brisk little wood fire glowing in the shelter of a farm-house wall, mean much to the man who has just returned from arduous toil for his "rest" period.

Water is quickly procured, the Gong Soup packet dissolved, and in fifteen minutes or so "the best meal for a week" is ready.

The particular handiness of Gong Soups, together with their variety and economy, render them specially suitable for use in the home as well as at the Front.

From one of the H.A.C.

"You might send some more Gong Soups. They are 'top hole.' Everyone likes them out here, the vegetable part is so good."



Twelve Delicious Varieties:

Scotch Broth	Lentil	Celery Cream
Mock Turtle	Julienne	Green Pea
Pea	Ox Tail	Artichoke
Mulligatawny	Thick Gravy	Tomato

GONG

Made by
OXO Ltd., London, E.C.

SOUPS



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS of Highest Quality.

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's Christmas Presents in Jewellery, Gold, Silver, Silver Plate and Leather are comprehensive in character and are of highest quality. Every article has been carefully selected and is the best value obtainable.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company will be pleased to send articles for approval, carriage paid, at the Company's risk.

A Catalogue of Christmas Presents will be sent post free on application.



Diamond and Enamel Military Badge on Black Moiré Silk Band or the Regimental Ribbon with adjustable Gold Snap.
£5 5 0



Diamond Initial, set in Palladium, with White Enamel Border on Black Moiré Silk Band with adjustable snap, £3 0 0; £3 5 0; £3 10 0, according to Initial.



Keyless Lever Watch, Fully Jewelled, set in Diamonds, mounted in Palladium on Black Moiré Silk Bracelet, £255 0 0

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD. with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths' Alliance Ltd. (Silver & Sons) Established 1731

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. The King.

Only one Address. No Branches.

112 Regent Street London W.

TOWN AND COUNTRY

(Continued from page 60)

howled. But give me the British hospital every time. I have tried both. A nurse in a British hospital is never familiar with an orderly, but in an Australian hospital they are all on the same level. It does not work well from the sick man's point of view. At least that is my experience." It was interesting as evidence how the merits of discipline are rightly appreciated by the best type of Australian.

The egg and poultry demonstration train which the Great Eastern Railway has been running through the Eastern counties, has been extraordinarily successful, over 45,000 persons have passed the demonstration car. The railway does not intend to let the matter rest, and it is now in communication with the Board of Agriculture for the best way to provide cottagers with the right strain of stock birds.

Mr. Jack's picture of Victoria Station, crowded with men returning to the front, was one of the features of this year's Royal Academy. Oxo Limited acquired the right to reproduce it. The photogravures are admirable reproductions; they are exchangeable for Oxo coupons.

Mr. Robert Evett has to withdraw *The Happy Day* at Daly's on Saturday evening, owing to the strain being too severe on the artistes who are rehearsing for the new play, *The Maid of the Mountains*. Also for *Young England* the stage of Daly's is required on the 23rd. *The Happy Day* has been one of the big theatrical successes of the year; it is a success thoroughly well deserved.

Poor Madras for about the sixth time, has lost its harbour: the *Emden* spared it, but not the cyclone. November is the month for cyclones on the Coromandel Coast.

There has been a wonderful lot of nonsense talked about restaurant menus, mainly because they are written in flowery French. I was amused to read in the *Daily Express* the average menu of a munition worker converted into dishes which identically the same food would have produced in a restaurant kitchen. It sounded most imposing. Where restaurants, especially those of the highest type, will be glad, is that

the Board of Trade rules should eliminate competition in expensive comestibles. It will not be necessary to stock delicacies because people may get them elsewhere. Certain night-clubs have been gross offenders in this respect.

But as every patron of Jules restaurant knows, you can have the best of cooking without luxuries. There is not a more favourite restaurant in the West End, and the menus are always simple. People do not go to restaurants of this class for luxury but for comfort. HERMES

The Queen visited Messrs. Tredegars, at 7, Brook Street, in the afternoon of Friday, Nov. 17th, accompanied by Princess Mary, to inspect examples of Lady Kinloch's Painted Furniture, in which industry the Queen has taken the greatest personal interest. Her Majesty has commanded a Suite of Furniture for Windsor.

Druce of Baker Street once more are ready with many practical Christmas presents. Small size furniture is a great feature here, and people with flats in which every inch of room is limited, are specially glad of it. Delightful little "Nest Tables" with any amount of room, owing to the trays stowed away one beneath the other, are an attraction. So are some capital little writing bureaux.

Nothing presents a greater problem to the feminine mind than the choosing of a man's Christmas present. To everybody in doubt on the subject words of sound advice can be given—buy a Gillette Safety Razor. This kind makes shaving the easiest thing in the world, and nobody once trying it will adopt any other kind. To men in the trenches a Gillette Safety Razor is the greatest boon. Everything is compact and workmanlike, and it is no trouble to stow it away. The ideal type for a soldier is the small pocket edition in a silver-plated case. It is just like a cigarette case and costs a guinea.

While the end of the war is not yet in sight Government departments are wisely looking ahead and endeavouring to forecast future policies. So are the leaders of the great industries. Motor manufacturers are not one whit behind others, and amongst those who have completed provisional plans it is natural to find the Austin Motor Co., whose chiefs appreciate the factors that will operate "six months after." Primarily, it is the Company's intention to deal with output. They will concentrate their energies on a one model chassis of 20 h.p., with a touring or laundaret body completed "ready for the road." The final design has not yet been approved, but Austin quality and excellence of finish will be maintained, and cars will be produced at less than pre-war prices. When ready, the new Austin will be in great demand, each intending buyer seeking immediate delivery. To facilitate possession advantage should be taken of the waiting list kept by at Longbridge Works, Northfield, Birmingham.

DAINTY LINGERIE
for XMAS GIFTS.

NIGHTGOWN (as sketch), in fine silk crystalline, with beautifully printed Louise-Seize design on pink, blue, and white grounds. Entirely hand-made by our own workers. Trimmed with lace.

Price 21/9

Cap, in lace and ribbons,
Price 12/9TOYLAND.
A YULETIDE EXHIBITION OF
BRITISH TOYS

A wonderful selection of Toys made by the best British manufacturers, including the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshop and many other charitable Institutions. The soft toys are quite unique and cannot fail to interest the children.

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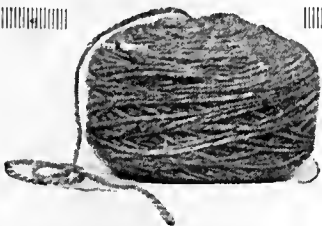
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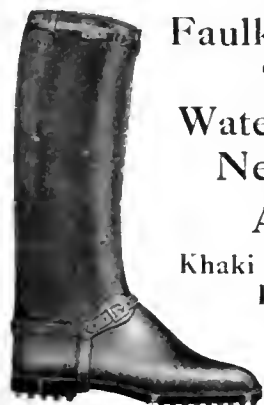
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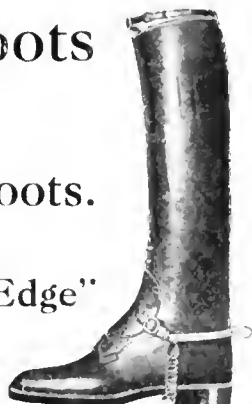
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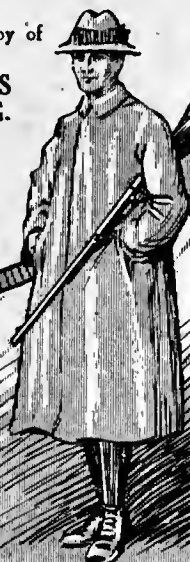
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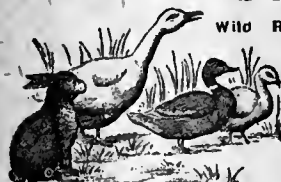
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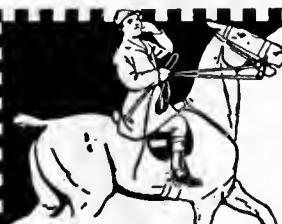
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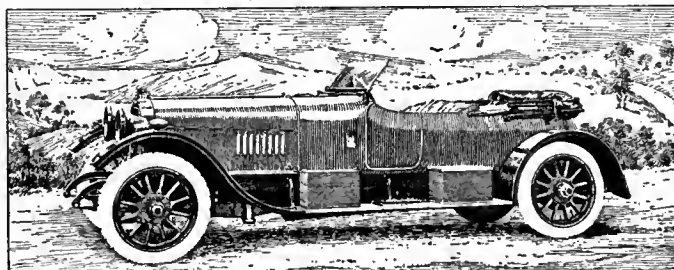
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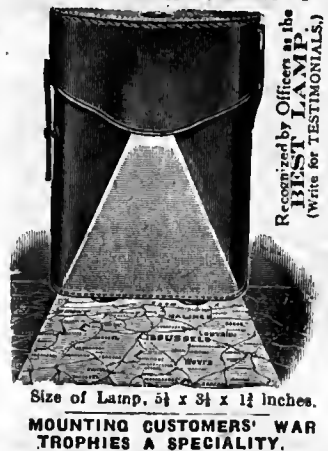


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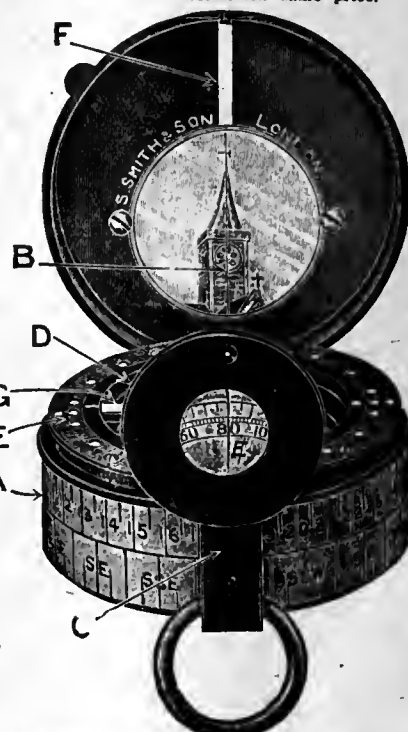
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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1916

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THE NEW GOVERNMENT

THE most notable fact about the new Government is the defeat of the parliamentarians. Hitherto every Prime Minister in constructing his Government has been compelled to take account of personalities and politics in the House of Commons. The result has been the steady expansion of Cabinets from the figure of six or seven in the eighteenth century to twenty-three, according to the latest record. A Cabinet of these dimensions, even if entirely composed of angels sent down from Heaven, would be quite unworkable. In practice Cabinets are not composed of angels; they are, or were, composed of politicians who had not necessarily any special competence for the work entrusted to them, and many of whom were frankly more concerned with their own personal ambitions or with political influences in their constituencies than with the efficiency of the public service.

There was a further factor which the general public has not even yet sufficiently appreciated. Any politician who is placed at the head of a large government department discovers within a very few days that he must either adapt himself to the wishes of his permanent officials or find his path blocked by more or less organised obstruction. Consequently, under the old regime when the Cabinet was composed of men who were also departmental Ministers, every Minister felt bound to fight in the Cabinet for the interests of his own department. There was no external force to control these internal quarrels. By separating the Cabinet from the general body of Ministers, Mr. Lloyd George has cut at the very root of this vicious system, and if he had done nothing else would, on this account alone, have deserved well of the country.

The new Cabinet consists of only five men, the Prime Minister, Lord Curzon, who holds a purely titular office, Lord Milner and Mr. Henderson, who hold no office at all, and Mr. Bonar Law the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, according to official statement, is not expected to attend regularly. The inclusion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Cabinet is sound, for his office differs fundamentally from any other department. The Treasury, by the fact that it has to provide the money to meet all expenditure, must of necessity exercise some control over all other departments, and on this ground it is right that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be consulted by the Cabinet in all questions of policy involving expenditure. The Cabinet thus constituted will be a real Executive Council.

The second most notable feature of the new Government is the introduction of men who have made their reputation by other methods than speech-making in the House of Commons or on political platforms. One can dimly picture the gnashing of teeth which has been in progress among the place-hunters in the House of Commons since these announcements were made. Of necessity a number of new offices have had to be created to meet the special needs of the war, such as the Food Controller, the Shipping Controller and the Labour Minister. While the Prime Minister was creating these new offices he ought to have swept away the old political offices which are mere survivals of past conditions, and reconstituted others which ought to be treated as unpolitical. The most prominent of these latter is the Lord Chancellorship. This office is now to be transferred from Lord Buckmaster to Sir Robert Finlay, and it is gratifying to see that the new holder of the office expressly stipulates that he is to be allowed to refuse the pension which goes with the office. One of the financial scandals of our judicial system is the practice of assigning a pension of £5,000 a year to every ex-Lord Chancellor even if he has only held office for a few months or a few days. But the worst defect of the present system is the combination of a judicial office with political influence. The Lord Chancellor of Great Britain is the supreme judge of the kingdom, and indeed of the Empire. It is scandalous that a man holding such an important office should be chosen for political reasons and should be constantly subjected to political influences. One of the most urgent reforms in our governmental system is the dissociation of this judicial office from politics.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Lloyd George, though his temperament does not work that way, will give attention, or encourage Mr. Bonar Law to give attention, to yet another point—the necessity for greater economy in the utilisation of our national resources. Before the war began there was a great deal of unnecessary lavishness in our public expenditure; there has been very little check to this pre-war lavishness on the civilian side of the government, and there has been inevitable new lavishness in the expenditure upon war services. It is right that we should spend generously on supplying the necessities of life and the necessities of war to our soldiers and in providing for their after-war maintenance, but it is wrong that we should fool away money as is now being done on a wholesale scale through lack of proper central and detailed control.

The new Ministry represents a distinct advance in its method of construction, and no good purpose can now be served by enquiring into the methods by which the change was brought about. It would be ungenerous, however, to bid farewell to the old regime without paying a just tribute to the late Prime Minister, who for the past two and a half years has borne a heavier burden and responsibility than any other man in England. We think he has deserved well of his country, and his generation, and he has less reason than most men to fear the verdict of history. It may be that his Government (for no Government is infallible) has made mistakes, but the responsibility for these mistakes rests equally on his associates, many of whom still control the destinies of the nation. It is comforting to reflect that politicians, like humbler men, learn lessons from experience: and the downfall of the old Government may prove a warning to the new. In any case, we can heartily endorse Mr. Lloyd George's own words: "Their one predominant task is the vigorous prosecution of the war to a triumphant conclusion." That is the only answer to the spurious terms of peace which Germany, suddenly smitten with the pangs of conscience, has audaciously offered to the Allies.

The Lines of the Sereth

By Hilaire Belloc

THE situation in Roumania remains exactly what it has been since the sudden drying up of munitions led to the great retreat.

It is a situation in which no discussion of military movements and their effects is of the least value, because the two opponents are not comparable. One is a fully-equipped armed force able to use all its weapons and in particular its artillery. The other is a body of men armed with rifles and also probably with sufficient small arm ammunition. It even possesses a nearly full complement of field pieces and an insufficient number of heavy guns, but it is not possessed of the shell which is the missile weapon of these last. You could not discuss a problem in Chess if Black had no pieces. There would be no problem at all.

The great central point of interest—the question the answer to which is all important—can only be stated. No one in the West has the reply. It is this: "When will munitionment appear in a sufficient quantity to permit the Russians and Roumanians to check the enemy's advance?"

What has happened hitherto is as clear as it can be.

The Roumanian army held its own perfectly on the defensive mountain line so long as its stock of shell lasted. The last considerable stock was exhausted in the fighting south of the Vulcan. It is quite evident that this exhaustion came unexpectedly. In other words, further munitionment was expected and did not arrive. Had the shortage been foreseen the troops at Orsova would have been recalled: a selection of the remaining stock would have been made to defend the Danube line: the falling back would have been gradual. The shortage certainly came suddenly and very probably unexpectedly. The great bulk of the Roumanian Army had no choice but to fall back upon Bucharest: not because Bucharest was the capital, but (presumably) because Bucharest contained a certain head of shell, and because even the insufficient means of transport available could bring that shell to the guns if the guns were near to the city: Hence the rally in the immediate neighbourhood of the town.

But the stock—which was no more than pre-war stock on the old scale—is soon exhausted, and the Roumanian Army must retire again. It is unable (from lack of shell) to oppose the crossing the Danube. It is unable to stand upon any line. Some observers of the retreat have spoken of the line of this or that one of the rivers crossing the Roumanian plain. This is arguing from the old wars and forgetting the conditions of the new. A river is an obstacle which may in varying degrees check an enemy's attack. It does not protect you from his shell fire. If you are unable to reply to that shell fire it does not advantage you unless its width be so great that his range is affected. The range of the modern heavy piece forbids any river to be a protection of this kind, unless it is flanked with wide marshes. No great river with dry banks has afforded a line of resistance in the present campaign. The rivers crossing the Roumanian plain are, moreover, insignificant obstacles even at this season, until you come to the Sereth. But the Sereth, and much more, the "Sereth lines" which run from the Carpathians to the river and which take their name from the river, are at least a serious obstacle: though quite incapable of use by the retreating force until or unless that force is munitioned. It is far more probable that—if they are reached—they will serve as a defensive line for the enemy.

There are certain things we must remember about the whole of this retreat and the enemy's pursuit, if we are to avoid false analogy.

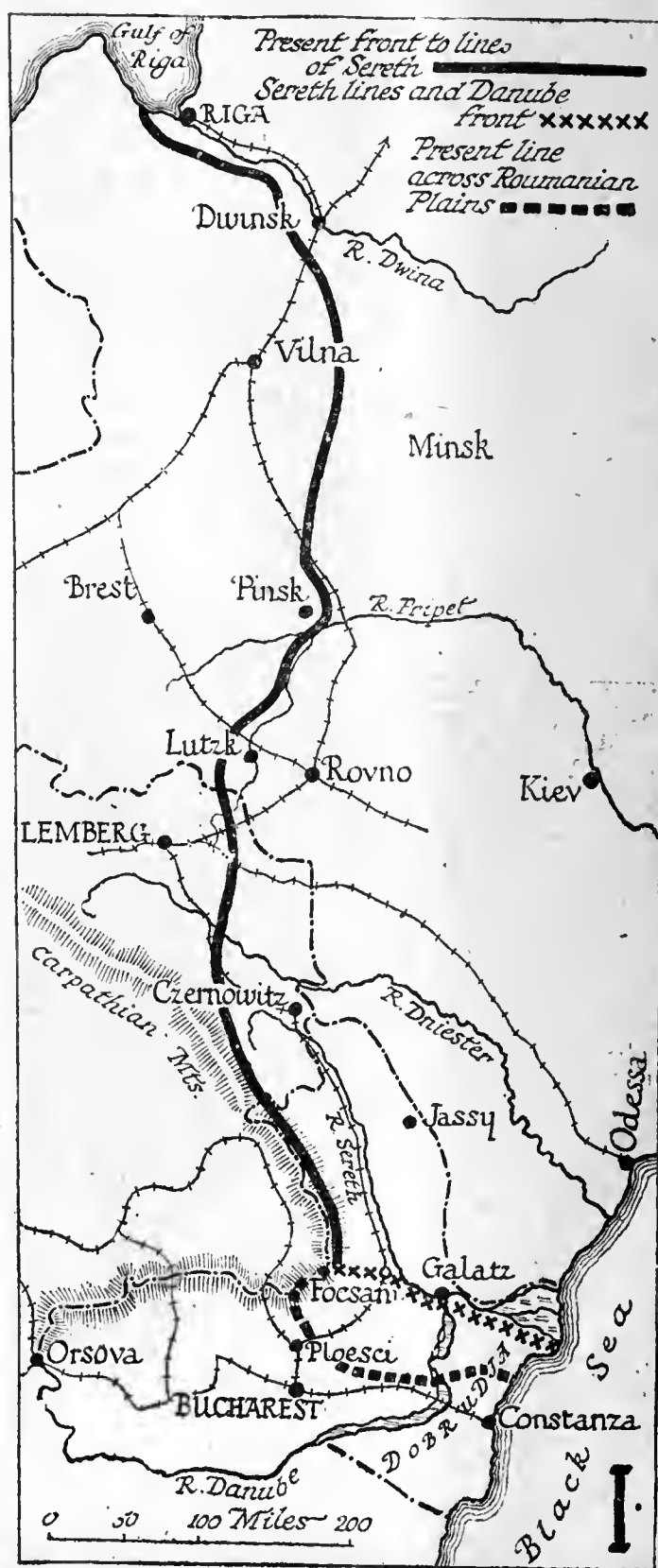
In the first place, we are not dealing with a retreat which can "restore the balance" or "produce equilibrium," after the fashion of the French retreat in the summer of '14 or the great Russian retreat in the summer of '15.

The principle of a retreat "to restore equilibrium"

is this: As you retire before your enemy (who is by definition in this case your superior) you lengthen his lines of communication so that he has to leave men upon them and thus weaken himself, you make him follow you where you choose to go (that is, you determine the form of the operation) and lastly in certain conditions of ground you extend his front.

Such a retreat before superior power is indeed the only immediate alternative to defeat: but it also offers a chance of ultimate victory. There will come a moment when the exhaustion of your enemy's effort may give you your opportunity for a counter-stroke.

Now the retirement through Roumania is not upon a



scale to produce these results, nor is the nature of the ground such as to produce them.

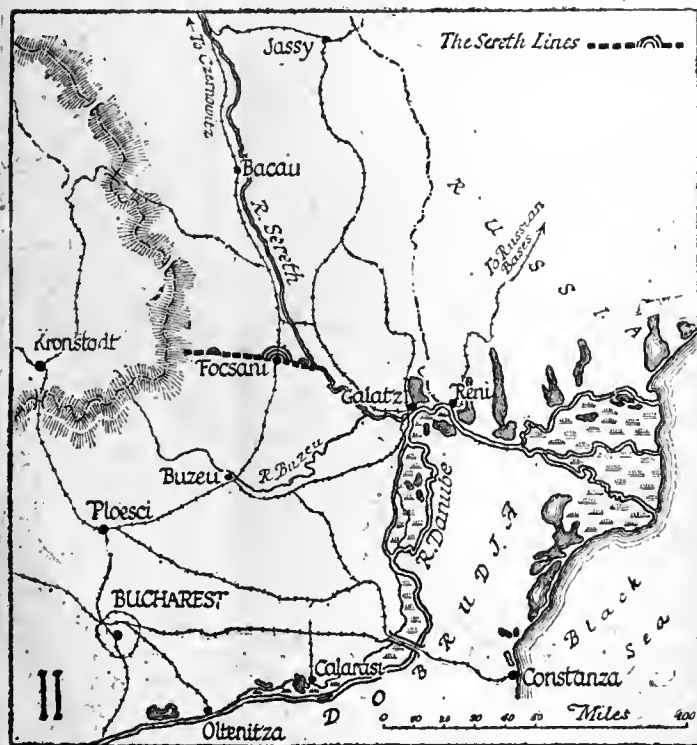
The enemy's communications do not get worse, they get easier as he goes forward. He has now got, for instance, two railways across the mountains whereas at first he had none. His front does not get longer, it gets shorter. Indeed, it is probable, as we shall see in a moment, that the shortening of his line is the main object of the whole manœuvre. He does not exhaust himself, therefore, he consolidates himself; and the Roumanians cannot use the factor of unlimited space as could the Russians. The whole thing is being played out in a restricted field.

Again, we must not work upon the analogy of inferior numbers which retreat before great forces and ultimately reduce them. The enemy pressure in Roumania is not of numbers, but of shell. The total number of enemy forces between the Bukovina and the Danube was (just before the fall of Bucharest), only 26 divisions; 12 German, 12 Austro-Hungarian, 1 Bulgarian and 1 Turkish. Even now it is but 28 divisions; one Bulgarian and one Turkish having apparently crossed over from the Dobrudja. There is in front of this force, counting the Russian reinforcement with the Roumanian, nearly the equivalent in mere numbers of rifles, but for now, so many weeks nothing sufficient in *shell*. That is the whole affair.

The Shortest Line

Should Falkenhayn desire, as is probable, to establish the shortest line consistent with the continued belligerency of Roumania, he will find that line upon what are called "The Lines of the Sereth."

One can see upon the accompanying Map I that the enemy's front from the Gulf to the Black Sea, if drawn from the elbow of the Carpathians through Focsani (the principally fortified point, for it blocks the viaduct) to the Sereth, and so to the mouths of the Danube, is pretty well the shortest he can hold consistently with having to face a Roumanian force; even so, his old front is extended by over three hundred miles, that is, by 40 per cent., but this extension is very much shorter than the original addition which was forced upon him when Roumania entered; the whole original extension due to the new Roumanian front has been over 700 miles. If the enemy reduces this by more than half he has served his own purpose well.



The so-called "Lines of the Sereth" were drawn up under German supervision and upon the system known as that of Schumann: Three detached open lunettes, each consisting of three concentric half circles, were

constructed facing northwards intended to check a Russian advance from that direction. Their form is, so to speak, a sort of exaggerated lunette. The work covering Focsani is the most important, and it will be apparent by the accompanying Sketch II that the alignment was traced with the object of holding the shortest gap between the mountains and the obstacles of the rivers. The three works defend a gate only 50 miles wide. Should the "lines of the Sereth" be approached the Roumanians will, of course, dismantle them—nor are they heavily gunned. They each consist of three half circles, one within the other.

The first used to depend upon nothing but small quick-firers, and even in the third line there was not, I believe, any piece of over 120—that is, roughly five inches—and very few of these. Meanwhile, the lines are traced, and the scheme of them ready to hand, the whole ground of the sap minutely studied. If the German Generals choose to stand upon this short Focsani line, the so-called "lines of the Sereth," they will have a very strong continuation of the mountain line on which to repose when or if their enemy shall find the power to counter-attack. If they already know that their enemy will not possess that power for some time to come (and upon this front *their* knowledge of such things is, unfortunately, far superior to the counter-knowledge our Allies have of the enemy's condition), then there is no reason why they should trouble about securing a short line or why they should not press upon the open flank still exposed to him. But if they do not stop upon the lines of the Sereth we shall know why. It will be because they have to economise effort.

Roumanian Losses

The last question in connection with the Roumanian retirement which is of any interest is the total real loss of the Roumanian Army to date.

The object of all operations is to destroy the army of your opponent—not to occupy territory. But if in an advance, you accomplish this by dissolution, you may ultimately secure nearly the same effect as if you had accomplished it by one capture or by one blow. The enemy was not able to claim any considerable numbers of men or guns (beyond his own losses) during the retirement, or before it, save at Turturkai. He there annihilated the equivalent of two divisions and took all the guns of at least one division. The total losses inflicted by the Roumanians in the earlier part of the fighting, including the destruction of the 11th Bavarian Division in the Vulcan Pass, were an equivalent. In the Dobrudja, and during the rapid retirement across Wallachia, the Roumanian loss was small.

But the other day, just north of Bucharest, there was delivered apparently a very serious enemy blow. The troops retiring between Bucharest and the mountains either jammed or delayed too long or attempted a resistance which was beyond their power. At any rate, the enemy claims 70,000 living men upon the field, wounded and unwounded, and a great number of guns. How many exactly we do not know, but counting others captured before, he makes a total of 184. These numbers have not been contradicted, and an enemy statement uncontradicted should be accepted.

What the proportion of other losses indicated by this loss of prisoners may be we cannot judge, but it is clear that the Roumanian Army, which had not severely suffered up to that moment, lost, north of Bucharest, the equivalent of five divisions at least and probably more, say a quarter of her present active forces. That is very serious. If the further advance of the enemy results in similar blows in the near future, it will mean the reduction of the national forces to a dangerous limit. We must remember that we are dealing with a total mobilisable force which is at most perhaps not the equivalent of more than forty divisions, and of this the actual organised force is more like half, the remainder being necessary for reserve and for drafts.

And we must remember that, unfortunately, until it shall be provided with adequate munitionment, the Allied army upon the new extended Roumanian front is not inflicting corresponding losses upon its opponents.

Austrian, Bulgarian and Turkish Reserves

The Great War can only be expressed as a function of Two Factors: Munitionment and Effectives.

Since the whole war—one cannot repeat it too often—is a function of these two factors, effectives and munitionment, let us complete as far as possible this week the study of the enemy's effectives.

Munitionment and its connection with man-power I dealt with in general terms last week.

Unfortunately it is only possible to deal with it in general terms. From the nature of the subject no one must discuss, even when he knows them (which I do not), the statistics of the Allied munitionment; and an exact estimate of the enemy rate of munitionment, rate of gun production, and rate of gun wastage is not obtainable. One can only establish the general but very important conclusion that munitionment, including the production of guns in excess of wastage, gives the Western Powers an increasing superiority over the Central enemy but leaves that Central enemy permanently superior, and very largely superior, to our Eastern Allies, who can only be provided, and that hardly sufficiently, over thousands of miles of water carriage and land transport, the latter imperfectly developed, and the former paying its toll to the submarine.

In the second factor, that of enemy effectives, we have already gone thoroughly into the remaining German reserve of man-power. The German statistics are for various reasons obtainable within a closer margin of error than those of any other enemy belligerent, and we have found that there was some two months ago somewhat over a million of available man-power for effective use in sight between this and some date late in next summer, say about the 1st of August, which is the very earliest at which we can suppose any men of 1919 Class to be coming in.*

We have further seen that behind this million, or rather more, there were some 600,000 men who had been passed as fit and of military age but kept back for the indispensable needs of the country and of the support not only of its civilian population but of its army.

With regard to the other enemy belligerents, that is, the Austro-Hungarian, the Bulgarian and the Turkish, I attempted recently no more than a very rough estimate.

I have since then had access to much more detailed evidence, which I am permitted to put before the reader, and I will take the statistical condition of these three other belligerent enemies, so far as it is known, in their order.

Austro-Hungarian Situation

The Austro-Hungarian forces organised upon the fighting line are believed to number $81\frac{1}{2}$ divisions, and this force, in the present condition of those divisions, counting the field depots, does not touch two million men. It is, within a certain margin of error, round about one million eight hundred and fifty thousand. These divisions were distributed towards the end of November apparently as follows:

37 against the Russians; 12 against Roumania; probably two, or the equivalent of two, in Albania and Montenegro, and $30\frac{1}{2}$ against the Italians.

Reckoning in battalions and by the number of rifles in line it is thought that there are some 465 battalions against the Russians; some 394 against the Italians; 22 in the Western part of the Balkans; and 140 in Roumania. These battalions are not at full strength, of course, and one is very far from being able simply to multiply the number of battalions by a thousand in order to get the number of rifles. The average multiple is more like 850. But the multiple varies for the different parts of the front, and we are probably near the truth if we put some 410,000 or a little more against the Russians; 295,000 or a little more against the Italians; a bare 20,000 in Albania and Montenegro and, say, 125,000 against the Roumanians.

Such an estimate would mean for the infantry in action a total of 1,021 battalions and something between 850,000 and 870,000 rifles. The other elements of the divisions actually fighting would bring the total up to some 1,350,000 men. Other elements at the front, not included in the organisation of the divisions, corps artillery, superior staffs, etc., will take 100,000 or somewhat more, and the advance depots are supposed to have not much more than 100,000 men present in them. (Part of these, by the way, are class 1918, of which I shall speak in a moment). Adding these other elements and the advance depots, we get something more than 1,550,000. Upon the communications within the zone of the armies we cannot allow much less than 300,000, and it is thus that the grand total is reached which we began by stating, of something less than two million men, the true figure approximating roughly to 1,850,000, or a trifle more.

For the purpose of our study, however, the most interesting point is the reserve of man-power behind this field force.

The reserve of man-power remaining to Austro-Hungary is built up of exactly the same elements, of course, as that remaining to the other fully conscript belligerents and in particular the German Empire. For there are three main categories: The numbers now in hospital, which may be released for some sort of duty between this and say next August; the rejected men, who may still be called upon (including the most that can conceivably be spared from munitions, mining, internal communications, etc.), and thirdly the younger classes. The hospital releases are estimated at about a quarter of a million. It is of course nothing but an estimate because you are here dealing with two uncertainties. First, the efficiency of the hospital service next year, and secondly the rate of returns from human material, which is distinctly lower than that upon which the old averages were built. To which uncertain factors might be added a third always present in hospital returns, the difference between the gross number who are called "cured" and the net number which can really return to full active service. Allowing for a considerable margin of error, certainly more than 10 per cent., and perhaps 15 per cent., we say in round numbers 250,000 for the hospital returns.

The second category, even if the combing out of the rejected men be of the most severe sort, would not yield more than 200,000.

We come lastly to the young classes, and it is here that the profound exhaustion of Austria-Hungary is most apparent.

In Austria-Hungary, alone of all the belligerent Powers based upon conscript yearly classes, class 1918 has already largely appeared at the front. An Austrian class provides normally some 340,000 to 360,000 lads. But these very young classes, as we know, do not provide anything like the normal. Great numbers have to be sent back because they are not mature, and called up later, but at any rate Class '18 has, it is believed, not provided so far, more than 220,000 lads.

Now it is not certain what precise proportion of these have been already taken from the main depots, but it is fairly certain that less than a half and more than a third have been so taken. We have several indications to guide us, one of which can be quoted: The ratio of prisoners. In certain recent large hauls of prisoners upon the Italian front, the figures of which I have before me, Class '16 and Class '17 are represented in almost exactly equal numbers. Class '18 provides 40 per cent. of either of the other two older classes, and that would correspond to the general judgment of more than a third and less than a half of these lads having been taken from the main depots. If half had been taken there would be some 110,000 of them in the main depots. It is safer to say a third and to regard nearly 150,000 of Class '18 as being now in training in the main depots.

If we add all the three categories together, the hospital releases, the men combed out or borrowed at a pinch from the quasi-civilian occupations and the proportion of Class '18 in the depots, we get a total of 600,000 men, and that is probably the rough general figure of the available

*I have received in correspondence, while I was abroad criticism (to which I will reply next week) suggesting discrepancy between these figures and those of last March. There is none if we distinguish between active forces and auxiliary.

Austro-Hungarian man-power behind the armies up to the middle of next summer.

I think, however, we should be wise to remember that this figure can be slightly augmented, though only at the cost of taking exceedingly bad material. The Austro-Hungarian Government has, if I am not mistaken, warned Class '19 some months ago and will begin to call it up next month or at the very latest in February.

It is an extreme step. It means that boys 17 years of age will be under training, and it is impossible that such material should seriously add to the strength of any army. Still, it will to some extent add to the paper strength before the first of next autumn, and we must further remember that the balance of Class '18, which has had to be rejected for immaturity, will provide a certain number of recruits—but not 100,000 at the very most—between this and the middle of next summer.

I have insisted thus upon the extreme point to which Austria has been driven in calling the very youngest classes, because this policy creates a gulf between the paper strength and the real strength of recruitment. And while I am warning the reader against taking 600,000 as an absolute maximum, I believe the equivalent in value will be much less than such a figure drawn from the mature classes.

Contrast, for instance, the difference between Austria-Hungary and France in this matter. If France had chosen to anticipate the future in this appalling manner, her nominal reserve would be far greater than it is at the moment. She has not been compelled so to anticipate, and even Germany is less exhausted than Austria-Hungary, judged by this test of the call of classes.

Roughly speaking, Austria has been compelled to call nearly one class ahead of Germany and Germany fully one class ahead of France.

If we ask why Austria-Hungary is thus the most exhausted of the principal belligerents—the answer lies in the very large number of prisoners which that Power has lost to the Allies. How large that number is (without giving details, which it is the policy of the Allies to conceal), may be judged from the fact that the total number of prisoners in the hands of the Allies is not now so very far short of the total number in the hands of the enemy. I gave the proportion some time ago as something like 16 to 22. I believe that the true proportion now is more like 18 to 22 and that, by the way, is surely sufficient answer for the people who believe that in some mysterious way the indispensable men exempted for civilian occupation can be replaced in the enemy's countries by prisoners of war. He has hardly any better opportunities than we have for relieving the strain by the use of prisoners' labour.

Well, of this very large number of prisoners held by the Allies immensely the greater part, nearly five-sixths, are subjects of the Dual Monarchy.

To sum up:

Austria has, within the zone of the armies and on communications behind them, something less than two million men. She certainly sees some **600,000** men behind these for drafts between this and say next August. And this number will probably be augmented by considerable portions of Class 1919 and the call of lads hitherto rejected from Class 1918. But these further elements are of slight military value, as are indeed a great portion of the original 600,000 as well.

Bulgaria

The position of Bulgaria in the matter of reserves is peculiar. Though she has suffered in proportion far less than any of the great belligerent Powers, her reserves are, in proportion to theirs, astonishingly small. They are perhaps not much more in sight at the moment than **100,000** men. They are probably less.

The reason is this: When Bulgaria entered the war her Government was convinced that the enemy advance into Serbia (which was only made possible by Bulgarian aid) would result in an early peace.

It is not easy for us in the west to put ourselves in the shoes of people who came to such a conclusion, but the effect of the Austro-German advance over Poland had been very great all over the Balkan Peninsula and geographical distance, though logically it ought not to affect military judgment, as a fact does so, particularly

in the case of a somewhat isolated and ex-centric people.

At any rate, Bulgaria mobilised right away every available man, including what was then her youngest available class, 1916. She produced a force of 790,000 men. That force has not suffered severely. Its losses are probably still under 100,000, perhaps only 90,000, and the proportion of prisoners among these is not large. We are dealing here, then, with an army which is very strong in proportion to the total population, which is almost intact, but which has very little reserve power behind it to make up losses when once it shall begin to lose heavily.

Bulgaria has not yet put up against us any of her youngest classes however. 1917 is expected some time in the next two months, 1918 in the spring or early summer, but that reserve is a very small one. The very youngest classes would perhaps yield at first not more than 32,000 men each, and there are under the primitive agricultural conditions of that State very few men indeed necessarily exempted for the support of the nation or the army.

Forces on the Macedonian Front

It is interesting to note in this direction how the Salonika expedition has thoroughly immobilised the great mass of the Bulgarian army.

So dense has been this Bulgarian concentration to meet the Salonika offensive that I believe not more than three Bulgarian divisions, say 66 battalions, could be spared for the north against Roumania, at any rate until quite lately.

The great mass of the complete national force which Bulgaria mobilised in the first moments of the war has thus been drawn southward and held there.

Turkey

The last of the three belligerent powers we are considering, the Turkish Empire, is that upon which we have the least accurate information and the one upon which our estimates of reserve must be the most vague and unsatisfactory.

Last September some fifty divisions had been identified, but they were clearly at that moment in the most unequal condition. Nine battalions was regarded as full strength for the infantry of each division, but the battalions were themselves constantly and almost universally below strength, often not more than 700 rifles; still more the divisions themselves had so dwindled as to be little more than brigades or perhaps had never been fully formed. Between September and the present date the Turkish organisation appears to have passed through a change the exact opposite of that we have seen in the German Empire. In the German Empire, as we know, the number of divisions has been rapidly increased at the expense of their individual strength; regiments being brought here and there from older divisions to form new ones. With the Turkish forces this autumn and early winter it would seem upon the contrary that eight divisions have been suppressed, their elements being used to strengthen the more depleted divisions remaining, so that though the numbering of the divisions still goes up to 50 (and indeed the 50th have been identified in Macedonia) yet the actual number of divisions now in existence is only 42. Of these nearly one half, 22 divisions, would appear to be against the Russians from Mesopotamia to the Black Sea. Six divisions, but these very far from complete, will account for the forces in Arabia, including the Egyptian front; five are believed to be in Anatolia, in Thrace and in the neighbourhood of the capital—a home force which is, perhaps, also something of a police force; a bare two were spared for Galicia when the Austrians broke down last summer, and I believe their remnants are still on that front. Two full divisions were in the Dobrudja, one of which has crossed to the other side of the Danube recently; and lastly there is that division on the Macedonian front opposite the English, in all forty-two divisions as I have said. These forces may muster somewhat over 300,000 rifles and a complete total in all the zones of all the armies of somewhat more than 600,000 men, say **625,000**.

Now what is there in reserve—I mean what is there

really in reserve and practically obtainable in the course of the coming year up to the middle of next summer? No one I believe has been able to answer that question within a very wide margin of error indeed. It is fairly well known that actually in the depots the numbers are small—perhaps **100,000**. On the other hand, the Turkish losses have not been exceptional in any way. Forces of this size from a population the total of which is supposed to be (the statistics are very inexact, of course) over twenty millions in Asia alone—that is more than half the population of France—are very inadequate.

But we must remember that everything militates against a thorough recruitment of this field. You are dealing, in the first place, with a very slightly organised civilisation; next with a very heterogeneous one. There are regions in which any recruitment at all is impossible. Most of the Armenian field has been lost, and exemption from military service has hitherto been granted to well-to-do people against money payment. This last feature in the chaotic system the Germans have done much to modify. They have brought pressure to bear and have gathered a certain recruitment thereby from the wealthier classes hitherto exempted, but it is a very small factor in any case. What Turkey may produce in the course of the next year it is therefore impossible to say, but it is significant that part of Class '18 was called this autumn. In other words, small as the Turkish effort has been, numerically stated, the available sources of recruitment were approaching exhaustion. If you add to the existing organised Turkish forces a **quarter of a million** men you are stating the maximum of the potential reserve for the limits of time with which we are dealing.

Summary

We are now in a position to sum up the apparent reserves of man-power between this and say August for the enemy as a whole—the human material available to him for replacing wastage in his existing fighting units, or for creating (if he chooses to gamble upon that rapidly exhausting policy) new units.

Postulating that the number of men he still has left exempt for necessary services have been reduced to the strict minimum, you have, for the whole enemy combination a total possible theoretical maximum of some **two millions**, less by a good deal if Austria cannot pass her estimated 600,000 and Turkey cannot largely add to her existing reserve; more, if Austria can add something however bad from her very youngest class and if Turkey surprises us by more than doubling her present reserve. But the round figure is the **two millions**.

What proportion this will bear to wastage depends entirely of course upon the nature and the severity of the fighting between this and the late summer of next year.

But if we judge by the past, it is quite insufficient to repair the probable wastage. The drafts in sight for the next eight months are heavily—or hopelessly—inferior to the estimated rate of wastage. The human material available is, as everybody knows, far inferior to the corresponding reserve of man-power in sight behind the entente armies. But I am not for the moment concerned with that, but only with the detailed statistics which I have just tabulated.

I have not touched in this article problems such as the possible recruitment from Poland and Courland or possible political changes such as the future belligerency of nations now neutral.

Enemy Losses on the Somme

The rate of wastage, and what it means in a field of special severity may be well judged by the estimate we are about to make of the enemy losses upon the Somme sector during the course of the present offensive, and up to the first of the present month, that is, during the five months from the 1st of July to the 1st of December.

The Allied offensive upon the Somme has compelled the enemy, though he declared a policy of the strictest defensive and boasted that he could maintain it with a minimum of men, to put into that furnace the equivalent of 135 divisions. Of the 101 divisions which, from their classes, were capable of the effort (that is, excluding the inferior formations of older men who could

not be used) all but six have at one time or another been compelled to appear upon the Somme. These six—up to the 1st of December at any rate—still remained upon the Verdun sector. All the other 95 at one time or another have had to come under the Allied fire between Gommecourt and Chaulnes.

Of these 95, 32 have appeared twice. When one says "appeared twice" one does not count a reappearance after a few days for repose and recruitment, but a reappearance after at least three weeks of absence and complete re-establishment upon some quiet sector. Four divisions have even appeared three times.

Now from a number of methods, the chief of which is a comparison between known identified units and the published casualty lists—after giving the latter some months for correction—those engaged in this work have arrived for the five months in question to a total of something over 700,000 men. We know that the divisions were thus maintained to the extreme limit of defensive power and that a division was not withdrawn until it had lost upon an average something like half its effectives and much more than half its original complement of infantry, lost, that is, by death, wounds or capture alone, apart from sickness. Here are some examples (and we must bear in mind that the German division now should be regarded as of nine battalions so far as infantry is concerned, and these not quite at full strength):

The 26th division of Reserve retired upon the 6th of October had lost over 8,000 men. The 38th division, active, retired on the 7th September, after very heavy fighting, afforded a casualty list of 8,443. The 11th division, present from the 6th of September to the 9th of October, showed losses of 8,498.

The analysis of casualties published for 330 battalions against one-half of the line showed upon an average for a first appearance a loss of at least 45 per cent. Fourteen divisions were found to have lost 50 per cent. and four divisions actually 60 per cent.

Upon the other half of the line you get almost exactly the same results: 326 battalions losing some 45 per cent.; ten divisions losing 50 per cent. Three divisions losing 60 per cent. And all this without mention of sickness. It is elementary, of course, and should be perfectly clear to everyone who follows such statistics, the word "casualties" does not mean absolute loss. Roughly speaking, of five casualties, one only is a death, and of the remaining four three will ultimately appear as discharged from hospital, and fit for some kind of duty.

Of the 700,000 or slightly more appearing as casualties among the Germans in this sector, for the five months, some small proportion of slightly wounded in the early part have reappeared before the end.

The two great fields of Verdun and the Somme, which between them account for quite a million and a quarter German casualties apart from sickness, do not mean more, perhaps they do not mean quite as much as, a quarter of a million dead. They mean as we know, and have been told, less than 100,000 prisoners, and of the remainder three-quarters will be passed ultimately for duty of some sort, and not far short of half for the active service which they left. But the figures give one some idea of what the rate of wastage is, and why even these enormous figures which I have been quoting and which show for the whole enemy combination a potential reserve up to August next of some two millions, are in no way adequate to the wastage of the Central Powers or their Allies.

The main principle governing the whole affair is simple in the extreme. It is, I repeat, this: The Great War can only be expressed as a function of two factors: Munitionment and Effectives.

In munitionment the West has already passed the rate of the enemy and we increase the difference every day. The East is far inferior to the enemy and must be supplied by the West, and from those neutral sources of production which British supremacy at sea has kept available.

In effectives the enemy, varying in exhaustion with various districts, is everywhere suffering a rate of wastage far superior to his power of recruitment, and the latter inferior by a very large margin indeed to the corresponding power of the Allies.

That is the war and that is the whole of the war, and that is why Prussia has asked for peace: privately since three months ago—now publicly. She is defeated.

H. BELLOC

The Foundations of Victory

By Arthur Pollen

A Lawyer Chief

NOW that Sir Edward Carson has succeeded Mr. Balfour, the Board of Admiralty may be considered an entirely new body, and this although the Third Sea Lord and the three civilian members continue in their posts. It is a new body so far as the control of policy is concerned. I can see no disadvantage in Sir Edward Carson being a lawyer, nor in his lack of previous experience in the administration of a Government department. The two qualities most needed in a First Sea Lord are highly developed intelligence—for without it he cannot possibly hope to master the extraordinarily complex problem he and his colleagues must solve—and next, a combination of modesty, patience and decision. If his intelligence leads him to think that he knows more about naval operations than the seamen, if his forensic gifts enable him to talk them down and browbeat them into courses of which they disapprove, if he finds it intolerable ever to delay action until the measures necessary for making it successful are taken, if he is unable to take the responsibility for a decision when, in spite of incompleteness, decision is manifestly vital, then great intellectual gifts, unregulated in one direction by common sense and in the other by resolution, can only make either for confusion or what is almost worse, inaction. There is surely no reason for fearing that Sir Edward Carson should err in the direction of either extreme. His very inexperience of departmental forms will probably be this assistance to him, that it will help him to reach, by the shortest route, to the heart of the questions he must deal with. And his lawyer's training will have gone for nothing if he does not show himself a master of the methods by which to extract from the sailors a clear justification of the policies that they recommend. The proverbial difficulty of mixing oil and water explains a high proportion of our failures in naval administration. The seamen not only live in a world of action and ideas little, if at all, understood by those who have not the sailor's training, but they habitually set out their wishes in language that laymen find incomprehensible, precisely because it relates to things that are unreal to them. But no man can rise to a great figure at the Bar unless he is capable of a swift mastery of the dialects of strange worlds. A man who, in the course of a single week, may be leading in a great libel action in one court, arguing a subtle point of constitutional law in another, and cross-examining experts in a patent action a third, attains to a versatility of mind which should be the best augury for ensuring a thorough, because an intelligent, co-operation with professional men.

The Sea Lords, and pre-eminently the First Sea Lord, are the naval advisers of the Government. As individuals they have to recommend and justify the several policies they put forward. As a team they have to see that these policies, in all essentials, prevail. It has been said that when they are really equal to their task in their first character, they never have to act in their second, for the excellent reason that if their policies are sound and are justified by arguments that are comprehensible as well as conclusive, their reasoning will always be effective, without resort to their authority. It is an old truism that amongst intelligent people there is no such thing as advice; there is only convincing information. In naval matters it has been precisely the difficulty of making the information intelligible—and therefore convincing—that has blocked progress. And it is because I cannot believe that the most successful barrister of the day can fail to elicit such information, that I expect Sir Edward Carson to succeed, and to succeed brilliantly, in the task he has undertaken.

Of the overwhelming importance, gravity and difficulty of that task there is no need to speak. As to victory, it may be possible to continue to misuse sea force and still win. But no doubt at all, whether victory comes earlier or later, its final character must

be conditioned by the way the work of the New Board is carried on. For it is upon the sea, and what its use means, that the entire military fabric of the Allies is based—a truth so obvious and so portentous as to make it, at the first sight, seem strange that the First Lord of the Admiralty should not be one of the small committee to whom the direct conduct of the war is entrusted. But those who do constitute that committee are, of course, as fully alive to this truth as any of the rest of us, and the reconstituted and re-energised Board will have to be the most lamentable kind of failure if it does not keep constantly before the inner council, both the extensions—and the limitations—of warlike action, which sea conditions impose. For that matter, the number and variety of difficulties with which the Admiralty have to deal are so exceptional that, if the new Chief is to master them with sufficient completeness to make his personality felt, then he will certainly not have time—at any rate, not for some months—to take a useful hand in the general administration of all the other war activities that will come before the committee. What, then, might be called the third objection to the new arrangement—namely, that the First Lord is not in the War Council—should, like his legal training and his departmental inexperience, prove an utterly groundless suggestion for alarm.

The new Board has hardly taken office before it is faced by two rather startling and unexpected events. A new *Moewe* has got to sea, and her escape must call for instant and highly complicated measures. The cordon has been so well kept for nearly two years and a half that it is to be hoped that no efforts will be made to shake public confidence in Admiralty arrangements because of so exceptional an event, though there can be no doubt at all that the Admiralty itself will look sharply into an arrangement that made even this one escape possible. In matters like this the new Board will not go wrong if it is somewhat more relentless than its predecessors. It is ultimately no kindness to the Service to allow incidents such as the Channel raid and what followed on it to pass uncensured. The Navy as a whole would welcome a far stricter discipline. The second new cause of trouble is the capture by the Germans of Captain Blaikie of the *Caledonia*. We had brave words from the late Prime Minister when Captain Fryatt was murdered. The Admiralty must keep the new Government up to the mark in this case. There must be no ambiguity as to the course we shall follow if any repetition of the Fryatt horror is threatened.

Safety of Sea Supplies

We saw last week that the most urgent problem of the day was to counteract the operations of the German submarines. The public hardly appreciates the exceptional character of the situation they have created and as, in a recent article, I may have contributed to this misunderstanding, it might be as well for me to attempt to put it right. Writing in the issue of October 5th I said that the ratio of submarine successes did not, so far as analogy of previous submarine campaigns was a guide, correspond with the increase in numbers of boats employed. My argument was that, hitherto the efficiency of our defensive measures had increased in a higher ratio. This was indeed the plain moral of the campaigns of February-September, 1915, of the Mediterranean campaign of that winter, and of the belated Tirpitz campaign of the spring of this year. I wrote when the returns of only a very few weeks of the new campaign were available, and when it seemed reasonable—in view of past experience—to suppose that that campaign should not be maintained at its initial efficiency. But, in point of fact, it has been maintained, and what is worse, at increased efficiency.

From this only one conclusion is possible, and it is that there must have been some essential change in the

conditions. The character of that change is not difficult to perceive—and consequently the character of the counter-measures which must be taken. If the submarines have developed new methods of evading our attack, it is manifest enough that those same means—if possible improved and extended—must be employed by us against them. This is a subject which it is undesirable to discuss in detail, and I allude to it only as indicating that the present submarine campaign is marked by a novel character, and that the only explanation of our failure to deal with it, as we have dealt with previous campaigns, must be found in our offence being inferior to their defence in this respect. The enemy, in other words, has got ahead of us and must stay ahead until equality is restored, for it is only with equality of means that the offence will regain its legitimate superiority.

Anti-Submarine Campaign

The position created by submarine attack has always called for four definite lines of action in reply. The direct offensive against the submarine—either in narrow waters or on the high seas—is after all only one of them. The first and—because the most effective—necessarily the foremost, is the effort to keep them out of open waters by barricading them into their own. Unfortunately this is a line of action which is also the most hazardous and most difficult. A fleet action, decisive and destructive as well as successful, would no doubt make this operation incalculably simpler. And I am very far from saying that, without such an action, nothing at all along this line can be done. Let us leave it for the moment at this, that the most desirable counterstroke is also the most difficult. The second, in order of importance, is the active offensives of which we have already spoken. It includes the employment of nets, mines, fast and slow patrol vessels, and a great variety of stratagems and devices unnecessary to specify. Our resources in these used to give us a ratio in results definitely proportioned to the number of boats open to attack, and it is the change in this matter that makes it clear that the enemy is employing aids to evasion which we have not yet counteracted. Third, comes the better equipment for self defence of the intended victims that the submarines are after. Finally, there is the restoration of the losses we suffer from the successes of the submarines which we cannot prevent—the urgent need of building merchant shipping so constantly insisted on in these columns.

It is on the third and fourth of these points that I wish to-day to put forward a few considerations. The clearer it becomes that we must wait before we can expect seriously to diminish the pirates' numbers, the more important do these two aspects of the counter-campaign become. I pointed out last week how the enemy claim to be disposing of the tonnage, on which the Allies depend, at the rate of 10,000 tons a day. The number of ships taken since August is beyond anything that previous experience would have led us to expect. In the four and a half months which have elapsed, nearly twice as many ships have been sunk as went in the whole of the seven and a half months of the first campaign. The efficiency of eighteen months ago is, in other words, multiplied nearly by four. It was stated, in one of the evening papers of Monday, that 74 ships had been sunk in the first ten days of December, and that the destruction of over 90 had been published in the same period. On Tuesday, the loss of 11,000 tons was announced almost as if it were normal. The proportion of neutral ships amongst those sunk is now far higher than it used to be. And one of the obvious reasons why this is so is that, so far no neutrals have armed their ships. I am interested to see that the suggestion that they should arm, put forward in these columns some weeks ago, has since been seriously discussed in the Spanish press. But until they are armed the toll must continue high.

Smoke Screens

One of my correspondents, Mr. Dudley Kidd, urges, and with considerable force and plausibility, that merchant ships could greatly increase their chances of safety by increasing the difficulty of the enemy, if—whether armed or unarmed—they borrowed a hint from the enemy's own battle tactics and employed smoke screens

to baffle and confuse the submarines. It is a proposal which, I am told, has been urged upon the merchant service by individual naval officers, if not by the Admiralty, but so far without success. It is certainly one that should be experimented with as rapidly as possible and on the largest scale. It is not as if we were able forthwith to arm every merchantman either adequately or at all, or to supply each ship with trained crews for using the armament. It must be many months before anything like such arming will be possible—and even if it were possible it would leave the neutral ships unprotected. There could be no objections to neutrals using smoke! Again, it is not as if we had a sufficiency of suitable craft for patrolling the routes completely, or convoying vessels on routes that could not be patrolled. The convoy system, of course, saves guns, for clearly if two armed vessels carrying eight guns can safeguard 10 or 15 ships that are unarmed, but would need 30 or 40 guns to make them self-protective, centralisation has effected its usual economy of force. That the convoy system is feasible is proved by repeated instances in which armed merchantmen have protected those that had no guns. On the other hand, if we had to rely upon convoys alone for the protection of our shipping, we should be introducing another evil, not perhaps so serious as that which we should be guarding against, but serious enough in all conscience. I mean delay. Already shipping is sufficiently handicapped in this respect owing to shortage of labour, port and railway congestion, and so forth. So that, if it became the only condition of shipping being safe at sea that it should be convoyed, the enemy would be inflicting a heavy loss upon us by compelling us to adopt the dilatory methods. Again, the new larger sea-going submarines are armed with guns that can be used with effect at ranges unheard of a year ago. They have rendered the armament of merchant ships by light pieces almost ineffective. If the difficulties of arming all our merchant ships are insuperable now, they must

Mr. Bruce Bairnsfather is one of the soldiers who have arrived on fields other than battlefields. In fact, we look at the war from one aspect through his eyes; Bill, Bert and Alf are as well known to us as to him. In *Bullets and Billets* (Grant Richards, 6s.), he tells us of the beginnings of his "fragments," and takes us back to the Flanders trenches of 1914-15. Incidents he relates which seem to have happened so long ago that we almost ask ourse ves, "Is the man writing about this war or the last?" And the book ends with the pause that came in the author's career through the explosion of a Hun 17-inch H.E. There are many illustrations in the familiar style, and some delightful marginal sketches. B.B. is an artist right through as well as a good soldier. There is a sadness about the book for all its merry laughter. On reading it a civilian will understand better Sir William Robertson's advice: "Be cheerful."

Here is an edition of *The Masterpieces of La Fontaine* (B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street, Oxford, 2s. 6d.), which delights from cover to cover. The fables are "done in a vein of phrasing terse and fancy into English verse," by Paul Hookham, and the pen-and-ink sketches of Margaret L. Hodgson are thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the fables. It is a very charming volume.

If circulation counts, Mr. Nat Gould easily takes first place as far as sporting stories are concerned, and his latest book, *Breaking the Record* (John Long, 6s.) is sure to be welcomed by a certain large public. The author's hand has lost none of its cunning, and in this book he shows again that he can describe the thrills of a good sporting race, and, in addition to this, can tell a rattling good story.

The Rising Tide, by Margaret Deland (John Murray, 5s. net.) is the story of Frederica Payton, who believed in truth so desperately that she told it on all occasions, knowing nothing of expediency. She believed also, in suffrage, and in the equality of the sexes, and in all the other things that very young people believe in—incidentally, she believed also that a woman has just as much right to propose to a man as a man has to propose to a woman. The author tells her story in such a way that one retains sympathy with Frederica throughout the book, which will form an excellent corrective for extremists in the new views of life. It is a striking story which illustrates the value of conventions, and the folly of rebellion against accepted rules of life and conduct.

become greater, if no armament of a smaller calibre than 4 inch is found to be useful.

Mr. Kidd is convinced that many of our difficulties can be overcome if the art of using smoke screens is developed to the full. If, at the first sight of a submarine, every merchantman could envelop itself in smoke and retreat on whatever course promised, in the prevailing wind, the best assurance of concealment, the work of the U boat commander would seemingly be greatly embarrassed. The new possibilities opened up by flight alone would certainly be important. The obscuration of the target must cause misses and waste of ammunition. It would delay the destruction of the ship, and delay might give time for calling assistance, were it within reach. In some cases it might facilitate ramming. It would make it possible to employ many methods of defence other than gunfire. A submarine commander, unable to make distant gunfire effective, might hesitate to close through a smoke screen. He might suspect that mines had been thrown overboard. He would not know if succour were near, or a ship, seemingly unarmed, were really a formidable enemy! It would create a situation in which the enemy's nerve would not be at its best, and immediate scope for ingenuity, both offensive and evasive, would be given. Certainly if it compelled the U boat to close, a new value would be given to twelve, six and even three pounders. Manifestly, in giving a special value to guns in the stern, it might get over the difficulties so many merchant captains have felt—namely, that unless ships are armed fore and aft and abeam they must largely be defenceless. Note, on this point, that the *Times*, in its issue of Monday last, had a statement on this point, in which the following paragraph occurs:—

"A gun in the stern means that directly a ship sights the enemy submarine she must, if she is to put up any fight, manoeuvre to run away. The very act of manoeuvre exposes the merchant ship to the fire of the enemy ships. There is then only one course open to the merchant ship, to continue to run away, firing as she flees at the enemy ship, which is usually faster and more powerfully armed. The whole action is distasteful to British seamen."

No doubt, what British seamen would like, would be to be so armed as to be pretty sure of blowing the submarine out of the water as soon as it appeared, or, at any rate, of fighting it on an artillery equality. But, failing this, surely the best thing is to fight defensively with success. If it is feasible to conceal a ship in smoke there is no reason at all why the manoeuvre to run away should expose the merchant ship to fire. It is precisely this moment of manoeuvre that would be protected. And, once the retreat had begun, the merchant captain would have many courses open to him, besides carrying on an unequal artillery contest.

As to the difficulties of creating and employing smoke screens, Mr. Kidd insists that they simply do not exist. Fixed cases of smoke making composition could be attached to the ship at various points and slogged off according to the bearing of the submarine when first seen. These might be supplemented by clouds of steam, and the screen intensified by smoke bombs fired in the direction of the submarine out of the most rudimentary kind of mortars. But really the details of the means to be employed need hardly be laboured. Once grant that the principle of sea concealment is a proved accessory to self-defence—and indeed, in many cases, could be a substitute for it—and the joint ingenuity of the Royal Navy and the merchant marine would find an endless variety of ways of bringing it into effect—and all of them fool-proof. It is a suggestion which, whether it has been rejected by the merchant service before or not, is one they can hardly neglect now.

A Royal Merchant Navy

Indeed it is a question whether the self defence of merchant ships or their replacement by ship-building can any longer be left purely to individual effort. Admiral Sir Francis Bridgman has recently asked, in a letter to the *Morning Post* whether the Admiralty and the Board of Trade are co-operating as they should in securing that the new merchantmen, now under construction with the

labour released for this purpose by Whitehall, are both properly designed for carrying guns and so constructed so as to be, as far as possible, proof against mines and torpedoes? Nor can the importance of this question be overestimated, if only because it raises the whole question of the kind and extent of ship-building to be encouraged. If you ask the ship-owners, the majority will tell you that this is not a matter in which the State can advisedly interfere. Every builder in the Kingdom is full up with orders for the next three years, the orders are given by people who understand the business for which the ships are wanted, and you cannot do better, they say, than leave it to the men who own the ships to see that their requirements are satisfied by the men who build them. But this reasoning is far from convincing. If all ship-owners are to have the same rights in the labour now released for completing their orders, there is no guarantee that those ships will be finished first which the requirements of the situation call for. Take the imaginary—and no doubt absurd—case of a 50,000 ton liner, under construction at the beginning of the war. What national object would be served by piling labour on to a leviathan of this kind, in order to complete it in the course of the next 18 months or two years? No doubt if peace came, it would be a huge advantage to those that had ordered it, to have the great ship ready against the demand of trade that must ensue. But the need of the moment is neither for passenger nor freight carrying ships *de luxe*, but for craft of all kinds to meet our immediate civil and military needs. Ten ships of 5,000 tons would meet a vital need to-day. One ship of 50,000 is absolutely useless except as a target for submarines, and turning her into a hospital is apparently no security that she will not be so used. It is obvious, then, that private interest is not a safe guide in this vitally important matter.

There is only one interest that is a safe guide. Is every ship on which it is proposed to expend our rapidly vanishing labour directly useful to us in the war? Some of the principles that must hold in answering are obvious enough. In the first place almost every ship near completion should have priority. Next, amongst the partly constructed, those should be speeded up that can be quickest finished, and be put to the most urgent use when finished. Third, no ship should be put in hand not useful in the war, so long as any that can be useful needs work. Finally, in every ship near completion, partly completed or to be laid down, the war requirements of self defence should be met. One does not quite see how regulations to secure public safety can be drawn up, nor, when drawn up, be enforced, except under State direction. The new Government includes at least one man, Sir Joseph Maclay, pre-eminently capable of taking the lead in directing this matter, and it is clearly one in which the ship-owners, no less than the ship-builders, must participate.

For that matter it is one in which at any rate some ship-builders and ship-owners have already combined to ask for Government action. On the Wear, I am told, a Board of Trade representative has already been called in *and by the builders* to decide upon the priority to be observed in finishing ships in hand. My suggestion, then, is only to extend a practice already inaugurated by the shipping interests themselves. But I am not at all sure that what is necessary can be done if the Admiralty is only made to co-operate. It is possible that the best solution of all the shipping problems may lie in Admiralty direction of them all. It is a large, intricate, and difficult matter and it is possible that the Board has troubles enough of its own without throwing this upon it too. It would practically mean a new department, made up of the Board of Trade, the merchant shipping industry and the navy, under the Board of Admiralty. Still the truth remains that, if victory depends upon our sea services, it would be conditioned just as much by the right direction, and therefore the right conduct of our merchant ship-building, as by the right measures for its protection. The conduct of the enemy in attacking all ships upon the sea, neutral as well as belligerent, civil as well as warships, has created entirely new naval conditions, and we may find that the ultimate solution is for the State to undertake the control of all our maritime concerns. Should this become inevitable, the main direction will have to lie with the Admiralty, and it might be wise to make a beginning now.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

Lessons in Strategy and Politics

By Colonel Feyler

BY no means the least instructive of the many varied and interesting studies in strategy brought forward by the European War will be the chapter dealing with the intervention of Roumania, for all the problems of applying the fundamental principles of the art of war will have their mention there. Some surprise may have been caused by the turn taken by events. At the point in time when the intervention took place there was general expectation of Austro-Hungary's great and complete exhaustion and it was taken for granted that Bulgaria, placed between two fires, would shortly collapse.

On two separate occasions the Russo-Roumanian army in the Dobrudja was obliged to retreat and Marshal Mackensen's victorious army was effectively covering Bulgaria on the north. On the Hungarian side victory at the outset smiled upon the Roumanians. They had advanced on the whole vast front of more than 370 miles bordering Transylvania. But the enemy had nothing but a covering force in that region. When heavy concentrations of troops were brought upon the scene they found before them a Roumanian army (whose effective force was perhaps inadequate for a general offensive upon so large a front) that was not yet broken in to war, but was somewhat weakened by the battles it had fought on broken ground favourable to the enemy's defence, so that it had to fall back upon its own national territory. Genral Falkenhayn's army protected the soil of Hungary. Thus Roumania's object in intervening was nowhere attained. She was brought back to the point whence she set out and was worse off by the Dobrudja and her losses in men and material.

Necessity for Subordination

This unsatisfactory result was not, it is true, without some compensations. The enemy also had suffered losses, which meant a reduction in the general effectives of the Central Empires. If the extent of the fronts which those Empires had to supply be taken into account, it will be admitted that this compensation was far from negligible. But as far as Roumania was concerned this was poor consolation, for she only benefited by it very indirectly, while she saw enemies rising before her, immediately, who were much too strong for her inferior resources. She was thus going through a distressing strategical experience, one which very often befalls generals whose movements do not conform sufficiently to the general plan but who carry on a particular operation. When one is only a unit in a whole—and that is the position of all the national armies, large and small, which make up the grand total of the army of the Quadruple Entente—it is an imperative necessity to subordinate one's movements to the general plan. The mistake that Roumania made was in forgetting this axiom of strategy. We shall see easily what it means if we take the trouble to go down to the fundamental principles of military operations.

The first of these principles declares the object of strategy to be the destruction of the enemy or enemies. If there are more than one enemy, which is the case now of the belligerents in the European war, there is a preliminary question to be studied, namely, which is the principal enemy, in order that if possible he may be destroyed first or, in any event, that he may never be lost sight of, so that he may be attacked at the earliest possible moment. For his destruction will entail the easier destruction of the subsidiary enemies.

No one will dispute that in the present war the principal enemy on the Teutonic side is the German Empire; neither will anyone dispute that the war will end when that enemy has succumbed. Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey will count for nothing directly Germany ceases to support them. Hence the importance of the Western and Russian fronts, on which Germany is attacked directly at the points nearest to her vital parts.

But the question was to decide an analogous case upon the strategical chess-board in the Balkans: there, too,

it was necessary to destroy the principal enemy, who had to be attacked and destroyed at the outset.

Now, what is the significance of an Allied Offensive in the Balkans? It implies that as the German resistance in France and in Russia is obstinate, it is advantageous to supplement the direct attack on the western and eastern fronts by an indirect attack on the south supported by a turning movement through the Balkan peninsula. In this peninsula the principal enemy will be the one which offers the most immediate and the most complete opposition to the turning movement; and that one is the German-Bulgarian army.

Besides ascertaining the principal enemy, strategy has to observe a second principle. This is to destroy this enemy as speedily and utterly as possible in order to escape the continuance and the might of his blows. Hence the necessity to concentrate the maximum possible force against him. The greater the force ready and available to move, the more thorough will be the end made of him. The application of this principle required the concentration against the principal enemy, Bulgaria, the obstacle in the way of the turning movement of all the effective forces at disposal.

In the light of these principles the mistakes made in the intervention of Roumania became apparent. Her campaign was directed against two enemies simultaneously, the Austro-Hungarians on the west and the Bulgarians on the south, and she distributed her forces between these two adversaries, with a majority on the west, when she ought to have arrayed the greater part of them against that one of the two whom it was of consequence to put out of action first.

Strategical logic has taken its revenge. It always does. Fortunately the mischief is not irreparable. New forces will make the initial losses good and a new plan of campaign conformable to the requirements of the new situation created by the enemy's successes, will correct the mistakes of the earlier one. One thing is irreparable, and will always be: the time that has been lost. No man, not the best and greatest general, can ever recover the time that he has lost.

* * * * *

The principles of strategy having been thus stated, we must not forget the principles of equity. If Roumania did make a military mistake we must acknowledge that it was a difficult matter for her Government to avoid it. One cannot expect all the people of a nation to be strategists. Roumania's national aspirations drew the eyes of her people towards the west, towards the Hungarians, from whom the war was to snatch a subjected Roumanian population. The Hungarian was the enemy in the eyes of the Roumanian people, not the Bulgarian from whom nothing could legitimately be demanded. There was therefore some difficulty in making the people understand that in order to vanquish the Hungarians and conquer Transylvania, which is in the west, it was necessary to declare war upon Bulgaria and march to the south. Even nations with a higher average standard of intelligence and education than the Roumanians would have had some difficulty in understanding that.

The offensive against Bulgaria and, as a result, the march through the Dobrudja consequently and logically was the business of the Allies. It was their part in the union of the contracting powers. It rested upon them to prepare for this move which was designed to secure the initiative over the adversary. And with regard to the political consequence of the plan as thus conceived, it was, for Roumania, to declare war simultaneously against Austria-Hungary as a Roumanian war seeking satisfaction of legitimate national aspirations in Transylvania, and against Bulgaria as a war in alliance with the Quadruple Entente, requiring freedom of passage for the troops of the Quadruple Entente through the Dobrudja.

In this manner the situation was clear. While taking the internal governmental difficulties of Roumania into consideration, the right application of the principles of strategy was assured and their application disposed of political complications.

Wealth, Robbery and War

By Principal L. P. Jacks

A RICH nation is a nation worth robbing. And since the inter-state code of morality is still at the barbaric stage (at least in certain quarters) the existence of great national riches, anywhere, is certain sooner or later to give rise to predatory war. The present war has arisen in that manner. It was caused by a rich robber State determined to enrich itself further at the expense of its neighbours.

Germany, or rather the gang of plunderers who call themselves Germany, looked around and saw a number of nations which were rich enough to be worth robbing, some of them almost defenceless, others more or less careless about their defence, among which was the one best worth robbing, the British Empire. And in due time the plunderers said to one another, "Go to now, let us make a raid—and if a day should come when appearances have to be saved, let us say we made the raid in self-defence."

Now that we have grown wise after the event, we see that the present war was brought about precisely in this manner. Two causes were needed to bring Europe to where it now is, and both were in active operation. The first was the existence, anywhere in Europe, of a Government (I do not say a people) composed of men with an instinct for robbery and with a genius for devising the means to rob. These conditions were amply provided by Germany. The second was the existence of some other State, or States, worth robbing and capable of being robbed. This was also forthcoming. There was Belgium, well worth robbing and easily robbed. There were France and Russia, still better worth robbing, though not so easily robbed. There was Great Britain, best worth robbing of all, and very doubtfully protected against robbery. On the whole it was a moment of golden chances for a robber State. It was the kind of situation, immensely extended, at which the mouth of Rob Roy or Bill Sykes would have watered. In view of the fact that there was one government at least in Europe, a powerful one, whose moral level was that of Bill Sykes or Rob Roy, to say nothing of lesser governments like that of Bulgaria, whose moral level was even lower—in view of this it was as certain as anything under the sun could be, that a great raid would sooner or later be attempted on the wealth of the world. This we now see, having become wise after the event. It is the basal fact which underlies all other explanations of the war. All our study of past history, of the policy of Kaisers, War-Lords, Chancellors and other such phantoms, of diplomatic correspondence, of official lying, of the Agadir crisis or the Serajevo murder or any other incident or explosion—all this, useful as it may be in furnishing sidelights, is wholly irrelevant unless it leads us to see ultimately and finally that robbery is the bed-rock of the whole business.

It may seem that in what I have said I am merely abusing Germany. That, however, is far from being my object. It would be nearer to the truth to say that I am presenting a palliation of Germany's conduct—giving the devil his due, so to speak. It is certain that her Government would never have become the arch-robber it is had it not been that other nations, our own in particular, had made themselves so well worth robbing. By their enormous accumulations of treasure, actual and prospective and of every kind, the other nations have unwittingly surrounded Germany with the very temptations into which her abominable rulers were readiest to fall. With thieves in their midst these other nations have filled their houses with cash and jewels and let it be known where they kept the keys. I am not blaming them either.

Suspiciousness is the lowest of the vices, and it is to the credit, rather than otherwise, of any nation if it refused to believe that civilisation could harbour such an unscrupulous robber as the German Government has turned out to be. But still the facts are as I say. By making ourselves so well worth robbing we have made it difficult for the robber State to live the life of the honest State. It is certain that Germany would never have devoted fifty of her best years to making a fine art of international plunder—for that is what her diplomacy, her armaments

and her military science amount to—it is certain that her choicest intellects would not have been employed for a generation in proving to her people that a policy of plunder was the highest form of national righteousness, had it not been that the plunder in sight was on a scale sufficiently vast to justify these immense efforts and to provoke these enormous sophistries. The measure of Germany's crime corresponds to the bulk of the spoil that tempted her. The enormity of the one equals the enormity of the other. Crime on a scale so vast presupposes an adequate temptation. An intelligent nation of seventy million souls does not go mad, nor, as in this case, permit itself to be ruled by a government which has gone mad, for the sake of a sixpenny-piece. An intoxicating prospect must have been held out before it.

The intoxicating prospect has been provided for Germany by the immense golden fruit of the labours in which the industrial nations of the world have been engaged for more than a hundred years. It lies in the unimaginable accumulations of wealth which the peaceful efforts of peace-loving folk have piled up all round the earth in readiness for the spoiler. The robber policy of the German Government is the other side of the fact that the nations have made themselves so well worth robbing.

Blucher's Phrase

It is said of Marshal Blucher that when he rode through the city of London, he uttered the exclamation "Mein Gott! What a city for to sack!" This expresses, exactly, the attitude of mind in which the robber-chiefs of Germany have viewed for more than a generation the growing accumulations of wealth provided by the industrial enterprise of the modern world. This wealth has presented itself to their minds, essentially and finally, as so much prospective spoil. Their "view of the world" was framed in those terms. The world presented itself to their eyes as filled, and overflowing, with unprotected wealth ready to the hand of the "Power" which had the boldness and the means to steal it. This is the keynote, often unconsciously sounded, of their State-philosophy. Bernhardt's notorious book, reduced to its lowest terms, is a treatise on State-robbery, in which the Germans are methodically instructed in the most effective methods of rifling the hoards of their neighbours. Information is given as to where the booty lies thickest and most easily got at. The education of the thief is made much of and thoroughly planned out. The organisation of the robber-band is discussed and rules laid down for preventing the robbers from quarrelling among themselves. There is a chapter on ethics and religion, and the Germans are informed of the kind of ethics and the kind of religion best suited to thieves. In short, the whole world, now crammed with riches as never before, is frankly treated as a burglar's paradise. Bernhardt and his fellows do not, indeed, use this language—they are far too astute to give themselves away to that extent. But a child can see that this is what it all means. The motto of the book and of the whole class of literature to which it belongs and of German state philosophy in general should be "Mein Gott! What a world for to sack!"

It would be interesting to make out a complete list of all "the kingdoms of the world" arranged in order according to the degree of temptation they severally offer to thieves. We may assume that the scientific plunderers of Potsdam have long had such a list for their own guidance and that they revise it from time to time as circumstances change. At the head of the list would stand the British Empire. Taking actual and potential wealth together, there is not a doubt that from the burglar's point of view the British Empire represents the pick of the basket. Mein Gott! what an Empire for to sack! This is the light in which the Empire, with its stores of wealth, has long presented itself to the eyes of the people who rule the roost in Germany—to the Crown Prince for example—and it may be to others who are not Germans.

Reducing a complex situation to its simplest and

lowest terms, it may be said with some confidence that since the time of the Industrial Revolution the civilised world, with Great Britain at its head, has been unconsciously engaged in turning itself into a burglar's paradise, while Germany for the last fifty years has been assiduously preparing herself to be the chief burglar. This is the nemesis of a civilisation founded on material wealth and actuated by covetousness. What is most amazing is the utter lack of prevision, on the part of those chiefly engaged in the process, that this would be the actual result. I suppose we have been deluded by the notion, that nations, like decent individuals, might be trusted to respect each other's property. But that, as events have now proved, is far too favourable a view of the existing state of international morals—that is of the morals of governments in their relations to one another.

Had we known what we now know about these things—and what perhaps we ought to have known before—we should have seen that in building up the British Empire as it is to-day, and in accumulating the wealth which it represents, we were creating the biggest prize that has ever tempted the predatory instincts of thieves. We should have foreseen the day when the thieves would get to work upon our treasure house. We should have remembered that we, at times, had done a little thieving ourselves. We should have realised that thieves were at large and active, and we should have perceived them prowling about under the thin disguise of "diplomatic negotiations." What the effect of this prevision would have been, had it existed, is doubtful. It might have led us to create a great army and build a greater navy for the protection of our hoard. Or it might have led to a result of far profounder significance—to asking ourselves whether a civilisation based on material wealth is not after all a fool's enterprise.

Wealth—robbery—war: these three words contain the ineluctable fate of a purely industrial civilisation in the midst of which there is a powerful nation ruled, as Germany is now ruled, by robbers.

Two modes of escape, and, so far as I can see, two only, present themselves. One involves a change so vast that I cannot discuss it here; for it is nothing less than the abandonment of the material basis, the wealth basis, on which civilisation now rests. The other is the destruction of robber governments all the world over, and the destruction of those elements in all governments which foster the spirit of robbery. This means that some of the great nations would have to make a clean sweep of their present rulers and that all nations would have to expel some of the elements by which they are ruled. Until one or both of these changes are made we shall be held fast-bound in the accursed net woven out of the three things whose names stand at the head of this article, and the peace of the world will not be worth a year's purchase.

But no! A year's purchase I would give for it; perhaps ten years! Lovers of peace may console themselves with the prospect that for some time after the war the nations engaged in it will be so impoverished as to be hardly worth robbing. There is some security in that, but the security will be offset by the position of the neutrals, the United States especially. The conclusion of the war will leave the United States in the unenviable position of being the best worth robbing of all the countries of the earth. She will be enormously rich and the belligerent States, all of which will be armed to the teeth, while she is relatively unarmed, will be poor. That is a dangerous position for any nation to occupy in the midst of a civilisation based on material riches—with the fatal words "wealth—robbery—war" inscribed over its portals. Well may America begin to look to her bolts and bars, as we now hear she is beginning. She might indeed do something much better than that, and without firing a shot. But so far she shows no sign of doing it.

When this dark and dreadful age of state-worship (a wholly different thing, thank God, from love of one's country) has passed away, some bold spirit will write a history of the appalling crimes which States have committed against the individual men and women composing them. Herbert Spencer made a beginning. His book contains some weak arguments, but for a beginning it was hopeful enough and will arise one day from the obscurity into which it has fallen. The title especially, "The Man *versus* The State," with all the emphasis on

The Wheels of War

THIRTY years or so ago there was a book that was all the rage called *Helen's Babies*. Two small children were perpetually asking their uncle to open his watch so that they might see the wheels go round. Lord Northcliffe must have read this book when a boy and decided that Helen's babies had the universal mind, for his life has been principally occupied in showing people how "the wheels go round" in every phase of human activity. In *At the War* (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), he calls himself more than once an "inquisitive critic." His inquisitiveness has resulted in giving his readers a wonderfully complete picture of the mechanism of war. No civilian has received greater facilities to study the monstrous battle-machine in full action. He has witnessed fighting on the Yser and the Somme, at Verdun and on the Isonzo. After two years warfare seems, so to speak, to have become standardised, though one may detect differences in non-essentials.

"War has settled down to a regular business, it proceeds at the bases with the clockwork regularity of a great business." And it is a business in which the Briton has shown once again his exceptional powers of organisation as well as his genius for discipline—the latter the more remarkable in that it is accompanied with so strong a sense of individualism. People at home are at last learning what is a commonplace to all who have worked in the outer parts of Empire that, give good reason and a definite object, and no discipline is too high or severe for the British character. "This is a war of machinery," writes Lord Northcliffe, "as well as of bravery, and among Germany's many blunders was her forgetfulness of the British power of quick improvisation and organisation in unexpected circumstances, which is the secret of our success in building up the Empire in strange lands"—one of the secrets.

Three lightning sketches are given in this volume of Sir Douglas Haig, General Joffre and General Cadorna. Haig comes of Fife stock. "It is the imperturbability of the Fifer that makes him so difficult to beat in golf, in affairs and in war. . . . While I was with the little family party at Headquarters there came news that was good and some that was not so good. Neither affected the Commander-in-Chief's attitude towards the war nor the day's work in the least degree whatever." "Joffre has emerged as one of the great personalities of the war. . . . As that great grey head rose from the writing-table the impression of the man upon me was of massiveness." Cadorna "is a general who believes in seeing for himself. . . . A short lithe quick-moving man of sixty-six. . . . the most humorous of all the generals in the Great War."

The book we are told has been brought out at the request of the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John (why *cannot* the two be amalgamated under one simple title?), and all profits will go to the Joint Committee. It therefore follows that several chapters, by no means the least interesting, are devoted to the splendid work of the two Societies. The detailed description of certain Red Cross hospitals is fascinating reading, and one lays down the book wondering whether more science, intelligence and ingenuity have gone to the slaughter of men than to the healing of them when rescued from the hell of battle. "John Bull has indeed taken good care of those who have suffered in his cause. Let us hope and see to it that he will be as thoughtful for the disabled and their dependents in the future."

versus, indicates the profoundest fact of modern politics—and of ancient politics too. We are in the habit of talking as though it were always for noble ends that the State compels the sacrifice of individuals. Sometimes it is so, but nine times out of ten it is not so. For ages past, and now more than ever, States have been sacrificing uncounted millions of individual human lives, and incalculable human values, to a god named Mammon, and they have done this in peace no less than in war. The one "cause" which has led to the pouring out of more blood, the shedding of more tears, the breaking of more hearts than any other "cause" under the sun is robbery—robbery organised by States.

The Faith of Tommy

By a Line Officer

NOW herein is matter for surprise. That you should take men pell-mell from the skilled heart of industry, from the routine of the office, from the small shop, the farm, the country estate—I have, for instance, in the first little unit of ten men on my list (no, you won't guess their job) two labourers, two miners, two skilled cooks, a milkman, a regular, a carter, and a male attendant from a lunatic asylum: that hastily trained, hastily officered, and flung into the field with and against the finest professional soldiery in the world, the tradition of the service should descend upon and enwrap these men in the way it undoubtedly has done: that out of such various and unprecedented material, experiences equally various and unprecedented should reincarnate certain half-legendary ancient traits, characteristics, conditions of soul, and should recreate the flower of an England in which it were hard to see the prototype of the England of to-day. What constant elements within, without, in the soil, in the blood, must have conspired together in order to evoke this marvel?

I have been again in England after thirteen months of her various service elsewhere, and I suppose that is what has set me wondering: the discrepancy—the lack of accord—between the spoken, sung, or printed voice of England as it strikes one at home, and the voice of the army, as it strikes one out here. It is not a matter of views or opinions—we know little enough of them (and, may I say, you will have a job to teach us); it is in the tone, the temper, with which that articulate England of the press and the platform, and this great khaki England of the field, speak and act and think about the war, and Fritz, and the world at large.

Fritz is Serious

Now Fritz is serious. It's true we're teaching him humour—he has learnt much in that respect, as anyone who has met him could testify. There is, for example, a certain vulgar rhythm of seven notes with which our M.G.'s, when the line is quiet, occasionally entertain him. He has learnt that, and you will often hear it rattling about the cross-roads at night. And he was not above picking up, months ago, the English method of signalling shots on the range. There are many stories—most of them, and always the wildest, roughly true. But in the general routine of things, Fritz's emotions run the other way. There was a dug-out in Pozieres, for instance, in which a group of Germans had tacked up a large decorated calendar. Round the central picture was a big wreath of pansies, or some such flower; and on every one of these a German lover had inscribed the name of his girl—a thing no dozen British could have done, drunk or sober. And I recall, during a momentary halt in a recent push, picking up from the litter in a Bosch dug-out one of the *Feldgesangbücher*—field songbooks—they all seem to have with them, and reading there in the doorway, with the German barrage yet pounding away outside, Körner's *Vater, Ich rufe Dich*—"Father, I call to Thee"—one of the things that taught me, years ago in Gower Street, to respect the Teuton soul.

Such things are not our way, and the taste of Tommy doesn't run to sentiment and heroics; but we are learning to understand them, and to like Fritz the better for them. They, like the laughter of the Bainsfather people, are the expression of a wonderful faith—a faith in things that are common to both sides of No Man's Land, and that German and British, meet how they may, can respect each other for. Fritz is no doubt a bit more articulate—it's his forte: but nothing less can inspire that Homeric mirth of the British either.

For it is not cheap or common. It takes a great occasion to evoke the downright laughter. When things are merely normal, Tommy grouses—though he does not complain, which is another and a technical affair, amounting to the height of bad form. When things are distinctly unpleasant, he swears as well; but when they are too utterly awful for words, then he laughs and sings.

There was a road in Gallipoli that deserves as well of fame as many a hill-road in India; both from the fighting that went before it (as the 10th and 11th can tell) from the labour that went into it (as the sappers know) and the strange life it saw. It ran for two miles just under a 600-foot ridge, with the sea below; and it looked towards Samothrace and the shores of Macedonia. Above and below on the hillside, save at one point where the cliff had broken clean away and the road held on by its eyebrows, were shelters—for the place teemed with men; poor little affairs of a few sand bags and a waterproof sheet or two, but welcome enough after a spell of docking on the beach, and the best, in any case, there was.

A Terrible Day

Well, there came a day when the dreaded fate arrived, and it began to blow—a biting wind straight from the steppes of Russia, with all the cold of the Arctic in its teeth; and the work on the shore was as nothing to the fatigue of the return, and a cheerless nothing at that, since the transports, when fate was against them, might as well have lain in Alexandria. In the late afternoon men would look anxiously out to sea, in a vain hope the gale might fall with the dark; but each succeeding night it grew fiercer, and in the island harbours ships were dragged at anchor and thrown ashore. And then came rain—icy drops of water at sixty miles an hour, not pleasant to the face; and the hills began to grow dangerous and the road began to lose its pristine beauty, and the ration-parties were not joyful. Next day the temperature fell, and the wind rose, and the air became a blinding chaos of salt spray, ice and snow; streams of water hurtled down the hillside into the Gulf of Saros, from which the steam rose as from a boiling cauldron; and from time to time loose boulders crashed a path seawards, to the destruction of much fragile architecture. That night the storm broke. From nine o'clock onwards lightning, inconceivably brilliant, and of fantastically vivid colouring, flashed and dazzled about the summit of the hill, and you would have thought the very roots of it were cracking. Wall after wall fell in, until where had been dug-outs was rushing water; and as the night went on, the almost constant glare showed practically the whole battalion wading up and down for warmth along the road—and singing, if you please, its favourite ragtimes.

Now it was the wont of the mules with their Indian drivers when dusk fell to begin their climb with rations; and towards one in the morning, God knows how, some one or two arrived. Suddenly between the peals of thunder a stentorian voice was heard along the hillside "A Company, turn out for your water!" and of all the jokes that ever amused a soldier, that one went straightest home. Tommy cheered and laughed, and cheered and cheered again; and then, having begun, he set in to be merry in earnest. I, who have heard singing in many strange places, and from lips of many nations, have heard nothing so wonderful as that rough music on the hill at Suvla;

FLYING

is the title of the new paper, dealing with the Air, which is shortly to be published by LAND & WATER. The price will be 1d. weekly and the first number will appear on Saturday, January 20th, 1917. It will not only be illuminating from the technical standpoint, but will contain many special features of interest to the general reader

and if ever tribute of song might reach the shores of England, ay, or the gates of heaven, I would it were the singing in that night of horror. Long before dawn it froze; and by daybreak the song of life for many a man was ended. Some were crippled, and some were mad, and some had died.

But whenever men speak of England, of the love and the faith and the hope of home, somewhere the echo of that singing shall awake again.

* * * * *

Blighty! you hear it mentioned none too often, and then only in a fashion that reminds you of Chevallier singing "My old Dutch"; it took a poet his best moment to say why

there's some corner of a foreign land
That is for ever England—

in the heart, too deep for knowing, it is there all the while.

You might reasonably expect some sort of demonstration from men coming in sight of home again after a year of war—I came across with several. But no—the leave-boat is a dull affair, and the first glimpse of land in the eerie dawn doesn't rouse anybody to excitement. Quietly, and without any hurry, you settle down in the leave-train, glide past a landscape of the wonderful English green, the wonderful English tranquillity. London draws about you very gradually; you recognise old trivial things of no importance—wonder whether the train will pull up on the bridge as it always used to. There is a grinding of brakes—the huge girder alongside comes gradually to a standstill—you look across to the fretwork of Westminster, grey under the iridescent sky, the Abbey, the Embankment, the barges lying at anchor, the grey tide swirling past the stone piers—there falls one of those moments of silence that come over the noon-tide of the great city.

Mother England

The train moves on again; men reach mechanically for their baggage—it is like the end of hundreds of other journeys—and yet—O Mother of our souls, with what infinite dumb tenderness dost Thou fold again Thine arms of comfort around us, with what unspeakable beauty, placid and constant as of an eternal dream, dost Thou greet again Thine errant children—dream deeper and truer than any world a man can lose between sleeping and waking, born and bound into our lives by love stronger than the love of man and woman, deep as the love of mother and child; triumphing a million times—even with song and laughter—over death; England!

You would not recognise your British soldier if I dragged him into the hyperbole, would you? Ah, but he is there all the same—who else? He is there by reason of the inviolable faith which is in his blood, by reason of his being the servant of the entirely spiritual principles that are too deep to be articulate. I think there is no soldier in the world and few in history, so entirely controlled by the forces of the soul as the Briton. I wrote of him many months ago, when I had seen him at work for a short time only; "That the British soldier is the finest—or shall I say, the toughest—in the world, is due, not to his being cleverer, or better trained, or more heroic than another; all of which matters were disputable; but to his amazing instinct for the idea, the tradition, which makes him loyal to the point of dying for a mere whim in which some point of honour may be involved, and gives him, long after all ordinary human resources are drawn upon, a reserve of fortitude which is absolutely inexhaustible, for it is super-human." That is why these boy-officers, straight from the playing fields of school or college, have been such a wonderful success; and why, to their own amazement, the men will follow them where they would not follow a warrant officer of twice their age and twenty times their experience. They have only to live up to a certain standard, normal enough to them, to have all the manifold power of England behind them. For the power is spiritual and the British soldier is the knight-errant of the Unseen.

It would seem at first paradoxical that there should be probably less evidence of religion in the British Army than in any other. The church, qua church, is not a living thing—there is not the smallest doubt about it. It is there, doing what the men will let it do—wishing it could do more; but though it lies as it were behind the

heart of the Army, it is little in active evidence. Yet the men are not godless—far enough from it, as their letters show. "I think a sub-conscious faith in God is as much part of their minds as that sub-conscious faith in England; but they are too much occupied psychologically with their destiny of being Britons to have room left for anything very considerable in the shape of creed."

There is indeed one army creed so generally held that you can discuss it quite naturally with anyone; what they call the fatalism of the British. Here it is:

Scene: Halt during an advance that must go forward at any cost. The first line, with officers, is lying in a bit of dead ground. Just in front the machine-guns are rattling. Impasse. The captain realizes that stopping here any longer is simply waiting for shrapnel to finish the affair. Captain: (getting up and shouting) "Come on, boys. If there's one for you, you've got to have it. Come on. (Everybody gets up. They go on. Machine guns are gradually silent).

Now that is so common that nobody disputes it; it strikes you as entirely gratuitous and unwarranted the first time you come across it; but a month or so will bring you unconsciously into the same mind. I have never heard a padre start from that basis and tell us more about it—I suppose they think it mere pagan stoicism. So should I, if it were held pessimistically—

Therefore, O man, beware, and look toward the end of things that be,

The last of sights, the last of days; and no man's life account as gain

Ere the full tale be finished and the darkness find him without pain.

But that is not quite the temper. The odd thing is that when there does happen to be "one for you," nobody seems to mind—Queer?

* * * * *

Well, Fritz has his *Deutschland über Alles*, his *Vater, Ich rufe Dich*; and we—haven't a single patriotic song in the British army; and as for hymns—I remember having to sing, with parched throat and sodden shirt, at ten in the morning in the middle of the Sinai desert, and a temperature of 120° in the tents, "Eternal Father, strong to save," because it was the only hymn we could really count upon the regiment knowing.

And Fritz loves to express himself in every shade and way, for it convinces him of his own sincerity. He loves being regulated, and when the All-Highest sees fit to kick him he realizes what a great nation is the Fatherland. Tommy, for the very reason that the roots of his soul lie deeper, cannot be regulated beyond a certain point, at which intangible things like sheer history and tradition take the lead—yes, and carry it on in whatever other worlds there be. There is so much in the soul of the English that has got to be left alone, which brings me to the one didactic thing I want to say.

One can't help wondering at times what is going to happen when the care of these men passes out of the hands of the army into the hands of the State, and the motive at the back of it passes from our personal love of them (I don't mind admitting it) into the larger aims of Statecraft; and I see you at home are talking and writing about the same question. Well, the attitude of the army when at last the colours are furled will be simply this. Tommy will sit down on his native soil, and light his pipe, and think, metaphorically, "Well, it's up to you now!"

Let there be, in the first place, generous and speedy treatment of the pensions and disabilities question—it is now rather a sore point. On that matter first and foremost it is imperative that the politicians should gain the immediate trust and confidence of the army. Other things, with the colossal difficulties, and intricacies which are involved in the disposition question, might then be taken at leisure.

As to that latter question, I have only one word to say. Let us have every possible facility for the voluntary disposition of skilled labour, and—very especially—far more advertisement of such facility than any government scheme has had hitherto. It ought to be dealt with, in that respect, on exactly the same lines as was the recruiting campaign of 1915. But give us the utter minimum of coercion. You have got to trust these millions of men sooner or later; make a bid for their confidence at the start and begin that way.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

THERE is no serious kind of war book in more constant demand at the present time than that which deals with first principles and the causes of things—war in particular. We know that any contemporary history of the war must of many necessities be incomplete, but while our old world is breaking about our ears, we listen eagerly for the voice that shall re-state old theories of politics and ethics or set forth newer ones that help us to understand the causes, and particularly to be prepared for the results, of the present war. What was wrong with a world that allowed the mad-dog of Prussian militarism to break loose in Europe? How is it going to be chained up again, and how will the nations feel after the effort of catching it? These are subjects about which, to judge from the publishers' catalogues, many books from many points of view are being written and also being read, if not like Kitchener's Army in hundred thousands, at least in second and third editions of respectable extent. This is as it should be. Our intellectual, no less than our physical, weapons need, in this struggle, to be looked over, refurbished and, if necessary, replenished. The harder the thinking imposed the more satisfactory will be the result.

* * * * *

There is much hard thinking demanded in *Authority, Liberty and Function in the Light of the War* (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 4s. 6d. net). This work by an author, Mr. Ramiro de Maetzu, with whose previous writings, if any, I am totally unacquainted, is certainly one of the most stimulating and interesting essays in political science that the war has produced. It is also, be it said for the benefit of those whom the title may dishearten, written with a liveliness of style, often crystallising into real wit, that relieves its necessary employment of philosophical jargon of much of its depressing effect on the style and readability of the book. But the important thing is what it has to say. That may be briefly summarised as follows: The principle of Authority and the principle of Liberty which declared war on one another at the Renaissance and are now in open battle again, are neither of them acceptable as foundations of the modern State. The one is the mere glorification of power, the "The German heresy"; the other sets up the end of happiness—that is, the satisfaction of our lust and our pride, and has no validity to bind man in society. If Might, pure and simple, the negation of all growth and variety in human existence, is not to triumph as a result of this war, something, and that something not merely the individualistic ideal of Liberty, must be put in its place. What is that something to be?

* * * * *

Here let me digress for a moment to glance at the book of a friend of mine, Mr. E. S. P. Haynes, who is a notable champion of the ideal of Liberty. He has written a book called *The Decline of Liberty in England* (Grant Richards, 6s. net). In this book, though I have always deemed myself a lover of liberty, I find I am in full agreement with little else than these sentences: "It was Horace who pointed out to the Romans that Greece, when defeated by Rome, captured the Roman mind, and this was undoubtedly a gain to Rome; but the idea of the same process occurring at the end of the present war has been to me, and no doubt to many others, a nightmare ever since the war began. That this country should sacrifice her best and youngest citizens to torture and death and then worship a German Moloch, is the most horrible disaster that the human imagination can conceive." True, so far we all are agreed; "the German Heresy," with its sterile worship of the State as a good in itself and of power as an end must not prevail. But if we only have to set up against this the principle of Liberty as expounded by Mr. Haynes, I fear Mr. de Maetzu is right. The ideals of Hedonism tend, equally with those of power, to sterility and have by their very nature a constant tendency to disintegrate society. *The Decline of Liberty in England* might almost have been written to illustrate that section of Mr. de

Maetzu's book in which he tries to show that Liberty is not a practical principle of association.

* * * * *

Mr. de Maetzu's solution of the problem which he analyses so well is naturally the most interesting part of his book. He finds his solution in what he calls the principle of function, which is merely an extension of the idea underlying Syndicalism, or, in more attractive language, the Revival of the Guild. It is no new idea, having found expression not merely as the author points out in the Guild system of the Middle ages, but also in the caste system of the East. It seems to be the solution for which the Greek political philosophers, to whom Mr. de Maetzu's book owes much, were groping, for it is an expansion and application of Aristotle's fragmentary development of the theory of distributive justice. According to this theory of society, men are to organise themselves almost automatically according to their functions and will find an objective law which governs the exercise of those functions. Shoemakers shall thus control the shoe-making world, lawyers the legal, and so on. Nor does it follow that a man need be confined to one function only. I have no space here to follow this idea further, or indeed to do more than adumbrate what Mr. de Maetzu himself does not fully work out. I have only endeavoured to suggest that his book is of some real importance.

* * * * *

Australia in Arms (T. Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d. net), is a book that every member of the Australian Expeditionary Force will like to possess. Its sub-title indicates its scope. It is "a narrative of the Australasian Imperial Force and their achievements at Anzac." The narrative full, thorough and well-illustrated with maps, plans and photographs, is by Mr. Philip Schuler, the war correspondent of *The Melbourne Age*. Every page of the book from the first which describes the immediate response of Australia when war was declared to the last which describes the evacuation of the Peninsula is a soberly-written record of fact, but it must vibrate with memories for those who took part in what is described. Even for those who did not the book tells an immortal tale in a comprehensive manner. It is an important contribution to the historical literature of the war.

* * * * *

Let us take a moment's relaxation and be frivolous awhile! Mrs. John Lane's *War Phases according to Maria* (John Lane, 2s. 6d. net), enables us to do this without, you observe, forgetting that there is a war. Aided by some really entertaining pictures by Miss Fish, this book allows us to enjoy for a space a superior smile at the foibles of a vulgar woman in war time. Maria, dressing to "do her bit," seeking socially advantageous ways of doing it, practising with shame, inevitable war economies and, most laughable of all, going in for hens, Plymouth Rocks, that turn out to be "Pilgrim Fathers," provides a bright little *revue* at which we smile a moment and then pass on.

* * * * *

I do not know how far *In the Fire of the Furnace* (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.), which is by a Sergeant in the French Army, is a record of real experience. It describes, at any rate, a process of individual regeneration which many men have experienced since the war began, and has the interest of describing it from a foreign point of view. Consequently, it is worth reading, even in the present rather inadequate translation.

The December number of *Colour* contains reproductions of the work of Augustus John, Albert Baertsoon (R.A. of Belgium), Maurice Blicq, G. L. Brockhurst, and others, as well as reproductions of works in the National Gallery of Modern Art at Rome. Brockhurst's "Diamond Hill," and John's "Portrait," are exceptionally interesting pages, while the number as a whole maintains the standard of reproduction that has made *Colour* noteworthy—and justly so—as an example of what production and reproduction should be.

Days by Salmon Pools

By William T. Palmer

IN these days an hour or so of eventide may be given to that comfort of the salmon angler's soul, memory. One cannot point to mighty trophies of the sport, cannot produce signed (and even sworn) testimony of great kills. And not being wealthy, a private sketch of good salmon stream has never been more than a wish. But neither the expert nor the rich can take away the joys of days that are past.

One's earliest memories of salmon are misty, dim, uncertain. There was the silver gleam of a great fish bending away from the shadow of a small child jerking along the rock edge of the bridge-pool; there was the tremendous leap over the mill weir, a resounding splash that day we fished the lodge with bent pins and paste-crumbs. There was the last feeble kicks of a great fish drawn on to the shingles of the ford by the blacksmith. Surely it is privilege indeed to have been brought up on the edge of a salmon water.

And then, as one grew in stature, the wisdom of the waterside was opened as a book page by page. The salmon came most freely when the floods were full of fallen leaves, when the "back-end" broke down in storm and rain, and for days the raging torrent licked and leapt near the tiny suspension bridge which had succeeded the ancient stepping stones. Great and joyous among fishes was the salmon, and particularly to be desired was an hour in the gorge of the waterfall where fish after fish leapt and failed, leapt again and succeeded in passing up that foamy ladder of waters.

The ancient men of our village held that the waters would draw us—meaning to destruction, though in years to come they drew us to sport, and we graduated by minnows and perch and trout to that king of all sporting fishes—the salmon.

My real initiation was, however, somewhat irregular. A stranger called on me—a village lad—to assist in the taking of a fish, handed over the rod, and sat down to rest and enjoy my battle. The fish had given him a tiring half-hour. One soon found that the extra weight made much of my trout knowledge of danger rather than practical use, but luckily the strenuous thirty minutes had exhausted most of the salmon's power. There was some hesitation at coaxing into, guiding across, a swift current, but a slight strain roused him to action, and after that matters went easily. But the stranger claimed the fish—and I got a shilling. To me my prize was the more valuable.

West and north and far north, south and east and on the confines of the sea, one has had great sport among the salmon. One has spent many a happy day in the glens when the waters ran clear and low, and the coming rain was but a twitching in the barometer. There is a charm about the surroundings of salmon fishing which thrills though the years grow into a long tale, and the miles between are many.

There is that south-country stream where a belt of shingle forms a great pool at low tide, a veritable trap for salmon, should the inland waters be low and bright. One has waded out on that bar for many a long cast when a "certain liveliness" has shown salmon on the move. But one had to be wary indeed for the shingle was narrow, and on the land-side it was but a step into seemingly fathomless mud. And the heavy waters played havoc with the thorns cast in to prevent poaching. One's feet were constantly tripping over or tangling in their debris any many a fine fish was lost by fouled broken lines. Yet though uncomfortable and difficult the shingle bar has a reputation for good sport on a suitable day.

The typical rivers of the English East Coast are hardly swift enough for the salmon's delight, though time was when the Thames was a great haunt of their kind. And may be again when education has proved to all and sundry that a stream is not a channel for casual or manufacturing filth. Further up the coast the rivers become more suitable, and one has watched the great fishes leaping under the bows of a big in-bound cargo tramp. And inland the rivers run briskly, with many a shady nook, many a deep pool where the valley drift has been washed

off down to the living rock. Such a pool is now in one's mind, with a great railway bridge stilting over, and the possibility of a "gallery" to one's strike and play. Legend says that in less strenuous times the guard of a halted train perceived a strange angler in difficulties down here. His salmon would not move from beneath a rock. So down the steep embankment slid the railway-man, stoned the fish from its hold, and breathless, clambered back to duty before the signals had given "right ahead." And the record is written in the books of a great angling club, for the fish was a giant indeed.

Touch of the Seabreeze

And now one's mind fails to record in true order the salmon pools one has fished. Are we not over the Border? There was a wee stretch of Tweed, a longer one of Spey something worth while on the Findhorn. And out in the Hebrides one has knowledge of lochs which are salt, and fjords which are fresh, of higher and lower waters, of rivers where tide and flood rips are dangerous furies. But wherever one's salmon is to be taken, one likes to feel the sea-breeze on one's cheek, to taste the tang and saltiness of great waters near at hand.

Yet far inland, in brawling torrents, there are pools which cannot be cut out of memory—pools so close-gripped in rock that a hooked salmon has to be played down cascades and across minor streams before the gaff comes into use. There are pools beneath the alders where the fish are invisible in the blackness, and where one has to wade waist deep to get within safe casting distance. Then there is that place of delight, a rock firm-footed in a half-mile of swift-coursing water. If there be a fish anywhere it is lying in the tiny swirl behind that rock, and one lucky day a succession of six glorious fighters came to the rod here. Last time one passed the place (in the train) a big flood was casting fountains of spray over the polished black shoulders, and from the edge of a little bay an angler was busily casting. Lucky fellow—I wonder where he is to-day!

There are also the peat-pots of the Highland streams—holes scooped by yesterday's flood to be filled level by that of to-morrow. Unknown places these with sheer depths and under-cut banks, often well decorated with branches and tree-roots and more troublesome to fish than even the trough in the rocky glen.

But what of the lochs, the lakes, the llyns, the loughs. The pen falters at the words for memory passes beyond that poverty-stricken medium of exchange. The purple mountains, the clouds trailing among the rocky turrets, the hillsides aflame with crimson and gold, the fresh green of the grass land, the bronze of the heather, the plumed larch, the green-topped fir of the islands, the moving waters, the steady boat—no, words are a failure. Let the finest part of salmon-fishing pass in silence.

One would have liked to record that the salmon in different waters are much different in moods and habits, and one has indeed been tempted to the belief when fly after fly of favourite brands has been unable to coax a single rise, and then some local nondescript has killed fish after fish. Like all other sporting fish, the salmon is capable of high education, and where he is much sought for he becomes as finicky as a Thames trout, as dainty in tastes as a canal roach, who prefers a slight tincture of opium in his diet. On his day of wild feeding the salmon will come at any lure—when he is out of sorts, nothing will prevail. And in certain waters it is bitterly said that fish prefer the strange flies of those "off-come bodies" to anything which may be presented.

Fishing water—outside, there is starlight, a frosty air, a stillness in which even my poplars fail to rustle their leaves. One has fished under such circumstances, but the true weather for salmon is—ah! what is it? The tail-end of a wet week, a time of spring tides, the fish thoroughly on the move, the waters not too turbid nor yet too clear, and then what matter if a squall of sleet or rain or hail should come down while your biggest is making a gallant fight for freedom.

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The Golden Triangle

By Maurice Leblanc

[Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos]

SYNOPSIS: Captain Patrice Belval, a wounded French officer prevents in a Paris street the abduction of a nurse who is known to her patients as "Little Mother Coralie." Belval takes Coralie to his house, whither one of his seven men brings one of the abductors, who, before he can be questioned is strangled by his confederates in the room in which he has been confined. Belval, feeling that the fact of having been maimed in the service of his country is an honour rather than a disability, declares his love to Coralie, only to be told by her that she is already married, and that he must make no further effort even to retain her friendship—she suggests that there might be danger for him in a friendship with herself. That night, after Coralie has left him, Belval has sent to him anonymously a box containing a large rusty key, and later he sees in the sky a rain of sparks, which had been mentioned by Coralie's would-be abductors as a signal possessing mysterious significance. He goes out with his servant, Ya-Bon, to try to ascertain the source of the rain of sparks, and quite by accident, sees Colonel Fakhi, one of Coralie's would-be abductors, in company with four other men break into a house in the Rue Raynouard. By means of the rusty key, Belval gains access to the house, in which he finds the five men torturing another man, Essarès, obviously with a view to extracting information from him. Just as Belval is about to rescue the victim he sees that Coralie, horror-stricken, is also watching the torturers at their work. Essarès manages to get hold of a revolver, with which he shoots Fakhi dead. He buys off his other four assailants for a million francs apiece, with which they leave the house. Belval, still concealed watching, waits for a cue from Coralie as to what to do in regard to Essarès, who, he has learned by now, is a great financier in possession of some important secret, and is also Coralie's husband.

CHAPTER V (continued)

HER face no longer wore its expression of horror and affright, but Patrice was perhaps more scared at seeing her suddenly animated with a sinister energy that gave an unwonted sparkle to her eyes and set her eyebrows and her lips twitching. He realised that Coralie was preparing to act.

In what way? Was this the end of the tragedy?

She walked to the corner on her side of the gallery where one of the two spiral staircases stood, and went down slowly, without, however, trying to deaden the sound of her feet. Her husband could not help hearing her. Patrice moreover saw in the mirror that he had lifted his head and was following her with his eyes.

She stopped at the foot of the stairs. But there was no indecision in her attitude. Her plan was obviously quite clear; and she was only thinking out the best method of putting it into execution.

"Ah!" whispered Patrice to himself, quivering all over. "What are you doing, Little Mother Coralie?"

He gave a start. The direction in which Coralie's eyes were turned, together with the strange manner in which they stared, revealed her secret resolve to him. She had caught sight of the dagger, lying on the floor where it had slipped from the colonel's grasp.

Not for a second did Patrice believe that she meant to pick up that dagger with any other thought than to stab her husband. The intention of murder was so plainly written on her livid features that, even before she stirred a limb Essarès was seized with a fit of terror and strained every muscle to break the bonds that hampered his movements.

She came forward, stopped once more and, suddenly bending, seized the dagger. Without waiting, she took two more steps. These brought her to the right of the chair in which Essarès lay. He had only to turn his head a little way to see her. And an awful minute passed, during which the husband and wife looked into each other's eyes.

The whirl of thoughts, of fear, of hatred, of vagrant and conflicting passions that passed through the brain of her who was about to kill and him who was about to die, was reproduced in Patrice Belval's mind and deep down in his inner consciousness. What was he to do? What part ought he

to play in the tragedy that was being enacted before his eyes? Should he intervene? Was it his duty to prevent Coralie from committing the irreparable deed? Or should he commit it himself by breaking the man's head with a bullet from his revolver?

Yet, from the beginning, Patrice had really been swayed by a feeling which, mingling with all the others, gradually paralysed him and rendered any inward struggle illusory: a feeling of curiosity driven to its utmost pitch. It was not the everyday curiosity of unearthing a squalid secret, but the higher curiosity of penetrating the mysterious soul of a woman whom he loved, who was carried away by the rush of events and who suddenly, becoming once more mistress of herself, was of her own accord and with impressive calmness taking the most fearful resolution. Thereupon other questions forced themselves upon him. What prompted her to take this resolution? Was it revenge? Was it punishment? Was it the gratification of hatred?

Patrice Belval remained where he was.

Coralie raised her arm. Her husband, in front of her, no longer even attempted to make those movements of despair which indicate a last effort. There was neither entreaty nor menace in his eyes. He waited in resignation.

Not far from them, old Siméon, still bound, half-lifted himself on his elbows and stared at them in dismay.

Coralie raised her arm again. Her whole frame seemed to grow larger and taller. An invisible force appeared to strengthen and stiffen her whole being, summoning all her energies to the service of her will. She was on the point of striking. Her eyes sought the place at which she should strike.

Yet her eyes became less hard and less dark. It even seemed to Patrice that there was a certain hesitation in her gaze and that she was recovering not her usual gentleness, but a little of her womanly grace.

"Ah, Little Mother Coralie," murmured Patrice, "you are yourself again! You are the woman I know. Whatever right you may think you have to kill that man, you will not kill him . . . and I prefer it so."

Slowly Coralie's arm dropped to her side. Her features relaxed. Patrice could guess the immense relief which she felt at escaping from the obsessing purpose that was driving her to murder. She looked at her dagger with astonishment, as though she were waking from a hideous nightmare. And, bending over her husband, she began to cut his bonds.

She did so with visible repugnance, avoiding his touch, as it were, and shunning his eyes. The cords were severed one by one. Essarès was free.

What happened next was in the highest measure unexpected. With not a word of thanks to his wife, with not a word of anger either, this man who had just undergone the most cruel torture and whose body still throbbed with pain hurriedly tottered barefoot to a telephone standing on a table. He was like a hungry man who suddenly sees a piece of bread and snatches at it greedily as the means of saving himself and returning to life. Panting for breath, Essarès took down the receiver and called out!

"Central 40.39."

Then he turned abruptly to his wife:

"Go away," he said.

She seemed not to hear. She had knelt down beside old Siméon and was setting him free also.

Essarès at the telephone began to lose patience!

"Are you there? . . . Are you there? . . . I want that number to-day, please, not next week! It's urgent . . . 40.39 . . . It's urgent, I tell you!"

And, turning to Coralie, he repeated, in an imperious tone:

"Go away!"

She made a sign that she would not go away and that, on the contrary, she meant to listen. He shook his fist at her and again said!

"Go away, go away! . . . I won't have you stay in the room. You go away too, Siméon."

Old Siméon got up and moved towards Essarès. It looked as though he wished to speak, no doubt to protest. But his action was undecided; and, after a moment's reflection, he turned to the door and went without uttering a word.

"Go away, will you, go away!" Essarès repeated, his whole body expressing menace.

But Coralie came nearer to him and crossed her arms

(Continued on page 22)

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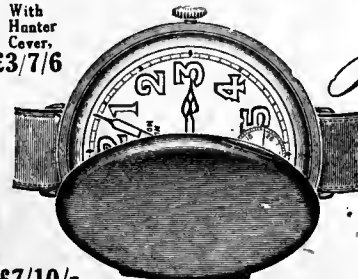
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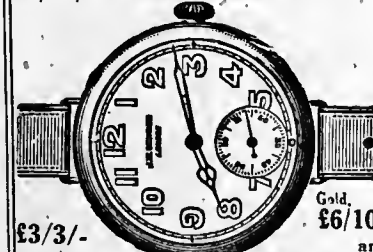
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(Continued from page 20)

obstinately and defiantly. At that moment, Essarès appeared to get his call, for he asked:

"Is that 40.39? Ah, yes . . ."
 He hesitated. Coralie's presence obviously displeased him greatly; and he was about to say things which he did not wish her to know. But time, no doubt, was pressing. He suddenly made up his mind and with both receivers glued to his ears, said, in English:

"Is that you, Grégoire? . . . Essarès speaking. . .
 Hullo! . . . Yes, I'm speaking from the Rue Raynouard . . .
 . . . There's not time to lose . . . Listen . . .
 He sat down and went on!

"Look here. Mustapha's dead. So is the colonel. . .
 Damn it, don't interrupt, or we're done for! . . . yes, done for; and you too. . . Listen, they all came, the colonel, Bournet, the whole gang, and robbed me by means of violence and threats. . . I finished the colonel, only he had written to the police, giving us all away. The letter will be delivered soon. So you understand, Bournet and his three ruffians are going to disappear. They'll just run home and pack up their papers; and I reckon they'll be with you in an hour, or two hours at most. It's the refuge they're sure to make for. They prepared it themselves, without suspecting that you and I know each other. So there's no doubt about it. They're sure to come. . ."

Essarès stopped. He thought for a moment and resumed:
 "You still have a second key to each of the rooms which they use as bedrooms? Is that so? . . . Good. And you have duplicates of the keys that open the cupboards in the walls of those rooms, haven't you? . . . Capital. Well, as soon as they get to sleep, or rather as soon as you are certain that they are sound asleep, go in and search the cupboards. Each of them is bound to hide his share of the booty there. You'll find it quite easily. It's the four pocket-books which you know of. Put them in your bag, clear out as fast as you can and join me."

There was another pause. This time, it was Essarès listening. He replied:

"What's that you say? Rue Raynouard? Here? Join me here? Why, you must be mad! Do you imagine that I can stay now, after the colonel's given me away? No, go and wait for me at the hotel, near the station. I shall be there by twelve o'clock or one in the afternoon, perhaps a little later. Don't be uneasy. Have your lunch quietly and we'll talk things over. . . Hullo! Did you hear? . . . Very well, I'll see that everything's all right. Good-bye for the present."

The conversation was finished; and it looked as if Essarès, having taken all his measures to recover possession of the four million francs, had no further cause for anxiety. He hung up the receiver, went back to the lounge-chair in which he had been tortured, wheeled it round with its back to the fire, sat down, turned down the bottoms of his trousers and pulled on his socks and shoes, all a little painfully and accompanied by a few grimaces, but calmly, in the manner of a man who has no need to hurry.

Coralie kept her eyes fixed on his face.

"I really ought to go," thought Captain Belval, who felt a trifle embarrassed at the thought of overhearing what the husband and wife were about to say.

Nevertheless, he stayed. He was not comfortable in his mind on Coralie's account.

Essarès fired the first shot:

"Well," he asked "what are you looking at me like that for?"

"So it's true?" she murmured, maintaining her attitude of defiance. "You leave me no possibility of doubt?"

"Why should I lie?" he snarled. "I should not have telephoned in your hearing if I hadn't been sure that you were here all the time."

"I was up there."

"Then you heard everything?"

"Yes."

"And saw everything?"

"Yes."

"And, seeing the torture which they inflicted on me and hearing my cries, you did nothing to defend me, to defend me against torture, against death!"

"No, for I knew the truth."

"What truth?"

"The truth which I suspected without daring to admit it."

"What truth?" he repeated, in a louder voice.

"The truth about your treason."

"You're mad. I've committed no treason."

"Oh, don't juggle with words! I confess that I don't know the whole truth: I did not understand all that those men said or what they were demanding of you. But the secret which they tried to force from you was a treasonable secret."

"A man can only commit treason against his country,"

he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I'm not a Frenchman."

"You were a Frenchman!" she said. "You asked to be one, and you became one. You married me, a Frenchwoman, and you live in France and you've made your fortune in France. It's France that you're betraying."

"Don't talk nonsense! And for whose benefit?"

"I don't know that either. For months, for years indeed, the colonel Bournet, all your former accomplices and yourself have been engaged on an enormous work—yes, enormous, it's their own word—and now it appears that you are fighting over the profits of the common enterprise and the others accuse you of pocketing those profits for yourself alone and of keeping a secret that doesn't belong to you. So that I seem to see something dirtier and more hateful even than treachery, something worthy of a common pick-pocket. . ."

The man struck the arm of his chair with his fist:

"Enough!" he cried.

Coralie seemed in no way alarmed:

"Enough," she echoed, "you are right. Enough words between us. Besides, there is one fact that stands out above everything: your flight. That amounts to a confession. You're afraid of the police."

He shrugged his shoulders a second time:

"I'm afraid of nobody."

"Very well, but you're going."

"Yes."

"Then let's have it out. When are you going?"

"Presently, at twelve o'clock."

"And, if you're arrested?"

"I shan't be arrested."

"If you are arrested, however?"

"I shall be let go."

"At least there will be an enquiry, a trial?"

"No, the matter will be hushed up."

"You hope so."

"I'm sure of it."

"God grant it! And you will leave France, of course?"

"As soon as I can."

"When will that be?"

"In a fortnight or three weeks."

"Send me word of the day, so that I may know when I can breathe again."

"I shall send you word, Coralie, but for another reason."

"What reason?"

"So that you may join me."

"Join you!"

He gave a cruel smile:

"You are my wife," he said. "Where the husband goes the wife goes; and you know that, in my religion, the husband has every right over his wife, including that of life and death. Well, you're my wife."

Coralie shook her head and, in a tone of indescribable contempt, answered:

"I am not your wife. I feel nothing for you but loathing and horror. I don't wish to see you again, and, whatever happens, whatever you may threaten, I shall not see you again."

He rose and, walking to her, bent in two, all trembling on his legs, he shouted, while again he shook his clenched fists at her:

"What's that you say? What's that you dare to say? I, I, your lord and master, order you to join me the moment that I send for you."

"I shall not join you. I swear it before God. I swear it as I hope to be saved."

He stamped his feet with rage. His face underwent a hideous contortion, and he roared:

"That means that you want to stay! Yes, you have reasons which I don't know, but which are easy to guess! An affair of the heart, I suppose. There's some one in your life, no doubt. . . . Hold your tongue, will you?"

Haven't you always detested me? . . . Your hatred does not date from to-day. It dates back to the first time you saw me, to a time even before our marriage. . . . We have always lived like mortal enemies. I loved you. I worshipped you. A word from you would have brought me to your feet. The mere sound of your steps thrilled me to the marrow. . . . But your feeling for me is one of horror. And you imagine that you are going to start a new life, without me? Why, I'd sooner kill you, my beauty!"

He had unclenched his fists; and his open hands were clutching on either side of Coralie, close to her head, as though around a prey which they seemed on the point of throttling. A nervous shiver made his jaws clash together. Beads of perspiration gleamed on his bald head.

In front of him, Coralie stood impassive, looking very small and frail. Patrice Belval, in an agony of suspense and ready at any moment to act, could read nothing on her calm features but aversion and contempt.

(Continued on page 24)

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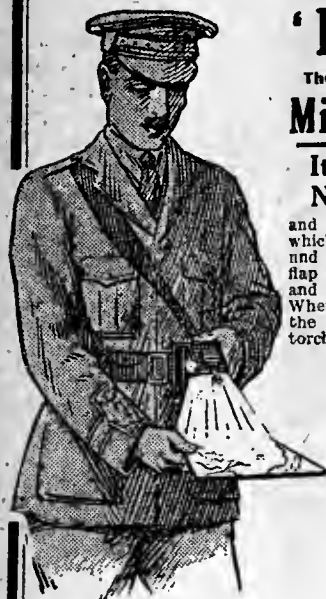
and provided with an adjustable front flap which fastens with a spring clip over the lens and protects it when lamp is not in use. This flap when raised half way, serves as a screen, and prevents rays being visible to the enemy. When tilted to a horizontal position, it allows the lamp to be used as an ordinary electric torch, with the rays shining directly ahead.

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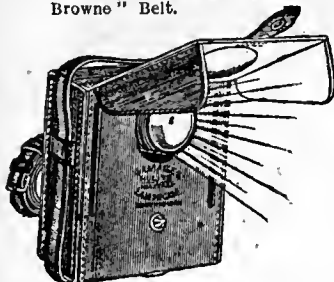
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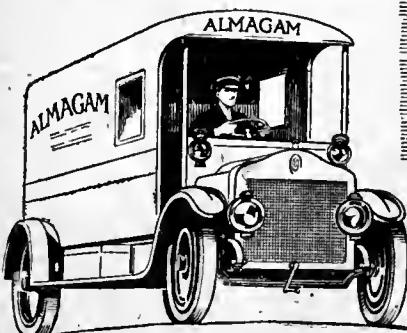
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(Continued from page 22)

Mastering himself at last, Essarès said:

"You shall join me, Coralie. Whether you like it or not, I am your husband. You felt it just now, when the lust to murder me made you take up a weapon and left you without the courage to carry out your intention. It will always be like that. Your independent fit will pass away and you will join the man who is your master."

"I shall remain behind to fight against you," she replied, "here, in this house. The work of treason which you have accomplished I shall destroy. I shall do it without hatred, for I am no longer capable of hatred, but I shall do it without intermission, to repair the evil which you have wrought."

He answered, in a low voice:

"I am capable of hatred. Beware, Coralie. The very moment when you believe that you have nothing more to fear will perhaps be the moment when I shall call you to account. Take care."

He pushed an electric bell. Old Siméon appeared.

"So the two men-servants have decamped?" asked Essarès. And, without waiting for the answer, he went on. "A good riddance. The housemaid and the cook can do all I want. They heard nothing, did they? No, their bedroom is too far away. No matter, Siméon, you must keep a watch on them after I am gone."

He looked at his wife, surprised to see her still there, and said to his secretary:

"I must be up at six to get everything ready; and I am dead tired. Take me to my room. You can come back and put out the lights afterwards."

He went out, supported by Siméon. Patrice Belval at once perceived that Coralie had done her best to show no weakness in her husband's presence, but that she had come to the end of her strength and was unable to walk. Seized with faintness, she fell on her knees, making the sign of the cross.

When she was able to rise, a few minutes later, she saw on the carpet, between her and the door, a sheet of note-paper with her name on it. She picked it up and read:

"Little Mother Coralie, the struggle is too much for you. Why not appeal, to me, your friend? Give a signal and I am with you."

She staggered, dazed by the discovery of the letter and dismayed by Belval's daring. But, making a last effort to summon up her power of will, she left the room, without giving the signal for which Patrice was longing.

CHAPTER VI

Nineteen Minutes Past Seven

PATRICE, in his bedroom at the home, was unable to sleep that night. He had a continual waking sensation of being oppressed and hunted down, as though he were suffering the terrors of some monstrous nightmare. He had an impression that the frantic series of events in which he was playing the combined parts of a bewildered spectator and a helpless actor would never cease so long as he tried to rest; that, on the contrary, they would rage with a greater violence and intensity. The leave-taking of the husband and wife did not put an end, even momentarily, to the dangers incurred by Coralie. Fresh perils arose on every side; and Patrice Belval confessed himself incapable of foreseeing and still more of allaying them.

After lying awake for two hours, he switched on his electric light and began hurriedly to write down the story of the past twelve hours. He hoped in this way to some small extent to unravel the tangled knot.

At six o'clock he went and roused Ya-Bon and brought him back with him. Then, standing in front of the astonished negro, he crossed his arms and exclaimed:

"So you consider that your job is over! While I lie tossing about in the dark, my lord sleeps and all's well! My dear man, you have a jolly elastic conscience."

The word elastic amused the Senegalese mightily. His mouth opened wider than ever; and he gave a grunt of enjoyment.

"That'll do, that'll do," said the captain. "There's no getting a word in, once you start talking. Here, take a chair, read this report and give me your reasoned opinion. What? You don't know how to read? Well upon my word! What was the good, then, of wearing out the seat of your trousers on the benches of the Senegal schools and colleges? A queer education, I must say!"

He heaved a sigh and, snatching the manuscript, said:

"Listen, reflect, argue, deduct and conclude. This is how the matter briefly stands. First, we have one Essarès Bey, a banker, rich as Cræsus, and the lowest of rascallions, who betrays at one and the same time France, Egypt, England,

Turkey, Bulgaria and Greece . . . as is proved by the fact that his accomplices roast his feet for him. Thereupon he kills one of them and gets rid of four with the aid of as many millions, which millions he orders another accomplice to get back for him before five minutes are passed. And all these bright spirits will duck underground at eleven o'clock this morning, for at twelve o'clock the police propose to enter on the scene. Good."

Patrice Belval paused to take breath and continued:

"Secondly, 'Little Mother Coralie—upon my word, I can't say why—is married to Rapsallion Bey. She hates him and wants to kill him. He loves her and wants to kill her. There is also a colonel who loves her and for that reason loses his life and a certain Mustapha, who tries to kidnap her on the colonel's account and also loses his life for that reason, strangled by a Senegalese. Lastly, there is a French captain, a dot-and-carry-one, who likewise loves her, but whom she avoids because she is married to a man whom she abhors. And with this Captain, in a previous incarnation, she has halved an amethyst bead. Add to all this, by way of accessories, a rusty key, a red-silk bowstring, a dog choked to death and a grate filled with red coals. And, if you dare to understand a single word of my explanation, I'll catch you a whack with my wooden leg, for I don't understand it a little bit and I'm your captain."

Ya-Bon laughed all over his mouth and all over the gaping scar that cut one of his cheeks in two. As ordered by his captain, he understood nothing of the business and very little of what Patrice had said; but he always quivered with delight when Patrice addressed him in that gruff tone.

"That's enough," said the captain. "It's my turn now to argue, deduct and conclude."

He leant against the mantelpiece, with his two elbows on the marble shelf and his head tight-pressed between his hands. His merriment, which sprang from temperamental lightness of heart, was this time only a surface merriment. Deep down within himself he did nothing but think of Coralie with sorrowful apprehension. What could he do to protect her? A number of plans occurred to him: which was he to choose? Should he hunt through the numbers in the telephone book till he hit upon the whereabouts of that Grégoire, with whom Bournel and his companions had taken refuge? Should he inform the police? Should he return to the Rue Raynouard? He did not know. Yes, he was capable of acting, if the act to be performed consisted in flinging himself into the conflict with furious ardour. But to prepare the action, to divine the obstacles, to rend the darkness and, as he said, to see the invisible and grasp the intangible, that was beyond his power.

He turned suddenly to Ya-Bon, who was standing depressed by his silence:

"What's the matter with you, putting on that lugubrious air? Of course it's you that throws a gloom over me! You always look at the black side of things . . . like a nigger! . . . Be off."

Ya-Bon was going away discomfited when some one tapped at the door and a voice said:

"Captain Belval, you're wanted on the telephone."

Patrice hurried out. Who on earth could be telephoning to him so early in the morning?

"Who is it?" he asked the nurse.

"I don't know captain . . . It's a man's voice; he seemed to want you urgently. The bell had been ringing some time. I was downstairs, in the kitchen . . ."

Before Patrice's eyes there rose a vision of the telephone in the Rue Raynouard, in the big room at the Essarès' house. He could not help wondering if there was anything to connect the two incidents.

He went down one flight of stairs and along a passage. The telephone was through a small waiting-room, in a room that had been turned into a linen closet. He closed the door behind him.

"Hullo! Captain Belval speaking. What is it?"

A voice, a man's voice which he did not know, replied in breathless, panting tones:

"Ah! . . . Captain Belval! . . . It's you! . . . Look here . . . but I'm almost afraid that it's too late . . . I don't know if I shall have time to finish . . ."

"Did you get the key and the letter?"

"Who are you?" asked Patrice.

"Did you get the key and the letter?" the voice insisted.

"The key, yes," Patrice replied, "but not the letter."

"Not the letter? But this is terrible! Then you don't know . . ."

A hoarse cry struck Patrice's ear and the next thing he caught was incoherent sounds at the other end of the wire, the noise of an altercation. Then the voice seemed to glue itself to the instrument and he distinctly heard it gasping.

(To be continued).

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Vol. LXVIII No. 2850 [54TH YEAR] THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1916

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1916

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GERMAN CRY FOR PEACE

ON Tuesday the 12th of December, the Chancellor of the German Empire announced to the nominal Parliament of that State his master's intention of suing for peace. Those who have followed the war as a whole, appreciated its character and studied it from the only sources worthy of study, understood the immense significance of such an event. In every conflict of wills that party which begins to plead is the party which already envisages defeat.

Now of such defeat there has never been since the Marne and Ypres one shadow of doubt—*provided* that the Alliance against Prussia held firm. The military elements of the problem were clear. The Prussian plan had failed. It depended upon time for success, and it had missed its time table. But the hypothesis of complete unity and tenacity upon the part of the Allies, though an hypothesis necessarily taken for granted wherever the strategies of the war were discussed, was only an hypothesis. Once let the unity of the Alliance be shaken, let one member of it drop out, and the whole face of the war changes from what the Marne and Ypres had done. Petty minds in each country may put it in a petty way. Those who are concerned for Europe in peril and for all our past, know very well how to put it with truth and completely. Without the British Fleet and the British Industrial system the Alliance could be neither munitioned nor fed. Without the French Military strength on the West it could not strategically hold—although the French numbers represented less than a third of the numbers opposed to us. Without the loyalty of our Eastern Allies, which has been so magnificently proved, the West would be isolated and certainly overwhelmed. No one of the Allies can say: "Without *our* virtues or strength the others would have failed." So partial a truth is a falsehood. The truth is that without common loyalty all would fail.

The enemy tried with all his might to separate us. He discovered, once the scale of munitionment in the present war was apparent, how vast an advantage he would have upon all the Eastern front in this factor. By April 1915 that advantage was developed. There followed the tremendous Polish campaign in the certitude that it would give him a separate peace upon the East. It gave him nothing of the sort. It left him where he was upon advanced lines and feeling for the first time the peril of exhaustion. He tried to forestall that peril by the tremendous attack upon Verdun, and his theme during the whole of Verdun was: "We are bleeding the numerically inferior French Army to death."

His commentary to Allies and to neutrals all the while was: "While the French are thus bleeding rapidly to death the English are not helping." He again failed utterly. Then came the Somme. When it was clear that the Somme was to be a prolonged offensive munitioned upon a larger scale than they had thought possible, the commanders of the besieged garrison struck a balance of their resources.

No one can tell in such calculations when the precise moment of crack or collapse or retirement will be. It usually comes much sooner in reality than it should on paper. But, at any rate, it was now calculable. All the higher commands saw it just as clearly as did the enemy. And Roumania came into the war, with the effect which still remains, and should still be clearly apparent surely to any educated man, of steadily increasing the drain upon the enemy and advancing the day of his final defeat. Then, in September, the enemy asked for peace. He asked for peace secretly. But he asked for it in unmistakable terms and of the Allies in common, for the first time. The proposal was not so much as entertained. Three months passed, and it was no longer possible for him to keep his population disciplined, unless he asked for peace publicly. He has asked for it publicly, and it will be refused. We all take this last point for granted, and we are right. But we should remind ourselves of two things in connection with it.

The first thing is this: Nations do suffer defeat and when they are defeated their conquerors enjoy the fruits of victory and they themselves suffer the consequences of their own undoing.

There is such a mass of nonsense talked about this obvious point that it is worth repeating. People say: "You cannot destroy a nation." They say: "You cannot wipe out the members of a nation" and so on. Talk of that kind is entirely beside the mark. What you destroy, what you wipe out, is the corporate tradition and the spiritual organism which threatened you. What you break is a certain will. You put into the hearts of those who had thought themselves your superiors a conviction that they are your inferiors. They will not threaten you again and, conversely (what is very valuable when good is occupied in defeating evil) you, if you are the victor, will always feel yourself superior and not hesitate to threaten them and to chastise them the moment they shall again show the first signs of their former pride. That is victory and defeat. The whole of history is full of it. The whole story of the human race consists in the affirmation through battle of one will over another. The conquering will has survived and the conquered will has gone under.

The second point we must bear just as clearly in mind is this: It is not enough to make a military calculation of numbers or to emphasise against fools the now manifest superiority we have over our opponents. It is necessary also to maintain to the very end the full strength, that is, the full moral strength of that combination which is at work against Prussia. We have not, as Prussia has, a single will, a single centre, and a single command. It is not in the nature of our institutions in the West, France, England or Italy, to terrify the Press or private citizens into silence. We depend upon self-made laws and our traditions of liberty, and we must use them for unity until, quite a few months hence now, the end is achieved.

But this end does not consist in certain terms which we are now prepared to state, nor in any scheme for the sparing in this or that degree of the enemy. The end which we are now approaching is *Complete Military Victory*, and only when that is achieved will the opinion of free men tolerate the discussion of further matters consequent upon such success.

The New Victory

By Hilaire Belloc

THREE things characterise the war at the present moment. The first and least important so far are the operations in Roumania. The second and much more important is the complete success of the new French tactical method in the West. The third, still more important, is the continued success of the German submarines, for upon the measure of this last depends the munitioning of the Eastern front and the unimpeded activity of this country. With that last point I have, of course, nothing to do in these columns. I must leave it to my colleague, Mr. Pollen. The other two, which fall into my province, I will deal with in the order of their importance.

The new tactical method in the West has been wholly the product of the present war and mainly the product of the 15 months that have passed since the Champagne offensive of September 1915. It is a co-ordination of many things: Exactitude of time-table; Exactitude of aerial observation; Exactitude of the barrage fire which the field pieces maintain just in front of advancing troops; The power to depend upon the moral of one's troops working so very close to their own fire and in occasional peril from its exceedingly close timing; Dependence upon the fact that the enemy now is compelled to dig too deep; Dependence upon extreme accuracy of heavy artillery fire, both gun and howitzer, etc. That tactical method has for the soul of it perfect synchrony. Errors measured in seconds are important; errors measured in minutes would be disastrous.

The general features of this method have been so often described that it may seem like repetition to recapitulate them again, however briefly. It is, however, only by so doing that we can follow its peculiar character in the future. There is first established a detailed reconnaissance including, of course, full photographic information of the "crust of trenches" it is proposed to break through and of the belt behind it which it is proposed to occupy. Such complete reconnaissance presupposes superiority in the air. There is next an "artillery preparation" of the ground upon a scale which was undreamt of even a year ago, although a year ago the scale was already a hundredfold that which had been known in the older wars. This presupposes in the long run, if the method is to be continually applied, superiority in the rate of munitionment and production of guns over the enemy.

This "preparation" is the matter upon which judgment perhaps is most valuable. It must not be so lengthy as to destroy the effect of surprise, or to give the enemy too long a warning for the gathering of such reserves as he may have within reach. At the same time, it must be prolonged enough to make a chaos of his trench work, bury his dugouts and—it is hoped at least—destroy the greater part of his machine guns and their concealed defences. It must be on a wider front than the actual assault is designed for lest the element of surprise should be lacking in this respect. Yet to make it upon too wide a front is to waste guns and munitions.

Again, this artillery preparation requires, of course, superiority in the air so that the work of the gunners may be spotted and that as many shots as possible shall tell. It includes the destruction of as many as possible of the enemy's batteries by direct hits, because it is their fire which will most impede the next step. The next step consists in the launching of the infantry. The element of surprise here comes in obviously with the fact that your opponent cannot tell when you intend to stop the bombardment. The very moment you have stopped it you launch your waves of men. But the exact synchrony of the ending of the main bombardment and the launching of the infantry is not enough. That infantry must be protected as it advances by a curtain of field shell which is delivered immediately over the heads of the advance

and bursts immediately in front of it and advances regularly with the men who are supported behind its shield.

Upon paper such work might seem almost mechanical and available to any force, for it would seem only to depend upon the exact timing of all the various parts. In practice, of course, it requires an army in the very highest state of efficiency, because a very small error on the part of a very small number of men would produce disaster.

The infantry so launched may or may not find that the machine guns have been thoroughly dominated. There is no way of telling. Even the sending out of patrols is but a haphazard way of finding out, for the machine guns may hold their fire. All you can do is to trust to the efficiency of your preliminary bombardment; to the previous spotting of the points held by machine guns and to the power of your infantry and your supporting artillery upon such points as may still conceal machine guns, to overwhelm them. There would seem, for instance, in this last attack to have been more machine guns left in action than during the attack of October. But, at any rate, those who have brought this new tactical method to perfection can generally rely upon the destruction of such a very large proportion of the enemy's machine guns in the preliminary bombardment that there will be no disastrous check, though the casualties inflicted upon the advance may be higher in some cases than in others. The infantry advance results, if it be successful, in the occupation of the bombarded belt up to a certain limit which has been decided beforehand. There is no breaking through nor is one intended. The action is local and restricted so far as each such separate blow is concerned, just as the belt bombarded is local and restricted. The occupation of this belt proves the destruction or permits the capture of the guns once placed upon it—for there is no withdrawing them by the enemy under such circumstances—and also the capture or destruction of a number of machine guns. The enemy overwhelmed by the preliminary fire is caught in his dugouts or even as he has come into the trenches to resist, heavily handicapped as he is by the bewilderment the bombardment has produced and the way in which it has cut him off from all support.

Examples of the New Method

Those are the general features of this method. Every intelligent man reading the news of any such blow—the British stroke at Thiepval; the British stroke on the Ancre; the French at Sailly; the re-taking of Douaumont; this last stroke on Poivre Hill, and many others—should and does ask himself two questions, the answer to which alone can give the value of the method.

The first question is this: What is the strategic advantage, in other words, the ultimate military advantage, of local tactical work upon such a scale?

The second is: What special relation has it to the Allies? Why should we not regard it as something common to them and to the enemy equally?

The answer to the first question is this: The tactical method here described is, even by such local work as that just achieved in front of Verdun, perfected and brought to its maximum value. The blows delivered can only be delivered at short intervals in fine weather where large effectives are gathered, where is a special accumulation of heavy artillery and its munitionment; but each blow delivered, even if winter makes the intervals longer, is a proof that the method is better and better established, and each proffers increasingly the characteristic advantage of the method which is the infliction by the assailant of greater blows upon the defensive than he himself suffers. Even with two equal opponents if (a) the one is reduced to the defensive and (b) by some tactical method you can make the defensive more ex-

pensive than the offensive then you have definitely established a permanent superiority of the offensive over the defensive and the result is only a question of time.

Now if this tactical method has produced such a result, and if it has at last unlocked the door of the extremely strong modern defensive, the ultimate strategic effect of many such tactical operations is no longer in doubt.

But here we come to the second question. Has this new method, now brought to such a high pitch of perfection; and increasing in perfection every time it is tried, anything in its nature specially advantageous to the Western Allies? Anything, that is, not quite as open to the enemy as to themselves? If the enemy, choosing for the moment to stand on the defensive in the west is necessarily suffering from the advantage of a new tactical method discovered by his opponent, it may be only a temporary matter, for he will only have to repeat the lesson taught him by that opponent when or if he chooses to take the offensive in his turn.

We have had many examples of this sort of question in the course of the war, since it became what it still is and must remain to the end, a siege war: that is, since the first battle of Ypres. It was the Western Allies who learnt from the enemy most of the new methods of trench warfare and the supreme importance of observation and intensive heavy artillery work. A memorandum captured from the enemy and dealing with the simultaneous attack, French and British, at Loos and in Champagne last year, shows that the enemy in his turn learnt from the Western Allies and determined, when he should undertake some great offensive, to make it continuous and not to attempt to break through in one stroke as the Allies had done. That lesson which he had learnt we saw practised at Verdun. The Western Allies in their turn have learnt once more, have applied the lesson, and have produced this new tactical method. But what great guarantee is that for the future since, as it may be presumed, the enemy can, when he undertakes the offensive, do exactly the same thing?

The answer to this question would seem to be that the new tactical method is not only a method discovered and effected by the genius of the Allied command in the West, but also—as is generally the case with new tactical methods—one suited to the temperament of those who have evolved it. Without going too much into the future it is true to say that every war has shown the final victor to be the one who in the course of the war has discovered a tactical method suited either to his temperament or to his numerical or economic position.

There are many features about this new tactical method

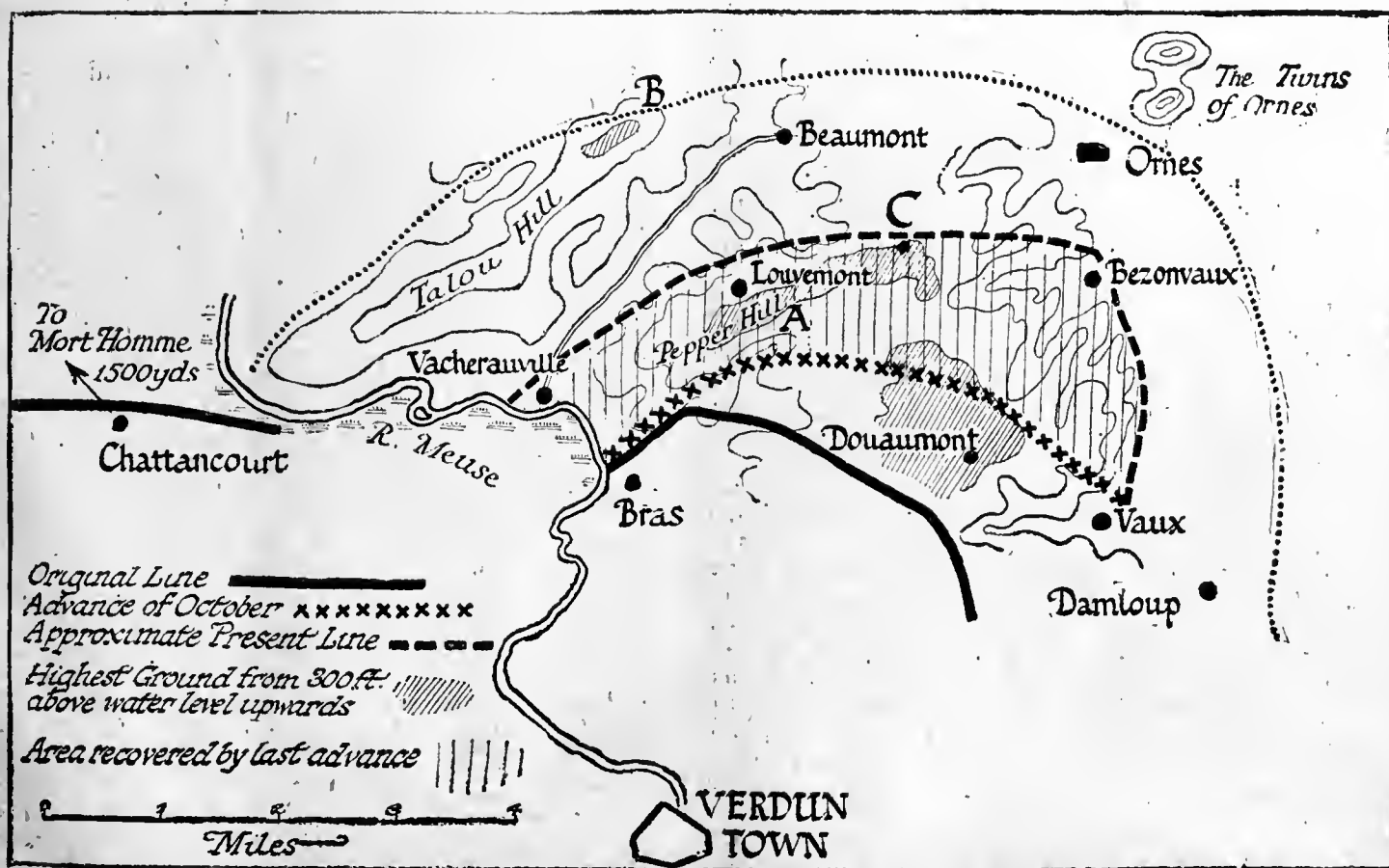
which make it of more value to the Allies than a copy or even an attempted improvement upon it would make it to the enemy.

Let us see what those features are.

In the first place, it depends upon a local superiority at any rate of heavy pieces with their munitionment and of air work. In air work the Western Allies now have a marked superiority. No one can prophesy that they will permanently retain it, for the enemy's strain in the way of man-power and therefore of general equipment affects this lesser branch of equipment less than it does the greater branches of artillery and shell making. But, at any rate, they have shown throughout the whole of this long summer and right throughout this winter continued superiority in the air which has not been shaken. The production of heavy pieces and of their munitionment is a field in which they have and must retain their superiority. No shuffling of the cards in the Central Empires, no proclamations and no heroics can alter that fact. The West has passed him in the race for material and is increasing the distance every day. Nothing can alter the curves except some political change with which these notes are not concerned; for they deal only with the military aspect of the campaign, supposing its political factors to be constant.

The tactical method here described is one which the West should be able to apply upon broader and broader fronts or upon a larger and larger number of selected sectors. The enemy is not in a position to do this. He is unable so to act, not only because he cannot make big guns and munition them as fast as the West now can, but also because he has not the men for a very broad front of new offensive or separate attacks upon many sectors.

But there are other equally important points which seem to give this new tactical method special advantages to the Western Allies. For instance, it requires great initiative and individual intelligence combined with exactitude. Now it is an error to suppose that the German regimental commands lack initiative—an error too often repeated. It would be a still greater error to believe that the German system does not encourage initiative in the lower command. It encourages it highly. But there is this about the German system that it either—in the field of command—insists upon exact co-ordination or upon initiative and does not combine the two. In those things where exact co-ordination has to be achieved it depends much less upon the intelligence of the subordinate than upon routine. While for all non-commissioned ranks and still more for the



private soldier, it not only demands, but takes for granted, the subjection of initiative, and that is, in the new tactical method, a very important point indeed. The last French advance, for instance, was undertaken upon a front of just over 10,000 yards and the infantry of four divisions were thought sufficient for it. A corresponding effort, a big counter-attack launched by the Germans against the French upon the Somme a day or two after the recent English effort on the Ancre, demanded, if I am not mistaken, the infantry of five or possibly six divisions upon a front of well under three miles. They have to work deeper and taking their operations as a whole less extended.

With so much generalisation upon the nature of the new method and its value—for it may very well determine the war—we may proceed to a short description of what was actually done by the French last Friday, December 15th, north of Verdun.

The artillery bombardment appears to have been directed upon the whole belt from east of the river Meuse to the village of Damloup (which was the line held after the last advance at the end of October. Part of the long range fire, of course, was directed well beyond this line (which may be called the Ornes limit from the large village through which it passes), but that was the belt which was covered very thoroughly in its nearer position and with rarer fire on the communications and batteries in the further portion.

The bombardment began at noon of Tuesday, December 12th. It was begun, therefore (I do not suggest any political significance, but only a coincidence) just when the German offer for peace was first known in London and Paris. It was carried on for 70 hours until precisely 10 a.m. on Friday, December 15th. At 10 a.m. precisely it ceased and the infantry advance marked by the white smoke lines of the grenade work was launched at the same moment. It extended from the neighbourhood of Vaux right round along the thick line of crosses in Map I. to the Meuse and went forward uninterruptedly to about the line of dashes upon Map I. There is some doubt as to whether the whole of this line was held and consolidated upon that same day, for the German communiqué of the same evening spoke of Bézonvaux as being still in German hands. But, at any rate, upon the next day, the Saturday morning, the whole line up to the thick dashes on Map I. was held. At one point only had the artillery preparation failed to dominate the machine guns and that was in the ruins of Vacherauville. There was here a sharp fight with corresponding French loss, but elsewhere the loss of the assailants was slight and their movement extremely rapid. They had carried the ruins of the village of Louvemont, the farm of Chambrettes and, as I have said, Bézonvaux village at the mouth of its ravine. I have roughly noted upon the accompanying Map I. the ground which is 300 feet above the River Meuse. It will be remarked that all of this ground was recovered with the corresponding advantages of observation entailed save the summit of the Talou Hill at B, which, though 300 feet above the river, is below the ridge called Poivre or "Pepper" Hill, the main height carried in the advance. During these operations the enemy fought stubbornly, and, in spite of the terrific bombardment he had suffered, maintained himself upon his right near the river. But there appears to have been some breakdown in front of Louvemont, and when the French began coming down the hill, that is, the northern slopes of the Poivre Ridge past Louvemont, the Germans between that and the river lost their cohesion, and there was a momentary panic in which a great many men were lost. It is characteristic of the present numerical situation of the Germans that they were unable to react during the whole of that Saturday and apparently during the whole of the Sunday. I say "apparently," because it has been well suggested by the military critic of the *Morning Post* that the German counter-attack on that Sunday evening may have been deliberately postponed until its results could be consolidated under the cover of darkness. At any rate, the counter-attack came, apparently just before dusk, between 4 and 5 o'clock; recovered the farm of Chambrettes at C and held it during the night. Next morning, that is upon the Monday morning, the French turned them out again and the whole line was consolidated. When the prisoners were counted and the captured guns, it was found

that there were over 11,000 valid prisoners and over 100 pieces, field and heavy, without counting, of course, the machine guns.

I have already spoken of the value, such as it is, of the observation ground thus occupied by the French. The only high grounds in front of them now are the two summits or Twins of Ornes as they are called, a curious double-peaked isolated hill in the Wœuvre, and the summit of the Talou Hill at B, both of which are below the observation points now in the hands of the French upon Poivre Hill, and the plateau of Douaumont. But these local advantages and the belt of territory occupied are insignificant compared with the proof afforded of what this new method means.

Lastly, there is a point of the very first significance which, if nothing else were known about the action, ought to be emphasised beyond any other throughout our Press.

The five German divisions against which these four French divisions were so successfully launched were, save for any changes that may have been made since December 1st, the last five remaining of all the first-class divisions which alone the enemy can use in the active fighting of his Western front. All the others had appeared at some time or other upon the Somme.

It is, I repeat, a point of the very first importance. If you except the divisions of inferior or older material which he cannot permanently put into such furnaces, he had for the purposes of Verdun and of the Somme 100 divisions in the West. Ninety-five have been thrown into the whirlpool of the Somme before the 1st of December. Another had been thrown in to relieve those shattered by the tremendous artillery fire in the first week of the present month. There remain five, and these five precisely on this northern sector of Verdun, between Ornes and the river. It is these five which have just suffered the shock. They were not nearly at full strength, they have lost in prisoners alone something over a quarter of their infantry and altogether certainly over half of their infantry and they have suffered defeat. There is now no fresh division to put upon the West which has not been through the mill. They will appear, of course, and reappear after recruitment, but none of them can now reappear fresh. That was why the attack was launched where it was launched, and that is the main significance of its effect.

THE ROUMANIAN POSITION

On the Roumanian position we still have such very meagre information that nothing definitive can be said. The line still runs rather more than a day's march south of those lines of the Sereth which were described last week, and upon which it is suggested that the Germans will stand, as being the shortest line available. They still cover the port and grain depot of Braila, and there are still in the wooded and hilly district in the extreme north of the Dobrudja a certain number of Russian and Roumanian troops—but beyond this we know nothing at the moment of writing. All speculation based upon the present position is valueless, except that which turns upon the corn and petrol which the enemy may have obtained in his advance through Wallachia, and even upon that we have hardly any evidence at all. The one thing we have to go upon is that the enemy has not given, after nearly a month's delay, any account of the booty so seized, and this, coupled with the fact that the first hurried retirement was only to the line of the Alt and with the other fact that it was obvious military necessity to destroy all stores, suggests that what he has been able to capture hitherto in the way of corn will be an insignificant addition to his total supplies. This is further supported by the tone of the strictly censored Press in Germany and Austria, which is bidding people not to expect too much from the Roumanian resources. We have been told that our Allies destroyed the well-heads in the petroleum districts so thoroughly that it will be many months before the wells can be used. But there again we have not more than one brief statement and that from one side only to guide us.

Answers to Correspondents

I have continued to receive a very considerable amount of correspondence with regard to the enemy figures

which I have published in two studies of LAND & WATER.

There are one or two points I think which ought to be answered publicly. The first is the discrepancy which some of my readers think they have found between the study published last March and these later ones.

As I said last week in a note, the idea of such a discrepancy arises from a misconception of the term "army." When one is talking of the total loss to the strength of the active force of an army, one is counting off all those who cannot be used again in their original active capacity: Men, for instance, who were in the trenches, were wounded there and will not appear again in the trenches, though they may appear upon lines of communications or in clerical work or as trainers, or in some other capacity. In the earlier statistics we discovered for the German Empire alone up to the end of 1915 about one million dead and a total minimum loss from the *active* power of the army of at least three and three-quarter million. There is no discrepancy between such figures and the figures published the other day. With the end of the summer fighting the Germans had added about another half-million to their dead: That is, about another 50 per cent., and there was a corresponding addition to the other categories of losses. In other words, with the end of the summer fighting, say, with October, the total number so reckoned off the full active strength, apart from all other services, the total you must reckon as out of action in the sense that they could not return to the same service as that which they left, was just over five and a half million since the beginning of hostilities, and that figure fits in pretty exactly with somewhat over three million in full active service at the present moment, and a reserve of manpower in sight up to the 1st of next August, say, of a million or a little more. The fact that the so-called German field army, that is, all the men used in any capacity whatsoever, save in the interior, is some five million, does not militate against so simple a conclusion, for the very large proportion (larger than in any other European army at the present moment) which are in uniform and drawing rations, but *not* in full active service, is counted twice over if we do not appreciate that a very large proportion of it is formed from the men discharged from hospital indeed, but not capable of the same service as before they went into hospital.

I can only repeat what I have said over and over again in these columns. The first figures of German losses given here and elsewhere were exaggerated. It was thought that the rate of German wastage was higher than it really was during the first six or seven months of the war and, at any rate, the margin of error of that period was very much larger than it came to be later. The reason is obvious. The evidence accumulated slowly, and there was no considerable mass of evidence from prisoners whereby to check other forms of evidence that were coming in. It was with the summer of 1915 that the figures began to be precise. We were then able, as I have constantly repeated, to give the approximate dates at which abnormal recruitment would begin with the calling up of the younger classes, the re-examinations of exempted men, etc. In the event these dates proved more and more accurate and formed an excellent check upon and confirmation of the statistics accumulated. For now more than a year the matter has been perfectly well in hand, and we can tell to within a comparatively small margin of error how far the German casualty lists are incomplete, and what the real rate of loss is.

The other point in the correspondence I have received which deserves noting is the question which has been put to me, whether the field depots are included in the figure of somewhat over three million for the active force of the German armies or are within the non-active balance of nearly two millions. I believe they are included in the former. For though they are not part of the divisional organisation, yet they do not form a very large total. For instance, when one says that Class 1917 is entirely used up with the exception of the immature portion that was sent back upon examination, one does not mean that the portion called up has all appeared in the fighting; a certain portion of it would still remain in the field depots at the moment for which that study was made—about the date of the 25th of October.

H. BELLOC

Union Jack Club Fund

IN the summer of the year appeals were made in the columns of LAND & WATER for funds for the extension of the Union Jack Club—a development which had become most urgent, if the Club were to continue to render the services to men of the Navy and Army it had undertaken. It was pointed out that for a donation of £100, a bedroom in the new Extension could be built which could be dedicated to the memory of any gallant gentleman in perpetuity, and that for a donation of £1,000 a corridor containing ten rooms could also be dedicated in whatever way the donor chose to designate.

We have now received the subjoined letter from the Governor of Mauritius enclosing a draft for £1,000 for a Mauritius corridor, in which the bedrooms are to be named after the various districts in the Colony, as set forth in his communication. To the two officers in the Colonial Secretary's Office, through whose efforts this handsome gift has been possible, the Union Jack Club is greatly indebted. Mauritius has set a generous example which other Crown Colonies may be glad to emulate, for the Union Jack Club is Imperial in the best sense of the word, and the services it renders to the Navy and Army have no limitations except the Empire's boundaries.

Colonial Secretary's Office, Mauritius.

31st October, 1916.

To the Editor of LAND & WATER.

Sir,—I am directed by the Governor of Mauritius to transmit to you the accompanying bank draft for the sum of £1,000, drawn in favour of the Union Jack Club, to provide a corridor of ten bedrooms in connection with the extension scheme of the Club.

It is requested that the corridor should be known as the "Mauritius Corridor" and that the rooms should be designated by the names of the various districts of the colony, viz:

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Port Louis | 6. Grand Port |
| 2. Plaines Wilhems | 7. Savanne. |
| 3. Pamplemousses | 8. Moka. |
| 4. Riviere du Rempart. | 9. Black River. |
| 5. Flacq. | 10. The Island of Rodrigues. |

The money has been collected in the Colony through the efforts of two officers of this department in reply to the appeal in the columns of your paper.

H. HENNIKER HEATON,
Acting Colonial Secretary.

Hospital Days, by "Platoon Commander" (T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net), is a book in which much laughter is blended with a spice of real sentiment and with appreciation of the way in which the wounded are treated. The irrepressible high spirits of certain wounded officers are responsible for the laughter, and one Flanigan, an incurable practical joker, is good to know—as, in fact, are all the characters in these sketches of the wounded and their ways.

M. Jacques Roujon, author of *Battles and Bivouacs* (George Allen and Unwin, 5s. net) was once a member of the staff of the *Figaro*, and then mobilisation made of him a simple soldier. In this volume of notes of the first six months of the war, he presents the doings of his section in bivouac and battle with soldierly simplicity, and with a Latin wit that renders every page readable and evokes the reader's sympathy. One feels that this story of active service is the real thing, and its only fault is that there is not more of it.

Admitting a certain improbability in the matter of plot, and a determination not to let reality or its semblance stand in the way of the story, *The Dancing Hours*, by Harold Ohlson (John Lane, 6s.) is a decidedly diverting novel. Jane Eastwood, daughter of a Deptford pawnbroker, decided after her father's death, to get into society of the county family order—and succeeds in the attempt. What is more—and herein lies one of the improbabilities—she is well worthy of success, and one is glad to find that, in spite of the machinations of Mr. Brown, who kept a Deptford pub., she attained to happiness as well as to position. The author has a gift for epigram, which together with the quality of his characters makes up a very attractive light-comedy novel with distinct literary quality.

The "Decay" of Sea Power

By Arthur Pollen

IT has become a commonplace that the Germans embarked upon this war because they were intoxicated by contemplation of their own military, civil and cultural virtues. Are we to find in this same intoxication a reason of their recent exhibition of Dutch courage in donning the white feather? That they pretend it is the "white flower of a blameless life" seems to make it certain that they are still out of contact with the thoughts and standards of other peoples. There is also something very Falstaffian in yielding to fear and explaining it by an excess of courage. But we must not forget that a man in liquor does sometimes actually gain in wit or cunning or courage. And no doubt our rulers are quite awake to whatever elements of danger there are in the German move. In this article I am more concerned by the degree to which sea conditions have prompted it.

Our enemy, obviously desperately anxious for peace, has as usual accompanied his offer by an effort to persuade. In this process he knows only one method—the method of menace. He has a threat for each of the Allies in turn. He thinks that in his submarines he holds a threat over England that must give pause to the haughty islanders. And so he tells the world that the alternative to the immediate acceptance of peace discussions is a redoubling of the horrors he has committed on land and sea. The slavery of Belgium and of Northern France is to be made crueller yet. If Poland is to be spared, it is only at the cost of the Poles turning traitors to their cause. Roumania will not be spared and Heaven help all folks—neutral, Allied or British—that go to sea.

And it is Great Britain, with her proverbial tenacity, her undoubted wealth, her comparatively unimpaired resources of men, her incomparable resources in her native industry, and her large command of the products of neutral industries, that seems to Germany to be the heart and soul of the Alliance. She is at once the most formidable and the most obstinate of her enemies. It is our belligerency then that is the greatest obstacle to peace. It is right, therefore, that for us should be reserved the most terrible fate if we refuse. It seems to me, therefore, that we shall find the explanation of the offer of peace less in the German conquest of Roumania than in the German belief that the submarines have conquered the sea. A few days before the Chancellor made his historic confession in the Reichstag, the most moderate of German papers—the great organ of the Jew financiers of Frankfurt—begged us to contemplate the unquestioned fact that the cruiser successes of the under-water boats were a conclusive proof of the "decay of sea power." And the Chancellor, true to his text, commended his eirenikon to us by reminding us that the spectre of famine was abroad.

Threat to England

Now we must not disguise from ourselves that if the German threat is well founded, if, that is to say, submarine frightfulness really can be very greatly increased, notwithstanding any efforts of ours to reduce it, then the length of time during which the Allies can carry on the war is easily measurable. There is a certain known amount of shipping available for the service of these islands and the other belligerent countries. Part of it is devoted to food, part to raw material, part to coal, part to munitions and so forth. Some of this shipping is no doubt wasted, that is, is not put to the best use. And part of what the shipping brings is wasted and therefore unnecessary. With wide and drastic economies, and no less drastic reorganisations, it is clearly possible to make a considerably smaller shipping do all that the present shipping does. Let us, for purposes of argument, assume that, by limiting our needs and bettering our employ-

ment of the ships, we save a margin of fifteen per cent. Then clearly the German submarines can destroy this margin of the world's shipping, and still leave the Allies unaffected in the prosecution of the war. But when this fifteen per cent. is gone, not a ship can be lost without causing either privations to the civil population, or some diminution of military effort. It is here, if we have no other remedy, that we have to rely on replacement, that is, by building new ships to do the work of those that have been sunk. From here on, it is a race between the U boat commanders and the shipbuilders. According to German statements, the rate of destruction since August approximates three million tons a year. Great Britain's normal capacity for shipbuilding may be put at two millions. We do not know yet whether depletion of the labour market has lessened this capacity more than the war organisation of labour can increase the output. But clearly the length of time during which the Allies can continue to fight must depend first on how long it will take the submarines to bring the existing shipping to an irreducible minimum, and, secondly, on the capacity of the shipbuilding of the Allies to keep pace with subsequent destruction. Those who know the totals of the present rate of destruction and the anticipated rate of production, can make the calculation easily.

Replacement of Ships

The reader will have observed that in the foregoing I have assumed that our inability to stop the depredations of the submarines is to continue, and that the capacity of the submarines to increase their destructiveness is taken for granted. I have assumed this because this is the German case for the alternatives addressed to us—an immediate armistice and the discussion of peace terms, with the alternative of famine, as resulting from a continuous and highly magnified piracy. And the assumption will further be useful if it fastens our attention on two aspects of mitigating the results of the submarine campaign, about which there is no dispute. I allude, of course to the arming of merchantmen and the building of new merchantmen. It is highly satisfactory to note that, in Tuesday's debate in the House of Commons, Mr. Bonar Law stated that the Controller of Shipping would give his whole time to his work, and so stay out of Parliament, and that he had already put himself in touch with the Admiralty as well as the Board of Trade. As my readers know, the argument for making the whole of his constructive work virtually an Admiralty department seems to me exceedingly strong. It is stronger yet, when we bear in mind what the arming of all ships involves in the way of trained gunners and so forth. But we must be cautious before pushing this matter to its logical conclusion and assuming we ought to have a Royal Merchant Marine, with every captain and officer holding a commission from the Admiralty, and every seaman, stoker, and steward being under purely naval discipline. It is a thing that might save the lives of a few skippers—if we are powerless otherwise to protect them from judicial murder. But we must remember that, to nationalise shipping would be to give the U boats precisely the excuse they want for escaping their obligations of search and providing for the safety of the people on board. It may be said that the time has passed when making a present of the legal position to the enemy confers any advantage on him, because his crimes already are black enough, and we have to deal with facts, and not with theories. And this in the end may prove to be the right view. But it is one thing that wants cautious examination before hasty steps are taken. For the moment let us content ourselves with noting that it is not an essential part of two obvious requirements of the situation, first that the necessities of war alone should dictate what ships are now to be pushed to completion, and that the

requirements of self-defence should have the most expert technical consideration in settling the final design of all ships to be built.

Can Submarines be Defeated?

But however thoroughly this work is done, however extensive and efficient the arming of merchantmen may be, no matter in what measure the principle of convoy or protection can be applied, the fact still remains that the major problem is to defeat the whole purpose of submarine attack on trade by stopping it at its source. And this really remains a matter of paramount importance, quite apart from the degree to which self-defence and replacement serve to get us out of our difficulties. By this I mean that, supposing all merchantmen, neutral as well as belligerent, were ultimately armed, so that the rate of destruction was brought down to one-fifth or two-fifths of the present rate, and supposing that shipbuilding production were brought up to replacing what vanished when this low scale of destruction had become normal; suppose, that is to say, that only two ships a day were going, and nearly two were being daily launched, we could, of course, go forward and finish the war without economic distress or any slackening of our military efforts. But the world would be face to face with an extraordinarily unsatisfactory situation. It would mean that the submarine had made the policing of the seas—which for 100 years was the sole function of the British navy—flatly and entirely impossible. The world, so far as it relied upon seaborne supplies, would be at the mercy of the first anarchical Power that chose to proclaim a submarine attack on trade. Germany, or any other unscrupulous State, might use this threat, just as the syndicalists have before now threatened to paralyse Italy and France by a general strike of the railways. It is a threat so appalling in its implication that we should be reverting to the sea conditions of the dark ages, when no merchantman could put to sea unless he was prepared to fight for his life. It is almost an unthinkable state of things, certainly a condition to which Great Britain, the premier sea-using community of the world, could never resign itself.

And, for that matter, we must recognise it to be exceedingly improbable that, if the war continues for another two years, we shall be able to rely upon the self-defence of ships, satisfactorily to mitigate, or upon replacement to compensate for, the losses if they continue at their present rate. And, if the enemy really has the capacity to increase the rate of destruction, then the urgency of the wider and more drastic solution is simply overwhelming.

The Only Solution

The only solution which will make the present situation safe, and the ultimate state of things tolerable, is that which will result in the majority of the submarines being destroyed either before they can win the open sea, or on their return to port from it. In the earlier stages of the war, it was our success in doing this that brought successive submarine campaigns to a close. The present scale of submarine destruction is due to two causes. First, the submarines have found means of evading our traps and passing our patrols, both coming and going home; their numbers, therefore, are not impaired. Next, the submarines themselves are designed, armed, equipped, provisioned and supplied for cruises longer in duration and more extended in radius than were their predecessors. The consequences, therefore, of a single such submarine getting to the open sea is almost indefinitely more costly to us than that of one of the more restricted field of action. Submarines of the type of the U 53, for instance, have a radius of action of over 10,000 miles, have a surface speed of over 18 knots, and can do between ten and eleven when submerged. They carry a battery power that will take them seventy miles under water. Their guns are not the short range weapons that can be folded down into the deck, but 4.2's or 5.5's, permanently mounted with only their interiors and breeches protected from the sea water when the boat submerges. Such boats, being nearly two hundred feet long, can carry as many as ten or a dozen torpedoes, and can rise clear of the water from complete submergence, or submerge from being com-

pletely clear, in less than a minute. In size, power of armament, radius and speed, they excel the U boats of the first campaign by so much as to constitute a menace to traffic of an entirely new kind. In the earlier days, a submarine that had passed North of the Shetlands and come to the approaches of the Channel, could not operate there for a week or ten days before having to begin her homeward journey. To ten days' piracy then, there were perhaps fifteen spent in coming and going, and a great part of these fifteen in the presence of dangers that, in the majority of cases, were fatal. The boat of to-day spends twelve days coming and going, and is sixty days or more cruising on trade routes of her own choice. If one is made dangerous, she can shift a thousand miles to another. And, as we have seen, the perils of egress and return have been reduced to almost nothing. But just as originally every submarine must emerge from an enemy harbour and has, ultimately, to return to it, if once we can re-establish danger zones through which it is the exception and not the rule to escape, the major problem will be solved. But not till then.

I have purposely abstained from discussing how it is that submarines have found means of escape and how the ascendancy of our attack can be restored. They are both things that have excited the curiosity and, if I may say so, the suggestive facilities of readers to a high point. One propounds a theory that the principles involved in wireless telegraphy are capable of application to this matter. Another asks how far developed is the principle of under-water communication with which we were all made so familiar ten years ago, when proposals were put forward for keeping ships in communication both with shore stations and with each other, by means of bells or gongs kept in flooded tanks. Strokes on these gongs were, it will be remembered, found to be distinctly audible by special telephones at very great distances indeed. Other correspondents have suggested that science has advanced along the lines of measuring and detecting extraordinarily minute movements of the earth by the seismograph. Why should its principles not be applicable to supply a warning of the approach of propeller-driven craft at sea? It would really be better if those who have suggestions of this kind to make would forward them direct to the official authorities who, we may be sure, are keenly alive to the requirements, and if they know their business, are far from blind to the possibilities which modern knowledge has opened up.

Hearing a Substitute for Sight

That there are manifest ways of getting some information in certain conditions by substituting hearing for sight under water, is clear enough. And what is very much to the purpose is this. *In proportion as these possibilities are developed, so must the importance of the submarine diminish.* I remember about ten years ago—it was at the time of one of the earliest, if not of the first submarine disaster—taking part in a discussion, with a party of naval officers about the application of the under-water bell principle to maintaining communication between ships and submarines. And the opinion was put forward that, if ever this principle was brought to scientific completeness, it must give the submarine such accurate powers of gauging the approach, either of a single ship and still more of a fleet, as to make the continuance of surface fleets impossible. This naturally led to a canvassing of the general pro and anti submarine case and we separated without agreement as to the trend of future developments. A day or two later, Lord Kelvin came on board the *Jupiter*, where certain fire control experiments of mine were being carried on, and I repeated to him the upshot of the conversation. The case for the submarine was that, being unseen, it could approach in absolute secrecy and, carrying a weapon at that time thought necessarily fatal, it seemed manifestly marked for decisive employment when the opportunity for employment came. The disadvantages of the submarine were its blindness, its low speed, and its vulnerability on the surface. A surface ship at sea and at high speed could never be caught, and, rarely only, waylaid by the submarine. So that it seemed as if protection was chiefly a matter of care, vigilance and the prompt and effective use of guns. And I asked him if any conceivable development of under-water hearing, could compensate for the

loss of under-water sight, and if it did, if the scale would then be turned in the submarine's favour? Lord Kelvin's answer was that he saw no limit to the development of under-water hearing. There was no reason why its range should not be indefinitely extended, and means found for estimating, with very close accuracy, both the distance and even the bearing of the sound detected, and hence the position of the unit making the sound. "But," he added, "remember that no development of under-water hearing can be made available to the submarine only, so that in theory the submarine should be unable to get any information about its surface enemy that its surface enemy cannot get about the submarine. Now if the low speed and vulnerability of the submarine are inherent and necessary marks of inferiority, and if secrecy is really the only point of superiority that it now possesses, will not the development we speak about rob it of its only virtue and, so far from restoring the present position, actually create one that must be disastrous to the submarine? Does it not stand to reason that, with under-water communications equal and one side having a monopoly of sight on the surface, with all the advantages

of superior speed, of wide choice of weapons and, more important than anything, of exact co-operation of a large number of units, the days of the submarine must be numbered?"

It is, I think, interesting to recall this conversation now, and it is at any rate reassuring in this respect that we can remain perfectly content with the recognition of the following principles:

(1) There is no invention that can help a submarine in the evasion of surface craft that cannot equally help the surface ship in pursuit and attack.

(2) That to rob the submarine of the capacity of secret approach—and, therefore, of secret passage—is to rob it of the only quality that enables it to find the open sea to-day.

(3) That there is no form of scientific invention, used by the Germans, that has not been either anticipated by British inventors or cannot be incomparably surpassed by the British inventor, when occasion requires.

If we are behind, therefore, it is a mere matter of time to catch up—and then to surpass.

ARTHUR POLLEN

Education and the Land

By Christopher Turnor

IF we are to make the most of our resources and develop our industries, urban and rural, so that we may recuperate quickly after the war, great changes will have to be made in our whole system of education. Such as it is, the system has been of haphazard growth. If we are to maintain our position in the world against the very keen competition of nations whose people possess a higher standard of education than ours, it is clear that we must devise a system which will give us the most efficient citizens possible. And before we begin to devise we must consider and answer the question—what special classes of citizens do we stand most in need of?

As regards the first point, general efficiency, our record is not satisfactory. Under the existing system we turn out a larger proportion of unskilled labour and "casuals" than is the case in any other country. Although it is well known that the greater portion of every nation lives by manual work, yet we have concentrated our efforts, to quote the phrase of the Poor Law Commission, upon "turning out petty clerks."

In other countries the importance of maintaining the rural population has been clearly recognised; but in the United Kingdom the tendency has been to educate the children away from the country. And this has been so effective that the agricultural population continues steadily to decline. It is indeed the one country in the world in which the rural population has decreased absolutely, for though the urban population of other countries has increased like ours at a far faster rate than the rural, the latter has increased too. The drift from the country to the town is a phenomenon observed throughout the world, but abroad wise measures have been taken to reduce it to a minimum, and the most potent of all measures is education. For not only can education properly devised produce the class of citizen the State stands most in need of, but it can be made to mould the character and guide the inclinations of the rising generation in whatever direction wise statesmanship may decree.

In the past elementary education has centred round urban industrialism, not rural. Now we must have citizens with a far higher standard of education than we have had in the past. Also their scientific and mechanical capacity must be much greater. How is this to be achieved?

First, there must be a longer school life. A school-leaving age of fourteen without any exemption is an immediate essential. Secondly, because it is the height of folly to spend money—or rather waste it—in educating children up to the age of fourteen and then leaving them without further instruction or mental discipline to forget most of the knowledge it has been so costly to give, there must be compulsory continuation instruction up to the age of eighteen. Speaking generally, this instruction should be

given in day continuation schools, and for a period of not less than eight hours per week, including the time given to physical exercise. Thirdly, a larger number of children must not only be induced to go to secondary schools, but also to stay there for at least a four years course. It is most disheartening to see the number of children at the age of fifteen, especially in rural districts, who have entirely discontinued every sort of education. Fourthly, our Universities must in the future play a more important rôle. The meritorious scholar must be able to benefit by a University course, unhindered by financial considerations. This will mean a recasting of the system of scholarships, so that the brilliant boy and girl, no matter how poor their parents, can obtain the highest grades of instruction.

So much, briefly, for the machinery. Great alterations are also needed in the methods and the direction of teaching. The manual side in our elementary schools must be rapidly developed, for it is only by giving to manual instruction its proper place in the curriculum that a full and complete general education can be secured. In nearly every county there are already some schools in which manual work is admirably handled. The work has long passed the experimental stage, and the practical results are clearly to be seen. They are an all-round greater intelligence in the pupils, a keener interest in their school life, a greater power to think for themselves and think correctly, a better grasp of circumstances, a mechanical turn of mind and the ability to use their hands. Above all, where the manual method is properly used the dull child, whose intelligence would never be stirred by mere textbook work, has his interest aroused by doing and making things, and his intelligence gradually awakens. Further, the parents can see the things made by their children at school and notice their increasing "handiness," and so they become themselves interested in the school life of their children—a fact which in a country where the rank and file takes so little interest in education is most important. Woodwork, gardening, practical drawing, are all important subjects of manual instruction.

The case of the girls must not be overlooked. Every elementary school should give instruction in homecraft and homemaking. It is essential for English women to be better housewives than they too often are at present. They must know how to do things. They must learn to be thrifty—and this they can be taught at school, for it will be in the power of the future housewives to render the nation most valuable help in its recuperation after the war. Above all things they must be taught hygiene, and gain some knowledge of the upbringing of children. To make good the losses in human and material wealth caused by the war, it is vitally important that every child should have a chance of growing up into a healthy and

efficient citizen. For this reason we must spend money ungrudgingly upon the medical care of school children, and upon the work of after-care committees.

All told there are something under two thousand school-gardens attached to schools in England and Wales—yet a school-garden is most necessary to the full development of the manual side, particularly in the country schools. Unfortunately, this small number of school-gardens increases very slowly.

If then this development of manual work, as some years of experience have proved, has such a valuable effect upon the pupil, it should be developed as rapidly as possible in all elementary schools. No teacher unable to give manual instruction properly should be asked to attempt it. But there are many teachers well qualified who have not yet had the opportunity of giving manual instruction. Further, the coming alterations in the curriculum of our training colleges for future teachers, and the development of holiday and Saturday classes in manual instruction will soon provide the necessary teachers.

The foundation of all future instruction is laid in the elementary school. Hence the great importance of beginning at the beginning; and if certain methods of training will give us the most useful type of citizen it is the duty of the Government to develop these methods without delay.

After leaving the elementary school the work should become more and more vocational as the pupils get older, but the literary side must not be neglected, for it is of the greatest importance to instil a love of books of the right sort. Further, we shall require a great development of actual trade schools in our towns, and of business schools teaching first-class commercial methods. Technical instruction of the higher grade stands greatly in need of further development.

Public Schools and Science

In our great public schools and in our secondary schools greater attention should be paid to the teaching of science, with the definite object of turning out not only a greater number of scientists, but of men who have acquired the habit of thinking scientifically. We must have these highly trained scientists if we wish to avoid the necessity of having to call in Germans to help us in developing British industries, and we must have the remainder of the people with sufficiently scientific attitude to appreciate the scientist, who until recently has been held more or less in contempt.

So much for the indication of alterations and new measures which would help to raise the general standard of education and efficiency. We have seen that a nation requires workers rather than petty clerks, let us now ask ourselves—What particular class of workers does the nation and the Empire stand most in need of? The answer is not hard to find.

Let us consider for a moment the Empire's position in regard to land and people. As is well known, the British Empire occupies nearly one-fourth of the land surface of the globe. What is unfortunately not so well known is that the white agricultural population of the whole Empire—that is, men, women, and children, living on and by the land—amounts only to 13,400,000. It is, therefore, evident that our land is disastrously underpopulated, and the danger of the situation is shown up by the fact that Germany, with an area less than one-sixteenth part of our Empire, has an agricultural population of over 20,000,000. The Imperial significance of this fact is that having these vast tracts of land unpeopled and lying idle constitutes a grave danger, and it is clear that if they are not peopled in the near future by English-speaking settlers, they will be colonised before long by aliens.

The sound development of our land resources could easily be made to pay for the whole cost of the war. But an agricultural population of thirteen and a half millions is not enough to develop the land of the Empire if there is to be the least possible delay. As far as the United Kingdom is concerned, we have already seen that our agricultural population has been decreasing steadily, not only relatively but absolutely. Yet if the home land were farmed as it should be, it would give employment to many more thousands of workers. The class of

workers therefore we require above all, both at home and the Empire, are cultivators of the soil. This is the purpose which the Government must bear in mind in any alteration of the present system of education. No change will be of lasting advantage unless it (1) includes the raising of the standard of education and thus turns out a more efficient citizen, and (2) endeavours to interest children in the land and to encourage a larger proportion of the rising generation to go in for a career on the land, either at home or in the Dominions.

A Rural Atmosphere

The means by which this stirring of the interest can be best achieved is the education given in the elementary schools. In rural schools their inspiration should be drawn from their surroundings—there should be a rural atmosphere as opposed to the present urban atmosphere. This does not mean that we should teach agriculture directly in the rural schools nor does it mean that children should be unduly influenced to go in for agriculture. It only means that they should be taught about the land and plant and animal growth; that nature study should be developed and every school have its garden.

In urban schools much of this instruction could be given in the nature study lesson, for all children should be taught something about the land on which we live and move and have our being. In the past we have been "land ignorant," in the future if we are to maintain our position and develop our resources we must become "land wise."

In the country the instruction in the new continuation day schools would continue to interest the children in the land and have a more and more direct bearing on the leading industry of the neighbourhood. The rural secondary schools should give much more practical instruction and all their science work should be based upon the land and agriculture. There are several most successful rural secondary schools which would serve as models for the coming developments.

The educational work done by county agricultural organisers and their staffs is of great importance. Unfortunately, many counties are not attempting this work at all, and it seems advisable that all should be obliged by law to do so. If instruction in the lower grades is developed as outlined here, the result will be that the agricultural colleges will have more pupils than is the case at present; and that the whole standard of agricultural education will rise. In the past no attempt has been made to interest children in the land. If this is done in the future, carefully and wisely, there can be no doubt that an increasingly large number of the younger generation will be attracted to the land.

Although an altered system of education is the first and most pressing task, other changes are most necessary and should be effected simultaneously. The conditions affecting agriculture, the wages and opportunities of the agricultural labourer, the organisation of village and country life—all these are vital matters demanding urgent attention. The whole problem constitutes a vast undertaking, but great as the task is it will have to be faced without delay if we value the safety and welfare of our people.

Debrett is the first of the great peerages to put forth its issue for 1917 (*Debrett's Peerage*. Dean and Son, 37s. 6d.) It contains a preface by the Editor, Mr. Arthur Hesilrige, which is full of interest. Of those qualified to appear in this book of honours and dignities over 1,450 have fallen in action or died of wounds received in action, some holding titles, others being direct heirs to titles. But the year has been remarkable in other ways so far as the record of the Lords Temporal goes. Three baronies that have been in abeyance for over three centuries—Strabolgi, Burgh and Dudley—have been called out, showing how small a thing is Time where the British peerage is concerned. Shakespeare was alive and in his prime the last time Lord Burgh sat at Westminster. This year thirteen new peers have been created, twenty eight new baronetcies (a number only once exceeded in the last twenty-five years—namely, in 1911, when it stood at thirty-five) and 197 knights. Mr. Hesilrige makes the suggestion that the Food Controller should be styled the Chief Larderer, an ancient State Office, which involved the provision of all meats etc., at the Royal Banquet after the Coronation. And the nation's larder in these days is of the highest importance.

A Christmas Story

By Emile Cammaerts

I WAS about the only one left in the village with the sacristan, said an old woman somewhere in France, but we had arranged between us to hold a Christmas service on Christmas night, just as if nothing had happened. The priest being busy looking after the wounded could not celebrate Mass as usual, but we managed to find the painted statues of the Virgin and the Child, and St. Joseph, and arranged them in the only chapel left whole, on the right hand side of the choir.

It was a stormy, cold night and I could see, through the torn roof, the clouds passing swiftly before the moon. There was such a draught that the sacristan had twice to relight the candles, which I had brought along with me. The Boches had been there, so the great silver candlesticks had disappeared. Besides, my candles would have been too small for them. So the sacristan stuck them in two empty bottles—you always find plenty of empty bottles where the Boches have passed. The poor fellow was coughing very badly. He had hunted everywhere for the three life-sized shepherds, with their long crooks and their brown capes, whom we had seen for so long kneeling before the Holy Family, but they had gone, and I believe that he thought they had gone really as he could find no trace of them: "They have gone to the war with the others. There are no shepherds left to keep the flock!"

There was no flock to keep, said I, and, at the time, I thought it was one of his jokes—for, as most sacristans, he enjoyed his little joke—but, as you will see, it was not.

He was also depressed because Saint Joseph had lost a leg in the battle and could only stand propped up against a chair. The Holy Virgin did not fare better, and the arm with which she used to clasp her Child so tenderly was broken at the elbow. The Child Jesus was miraculously preserved; even the two fingers raised to bless the worshippers had remained quite whole. Only the glass eyes must have been shaken out of the sockets, for these were empty now, and I shivered when I saw the two small black holes in the smiling tender face. But the sacristan was more concerned with the Mother's arm and Saint Joseph's leg. You could always replace eyes, he said, but a leg and an arm have to be carved and painted and it would cost a lot of money. And where was the money to come from?

Still, we had set our hearts on this midnight service and he read it as well as he could and I managed the responses somehow. We must have made many mistakes and it is a comfort to think that, as the priest used to say:

"It is the intention, not the performance, which counts in the eyes of God."

The wind howled through the shell-holes and whirled around the pillars, but the night seemed to us very calm, as the bombardment had ceased for six hours. We could scarcely believe it and were expecting at every moment to hear again the familiar buzzing and the crash of a *marmite*.

But what happened startled us much more. The sacristan was now kneeling, turned towards the Virgin, and I was just in the middle of my third *Ave*, when we heard steps behind us. I was so surprised that I nearly fell off my chair. The outlines of a man could be seen against the sky on the threshold. He held the door open for two others to enter and the three of them walked straight to us, or rather straight to the group of the Holy Family in the chapel. They walked in a row, the middle one leaning heavily on the two others, and we saw then that they were wounded soldiers.

One of them had lost a leg, the empty sleeve of the second was tucked in his pocket and the third walked straight forward with the stiff hesitating step of the blind. He was apparently guided by the man whom he was helping along.

I was still wondering how they could have come into our church (for the village stands close to the firing line and the nearest field-hospital is two miles distant) when,

to my amazement, I saw them pass us, without a sign of recognition, and kneel before the Virgin exactly in the attitude of the lost statues of the Shepherds. The man who had lost his leg knelt before St. Joseph, his left hand resting on the ground, the one-armed one bowed his head in a deep salutation, turned towards the Virgin, and the blind one kissed the Child's feet, staring at him as if he could meet his eyes. They had taken their caps off and I felt sure that I had seen their faces before. The sacristan was trembling from head to foot; his mouth was working and I thought he was going to address them, when I heard the deep voice of the first wounded soldier speaking to Saint Joseph:

"I have given you my leg, Joseph, so that you could lead the Mother and the Child wherever your Angel tells you to go, to Egypt, to France, to England, or anywhere you please. I have given you my good strong leg, the leg of a young man, so that you could run errands for the Mother, fetch wood and water for her and provide for all her needs. I used to be proud of it, good Joseph, when I danced with my bride at the fair, or when I ran through the mountain jumping over brooks and crags. I shall be prouder when it is yours and when I think that, serving you, it serves also the Virgin and the Child."

Then the second one spoke to Our Lady, and his voice was so choked with awe that I had to put my hand to my ear to understand what he said—for you must know that I have grown a little deaf lately:

"I have given you my arm, Blessed Mary, so that you could clasp your Child against your breast. I have given you my good strong arm so that you could gather, under your wide blue mantle, all the poor people who wander forlorn in this world, those who hunger for bread, those who hunger for Charity, and those who hunger for Justice. It is but the coarse arm of a workman, but it used to serve me well. It will become, if you deign to take it, the arm which shelters and comforts the poor. The hand is but a rough, hard, bony hand, but it will become, at the end of your arm, the sweet tender hand which gathers the white lilies of chastity beside the stream of love."

Then the third one spoke in a clear, pure voice, the voice of a boy who might have sung in our church choir before the war broke out:

"I have given you my eyes, Jesus, so that you could see again with your baby's eyes the world as you have made it. For it needs human eyes to look at human things and the eyes of God are too bright for us. They were good, keen eyes; they saved my life in mist and night, but I do not regret them. They will save now the souls of many. They used to dwell with pleasure on fields and skies and cottages and on the faces of the dear ones who are waiting for me at home. They will see them no longer, but they will see you now, Jesu, my Lord, better, far better than before. I have given you my eyes so that you could read in my heart and in the heart of my enemies, so that you could judge between us and bless the arms of those who are fighting for you."

As soon as the boy had stopped, the three got up with one accord, and they went away, just as they had come, the one-legged man leaning on the two others, without a look towards us, until the door closed behind them and we heard the faint noise of their steps dying away in the village street.

The sacristan kept staring towards the door, his mouth wide open, his eyes standing out of his head. I do not know why, I turned again towards the Holy Family. Of course, you will not believe me, because Christmas is over, but, if you remember this story on Christmas Eve next year, you will understand that I took it in as the most natural thing which could happen in this place, at this time. If there had been any clock left, it would have struck midnight.

There it is then: I saw Saint Joseph standing on his two legs, just as he used to stand before the war, and the Virgin clasping her Babe with her arm, just as She used to do before, and when I looked at Jesus he gazed straight at me. And, as he did so, I could swear that I saw his eyes smile on me.

Unification of Turkey

By Sir William M. Ramsay

SOME months ago, in an article in this paper, on the Kaiser's diplomacy, I pointed out that while his methods were calculated to outrage the feelings of high spirited races, they are extraordinarily effective with nations of a submissive spirit like the Turks, and with individuals of either a cowardly or a selfish nature. A glance at the progress of affairs in the South Eastern region of the war shows how well calculated his diplomacy is to secure certain results with certain races. From all that can be learned about Turkey, it seems beyond doubt that the strength of the Empire available at the present moment is distinctly greater than it was at the beginning of the war. The two greatest weaknesses in the nation, as distinct from the Government, were the low standard of education, making it difficult to turn the peasantry into soldiers adequate to the performance of the duties of modern war, and the many lines of cleavage between the great variety of Moslem races which people the country.

Unbridgeable Gulfs

We set aside the two great divisions (1) between Christian and Moslem, (2) between Turk and Arab, which are both unbridgeable. With regard to education, the mere fact of two years of training has undoubtedly produced an immense influence on the mass of the soldiers. Even in time of peace the education of the Turkish young man begins as a rule when he is old enough to work for a master in some occupation where method and organisation are necessary. That is a fact which has been often mentioned during the last thirty years. There is absolutely no home training of children, beyond the exercise in religion and ritual, which are in themselves useful, but not very extensive. School training falls to the lot of only a small number of the children, and is of the simplest and most elementary character, though Abd-ul-Hamid made a very noteworthy attempt to enlarge greatly the sphere of school education by multiplying the number of schools throughout the country. The difference which was produced in the stupid, offensive, ill-mannered young man of the villages by a few years' service in some of the great Western centres of industry was often to me astonishing. From the lout who was useless, unfit to speak to, and often offensive in his amusements and habits, one found that these few years of hard work produced a man self-respecting, orderly, and in a way trustworthy.

I know that there is a tendency among tourists who have seen a little of Turkey to exaggerate the honesty of the Turk; when one sees more of the life of the villages, one finds that the same man who plays quite fair to his European master, and carries out instructions with absolute loyalty, and can be trusted to transport or guard valuables and money belonging to his employer, will cheat his fellow-villagers out of a few farthings with the most extraordinary unscrupulousness. I have noticed quite marvellous examples of faithlessness of one Turk to another in the humbler ranks of life, not to mention the official and influential classes (where no one except the most enthusiastic and inexperienced of tourists ever has thought that honesty existed, apart from two or three persons whom I have known in thirty-five years and who were famous all over Turkey on that account); the distrust with which each regards the other in matters of cash is a striking fact.

But take one thing with another the Turks who were educated for a few years in industrial occupations constituted a class of men who possessed the dignity and aristocratic tone which Islam seems usually to carry with it, and combined this with a quite fair amount of usefulness and an extraordinary amount of faithfulness in obeying instructions. Similar results were produced by training in the Army under European officers. This I had noticed both in old men who had come in contact with British officers, and in young men who had been drilled by German-trained Turks or by Germans. This process has been going on on a greatly increased scale

for the last two years; and even in peace it used to produce very noteworthy effects.

Moslem Jealousies

Moreover, the divisions and dislikes and jealousies which separate so many of the Moslem tribes and races in Anatolia from one another were not so deep-seated as to last through the experiences of these two years. Training and drill side by side in the army have undoubtedly done much to obliterate such feelings. One cause of the weakness of Turkey formerly lay in the fact that many of the nomad tribes could not be relied upon to contribute men to the army. It was not that they were peaceable and indisposed to fight, for in former ages their unruliness and predatory habits made them an unceasing danger to the communications and transport of trade across the country, but they could not be relied on for drill or for regular service.

This weakness was perceived by Abd-ul-Hamid, and he encouraged various changes, with a view of obliterating the lines of division, and the process was carried much further by the new administration which succeeded him. I do not doubt for a moment that an immensely larger area of recruiting has been available during the last two years than ever was attempted in the history of Turkey since the Turks were conquering their Empire, when every man was a soldier.

The credit for this unification of Turkey must be largely attributed to German influence. It is from Berlin that ideas of method and persons fit to perform the duties of rough military training have come, and the effectiveness of their work has greatly increased their hold upon the country. The Germans are not beloved; on the contrary, I have never heard any person speak with such bitterness of the Germans as do the Turks and the native population generally. But the Germans rule by fear, which is enhanced by real respect for their effectiveness and devotion to work. The contrast between the intense spirit of work with the zealous application to duty which characterises apparently all Germans who come to Turkey, on the one hand, and the devotion to amusements during a large part of the day—amusements indeed of quite healthy and athletic character—which characterises the British residents and officials, on the other hand, has been noticed very much by the Turks, and has produced a strong effect upon them. They do not at all appreciate the health-giving effects of athletics and healthy amusements, but they do observe the vast amount of time which is spent in that way by the English.

A good many years ago I knew very well the Pasha in command of one of the greatest Provinces of Turkey. He passed publicly for a Germanophile, but in private life I knew something of his real feelings, because he paid me the compliment to believe in my trustworthiness, and he had the Turkish habit of speaking freely in private life. He was thinking seriously of sending his second son to be educated in England; and he asked my advice, and the advice of a friend of mine on this subject: his eldest son was being educated in Switzerland. This Pasha was called to Constantinople, to occupy the highest official position in the Empire. After some experience there, he abandoned his intention of sending his son to be educated in England, and stated the reason quite plainly. He saw that all the Germans were working hard for certain big ends from morning to night, and that they were all co-ordinating their labour for certain well-defined purposes, while the English were occupying their time for the most part in lawn-tennis and shooting, and very few of the officials seemed to take any interest in the affairs, or the people, or the language of Turkey. He said that he did not want his son to grow up a good lawn-tennis player, but a hard worker, and he would therefore not send him to Britain for education. Whether the course of study which he chose for his son produced the desired results I am unable to say, as I have not seen the Pasha since 1909, nor his son since

he was a boy of ten or eleven. It may be added that I am not expressing my own opinions about the life or education, but stating those of a representative Turk.

It is somewhat remarkable, and not in accordance with common ideas about the laziness and stagnation of Turkish life, that a Pasha should feel repelled by what seemed to him the idleness of English ways of life. It is not my purpose to enquire whether he was right, but only to establish the fact that this impression is made on the Turks. They see the result in the energy with which German enterprises, railways, great irrigation works, etc., are pushed on; and they contrast this with the slow progress of English enterprises in the period that has elapsed since the Crimean war, when railways advanced at a snail's pace as mercantile ventures, frowned on and even actively discouraged by the English official world. The general manager (whom I knew well) of an English railway in Turkey said in 1889 to the Ambassador, "All I ask of you is that you let me alone and do not side against me." Everyone that knows anything of the life of Turkey could tell a hundred stories like this; but my point is that the Turks see the facts, and despair of any good coming out of England, and turn to the Germans as active and doing more for Turkey in five years than England does in a century. The story of England in Cyprus is a monument of active and persistent discouragement of enterprise and improvement as advised from the island.

Prussian Excellences

It is not the vices of the Prussians which make them dangerous, but their excellences; and those who think that they have exhausted the case when they have produced a list of serious faults and expressed their hatred for the nation which is characterised by these habits, have not begun to understand the difficulties of the situation in Europe. I am no indiscriminate admirer of German ways: On the contrary, I have been for many years rebuked by the disciples of Kultur in this country for want of respect shown in my books for the promulgated opinions of distinguished German scholars, and Prussian political method has always seemed to me earthly, sensual and devilish; but still I respect and learn from the leading Germans as men, and appreciate the industry and knowledge of the official class.

It was always interesting to meet any of the Germans who were engaged in official or other duties in Turkey, and especially in Constantinople, because they were not merely well informed, but also devoted to the study of the country and the habits of the people, in so far as these bore upon their special line of work, and they were always eager to talk about things Turkish with any person who had seen much of Turkey, and who shared the same interests that they felt. This intense devotion to work relating to Turkey gave them immense advantages in organising many different enterprises in the country, and secured great influence for them in practical business, in spite of the dislike and distrust which they inspired. They had all taken to heart the Imperial principle, as it is expressed epigrammatically by Tacitus—"Let them hate me so long as they fear me."

Some deservedly respected authorities have taken too light a view of the Turkish question, which might have been far more easily dealt with if the facts had been more correctly estimated. No men are withdrawn from the army for industries, because there were in peace so few industries (in which the work was done mainly by Christians), and in wartime there are still fewer, none except munition factories run by Germans. None need be withdrawn for agriculture, because even in peace time agriculture was entirely done by the women in Anatolia. Little deduction is needed on the ground of physical incapacity, because the weakly children die and only the robust grow up. Ailing men are rare; they die. Those who know Turkey best will appreciate the statement (which I take from excellent authority), that a Turk in Anatolia never rises if once he lies down from illness. Hospitals established by Europeans make some change in this; but they are very few. Hence an extraordinarily large proportion of the Moslem population is available for military service: European statistics do not apply.

No one who has watched the development of German influence in Turkey, since the time when British diplomacy

under the guidance of that very able man Sir W. White set about the work of throwing Germany across the path of Russian advance from Armenia towards Constantinople, can doubt that the aim which inspired Prussian policy in plunging into the great war, was development to the south-east of Europe and Asiatic Turkey as far as the Persian gulf. A westward adventure and a promenade to the Bay of Biscay have always been regarded by all Germans from highest to lowest as an incident that might be thrown at any time, but not as a main object to guide policy.

Neither Britain nor Russia were to be tackled at the moment, except in so far as they interfered with the movement eastward. This was postponed for a time; and this amount of justification exists for the Kaiser's reiterated protest that he did not want this war; he wanted the results without the war; he wanted to eat up the one little hostile country Serbia, and to form a new Balkan Alliance including Roumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Constantine as despot of the Greeks. The adhesion of Bulgaria to this programme and to Turkish agreement has been talked about, to my knowledge, among a few at Constantinople since April 1913, many weeks before Bulgaria broke the first Alliance. The Eastern policy of Prussia had reached such a stage that it became necessary to occupy a position for exercising effective military pressure on Turkey. Already in July, 1908, Von der Goltz, during fourteen days' visit to Constantinople, spoke of the difficulty of controlling the Turkish situation without a fleet; he did not then anticipate (so far as his words went) the attempt to extend German influence by land to Turkey but this became more and more imperative as the British fleet became stronger. And the due time arrived in 1914.

The promenade to the Atlantic across France was initiated, but has not yet been completed; and then Germany entered on the south-eastern purpose in which Austria had failed. This was the real aim, and if it is gained at the cost of even five or six millions of German lives, Prussia will count that it has won the great war, and history will endorse the claim. The military decision must be on the west; but the fruits of victory are growing for the Germans on the south-east and have been ripening through causes deeper and more permanent than war.

A Modern Nativity Play

THOSE who read in this number of LAND & WATER M. Emile Cammaerts' Christmas story will be well persuaded to obtain *The Adoration of the Soldiers* (Longman Green and Co. 21s. net) illustrated by Raemaekers. This is a short Mystery Play suggested to M. Cammaerts during a visit which he paid to the Belgian trenches last Christmas week. It is written in the manner of the mediæval French and English Nativity Plays—with a naïve simplicity. The English translation is by Mme. Tita Brand Cammaerts, and the French and English versions are printed on opposite pages.

There is a singular and haunting beauty about this Nativity Play where Joseph and the Mother visit the trenches. The soldiers, four in number, are thus designated: The Grumbler, The Jovial One, The Sceptic and The Believer. The scene is a trench on the Yser at night. Joseph appears leading the ass on which the Madonna is seated. The soldiers pity her, not knowing who she may be and give up to her their dug-out. Here the Child is born. And an angel appears to the sleeping men, bearing the old good tidings and telling them: "For two thousand years every Christmas the Lord has been born among His people. This year it was his will that it should be among his martyrs and defenders. At this very hour the mystery is accomplished." And the soldiers, awakening, behold in the vision a token of victory. They cry, "Oh! boys, boys, we shall see them again, we shall see them soon! We shall see them all again, our wives, our little ones and the old folk. And if the roof is in ruins we shall build it anew."

The little play is written with exquisite charm; it brings tears to the eyes, and Raemaekers' pictures emphasise the pathos of these Belgian soldiers. We are learning to look at the war through eyes other than our own, to rejoice with them that do rejoice with a joy different from ours and to weep with them that weep for causes which have been spared to us. We are thankful to those two great artists—the poet and the cartoonist—for this sad yet happy volume. It bears a Christmas Message that will hearten and inspire every good fighter, at the front and at home, in the great cause.

His First Action

By Gerard Shaw

One hears little of the fighting beyond the main Fronts. But this is a vivid description of a skirmish with the Turks which took place some months ago on the edge of the Arabian desert.

THE platoon was marching along in the grey light before the dawn through trailing clouds of slowly-rising mist, winding between big clumps of sword grass and dark trees dripping moisture from each drooping leaf. The men's footsteps were silent on the soft ankle-deep sand, the only sound was the occasional splashing of the water in their bottles, or the crack of a dry stick underfoot. The sky grew lighter and lighter, and soon the sun's burning edge showed above the trees, mounting slowly and relentlessly into the blue clear sky, melting away the last wreaths of mist. The heat grew with each hour, the cool sand became burning dust, dense suffocating clouds of it hung above the plodding soldiers, dark patches of sweat began to show round the crossed straps of their equipment, pale dust powdered their rifles and packs, and showed in muddy streaks on their streaming faces. Hour after hour they tramped steadily on, now and then shifting their slung rifles from one shoulder to the other or stumbling in the deepening sand.

Hour after hour at the same unvarying pace with never a halt, their tunics now black with sweat, their eyes fixed on the ground, their shoulders stooped forward, here and there the fours broken as some tired soldier dropped towards the rear. Each man marched silently looking neither to the right nor left, intent only on keeping his place and saving his strength.

Yet the thoughts of some wandered to cool seas and creamy foam washing round weed-covered rocks, or to fresh green grass and gurgling streams, others remembered their favourite inns far away on English village greens, or driving sea-fogs rushing like smoke before south-west gales roaring through wet trees.

An English Vision

One in particular had always a vision of a little grey stone cottage on the edge of a windy rain-swept moor, where cold rains rattled on the window-panes, and cold winds whistled in the chimneys, and beat and twisted the stunted thorn trees. He was a recruit for the first time on active service. All through the long hot day the same vision floated before his eyes, the grey cottage and the green rain-soaked turf and the grey clouds sweeping across the sky. Only when a halt was called and the tired men dropped out and drank sparingly from their water-bottles, then the vision faded and he thought only of his precious water and struggled with the desire to drink it all at once.

At last, as the sun was slanting down towards the west, the platoon was marched into a small wood where large leaved shrubs spread beneath tall trees. The order was given to extend and lie down under cover of the bushes, gladly the tired men obeyed, sinking from sight among the leaves where they remained, still and invisible. The recruit lay prone, his forehead resting on his rifle stock, on to which the sweat trickled from his face. After the nightmare of burning sun and scorching sand and choking dust this wood was a paradise. As he rested he listened to the twittering notes of many birds; their song came down faintly from the tree tops, but filled the whole air; a milky light filtered through the green arches of trees, and the broad leaves of the bushes gently swayed in the lightly moving airs. He watched with interest the many insects which crept along the grass stems, or leapt from twig to twig: tiny leaf hoppers, busy ants, bright coloured beetles, and delicate, silent winged flies. He lay absolutely still, not moving even when a lieutenant came creeping along on hands and knees commanding silence, nor when a connecting file came breathlessly crawling up with the news that the enemy were coming, still he listened in a dream to the shrill humming of myriads of tiny gnats and the whispering music of the

birds, and idly wondered if a small black ant would succeed in carrying off a dead beetle which it was trying to drag through a forest of tangled grass and weeds. Only when a distant rattling of rifle fire came from far away on the left, he raised his head a little, and carefully breaking off a leaf or two, made a spy-hole to fire from.

The Ambush

All now lay tense and expectant, waiting for the first sight of the enemy; the firing on the left died away and rose again to a continuous crackle, then died down once more; perhaps the enemy had retired, no message had come through. For a quarter of an hour more they lay with straining eyes and ears, motionless and invisible. Suddenly the recruit became aware of four or five figures in a clear space between two clumps of pampas grass; they were walking slowly and cautiously towards the left flank, their eyes all turned in that direction and evidently quite unaware of the ambush close to them. It was almost like looking into a picture, so quietly and unexpectedly had they appeared, their uniforms were different, he understood that they were the enemy, and passed the word along, and in breathless excitement the whole line waited the order to fire. But as yet the Captain made no sign. Black soldiers, this time with a few white among them, slowly advanced across their front, creeping and crouching behind every clump of grass and bush, with eyes only for the known enemy before them and in full view from the side position. Then at last came the word to fire. Every man pressed his trigger, and the song of the birds was drowned in the continuous banging of the rifles, as the men lay and worked their bolts at high speed.

Almost half the enemy fell, wounded or killed, in the first few seconds, those who remained fled back to the nearest cover and returned the fire till reinforcements came doubling up. Soon they found where the line ended, and came charging up in masses, the bullets were whipping through the bushes, and throwing little spurts of dust and dry leaves into the air on every side as the enemy neared the wood. The recruit lay firing steadily, and watching the running figures fall here and there, and wondering when the time would come to get up, and if the order would be "Advance," or "Retire."

It was "Retire," the enemy's numbers were greatly superior and they were working round the flank. He rose and ran back thirty paces, instinctively keeping the correct interval, and flung himself down between his two neighbours. Another five rounds were fired, then the line of running figures retired again, almost to the far edge of the wood, where they dropped behind a low bank which gave good cover, and bayonets were fixed. The enemy were now among the bushes and firing from their thick cover, bullets were striking everywhere and men were falling.

Invisible in the bushes the enemy got into position for a charge and came yelling and racing forwards. The recruit leapt up as the enemy reached them; two black soldiers with shining ebony faces and wild eyes were upon him, he fired into the first and before he had fallen, parried the other's thrust, and sent his rifle butt crashing into his skull. The recruit saw his right-hand neighbour fall and more and more blacks entering the wood, some firing from behind trees, and others rushing up with fixed bayonets. Three more attacked him. He ran at the first, thrusting violently at him, his bayonet went through the man's chest, and before he could draw it out, the second had lunged wildly at him, piercing the upper part of his right arm, he saw the black's yellow, glaring eyes, his white teeth bared, and his broad nose wrinkled in a grin of rage, then the same moment he was flung backwards by a shouting crowd, and saw his comrades falling back all along the line. Picking himself up, he ran on among the enemy, furiously thrusting at their backs as he went, and hoping in the confusion to rejoin his own side, everything was turmoil and confusion, some enemy soldiers turned on him, and he ran, dodging among the

tree trunks, towards the edge of the wood. He had no chance now of getting back, bullets were flying all round him, he was deafened by the incessant shouting and firing, his comrades were still retiring in scattered groups, some standing behind trees and firing between forked branches, others kneeling or lying, and then retiring again.

As he ran, seeing no hope of life, yet desperately anxious to live, he saw about twenty yards from the wood's edge the ruined walls of a hut, making a circular mud rampart about two feet high, he took a flying leap into this, and flung himself flat, then he fired away as fast as he could. His hands trembled with excitement and rage, sweat streamed into his eyes. A group of the enemy saw him and came racing across the open space between him and the wood. He brought down two of them as they came, then the rest were upon him, he stabbed and lunged furiously with the bayonet, careless of defence, and some went down, but the rest overwhelmed him, at last a bayonet went through him, he felt no pain, though he saw it in his own body; he had once more a lightning vision of the grey cottage and the wet moor, then blackness and silence.

Wounded and Alone

After what seemed years of deep dreamless sleep, he opened his eyes and saw above him a thin crescent moon and millions of twinkling stars in a deep blue-black sky. He tried to remember where he was, and what had happened; nothing was clear to him. The shrill howling of jackals came faintly from a great distance, some small bats chirped as they flitted to and fro, showing dark against the glittering stars, there was no sound or suggestion of human beings, nothing visible but the wide dark sky and the crumbling mud walls. Presently he moved, his right shoulder and arm were numb and throbbing with pain, his tunic stiff and damp. He stood up with great difficulty and then he remembered everything, for in front of him lay three bodies, terrible with their rigid limbs, their wide-open eyes glaring blindly. He understood that he had killed these men and the other two lay still and quiet half-way between him and the wood. Sorrow overcame him, sorrow for the death of these men, sorrow for his own weakness, the sorrow of all the world bowed him down with sadness and hopelessness; he sank to his knees, falling forward with his forehead on the ground.

At last, groping for his rifle, he rose again and staggered out towards the wood. He was very weak and his head swam, but using his rifle as a crutch, holding the muzzle with both hands, he managed to move along slowly, he went in the direction in which his comrades had been forced back, hoping to be able to pass the enemy's sentries before sunrise. When he had gone about half a mile, crawling along with infinite difficulty, resting very often, he caught a whiff of tobacco smoke, distinct and unmistakable among the cool odours of the night, the clayey scent of cool sand, and the many different fragrances of plants.

Here the country was half cultivated, with a few scattered trees, and dry irrigation ditches dividing the land into squares. He lay down in one of these and silently waited, listening intently for a sound by which he might tell if the smoke came from the enemy or from his friends, for both used the same dry native tobacco.

It was almost certainly the enemy, for he had seen no sign whatever of any human being up to now, and could hardly have passed through their lines so easily, and he knew that no sentry of his own party would dare to smoke while on duty. For a long time he lay still, pressed close to the cool earth, gazing anxiously at a group of dark trees under which he felt sure the sentry was posted. Beneath the trees was complete darkness, velvety black, and impenetrable, the upper part of them and the open ground were silvered by the faint light of the crescent moon, and only a narrow black line of shadow ran along one side of the straight ditch; no glowing red cigarette end showed, yet the tobacco scent was there.

The recruit decided to creep along the ditch, trusting that the sentry was only watching the ground in front and keeping no look out behind him, and that the others were asleep. His arm and shoulder caused him great pain, and made his progress even slower than it would have been, but no risks could be taken, the smallest

noise might mean death to him. Keeping as flat as possible, and in the narrow strip of shade, he crawled along till he was nearly opposite the trees, then he stopped and lay gathering up his strength for a last effort. Still he could see nothing and hear nothing, only the occasional faint scent of tobacco borne on some wandering night breeze. The sentry must move some time, he could not be asleep, for then he could not smoke. At last a sound, a movement, the faint thud and rattle of a rifle butt on the ground. Looking in the direction of this sound he made out the sentry, dimly dark against the dark sky, leaning between the forks of a tree, which divided itself into two close to the ground, the cigarette was carefully screened in his hand, he had evidently no idea that an enemy was near.

The recruit now crawled on with redoubled care, pausing frequently, and glancing back at the sentry who loomed dim and tall against the sky, seeming taller than any human being as seen from the bottom of the ditch. He crept along with straight knees, propelling himself with his toes and his left elbow, his rifle carefully slung so as to lie along his back. His wounded shoulder and right arm hurt him very much, but if he could only get past the lines of the enemy, nothing would matter. In a few minutes he was almost out of danger, the ditch now ran into a field of maize, the dry leaves and stalks screened him completely, and he crept along more quickly leaving the sentry further and further behind him.

He rose to his feet and hobbled along. The clouds of mist were growing whiter, and a pale light grew in the eastern sky; soon the dark tree-tops stood clearly defined above the mist, and just as the sun's red edge showed between the tree trunks, he saw one of his own sentries standing motionless, leaning on his rifle with bent head, but as the recruit came slowly out of the field of maize, the silent figure looked up and covered him. "Halt," "Who goes there?" He did not know the password or countersign, but crying "Friend," he staggered towards him and then, weak from weariness and loss of blood, he fell to the ground.

As he fell he saw again the grey stone cottage on the wind-swept moor, and the wet rain-soaked turf, and the driven clouds, and was content.

Braille and the Blind

To the Editor of LAND & WATER.

SIR.—Will you allow me to ask your readers when deciding upon the direction which their charitable Christmas and New Year Gifts should take, to bear in mind the special requirements of the National Institute for the Blind in regard to the preparation and printing of books in the Braille type, which are of particular use and interest to the soldiers and sailors who have lost their sight in the war, and at the same time of value to the general blind reading public.

Your space now-a-days is so limited that I will not enlarge upon the subject further than to say that the Braille books produced by the National Institute for the Blind must, on account of their bulk, the expensive processes involved—rendered doubly or in some cases trebly more expensive by the increase in cost of the materials—and the low price at which they are sold, be produced at a very considerable loss. I hope that many of your readers will be led by these few lines to send a contribution in aid of this department of our work,

ARTHUR PEARSON,

President National Institute for the Blind,
226, Great Portland Street, W.

The Paddington Green Children's Hospital we are told, must close early next year unless the debt of £4,000 can be paid off and a balance provided to go on with. The debt is owing to the falling off of subscriptions and donations. No other hospital in Paddington can now take children, and the distress it would cause were it closed would be tremendous, for there are over 50,000 yearly attendances.

The latest volume of the "Country Life" library, *The Story of the Middlesex Regiment*, by Charles L. Kingsford (7s. 6d. net) is not only a record of the various campaigns in which the Middlesex Regiment has taken part, but also an account of the life and doings of the regiment in times of peace. The regiment is composed of the 57th and 77th Foot, and the author has been at pains to get the records of these two units and combine them in this present work, which is accurate, concise, and fairly complete, carrying the history of the regiment from the origin of the 57th Foot, previous to the Seven Years War, down to events in Flanders and Gallipoli in 1915.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

TOOLE, the actor, intending to make a present of his "Autobiography" to an intelligent policeman who used to escort him from the theatre when he was acting in a certain provincial town, asked him if he liked Reminiscences. "Very much, sir," was the reply, "but I'm afraid there is no place open as late as this." The man, to my thinking, went to the root of the proposition. Tobacco, wine, a genial companion and an idle time—these provide the best conditions for dwelling pleasantly on past memories, whether your own or another's. Yet, there must be many who can enjoy reminiscences without these accompaniments, for the publishers have been telling us recently that "Memoirs" are amongst their best selling books. I fancy their readers are mostly of the sex to which the gossips are supposed to belong, for, in my experience, the writers of memoirs who, like Boswell, can provide a literary atmosphere which replaces the above conditions are few and far between. And yet—though my literary conscience bids me plead for some sort of standard in "Memoirs" as in other writings—I must confess that I have seldom read any such books without finding something to interest me, either in what the author reveals or in what he conceals. The gossips are not really all of one sex.

* * * * *

Here are three books of reminiscences which will each find an interested public, even in these days when the policeman's requirements are more difficult to satisfy. One is by a well-known politician, one by a well-known journalist, and the third by the widow of a well-known diplomatist, herself of great reputation as a wit and a social leader. Let us take the politician first. In *Parliamentary Reminiscences and Reflections, 1868-1885* (John Murray, 10s. 6d. net), Lord George Hamilton is mainly concerned with fighting over again the political battles of Disraeli v. Gladstone. In these days of national unity, there seems a curious unreality about the warmth of political partisanship here shown. Lord George is stiff in his opinion of men and things, and seldom yields a political opponent the credit even of good intentions. In time of peace this book—which in any case has real value as an historical document—might well assist the renaissance of its author's old Party. He is quite sure that it was in the right both in principles and in practice during the period he was rising to be one of its leaders. In such men lies the strength of our English Party System.

* * * * *

The Party System, however, has its dangers as is well illustrated, though without any such intention, in one passage of Lord George Hamilton's book, a passage which illustrates the cleverness of Bismarck's diplomacy. According to Lord George, Bismarck sent, through one of our Military Attachés at Berlin, a private message to Lord Salisbury to the effect that he found it impossible to carry on business with Gladstone's Government, and that he hoped Salisbury would take office. Shortly afterwards Salisbury did take office; the manifestations of goodwill from Bismarck continued and—the cession of Heligoland took place. "But from the date of the cession of that island our relations steadily deteriorated." There are few things in the book quite so interesting as this is at the present moment. For the rest the chief interest of the book centres round Disraeli, to whom the author owed much of his political advancement, a debt which he pays with an honest hero-worship. Very characteristic was Disraeli's remark (which I believe also had another setting) when asked if he had seen the *Nineteenth Century*?—"No, my dear boy; I hate your new magazines. You will live to see the time when everybody can scribble, and nobody write."

* * * * *

Our journalist is Mr. T. H. S. Escott, of *Standard* and *Fortnightly* fame. His book is called *Great Victorians* (T. Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d.), and it includes so many interesting names that a mere list of them would nearly

fill this page. The study of the soldier group, from Wellington, of whom Mr. Escott has some interesting things to say, to Wolseley, has a particular value just now. It is really an epitome almost entirely from an administrative point of view, of our military history. One of the chief changes Mr. Escott notes is in the attitude of the chiefs of the Army to the private soldier. Wellington, according to him, believed that a soldier to be very good must be a blackguard. What a different feeling inspired the thoughts and utterances of Lord Roberts! For the rest you may sit under the most interesting bishops, dine with the most prominent politicians, and hob-nob with the leading novelists and actors of the last half of last century. Only I should not recommend you to try and do too many of these things at the same time. With Mr. Escott one name leads so rapidly to another that his style is sometimes both bewildered and bewildering.

* * * * *

The last of our trio of memoir-makers is Dowager Lady Dufferin and Ava, who has published, on behalf of war charities, a new selection from her diaries and correspondence called *My Russian and Turkish Journals* (John Murray, 10s. 6d. net). These journals deal with the years 1879-1884, when the late Lord Dufferin was Ambassador, first at Petrograd and afterwards at Constantinople. Though Lady Dufferin studiously avoids dealing with anything but the social side of ambassadorial life and is eminently discreet in her references to individuals, these records give us some very entertaining pictures of life in the two capitals described, and occasionally vivid little bits of portraiture, which are witty without being malicious. One of the most interesting parts of the book describes a visit to Egypt, and the sporting excitement of digging up Royal mummies. This is essentially a book that can be dipped into at odd moments with the certainty that something to arrest one's attention will always turn up.

* * * * *

The war has been left to the end of my books this week, but it must not be left out completely. Here are two volumes of fiction that recall it, in one indirectly, the other directly. In reading *More Tales by Polish Authors*, translated by Else Benecke and Marie Busch (Oxford, Blackwell, 5s. net), one is continually oppressed by one of the war's most pressing problems. The stories, as those in the previous collection, are powerful and affecting. Some are most mordant in their satire. "The Strange Sea," for example, placed in the collection of *Life's Little Ironies*, would make Mr. Thomas Hardy's tales almost playful in comparison. All of them reveal an oppressed and troubled people, who, we hope, may raise their heads once more. It is pleasant to turn back from this land-locked country, with its disheartened peasantry, to our free and sea-girt land.

* * * * *

"Taffrail" has written in *Pincher Martin, O.D.* (W. R. Chambers, Ltd., 3s. 6d. net), the best naval book of the season. It is a long, detailed and comprehensive description of the life of an ordinary seaman. Taking such a one, it follows his career from the day he joins up to the Battle of Jutland, the climax so far of modern naval history. Every sentence carries conviction, and its deep sense of the humorous arises out of realities. For an intelligent boy who can appreciate the spirit of our seamen it is the ideal gift book this Christmas.

* * * * *

In *The Weird Adventures of Professor Delapine* (Routledge, 5s.), Mr. Lindsay Johnson has spoilt a fairly thrilling sensational story to argue at great length and with continual repetition the case of supernaturalism. If he had been induced to cut out all his arguments and his quotations and half his conversations, which often begin with sparkle, but always end with complete flatness, like imperfectly aerated soda-water, his book might have had a big popular success, for there are some ingenious thrills in it. It is a book for skipping.

The Golden Triangle

By Maurice Leblanc

[Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos]

SYNOPSIS: *Captain Patrice Belval, a wounded French officer, prevents in a Paris street the abduction of a nurse who is known to her patients as "Little Mather Coralie." Feeling that the fact of having been maimed in the service of his country is an honour rather than a disability, Belval declares his love to Coralie only to be told by her that she is already married, and that he must make no further effort even to retain her friendship—she suggests that there might be danger for him in a friendship with herself. That night, after Coralie has left him, Belval has sent to him anonymously a box containing a large rusty key, and later he sees in the sky a rain of sparks, which had been mentioned by Coralie's would-be abductors as a signal possessing mysterious significance. By means of the rusty key, Belval gains access to a house, in which he finds five men torturing another man, Essarès, obviously with a view to extracting information from him. Just as Belval is about to rescue the victim he sees that Coralie, horror stricken, is also watching the torturers at their work. Essarès manages to get hold of a revolver, with which he shoots Colonel Fakhi, one of the five men, dead. He buys off his other four assailants for a million francs apiece, with which they leave the house. Belval, still concealed watching, waits for a cue from Coralie as to what to do in regard to Essarès, who, he has learned by now, is a great financier in possession of some important secret, and is also Coralie's husband. From an altercation between Essarès and Coralie, Belval learns that Essarès has betrayed State secrets to the enemies of his country, and then has attempted to betray his associates in treachery. Belval returns home to think out the best way of helping Coralie, who obviously hates her traitor husband, when he is rung up on the telephone and hears an agitated voice inquiring whether he received the rusty key and a letter. The voice then mentions in incoherent fashion an amethyst pendant.*

CHAPTER VI (continued)

"**T**OO late! . . . Patrice . . . is that you? . . . Listen, the amethyst pendant . . . yes, I have it on me . . . The pendant . . . Ah, it's too late! . . . I should so much have liked to . . . Patrice . . . Coralie . . ."

Then again a loud cry, a heart-rending cry, and confused sounds growing more distant, in which he seemed to distinguish:

"Help! . . . Help! . . ."

These grew fainter and fainter. Silence followed. And suddenly there was a little click. The murderer had hung up the receiver.

All this had not taken twenty seconds. But, when Patrice wanted to replace the telephone, his fingers were gripping it so hard that it needed an effort to relax them.

He stood utterly dumbfounded. His eyes had fastened on a large clock which he saw, through the window, on one of the buildings in the yard, marking nineteen minutes past seven; and he mechanically repeated these figures, attributing a documentary value to them. Then he asked himself—so unreal did the scene appear to him—if all this was true and if the crime had not been perpetrated within himself, in the depths of his aching heart. But the shouting still echoed in his ears; and suddenly he took up the receiver again, like one clinging desperately to some undefined hope:

"Hullo!" he cried. "Exchange! . . . Who was it rang me up just now? . . . Are you there? Did you hear the cries? . . . Are you there? . . . Are you there? . . ."

There was no reply. He lost his temper, insulted the exchange, left the linen-closet, met Ya-Bon and pushed him about:

"Get out of this! It's your fault. Of course you ought to have stayed and looked after Coralie. Be off there now and hold yourself at my disposal. I'm going to inform the police. If you hadn't prevented me, it would have been done long ago and we shouldn't be in this predicament. Off you go!"

He held him back:

"No, don't stir. Your plan's ridiculous. Stay here.

Oh, not there in my pocket! You're too impetuous for me, my lad!"

He drove him out and returned to the linen-closet, striding up and down and betraying his excitement in irritable gestures and angry words. Nevertheless, in the midst of his confusion, one idea gradually came to light, which was that, after all, he had no proof that the crime which he suspected had happened at the house in the Rue Raynouard. He must not allow himself to be obsessed by the facts that lingered in his memory to the point of always seeing the same vision in the same tragic setting. No doubt the drama was being continued, as he had felt that it would be, but perhaps elsewhere and far away from Coralie.

And this first thought led to another: why not investigate matters at once?

"Yes, why not?" he asked himself. "Before bothering the police, discovering the number of the person who rang me up and thus working back to the start, a process which it will be time enough to employ later, why shouldn't I telephone to the Rue Raynouard at once, on any pretext and in anybody's name? I shall then have a chance of knowing what to think . . ."

Patrice felt that this measure did not amount to much. Suppose that no one answered, would that prove that the murder had been committed in the house, or merely that no one was yet about? Nevertheless, the need to do something decided him. He looked out Essarès Bey's number in the telephone-directory and resolutely rang up the exchange.

The strain of waiting was almost more than he could bear. And then he was conscious of a thrill which vibrated through him from head to foot. He was connected; and some one at the other end was answering the call.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Hullo!" said a voice. "Who are you?"

It was the voice of Essarès Bey.

Although this was only natural, since at that moment Essarès must be getting his papers ready and preparing his flight, Patrice was so much taken aback that he did not know what to say and spoke the first words that came into his head:

"Is that Essarès Bey?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"I'm one of the wounded at the hospital, now under treatment at the home . . ."

"Captain Belval, perhaps?"

Patrice was absolutely amazed. So Coralie's husband knew him by name? He stammered:

"Yes . . . Captain Belval."

"What a lucky thing!" cried Essarès Bey, in a tone of delight. "I rang you up a moment ago, at the home, Captain Belval, to ask . . ."

"Oh, it was you!" interrupted Patrice, whose astonishment knew no bounds.

"Yes, I wanted to know at what time I could speak to Captain Belval in order to thank him."

"It was you! . . . It was you! . . ." Patrice repeated, more and more thunderstruck.

Essarès intonation denoted a certain surprise.

"Yes, wasn't it a curious coincidence?" he said. "Unfortunately, I was cut off, or rather my call was interrupted by somebody else."

"Then you heard?"

"What, Captain Belval?"

"Cries."

"Cries?"

"At least so it seemed to me; but the connection was very indistinct."

"All that I heard was somebody asking for you, somebody who was in a great hurry; and, as I was not, I hung up the telephone and postponed the pleasure of thanking you."

"Of thanking me?"

"Yes, I have heard how my wife was assaulted last night and how you came to her rescue. And I am anxious to see you and express my gratitude. Shall we make an appointment? Could we meet at the hospital, at three o'clock this afternoon?"

Patrice made no reply. The audacity of this man, threatened with arrest and preparing for flight, baffled him. At the

(Continued on page 20)

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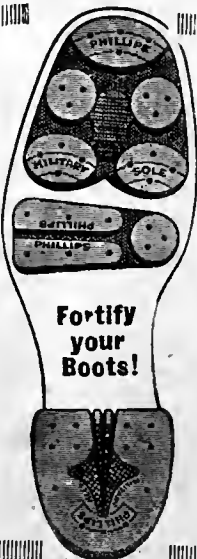
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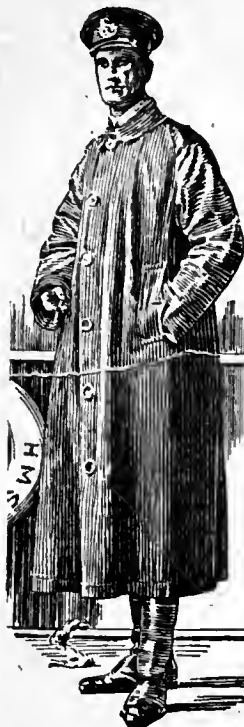


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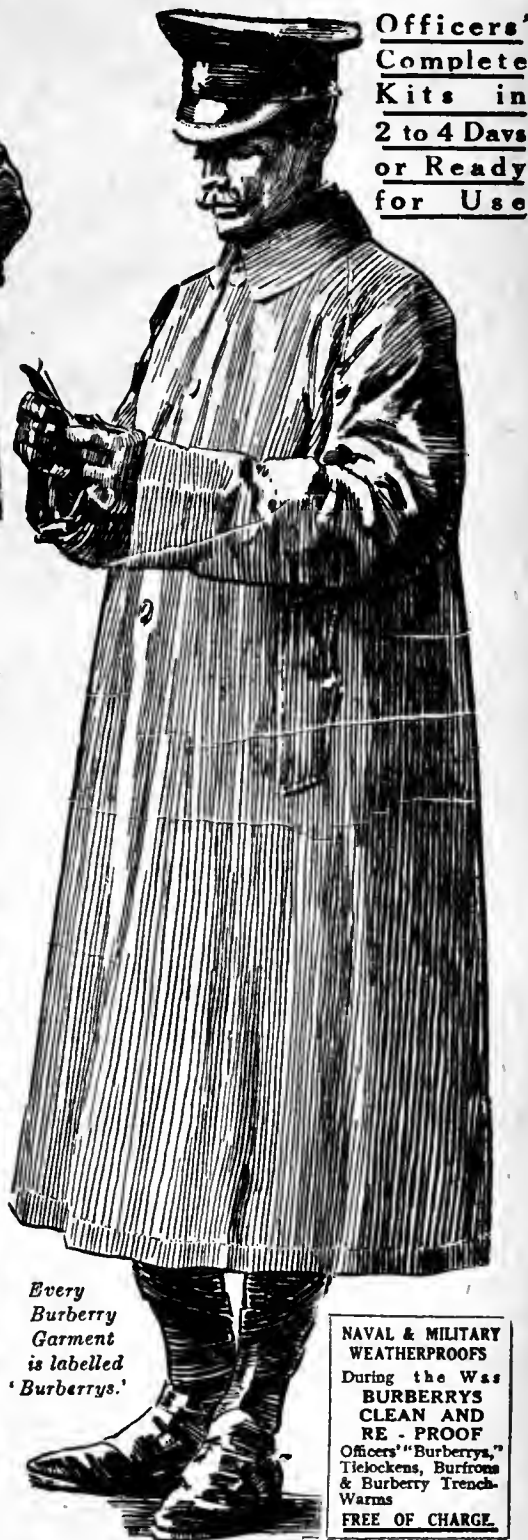
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(Continued from page 18)

same time, he was wondering what Essarès' real object had been in telephoning to him without being in any way obliged to. But Belval's silence in no way troubled the banker, who continued his civilities and ended the inscrutable conversation with a monologue in which he replied with the greatest ease to questions which he kept putting to himself.

In spite of everything, Patrice felt more comfortable. He went back to his room, lay down on his bed and slept for two hours. Then he sent for Ya-Bon.

"This time," he said, "try to control your nerves and not to lose your head as you did just now. You are absurd. But don't let's talk about it. Have you had your breakfast? No? No more have I. Have you seen the doctor? No? No more have I. And the surgeon has promised to take off this beastly bandage. You can imagine how pleased I am. A wooden leg is all very well; but a head wrapped up in lint, for a lover, never! Get on, look sharp. When we're ready, we'll start for the hospital. Little Mother Coralie can't forbid me to see her there!"

Patrice was as happy as a schoolboy. As he said to Ya-Bon an hour later, on their way to the Porte-Maillot, the clouds were beginning to roll by:

"Yes, Ya-Bon, yes, they are. And this is where we stand. To begin with, Coralie is not in danger. As I hoped, the battle is being fought away from her, among the accomplices no doubt, over their millions. As for the unfortunate man who rang me up and whose dying cries I overheard, he was obviously some unknown friend, for he addressed me familiarly and called me by my Christian name. It was certainly he who sent me the key of the garden. Unfortunately, the letter that came with the key went astray. In the end, he felt constrained to tell me everything. Just at that moment, he was attacked. By whom, you ask. Probably by one of the accomplices, who was frightened of his revelations. There you are, Ya-Bon. It's all as clear as noonday. For that matter the truth may just as easily be the exact opposite of what I suggest. But I don't care. The great thing is to take one's stand upon a theory, true or false. Besides, if mine is false, I reserve the right to shift the responsibility on you. So you know what you are in for."

At the Porte-Maillot they took a cab and it occurred to Patrice to drive round by the Rue Raynouard. At the junction of this street with the Rue de Passy, they saw Coralie leaving the Rue Raynouard, accompanied by old Siméon.

She had hailed a taxi and stepped inside. Siméon sat down by the driver. They went to the hospital in the Champs Elysées, with Patrice following. It was eleven o'clock when they arrived.

"All's well," said Patrice. "While her husband is running away, she refuses to make any change in her daily life."

He and Ya-Bon lunched in the neighbourhood, strolled along the avenue, without losing sight of the hospital, and called there at half-past one.

Patrice at once saw old Siméon, sitting at the end of a covered yard where the soldiers used to meet. His head was half wrapped up in the usual comforter; and, with his big yellow spectacles on his nose, he sat smoking his pipe on the chair which he always occupied.

As for Coralie, she was in one of the rooms allotted to her on the first floor, seated by the bedside of a patient whose hand she held between her own. The man was asleep.

Coralie appeared to Patrice to be very tired. The dark rings round her eyes and the unusual pallor of her cheeks bore witness to her fatigue.

"Poor child!" he thought. "All these blackguards will be the death of you."

He now understood, when he remembered the scenes of the night before, why Coralie kept her private life secret and endeavoured, at least to the little world at the hospital, to be merely the kind sister whom people call by her christian name. Suspecting the web of crime with which she was surrounded, she dropped her husband's name and told nobody where she lived. And so well was she protected by the defences set up by her modesty and determination that Patrice dared not go to her and stood rooted to the threshold.

"Yet surely," he said to himself, as he looked at Coralie without being seen by her, "I'm not going to send her in my card!"

He was making up his mind to enter, when a woman who had come up the stairs, talking loudly as she went, called out:

"Where is Madame? . . . M. Siméon, she must come at once!"

Old Siméon who had climbed the stairs with her, pointed to where Coralie sat at the far end of the room; and the woman rushed in. She said a few words to Coralie, who set med up-et and at once ran to the door, passing in front of Patrice, and down the stairs, followed by Siméon and the woman.

"I've got a taxi, ma'am," stammered the woman, all out of breath. "I had the luck to find one when I left the house and I kept it. We must be quick, ma'am . . . The commissary of police told me to . . ."

Patrice, who was downstairs by this time, heard nothing more; but the last words decided him. He seized hold of Ya-Bon as he passed; and the two of them leapt into a cab, telling the driver to follow Coralie's taxi.

"There's news, Ya-Bon, there's news!" said Patrice. "The plot is thickening. The woman is obviously one of the Essarès' servants and she has come for her mistress by the commissary's orders. Therefore the colonel's disclosures are having their effect. House searched; magistrate's inquest; every sort of worry for Little Mother Coralie; and you have the cheek to advise me to be careful! You imagine that I would leave her to her own devices at such a moment! What a mean nature you must have, my poor Ya-Bon!"

An idea occurred to him; and he exclaimed:

"Heavens! I hope that ruffian of an Essarès hasn't allowed himself to be caught! That would be a disaster! But he was far too sure of himself. I expect he's been trifling away his time . . ."

All through the drive, this fear excited Captain Belval and he removed his last scruples. In the end, his certainty was absolute. Nothing short of Essarès' arrest could have produced the servant's attitude of panic or Coralie's precipitate departure. Under these conditions, how could he hesitate to interfere in a matter in which his revelations would enlighten the police? All the more so as, by revealing less or more, according to circumstances, he could make his evidence subservient to Coralie's interests.

The two cabs pulled up almost simultaneously outside the Essarès house, where a car was already standing. Coralie alighted and disappeared through the carriage-gate. The maid and Siméon also crossed the pavement.

"Come along," said Patrice to the Senegalese

The front-door was ajar and Patrice entered. In the big hall were two policemen on duty. Patrice acknowledged their presence with a hurried movement of his hand and passed them with the air of a man who belonged to the house and whose importance was so great that nothing done without him could be of any use.

The sounds of his footsteps echoing on the flags reminded him of the flight of Bourel and his accomplices. He was on the right road. Moreover, there was a drawing-room on the left, the room, communicating with the library, to which the accomplices had carried the colonel's body. Voices came from the library. He walked across the drawing-room.

At that moment, he heard Coralie exclaim in accents of terror:

"Oh, my God, it can't be! . . ."

Two other policemen barred the doorway.

"I'm a relation of Mme. Essarès," he said, "her only relation . . ."

"We have our orders, captain . . ."

"I know, of course. Be sure and let no one in! Ya-Bon, stay here."

And he went in.

But, in the immense room, a group of six or seven gentlemen, no doubt commissaries of police and magistrates, stood in his way, bending over something which he was unable to distinguish. From amidst this group Coralie suddenly appeared and came towards him, tottering and wringing her hands. The housemaid took her round the waist and pressed her into a chair.

"What's the matter?" asked Patrice.

"Madame is feeling faint," replied the woman, still quite distraught. "Oh, I'm nearly off my head!"

"But why? What's the reason?"

"It's the master . . . just think! . . . Such a sight! . . . It gave me a turn too . . ."

"What sight?"

One of the gentlemen left the group and approached:

"Is Madame Essarès unwell?"

"It's nothing," said the maid. "A fainting-fit . . . She is liable to these attacks."

"Take her away as soon as she can walk. We shall not need her any longer."

And, addressing Patrice Belval with a questioning air:

"Captain? . . ."

Patrice pretended not to understand:

"Yes, sir," he said, "we will take Mme. Essarès away. Her presence, as you say, is unnecessary. Only I must first . . ."

He moved aside to avoid his interlocutor and, perceiving that the group of magistrates had opened out a little, stepped forward. What he now saw explained Coralie's fainting-fit and the servant's agitation. He himself felt his flesh creep at

(Continued on page 22)



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(Continued from page 20)

a spectacle which was infinitely more horrible than that of the evening before:

On the floor, near the fireplace, almost at the place where he had undergone his torture, Essarès Bey lay upon his back. He was wearing the same clothes as on the previous day: a brown-velvet smoking-suit with a braided jacket. His head and shoulders had been covered with a napkin. But one of the men standing around, a divisional surgeon no doubt, was holding up the napkin with one hand and pointing to the dead man's face with the other, while he offered an explanation in a low voice.

"And that face . . . but it was hardly the word for the unspeakable mass of flesh, part of which seemed to be charred while the other part formed no more than a bloodstained pulp, mixed with bits of bone and skin, hairs and a broken eye-ball.

"Oh," Patrice blurted out, "how horrible! He was killed and fell with his head right in the fire. That's how they found him, I suppose?"

The man who had already spoken to him and who appeared to be the most important figure present came up to him once more:

"May I ask who you are?" he demanded.

"Captain Belval, sir, a friend of Mme Essarès, one of the wounded officers whose lives she has helped to save . . ."

"That may be, sir," replied the important figure, "but you can't stay here. Nobody must stay here, for that matter. Monsieur le commissaire, please order everyone to leave the room, except the doctor, and have the door guarded. Let no one enter on any pretext whatever . . ."

"Sir," Patrice insisted, "I have some very serious information to communicate."

"I shall be pleased to receive it, captain, but later on. You must excuse me now."

CHAPTER VII

Twenty-Three Minutes Past Twelve

THE great hall that ran from the Rue Raynouard to the upper terrace of the garden was filled to half its extent by a wide staircase, and divided the Essarès house into two parts communicating only by way of the hall.

On the left were the drawing-room and the library, which was followed by an independent block containing a private staircase. On the right were a billiard-room and the dining-room, both with lower ceilings. Above these were Essarès Bey's bedroom, on the street side, and Coralie's, overlooking the garden. Beyond was the servants' wing, where old Siméon also used to sleep.

Patrice was asked to wait in the billiard-room, with the Senegalese. He had been there about a quarter of an hour when Siméon and the maid were shown in.

The old secretary seemed quite paralysed by the death of his employer and was holding forth under his breath, making queer gestures as he spoke. Patrice asked him how things were going; and the old fellow whispered in his ear:

"It's not over yet. . . . There's something to fear. . . . To-day . . . presently. . . ."

"Presently?" asked Patrice.

"Yes . . . yes," said the old man, trembling.

He said nothing more. As for the housemaid, she readily told her story in reply to Patrice's questions:

"The first surprise, sir, this morning was that there was no butler, no footman, no porter. All the three were gone. Then, at half-past six, M. Siméon came and told us from the master that he had locked himself in his library and that he wasn't to be disturbed even for breakfast. The mistress was not very well. She had her chocolate at nine o'clock. . . . At ten o'clock, she went out with M. Siméon. Then, after we had done the bedrooms, we never left the kitchen. Eleven o'clock came, twelve . . . and, just as the hour was striking, we heard a loud ring at the front-door. I looked out of the window. There was a motor, with four gentlemen inside. I went to the door. The commissary of police explained who he was and wanted to see the master. I showed them the way. The library-door was locked. We knocked: no answer. We shook it: no answer. In the end, one of the gentlemen, who knew how, picked the lock. . . . Then . . . then . . . you can imagine what we saw. . . . But you can't, it was much worse, because the poor master at that moment had his head almost under the grate. . . . Oh, what scoundrels they must have been! . . . For they did kill him, didn't they? I know one of the gentlemen said at once that the master had died of a stroke and fallen into the fire. Only my firm belief is."

Old Siméon had listened without speaking, with his head still half wrapped up, showing only his bristly grey beard and

his eyes hidden behind their yellow spectacles. But at this point of the story he gave a little chuckle, came up to Patrice and said in his ear:

"There's something to fear . . . to fear! . . . Mme. Coralie. . . . Make her go away at once . . . make her go away. . . . If not, it'll be the worse for her."

Patrice shuddered and tried to question him, but could learn nothing more. Besides, the old man did not remain. A policeman came to fetch him and took him to the library.

His evidence lasted a long time. It was followed by the depositions of the cook and the housemaid. Next, Coralie's evidence was taken, in her own room. At four o'clock another car arrived. Patrice saw two gentlemen pass into the hall, with everybody bowing very low before them. He recognized the Minister of Justice and the Minister of the Interior. They conferred in the library for half an hour and went away again.

At last, shortly before five o'clock, a policeman came for Patrice and showed him up to the first floor. The man tapped at a door and stood aside. Patrice entered a small boudoir, lit up by a wood fire by which two persons were seated: Coralie to whom he bowed, and, opposite her, the gentleman who had spoken to him on his arrival and who seemed to be directing the whole enquiry.

He was a man of about fifty, with a thickset body and a heavy face, but with bright, intelligent eyes.

"The examining-magistrate, I presume, sir?" asked Patrice.

"No," he replied. "I am M. Masseron, a retired magistrate, specially appointed to clear up this affair . . . not to examine it, as you think, for it does not seem to me that there is anything to examine."

"What?" cried Patrice, in great surprise. "Nothing to examine?"

He looked at Coralie, who kept her eyes fixed upon him. Then she turned them on M. Masseron, who resumed:

"I have no doubt, Captain Belval, that, when we have said what we have to say, we shall be agreed at all points . . . just as madame and I are already agreed."

"I don't doubt it either," said Patrice. "All the same, I am afraid that many of those points remain unexplained."

"Certainly, but we shall find an explanation, we shall find it together. Will you please tell me what you know?"

Patrice waited for a moment and then said:

"I will not disguise my astonishment, sir. The story which I have to tell is of some importance; and yet there is no one here to take it down. Is it not to count as evidence given on oath, as a deposition which I shall have to sign?"

"You yourself, Captain, shall determine the value of your words and the innuendo which you wish them to bear. For the moment, we will look on this as a preliminary conversation, as an exchange of views relating to facts . . . touching which Mme. Essarès has given me, I believe, the same information that you will be able to give me."

Patrice did not reply at once. He had a vague impression that there was a private understanding between Coralie and the magistrate. He resolved to maintain an attitude of reserve until the magistrate had shown his hand.

"Of course," he said, "I daresay madame has told you. So you know of the conversation which I overheard yesterday at the restaurant."

"Yes."

"And the attempt to kidnap Mme. Essarès?"

"Yes."

"And the murder?"

"Yes."

"Mme. Essarès has described to you the blackmailing scene that took place last night, with M. Essarès for a victim, the details of the torture, the death of the colonel, the handing over of the four millions, the conversation on the telephone between M. Essarès and a certain Grégoire and, lastly, the threats uttered against madame by her husband?"

"Yes, Captain Belval, I know all this, that is to say, all that you know; and I know, in addition, all that I discovered through my own investigations."

"Of course, of course," Patrice repeated. "I see that my story becomes superfluous and that you are in possession of all the necessary factors to enable you to draw your conclusions." And, continuing to put rather than answer questions, he added, "May I ask what inference you have arrived at?"

"To tell you the truth, captain, my inferences are not definite. However, until I receive some proof to the contrary, I propose to remain satisfied with the actual words of a letter which M. Essarès wrote to his wife at about twelve o'clock this morning and which we found lying on his desk, unfinished. Mme. Essarès asked me to read it and, if necessary, to communicate the contents to you. Listen."

M. Masseron proceeded to read the letter aloud.

(To be continued)

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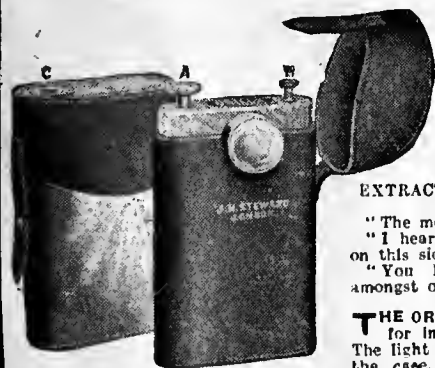


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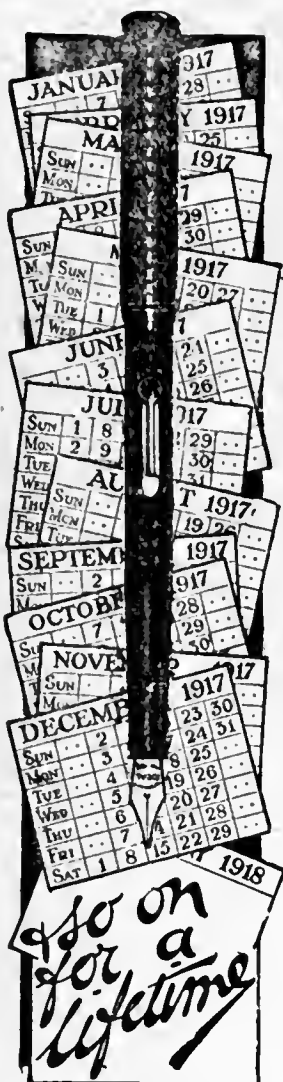
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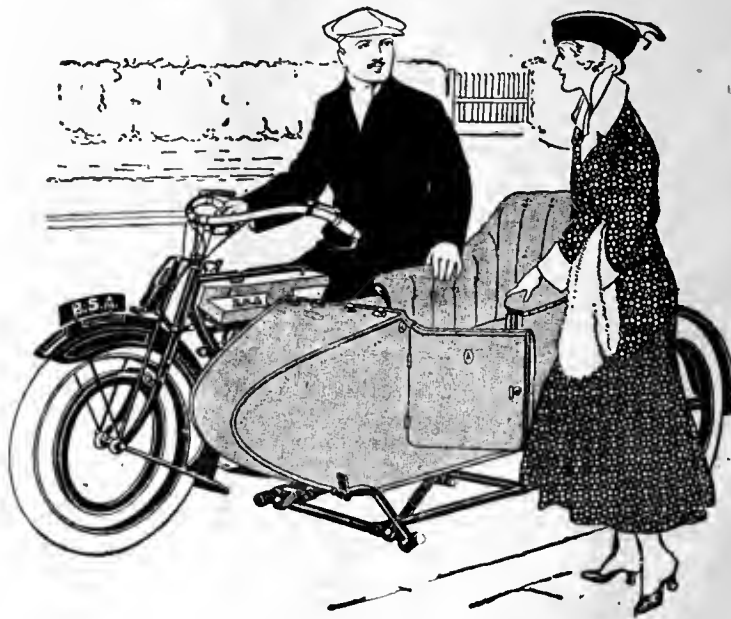
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Vol. LXVIII No. 2851 [54TH YEAR] THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1916

[REGISTERED AS] PUBLISHED WEEKLY
[A NEWSPAPER] PRICE SIXPENCE



By Louis Raemaekers

Drawn exclusively for "Land & Water"

Berlin, August 5th, 1914

The Berlin papers declared that the population, mad with joy, drank champagne and danced in the streets

(A change of scene is illustrated on the next page)



By Louis Ruemackers

Drawn exclusively for "Land & Water"

Berlin, December 14th, 1916

The Berlin papers related that, after the German peace proposal had been announced, hundreds of thousands waited in the streets during the night for the answers from the Allies

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1916

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NOT PERTINENT

THE Note which the President of the United States has addressed to the belligerent nations is not pertinent. Had Mr. Wilson chosen to write it, say, two years ago, it would have been more opportune and more comprehensible, and so far as the Allies were concerned, the concrete objects for which the war was being waged could have been stated in half-a-dozen words. Britain was fighting in defence of her pledged word to Belgium; France and Russia were defending their soil against the aggression of the Central Empires. Germany had broken her pledged word to Belgium because in her expressed opinion time was the essence of success over France and Russia, and she feared delay had her armies been flung against the French fortified frontier of Alsace-Lorraine. Trusting implicitly in his armed might, the Kaiser, as a studied part of his military strategy, sanctioned the practice of atrocities in Belgium and the invaded districts of France which had never been excelled in the cruellest wars of mediæval and barbaric times. Surely that was the right hour for the President of a great neutral nation, who had at heart "the future peace of the world" and who recognised that "no nation in the civilised world can be said in truth to stand outside the influence of the war," to speak. His words would have been pertinent; his Note to the point. But two years ago the silence was unbroken. Belgium dripped with innocent blood, wantonly shed beside the altar of her liberties, and the White House was dumb.

Two years have passed. Serbia, Poland and a large part of Roumania have shared the fate of Belgium and the northern districts of France, and the agonies of the latter countries have been intensified by a process of Babylonian captivity. Only a small remnant is left of the Armenian populations, which have been destroyed with a wanton thoroughness that would have evoked mercy in any other breast than the heart of a Hun, who regards all humanity as a mere stepping-stone for Prussian ambitions. And now at last the President speaks. "He takes the liberty of calling attention to the fact that the objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war are virtually the same, as stated in general terms to their own peoples and to the world." The italics are ours. Are we seriously to understand that the death-cries of the butchered nationalities have not reached the ears of

the President, quick as they are to catch the general terms of German statesmen? Does Mr. Wilson attribute no significance to repeated acts of merciless inhumanity? He has at his disposal ample means of ascertaining the exact truth of the devastation and defilement caused by the war-chariots of the Huns, for private citizens of the United States have played a noble part in mitigating, so far as lay within their power, the cruelties of German military occupation. But does he seriously accept the words of Bethmann-Hollweg and shut his eyes to the Kaiser's measures of frightfulness by land and sea?

No better answer can be given to Mr. Wilson's Note than in the very words which appeared in this column last week before his Note was published: "The end for which we are fighting does not consist in certain terms which we are now prepared to state nor in any scheme for the sparing in this or that degree of the enemy. The end which we are now approaching is *Complete Military Victory*, and only when that is achieved will the opinion of free men tolerate the discussion of further matters upon such success." There is nothing more that can be usefully said on these peace proposals, no matter whence they emanate. We are resolved to destroy, to wipe out the corporate tradition and the spiritual organism which has threatened us. We are determined to put into the hearts of those who had thought themselves our superiors a conviction that they are our inferiors. "The whole story of the human race"—we are still quoting what we wrote last week—"consists in the affirmation through battle of one will over another. The conquering will has survived and the conquered will has gone under." Were a concrete illustration of the truth of this saying demanded, everyone would point unhesitatingly to the American War of Secession. The spirit which animates the British Empire and indeed all the Allies in this hour cannot be more exactly or more finely expressed than in Abraham Lincoln's words: "With malice towards none, with charity towards all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work that we are in."

The work has been none of our seeking. It was thrust on us by the Hohenzollerns' mad craving for world domination. We are fighting not for ourselves but for posterity, and courage shall not fail us. The wish has no doubt often been father to the thought that the war would have been over before this, but three years was the period set by Lord Kitchener and the length of time defined in the raising of the new armies now carrying on the struggle. There is no reason for Mr. Wilson to imagine it would have ended in shorter time. And when he writes that "every part of the great family of mankind has felt the burden and terror of this unprecedented contest of arms," he must not lose sight of the truth that those of this great family who have already surrendered sons to secure liberty to the nations stand in a different position from others who have for the most part been onlookers. Every life that has been laid down is a new pledge that those in whom the breath of life remains shall not weaken until military victory is complete. There is a duty to the dead as well as to the living, and the former weighs heavier in the scale at a great national crisis like the present. This duty is the animating principle which inspires the nation to accept uncomplainingly every self-sacrifice that its leaders demand of it. The full strength of our resolution has not yet been gauged; there are still unplumbed depths in the character of the British democracies. At Crecy the knights dismounted and stood shoulder to shoulder with the archers, and so the battle was won. And it is exactly the same in this fight. The whole Empire stands shoulder to shoulder irrespective of class and social distinctions. However good and well meaning may be the intentions of the peace-makers, their voice is as tinkling cymbals until the trumpets of victory sound.

1917

By Hilaire Belloc

THE drag upon operations which mid-winter necessarily imposes has been emphasized in the past week by an almost complete lull. With the exception of a slight Russian retirement in the North Dobrudja there has been no movement or attempted movement in any theatre of war during these days.

The moment is therefore suitable for some review of the military position as a whole at this close of the year and of the situation in which the Allies enter 1917.

The Debit Side

We shall do well to begin such an appreciation by as emphatic a statement as possible of the disabilities under which the Allies still labour. They are nothing to what were the disabilities of the Allies two years ago or even eighteen months ago, and if ill-instructed opinion was then less gloomy than it is now that is the fault not of surrounding circumstances but of its ignorance of those circumstances.

But though our disabilities are less by far than they were, especially in comparison with those of the enemy, yet they are formidable in themselves. And it is perhaps the fact that they have been unknown in previous wars upon such a scale that has unduly depressed the public mind.

Most of us are acquainted especially with some one or other of these disabilities, and oddly enough a full acquaintance with some one seems to affect a man more than a general conspectus of the whole. It is paradoxical but true that a person surveying the whole field of our difficulties sees the future more cheerfully than one who has specialised upon a particular corner of that field.

But whether it be to our gratification or no the important matter in all judgment is the exactitude of evidence, so we will begin by tabulating the series of handicaps under which the Alliance suffers.

1. *The Communications of the Alliance are exceedingly long, in the main maritime, and therefore perpetually vulnerable.*

This is an exceedingly important point. By far the most important strategic point against us, and it has not been sufficiently emphasized.

Communications do not quite mean in the present war what they have meant in the past.

Under modern conditions, that is, under the twofold necessity of highly specialised instruments, and wholly mobilised nations, the true character of communications is a trajectory between the manufactory and even the mine and forest and the front.

When Napoleon went into Russia in 1812 his communications grew long enough, Heaven knows! They were hundreds of miles long before he had reached Moscow, and he had lost upon them by that time more than three-quarters of his total strength. Still he could regard the Valley of the Vistula, or even that of the Niemen, as his base. The things that were required for war at that time were for the most part to hand in any occupied and settled district from which the operations started.

To-day that is not the case, both because the instruments necessary to war are so highly specialised and because their numbers are so vastly increased. The Allies have not, for instance, between them all the mere metal required for the war; the Western Allies have not the food required for it. They are within a close margin of the coal required for it. A great proportion of things necessary to the continuance of the struggle must come to them from far over sea and often from inland districts which add hundreds of miles to the communications even before the sea voyage begins.

I wonder how many people realize that one main branch of the Russian communications alone is nearly 14,000 miles long and involves at least two tranship-

ments, and that some 6,000 miles of that trajectory is oceanic. Another vital Russian communication is nearly 3,000 miles long, is interrupted by the Arctic ice, and the Arctic darkness, constantly exposed to the submarine, and necessitates one most difficult piece of transhipment at the junction of the land and water communications.

The Salonika communications are, for the greater and latter part, wholly maritime, equally subject to the submarine menace; in one case nearly 2,000, in another some 3,000 miles long. While even for the fully equipped Western Allies there are certain most important branches of communications which involve the whole breadth of the Atlantic and the supply of food stretches further afield to Australasia and to the East.

Now communications of this sort, immensely lengthy and largely maritime, do not compare for difficulty with the easy internal, comparatively short railway communications of the enemy. Maritime communications have always been more vulnerable than land communications, even when there was no under-sea fighting and when the radius of action of the maritime defensive was limited to the range of the gun. To-day they are far more vulnerable.

Again, these very lengthy maritime communications involve an expenditure of transport far more serious than the land communications of the enemy. It is true that weight of metal for weight of metal, and ton of coal for ton of coal, a big ship is a more efficient vehicle than a train of trucks drawn by a locomotive, but it is much slower, it involves transhipment, and it works upon a less amount of available stock. The rolling stock of the Central Powers is, like the rolling stock of England and France and Italy, sufficient, if no more than sufficient for the land communications of those belligerents. But the enormous maritime communications, upon which the Allies so largely depend, have put a far more serious strain upon the existing tonnage of the world. That is why the enemy has concentrated upon the reduction of that tonnage without any regard to decency or honour, or to the common conscience of civilization. The reaction is felt in every department. It affects domestic fuel, the staples of food, lighting; everything.

I have emphasized my first point at this length, because it is without doubt the most important of the drawbacks under which the Alliance suffers in comparison with the enemy.

2. *The Allies are strategically separated.*

This is an accident inevitable to the conditions, the geographical conditions, under which the war is being fought.

It has two bad effects, one in the field of main strategy and one in the field of supply.

Separation and Supply

In the field of supply the Eastern portion of the Alliance, that is the Russian Empire to which we must now add Roumania, has a surplus of food, of wood, of oil, and suffers from a grave deficit of industrial power. The Western Allies now at last enjoy a surplus of industrial power, though their material must come from outside their own boundaries to a large extent.

Suppose the Alliance to be not separated geographically, but united as are the Allied territories of the enemy, it would be clear that in such a case this handicap would disappear. The immense stores of raw material now shut up in the Arctic Ocean and by the closed Dardanelles would in that case be poured into the granaries, manufactories and stores of England, France and Italy. Conversely, the West could munition the East as easily as Bohemia and Westphalia and Silesia munition Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey to-day.

As it is the handicap is as permanent as it is serious. The East is munitioned with great difficulty,

spasmodically and insufficiently, while the permanent anxiety of the West is raw material and food.

In the field of strategy this geographical paration also has its strong adverse effect. The Alliance cannot, could not, even if it had one united command, move troops at will and exercise pressure at will upon any sector of any front. It is as limited in this respect as the enemy would be should he be compelled by some impassable barrier running from the Baltic to the Alps to use his forces in two quite separate groups, each succeeding or failing in its own sphere, and each unable to reinforce the other. All that the Alliance can do to rectify this disability is to co-ordinate its various efforts, as for example the great offensive of Brussiloff was co-ordinated last June with the Italian resistance to the enemy offensive in the Trentino. But valuable and necessary as such co-ordination is, true as it is that for general purposes the Alliance considers all the various fronts as one, it is still no more than a *pis-aller*, it does not replace true unity of action, which is only possible to commanders who have all their commands in touch with one centre and available over any part of one unbroken field.

3. *The Alliance is a Confederation.*

This is a moral, not a material or purely strategic point. And while we are considering the disability it involves, we must not forget the moral advantages it also conveys. Of these, however, I will speak later. For the present I am considering only the disabilities.

Prussian Control

The enemy is for the purposes of will and direction one long established and purely military power, Prussia, which has the complete control of a great number of dependents. It has under its control, first of all and absolutely the Northern Germanies other than the purely Prussian, and about a third of the Polish race. It has further, under its complete control, and organized from long before the war, under the modern title of "The German Empire," certain of the Southern Germanies and particularly Bavaria. The modern German Empire was, on its political side, far from being entirely Prussia, though it was constructed in the interests of Prussia and was mainly a Prussian thing, but on its military side it was entirely Prussian. The superficial autonomy of Bavaria, and two other lesser military groups within it was unimportant and wholly disappeared under the conditions of war. Prussia, even before the war, overshadowed and to a considerable extent directed the military policy of the Southern Germanies outside the modern German Empire, that is, the German-speaking people of Austria proper; there was only excluded from the control German-speaking districts of Switzerland. Through their unity under the Crown of Hapsburg-Lorraine Prussia similarly overshadowed and to a considerable extent directed the military force represented by the native Bohemian population, half the Southern Slavs, a great body of the Polish people, the Hungarians, and such Roumanians as were subject to the Hungarians.

When war came, this control was accidentally and suddenly emphasized by the peril in which Austria-Hungary found herself. She suffered grave defeat at the very outset, nothing but unity under Prussian control could save her, and from about October or November, 1914, that control was absolute.

In a somewhat less strict fashion Prussia controlled the Bulgarian military unit when that unit came into the field against us last year, and with the opening of the communications to Constantinople, Prussia acquired full control of the Turkish contingents as well. When I say "full control," I must mention later the disabilities attaching to the new Allies, which could not be used everywhere and anywhere as could the forces of the two Central Powers. But meanwhile, those two Eastern Allies were but small additions, though important, to the vast resources of the original belligerents, obeying the governments of Vienna, Buda Pest and Berlin. Absolute unity of control existed over the vast majority of the forces deployed against us, and a considerable measure of unity over the whole.

The Alliance enjoyed no such military advantage. It was composed originally of three great Powers, each of which had had a perfectly distinct military organisation, each of which had had political aims of its own, neces-

sarily divergent in many respects even from those of its friends. A fourth great Power, Italy, joined the Alliance last year bringing in valuable new resources, but also a separate military machine and political objects which were those of its own traditions and necessities. Disaster would have increased unity—but it was a price which, thank God, we had not to pay—and the very advantages flowing from a confederation of proud, strong and independent nations involved of its nature the disability, not of a divided, but of a confederated control.

It involved discussion, balance and arrangement.

The position of Britain in the confederation alone is a striking example of what I mean. Britain originally supplied to the Alliance the incalculable advantage of her sea power, upon land no more than a small, though excellent, expeditionary force. Britain, by an effort, the parallel to which does not exist in all history, and which posterity will regard as the noblest and most successful example of national energy, produced within two years an armed force as it were out of nothing: An armed force multiplied in some branches a hundredfold, but that could only be done upon lines essentially national, local and peculiar. The very success of that stupendous piece of creation was an object-lesson in the separate moral qualities and separate political genius of one out of the four Allies.

Now a confederation of this sort, in spite of the very great moral value it has over the enemy's conditions—to which moral value we shall return in a moment—has also the obvious disadvantage of replacing immediate decision by conference and single action by multiple action. This is not only inevitable, it is right that it should be inevitable.

It is the price paid for something well worth that price, but it is a high price and we must recognise it.

Such are the three great divisions into which the present disabilities of the Alliance fall. I do not include that disability in material, which I have so often emphasized in these columns, because it is included in the first division of the length and vulnerability of our true communications as compared with those of the enemy. The enemy controls much the greater part of the plant, machinery, mines, and skilled artisan labour of Europe. There lie within its lines the overwhelming majority of this sort of resources available within our Continent. But as it is this which has compelled us to the maritime supply of which I have spoken it would be counting things twice over if I were to make of it a separate category.

We suffer, then, from these three great drawbacks:

- (1) Length and vulnerability of communication.
- (2) Physical separation between East and West.
- (3) Confederacy.

So much for the Debit side. What of the Credit?

The Credit Side

If we examine soberly the contrast between the enemy's position and our own at this entry into the year 1917, we shall find that there is upon the other side of the account matter which much more than compensates for the drawbacks just considered. We shall find that an enemy authority drawing up a balance-sheet with the desire to obtain a true judgment and to avoid false political effect would discover that balance to be heavily against him.

Let us tabulate those disadvantages of his.

They are again three: The Blockade; The absence of combined effort—a moral point—and lastly, much the most important of all, the exhaustion of effectives.

I. *The Blockade.*

The effect of the Blockade, which British Naval power has established, is somewhat obscured from the public vision by its gradual accomplishment and the necessary imperfection of its results. In other words, because too much was expected of it, too little is understood of its value.

This is not the time or the place to discuss whether or no at the beginning of the war an immediate or a gradual policy of blockade were advisable. There were very weighty arguments upon either side. They were fully considered. I myself brought forward in these columns in the first autumn of the war, all that could be said for the prevention of any cotton from entering the Central Empires. But I know what necessities could be urged

upon the other side. At any rate, the judgment was taken to let those arguments against an immediate and complete blockade (which would have involved something like the control of powerful neutrals, and indeed of all Europe as well) prevail. The task was undertaken of excluding from the Central Powers by negotiation and by gradual steps first one, then another, and at last all of the materials necessary to their prosecution of the war.

It is simply true that that process has now reached a point beyond which it cannot be extended. The blockade is as full and as severe as we can hope to make it until political conditions shall change and until the last phase of the war shall leave no neutral with any illusion as to its outcome.

The second and more important aspect of the blockade must now be considered. There has been disappointment because the Blockade had not, has not yet had, and of its nature can never have certain effects popularly demanded of it.

The Blockade, at its present stage, does not compel Peace. It does not disarm the Central Powers and their two minor Allies. There is no famine in any but the rhetorical use of that word; there is no one absolute essential of warfare absolutely lacking.

But what the blockade does is to embarrass the enemy very severely, politically and materially, and that embarrassment is increasing and is cumulative. That is the value of the blockade and the value is very high. The enemy is fed, but he is insufficiently fed, that is true even of some portions of his armed forces. He is not insufficiently munitioned; he has all the main material that he requires, but he has to use it under a heavy and an increasing strain; politically he has been compelled to experiments in universal civic control upon the pattern of his universal military control, and those experiments have broken down. The separate political units of which his power is made up may be treated almost as one for military purposes. It has proved impossible to treat them as one for economic purposes. Prussia has here failed to prove the master. She has had to give way and to permit plenty in one quarter and grave distress in another. It is in the last phase of the war that this crack in her organisation will develop. But it is already apparent and it is serious. In one particular item, wool, that is winter clothing, all the Alliance against us is very seriously hit indeed. In other, the staple food of North Germany, potatoes, nature has come to our aid by restricting the harvest. In a third, fatty matters, a dilemma has long appeared between their use for food and their use for the manufacture of explosives and lubricants. The enemy has chosen to lose their value as food in some degree and to safeguard their value as material. But he has suffered a severe strain already from that dilemma, and it is a strain which will necessarily increase.

There is another aspect of the blockade which is sometimes forgotten. It ante-dates by many weeks the point of exhaustion because the enemy, or at least North Germany, must consider not only her exhaustion in supplies at any particular moment, but the time that will be required to re-stock after her defeat. Were she prepared to capitulate to-morrow, it would be some months before she could resume, in the mere matter of food, her normal life, and two or three before the present strain would be relieved at all. In other words, she will not relieve that strain even at the moment she capitulates. It would only be relieved long after, and thus the moment when the strain can no longer be born is ante-dated.

2. The Absence of Combined Effort.

It may first appear paradoxical to put down as a factor against the enemy's position that he "suffers from an absence of combined effort." We have already said that one of his great assets was unity in the direction of his effort, or rather singleness therein. But there is no paradox. For the word "single" is the opposite of the word "combined." By so much as a confederation of strong, equal and differentiated powers suffers on the military side from the lack of single control it gains if it is disciplined and eagerly concerned for a common goal in the power of mutual co-operation and advice.

Let me give two examples of this, a negative and a positive one.

The negative one is the Trentino fiasco. That

breakdown was one of the capital errors of the war. It was imposed upon the shadowy Austrian command by Berlin. A Prussian staff planned it; a Prussian political direction insisted upon it; Prussian officers even directed its details upon the spot. It was the twin brother of Verdun. It is impossible to believe that an independent Austria, a great power which has proved itself capable of military success upon its own lines and within its own tradition, would have been consenting to such a folly. The Austrian authorities must have known—for each nation knows its own internal moral and methods better than another—what price would have to be paid, and that price was paid immediately and changed the whole face of the war. The price paid was the complete collapse in Galicia and the loss in one operation of 800,000 men, half of whom were actually taken prisoners.

A disaster of that sort, due to the impotence of one member of the Alliance, would have been impossible upon our side. Each member of the Alliance has made military errors, but none has been able to involve all the others directly in the consequences of a misjudgment.

Now for the positive example. The Alliance has elaborated, particularly in the West, a new tactical method which will win the war. It reached its perfection. It was almost created this summer. We saw it rapidly increasing in value upon the Somme as the summer proceeded. I described it in my last issue. *Its characteristic is the infliction by a local offensive of greater losses upon the defence by far than the offensive suffers.* We saw it gradually coming into play as the Somme operations proceeded. It was triumphant at Beaumont Hamel. We saw it in the two heavy blows which have disengaged the Verdun sector, Douaumont and Poivre Hill the other day. The mere prisoners taken in these new blows exceeded the total casualties suffered in the delivering of them.

But what was the moral foundation of that new tactic? Its moral foundation was the fact that the Alliance was a combination of talent, method and experience. The new method is not the product of one national tradition or of one Staff. The English as the French experience of air-work, the Italian as well, combined judgments upon the new use of artillery and upon new infantry methods arrived at this conclusion. Further, not only this, but any method thus developed by combined action, spreads at once throughout the whole of the Alliance. Something done in Picardy is repeated beyond the Isonzo; a method of traction, which we owe to the genius of the Italians, supports a concentration of material upon say, some sector in France. The Italian field gun itself is but an improved 75, and down to the mechanical details of construction this creative power of combination between separate peoples, each with their individual traditions, is continuously at work.

The enemy has none of this. Everything he does is Prussian. There has been nothing fundamentally new since the Aisne: No one can perceive anything Austrian, still less anything Bulgarian or Turkish in the Roumanian affair. It is the old recipe: When you are certain that you have heavier artillery and better munitionment for it, blast your way forward, attempt to envelop and fail. When you have no such superiority, try to blast your way forward and fail even at that.

3. The Exhaustion of Effectives.

This is far and away the most important point of all. It is the determining point of the whole thing. It is the whole cause of the enemy's present anxiety for peace, and if the authorities desire to confirm the public will to victory they cannot do better than emphasize it and publish it as I do here.

I have repeated the details so often, and with so many figures, the accuracy of which has increased as evidence accumulated, that I will not weary the reader with a further repetition here.

The central statement is sufficient. For every sixty-five men that the enemy now has in action—using the word "in action" to mean inclusive of the field depots and the zone of the armies, but exclusive of the militarily useless men who still draw rations and are in uniform at work of one kind or another behind the armies—the enemy sees drafts of about twenty to supply wastage between this and the late part of next summer. It is grossly insufficient. The Alliance in every part of it sees indefinitely larger reserves of human material. Even the French people

are a class ahead of the German Empire and two classes ahead of the Austrian.

This question of effectives reacts directly upon the whole field.

Why are we now able to assume superiority in munitioning over the Central Empires? Because we have a superiority of man-power available. Why are our difficult, necessarily irregular but successful efforts at munitioning the East worth while and bound to bear fruit? Because we know that we are there equipping and providing with missiles a vast human reserve. Why can Italy consistently maintain undisturbed her pressure upon the Alpine and Istrian front and make certain of indefinitely occupying at least 25 to 30 Austrian divisions—and exhausting them? Because Austria has already begun to call up Class 1919, while Italy still holds a human "mass of manoeuvre" in hand, greater than everything in the Austrian depots or in sight for Austria during the coming year. It is this superiority which mans the ships, mines the coal, still exports and therefore feeds and clothes, which is turning out heavy artillery now at a rate I know not how far superior but increasingly superior to the enemy's rate, and which gives, to anyone who will only see things as they are, a complete confidence for the future.

Given the absence of a direct decision, given particularly siege conditions, effectives are the key to everything. It was the gradual exhausting of such reserves that defeated Hannibal and Napoleon, and we have no such forces against us to-day—to say the least of it.

It is effectives, and effectives alone that have moved the enemy to all his expedients during the last few months. It is to that we owe such political moves as the celebration of a great victory upon the Somme—in which he lost more than he lost at Verdun, almost as much as Austria lost to Brussiloff, and increasingly more than he compelled his opponent to lose. It is to this we owe the exaggeration of the Roumanian loss, and the pretence that a front extended by some two hundred miles is a gain. It is to this we owe the desperate efforts to obtain the intervention of neutrals.

And here perhaps the reader will permit me—for the first time I think during all the months during which these notes have appeared—a political conclusion.

A Political Conclusion

Victory is now no longer a doubtful matter to be estimated through calculation. The obstacle to victory is now no longer material. The only bar is a political one. The only uncertain factor in what is now a solved problem, is the common determination—on which there can be no doubt—the common tenacity—on which there can be little less—but also especially a public comprehension throughout the Alliance, in all civic discussion and even among neutrals, if we can still reach them, of what the military situation is. Granted the permanence and

activity of these political factors and the enemy may already be regarded as defeated.

But what is his defeat or the victory of his opponents? The old definition still stands and will always stand. "Of two opposed military forces that one is victorious which by dispersion, attrition, or in any other fashion, reduces its opponent to such marked inferiority that the continuation of the struggle is no longer worth that opponent's while."

He may after such a point, if he chooses, continue; in which case he will see the remnant of his force decline with extreme rapidity. In point of fact throughout history he has always, as he must always upon reaching such a point, submit his will to that of the victor.

Those who think that the reduction of the enemy to this point is impossible, are not possessed of the main facts in the present situation, and could not, if they were put to it, argue their point in detail. They are simply wrong. The final decision is always reached after one critical moment before which a period whether of a few hours or of years, has passed during which the struggle still swung apparently indeterminate.

It is particularly true of sieges and of work against fixed lines that the period has been prolonged and its indeterminate character superficially but falsely apparent. The reality is that this kind of warfare lends itself more than any other to a process of calculation, and that when superiority has been established upon the one side, the nature of the end can, more than in any other kind of warfare, be determined.

But what if for some reason beyond our control, or within our control but due to ignorance, panic, lassitude or a preference of private to public welfare, the approach to victory should be halted and terms arranged before a decision?

If there are those who think that the acceptance of defeat (for it would be no less) would in some way save the future and permit the remainder of our time to be at least easy, even though it must be ignominious, they are quite wrong.

If Prussia is saved from what awaits her by any error or even by any accident, not only our time but generations beyond us will be occupied in the intense preparation to resist future peril and probably in the ultimate failure of that effort. Even those who may basely desire it will not return to the old ease. They will not be more but far less wealthy; they will not be more but far less secure; they will not be able to relax restriction, secrecy and all the strain of the present. They will have to multiply them indefinitely under conditions wholly military, and yet at the same time bitter, disappointed and declining. No individual or group of individuals can at this stage betray civilization without suffering in the common ruin. And if this could be true of one community more than of another, it is especially true of the community which lives through and upon the sea.

H. BELLOC

Farewell to Neutrality

By Arthur Pollen

IT would not have been surprising had the third Christmas of the war found the whole world talking peacefully of peace. The hideous incongruity of the thing is, that we are indeed talking peace, but in a spirit very different from what the season should inspire. In the Christmas message to the shepherds the burden of the promise was, not the cessation, but the negation of war. Peace was coupled with something else. Whether you take one version, and call it the promise of "peace and goodwill to men," or the other, and read it the promise of "peace to men of good-will," there is no escaping the fact that it is not peace at any price. The German offer of peace is unreal precisely because there is no goodwill behind it.

And now, another message, not of peace but suggesting a step towards peace, has come to us from that strange and fearless man, the twice elected President of the people of America. It contains a phrase which, even with its qualification, was almost bound to be

acutely painful. The objects that the opposed governments have in view are manifestly different. Leaving aside the brutalities committed on land, for the first time in the history of war, the old-established proscriptions of the sea have gone too. The almost legendary immunity of the fisherman vanished from the earliest days. Then trading ships were sunk—without the faintest legal formalities, not as the exception, but as the universal rule. Then the lives of peaceful folk on belligerent ships were first threatened and then taken. And, finally, the war on trade became a ruthless war for the extermination of traders, so that all who put to sea, young or old, men or women, belligerents or neutrals, in turn became the targets of assassination. Surely these things show the concrete objects of the German war so definitely that no words could add to or qualify them.

But we should be wrong if we take offence. Our business is not with words but with things, not with phrases but with forces. Mr. Wilson has not written for the sake

of writing. There is something behind which has compelled him to intervene. There is something in the circumstances that compels him to use this particular form of words. I believe it to be the bankruptcy of neutrality. This message is his greatest effort as a neutral. It was to make this effort that he has remained neutral. It may well be his last act as a neutral. And, as a neutral, he had to speak as if both parties were fit to speak to.

For two years and a half the American Government has made an effort to persuade itself that it could and should remain outside the war. It was from the first a miscalculation. No nation, whose constitution and whose history identified it irrevocably with the chivalry of freedom, and whose circumstances gave it the generous liberality of thought that follows from being too great to envy others and too strong to fear others' envy, could possibly preserve a neutral attitude, when all the rest of the world was fighting to decide the fate of Christendom. Perhaps at the first it was not clear that this was the issue—so that a political neutrality seemed possible. Once neutrality had begun, I think it was persisted in because of a fine ambition—here the infirmity of a noble mind. Mr. Wilson has kept out of the greatest of wars that he might inaugurate the truest peace. It was a miscalculation, because the forces which made this war are not forces with which the world can compromise. The opponents profess faiths that cannot be reconciled. Japan and Russia could be brought together, because their quarrel lay in an essential misunderstanding. The British and the Boers could be brought together, because essentially there was goodwill between them. But Christendom and Germany can never be brought together, so long as the spirit of the Teuton is the spirit of anti-Christ.

Illogical, unreal and inconsistent with its own ideals as America's neutrality from the first has been, the inclusion by Germany of America amongst her enemies has, for the last eighteen months, made this neutrality something more startling and flagrant yet. Before the first murder was committed at sea, Germany was warned that its consequences must be inevitable. But those consequences have not followed—though murdered Americans are numbered, not by tens or scores, but almost by hundreds. For a time neutrality was preserved by German promises. Washington now knows their value. What then is the position?

The attitude of America as a nation was defined by the solemn endorsement of the President's ultimatum of April last by both houses of Congress. Mr. Wilson's re-election—the clearest personal triumph in the history of American politics—ratified that ultimatum. His re-election committed America to peace—but only if peace were kept by Germany. From August to the present time Germany has methodically and of set purpose ignored her undertaking of last May. Hundreds of neutrals have been killed—and Americans amongst them. It is these murders that have made neutrality not only unreal but ridiculous.

Mr. Wilson's Note then, is a last effort to preserve it; or a necessary preface to abandoning it. He asks the fighting nations to state their objects. One side has stated theirs concretely and definitely enough—the offender must restore his conquests, repair the injuries he has done, give pledges that they shall not be repeated. It is to induce the enemy to state his purposes, as concretely and as definitely, that Mr. Wilson makes his last appearance in his present rôle. And he adopts the serviceable fiction that both sides are so vague as to be seemingly identical in their purpose. We might, it seems to me, have conceded him this fiction without too vehement a protest.

The Protection of Ships

I owe apologies to several correspondents who have urged me to add my advocacy to various methods for safeguarding our sea supplies. Mr. Arnold Hills, for example, whose life-time association with naval and merchant shipbuilding gives him great authority, is convinced that our trading ships might be far better protected were they furnished with torpedo nets. This is a purely technical question. The value of net protection is conditional first, on the efficacy of nets in exploding the torpedo at a harmless distance from the ship;

next, on its being practical to carry them and get them out in time to afford protection; lastly, upon its being the torpedo that is now the principal danger to merchant ships. If the general impression is right, the efficacy of the submarine to destroy on the present scale, is explained by her power as a gun carrying vessel—with the torpedo only as a reserve weapon—then it might not be worth while to put the additional weight into ships which nets involve. It is, of course, common knowledge that the old nets are useless. A modern torpedo cuts its way through them as if they were not there. The weight of efficient netting, then, would be very serious and, if in addition to the nets, machinery for getting the booms in and out had to be carried—and this is the only alternative to an enormous increase of the crews, a thing manifestly impossible now—then the initial cost, the decreased carrying capacity, and the other objections grow stronger and stronger. Several correspondents make a strong point of the security which would be given to our carrying trade, if it could be conducted by submersible vessels. They at least, I am reminded, would be quite safe from the enemy submarines. This is undoubtedly true. But the suggestion is not very practical, because to build submarines makes demands on industry entirely disproportionate to the carrying power gained. What seems to be a conclusive argument on this point is that the Germans—whose need for freight exceeds ours by many thousand times—have, so far as we know, only constructed three submersible liners.

Other correspondents have sent me fascinating drawings of torpedo-proof vessels, including a turtle-back keelless ship, that presents only a razor edge of steel to the advancing torpedo. If the torpedo passes below, it clears the ship. If it strikes above, it just rides up the side, and if it bursts, should do only trivial damage. I do not know if this is one of the designs which, we were told in Parliament a few days ago, had been considered by the Admiralty as not affording practical defence against under-water attack. That no effective design can be found is to me surprising, but then only those behind the scenes really know the full destructiveness of the war-heads that torpedoes now carry. It might be practicable to produce an under-water boat proof against

Meetings were held early this month at 12, Hanover Square, of the Hunters' Improvement Society and the National Pony Society. Both Societies will hold their annual shows in the spring of 1917, the Hunters' Show taking place at the end of February, when the band of the Welsh Guards will play.

Card Houses, by Lady Dorothy Mills (Eveleigh Nash Co. 5s. net), is the story of Cleo Stayres, who may best be described as a Becky Sharpe brought up to date, save that Becky never developed a heart, and Cleo did. This present book is an intimate pre-war picture of a certain grade of society, and, whether intentionally or otherwise, the author has made a very striking study of the uselessness and parasitic character of a class of folk of whom—it may be said in extenuation of their follies—the most kindly description is that they do little harm either to themselves or others. *Card Houses* is not only a good story, but an extremely witty book, to which a definite point is given by the way in which Cleo went back on all her theories when the real call came, and changed from butterfly to woman. As a study of character, it is excellent work.

An exceedingly able and detailed study of English country life is embodied in Miss Ethel Sidgwick's latest novel, *Hatchways* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 6s.) "*Hatchways*" was the home of Ernestine Redgate and her husband—the order of naming is intentional—and was situated near Holmer, where dwelt the Duchess of Wickford and her two sons. Ernestine, in the opinion of her friends—and in the opinion of the reader, too—was all that a woman should be; her genius for influencing lives is mainly displayed through Iveagh, younger of the Duchess' two sons, though many other characters display, indirectly, her skill and largeness of heart. Witty and able as the book undoubtedly is, there is missing from it the wise humanity that made *Succession* and *Le Gentleman* notable novels. It is a brilliant piece of dissection, almost as minute as Henry James' later work, and at times as analytic as Meredith himself. By these qualities the author retains the reader's interest, but her ultra-detached view point, and cold analysis of her characters—well-drawn though those characters are—render this a book to read as a study rather than enjoy as a story—and the novel should serve both these ends.

the torpedoes of 1914, which would be useless against the larger explosive charges of to-day. It might be salutary for some of us to remember that the conditions of service are changing with such bewildering rapidity that courses which seemed right enough a year ago are already hopelessly out of date. Could we indeed have a better proof of this than the present inefficacy of anti-submarine methods which gave such excellent results last year?

If our anti-submarine methods have been made ineffective by new devices used by the enemy, it looks as if, in another field, our own advance had been far more striking. It is about eighteen months since we began serious preparation for dealing with Zeppelin raids and, in the earlier stages, they were practically confined to the provision of guns. After eighteen months' experience we can say that the guns on the whole have failed completely. Zeppelins have been fired at many hundreds of times by many hundreds of groups of guns, and only one—L. 15—is known for certain to have been brought down by these weapons. This makes it look as if hitting a Zeppelin was really an affair of luck only. And it is of course notorious that you may have to hit many times before the effective shot is delivered. On the other hand, there can be no possible question that our new methods of using aeroplanes and the new equipment which they carry, make it a practical certainty that at least one Zeppelin will be brought down every time a raid is made. The guns, in other words, have been a failure, and the aircraft so terribly effective as to make it probable that Zeppelin raids will have to be dropped altogether. If this is so, need there be any delay in abandoning the gun defence, in releasing the crews and fire control parties for more urgent duties, and devoting the guns themselves to the paramount affair of saving the merchantmen? If this is the logical course to pursue it would be a thousand pities to delay action on it for a single day. No doubt there will be opposition, and lots of people will hesitate to allow that all this gunnery effort has been wasted, and the gunnery installations no longer wanted. But we must recognise that all war is one vast complicated experiment and that the secret of success lies in the promptest possible application of the lessons any part of the great experiment may teach. In this matter, above all, let the authorities decide on expert analysis of the situation and act without fear of popular clamour, if that analysis shows that the guns are really not wanted. Because there can be no earthly question that they are needed for the ships with an urgency that cannot be exaggerated.

U53 and U.S. Destroyer *Benham*

I have received a communication relating to certain incidents in the events of October 8th, when U53 sank the *Stefano*, *Blommersdijk*, *West Point*, etc., off Nantucket, which throws what is to me a new light on the conduct of the U.S. destroyer *Benham*. And it is from a source that leaves me in no doubt whatever as to its constituting an account of what occurred which can be accepted as definitely authoritative and final.

It may be remarked that several of the New York correspondents cabled to their papers in London to the effect that the commander of U53, wishing to finish off one of the ships that he had held up and finding the U.S. destroyer *Benham* was dangerously near his line of fire, instead of moving on, called upon the *Benham* to clear out of the way. It was added that *Benham* had obeyed, and thus hastened, if he did not facilitate, the destruction of a peaceful ship. Taken in connection with another set of facts put before us in the same communication—namely, the presence of *Benham* in reply to signals of distress and the rescue, by her and her consort, of crews and passengers who must otherwise have been drowned—this story of German arrogance and American submission bore a most sinister aspect. The comments of the American press deepened the unfortunate impression that something had taken place extremely derogatory to the honour and dignity of the American naval flag. We were told that, had these destroyers not run out so promptly from Newport, the passengers of the *Stefano* and the crews, both of that and of all the other ships, would have been in the greatest jeopardy. And, of course had even one of them been lost there must have

occurred, right on the margin of American territorial waters, a direct and tragic breach by Germany of the agreement entered into on the 4th of last May. Thus, we were categorically assured, by doing for U53 what that craft could not do for itself, *Benham* and *Macdougall* had prevented a massacre, and so it was that the American navy had kept the peace between Washington and Berlin, for by saving life they had saved Germany from war with the United States. This interpretation made the whole incident seem from its inception humiliating enough for America. But if, on the top of so using the American destroyers, the German commander, impatient to complete his nefarious work, had ordered the *Benham* aside, a situation must have been created, the toleration of which by a chivalrous and spirited service appeared quite inexplicable.

The facts as they reach me now are quite incompatible with this somewhat lurid story. In the first place, the sea throughout the day on October 8th seems to have been so smooth that boats could have had no difficulty whatever in making their way from the sunken ships to the Nantucket lightship, or from the lightship to Newport. But, as a simple matter of fact, it was not necessary for them to do this, because U53 herself towed the boats, first of the *West Point* and then of the *Blommersdijk* right up to the lightship. Whatever, then, the discomfort or alarm of the passengers may have been, they were never in actual danger. Strictly speaking, the destroyers that left Newport in reply to the S.O.S. call from the *West Point*, were never called upon to save life at all. There can be no question then, that it was not their action that saved Berlin from Washington's anger on this occasion.

The truth of the *Benham* incident, in its new setting, is as follows:

The Dutch steamer *Blommersdijk* was stopped and the personnel ordered into the boats at about 6.30 p.m. After all were thus afloat, the submarine went off to attack another vessel and, in her absence, the destroyers *McDougall* and *Benham* went from boat to boat taking the people therein on board. When *Benham* was almost alongside the *Blommersdijk*, after emptying the last boat, she having gone alongside to make sure that no one was left on board, U53 returned, *Benham*, her task completed, was getting under weigh to return to Newport. But she had not started, and the German commander did in fact make a signal asking her to move. But in proceeding on her journey *Benham* was not responding to the German request, but obeying her previous instructions. There was no further reason for her staying. All the *Blommersdijk* people were safe. The ship was derelict and doomed, and no possible counsel of law or humanity would have justified the commander of the *Benham* in trying to save her. That the captain of U53 was guilty of an insolent discourtesy is clear enough. But it is equally clear that the action of the commander of the *Benham* was not in response to the German signal—nor was it in any way affected by it.

From some points of view the whole incident may be regarded as too trivial for notice. But, in point of fact, nothing which touches the honour or dignity of a great service is other than supremely and overwhelmingly important. The relations between the British and American navies have always been, not only pleasant but, in the strictest meaning of the word, cordial. The freemasonry of the sea supplies a bond of brotherhood between the sailors of all sorts and of all nationalities. But there are special reasons for the bonds that exist between the navies of the two great English speaking peoples. Each has learned valuable lessons of war from the other on the field of battle, and they are lessons of mutual respect which neither will very readily forget. And in producing Mahan the American navy has put ours under a special obligation. Mahan may almost be said to have discovered for us the real secret of Nelson's genius, and the true meaning of the great deeds of our other naval forefathers. Both navies to-day are thus the heirs to the same traditions. It cannot be denied that the story of the *Benham*, as we have had it first, offered a picture of the American navy in action singularly untrue of what we know it to have been in the past, and conceive it to be to-day. It is quite worth while, then, to correct that picture and make sure that the truth should be on record.

ARTHUR POLLEN

No Man's Land

By Centurion

THIS story was told me by Kennedy as we sat one night over the fire in my billet in France in a little town which serves as the Headquarters of the Second Echelon. You can make of it what you please. Only let me tell you that Kennedy is not an impressionable man—but neither is he obtuse. He has read much and thought more. He is forty, an age at which a man is either a fool or a philosopher. Kennedy is not a fool. And philosophy, as a wise man has remarked, begins in wonder. He might have added that it also ends there.

I had read out an announcement on the front page of the *Times*, which told us for the first time that a friend, whose fate had long been the subject of painful speculation to us both, was "Reported Missing. Believed killed." It reminded me, and I reminded Kennedy, of the story of an old *grandmère* I had met in one of my billets whose only son had been reported "missing" at Gravelotte in 1870, and who still, in this year of grace 1916, watched and waited, as for forty-six years she had waited and watched, for his return.

"Mad, of course, poor thing," I had added, as I finished my story.

"Don't be so sure of that," retorted Kennedy, and then, seeing my look of surprise, he said quietly: "Who knows? He may still be in No Man's Land. No! It's a land you'll never find on any Staff Map. But I see you think I'm talking in riddles. Well, you've told me a story, I'll tell you one."

"It was at my billet at —, the H.Q. of the —th Corps. About a month ago before I was shifted here. The house has a good deal to do with the story; so I'll have to begin with that. I'd been home on sick leave, having been knocked out on the Somme by a H.E. shell, and they'd given me a staff job in the "I" branch. I arrived late at night, the leave-boat having been held up while the mine-sweepers were out, and the first thing I did was to make tracks for the Camp Commandant's, of course, to get the usual *billet de logement*; on it was described the name of a Madame Doutrepoint, 21 rue Royer-Collard. He told off an orderly to show me the way—it was a perfect rabbit warren of a place and dark at that. A French town under *état de siège* is none too well lighted. We went stumbling along over the cobbles, and, after what seemed an interminable journey, in the course of which we met nothing but wailing cats—we found ourselves in a kind of cul-de-sac and at the end of it was a blind wall with one of those huge double doors like the 'Gate' of an Oxford College; it had a kind of wicket in it.

"It was black as pitch and I had to pass my hands over the door like a blind man feeling the contours of somebody's face until I found a bell-pull. As I pulled it there came from far away a long echoing sound like a bell at the bottom of the sea. The wicket door opened noiselessly in response—so noiselessly that I fell over the threshold as I leaned against it. Odd, isn't it, the way those French doors open automatically? I never quite get over the surprise of finding no one behind them. Well, we found ourselves in a kind of covered courtyard which was even darker, if anything, than the street outside, and then an inner door opened and I saw a woman standing in the doorway holding a lamp in her hand.

"*Qu'est-ce là?*" she called out in a startled voice. But her alarm changed to irritation when I tendered her my billeting paper. She scrutinized it closely and then looked long at me, holding the lamp above her head so that its light fell full upon my face while her own remained in darkness. A dog barked furiously at his chain on the farther side of the courtyard.

"*Tiens,*" she said to him angrily, and then to me '*C'est la guerre,*' as she motioned us in.

"That was all the welcome I got. Still what can one expect? I always feel like a beastly bailiff when I quarter myself uninvited upon a woman '*conformément à la loi,*' as the billeting paper puts it. And they only get half a franc a night for it. It's treating their place like a doss house.

"As she put down the light in the hall I saw that she was a tall sallow woman of meagre figure, but with abundant thick black hair done up in heavy folds. Her face wore a curious apathetic expression and her eyes had an introspective look as though her mind dwelt wholly in the past.

"She conducted me upstairs, the orderly thumping after us with my valise on his shoulder and making the shadow a hunchback on the wall in the flickering candle-light, until we had mounted four long flights of stairs and got to the very top of the house. She threw open the door of a room without a word. It had rather a musty smell as though it had been long disused and there was no window in it, which was pretty nasty, but opening out of it was a kind of small dressing room. The dressing room did have a window, fortunately—shut, of course. Having thanked the lady and dismissed the orderly I unpacked my valise. After some trouble I succeeded in unscrewing the window-bolt and getting a little clean air into the room. Then I looked round. In the wall of the dressing-room on the far side, opposite the folding doors and commanded by my bed in the other room, was a big cupboard reaching from the floor to the ceiling; it was locked. The only furniture of the room was a table and chair. I looked out of the window but could see nothing. The air of the courtyard had a curious smell, pungent but not unpleasant. And there was a continuous sound of running water.

"I slept soundly that night for I was tired. In the morning, as I was going out to breakfast at the mess, I met Madame Doutrepoint and passed the time of day. She was a trifle more gracious than the night before and volunteered the information that her husband was at the war, at Verdun, that she lived all alone except for a *bonne* who came in every day to clean up, and that she managed her husband's business in his absence. The business was a tannery, it adjoined the courtyard and was worked by a water-mill. I tried to make friends with the dog as I passed out, but he only snarled and crept into his kennel. So much for the house. Altogether it seemed to me that the atmosphere of No. 21 was not exactly sociable.

"I put in a hard day's work over the maps and things, and after dinner in the mess I decided to take my work home to my billet. It was like all 'L' work, highly confidential, and the things I took with me were worth their weight in gold to a spy. I had a staff-map showing our new lines, a large scale oil-paper tracing of the positions held by the —th Division, two or three of those buff manuals issued from G.H.Q. and marked 'not to be taken into the trenches,' and so on.

"I sat up working until after midnight with my maps spread over the table in the dressing room and about 12.30 a.m. I extinguished the candle and went to bed, leaving the folding doors of the dressing-room wide open. In five minutes I was asleep. How long I slept I don't know, but I was suddenly awakened by the sound of footsteps in the dressing-room. They seemed to come from the window. I lay awake listening, being in some doubt whether I was not still asleep, and watching the dressing-room, the floor of which was plainly visible from my bed as it was now moonlight.

"Now the dressing-room was very small and its window, which was on the left, disproportionately large, and the shape of the window was clearly silhouetted in a pattern upon the floor. And it struck me I must be asleep after all, and dreaming, because nothing obscured the squares of pale light upon the boards. Yet all the time there seemed to be feet shuffling across it in a curious uncertain way. I was still stupidly pondering this when the footsteps stopped—apparently by the cupboard, and I heard a scratching sound—it was just as if someone was passing their fingers over the panels in the dark. Only it wasn't dark. I could see the cupboard in the moonlight almost as plainly as I can see you. I raised myself in bed and stared hard, but I could see nothing. And yet by this time I felt certain there was someone in that room. I felt sure of it with the assurance that you feel someone

behind you in the street. But there was this difference: in such cases you have only to turn round to have your intuition confirmed by your sense of sight, whereas in this case my sense of sight gave the lie to my intuition while my sense of hearing confirmed it.

"I was trying to puzzle out this contradiction of my senses when I saw the cupboard-doors move. They moved slowly outwards and I heard them creak. But stare as I did I could see nothing. There were those cupboard doors slowly but perceptibly advancing towards me as if they moved of their own accord. For a moment I was really afraid—afraid of myself, intimidated by the incoherence of my senses. I remembered reading in a morbid phase of mind, when I was recovering from shell-shock and fancied I had the symptoms of every disease I could lay a name to, that there is such a thing as 'mental blindness.' It occurs when a man has suffered some lesion of the nerve tracts connecting the occipital lobes with other centres—that's how the book put it. A man sees but doesn't see right. He can't classify the optical impressions his eyes receive and he'll call a clothes-brush a pair of spectacles. Or he may have mental deafness—he'll hear a bell but be powerless to recall what a bell looks like; he'll say he's heard a drum. His senses play fast and loose with one another until his mind capitulates altogether. It's often the first stage in delusional insanity."

Kennedy paused for a moment to gaze at the dying embers of the fire.

"I think what kept me sane," he resumed, "was the conviction, a kind of psychic conviction, that there really was someone there. I felt its presence far more than I heard it. And then in a flash I remembered my staff maps and Intelligence papers and with an effort I quelled the insubordination in my brain. Some spy, I felt assured, was playing a trick on me to take advantage of my confusion. The thought of it aroused in me a wholesome anger and from that moment I had myself well in hand.

"I debated with myself what to do. Not only were all my confidential papers in the dressing-room, but so was my Webley revolver, which I had left on the table. If I so much as turned in my bed, the visitor, whoever he was, would be able to seize it and cover me with it from where he was before I could reach the dressing-room. What was I to do? I have acquired the habit of prompt decision—you learn that out on patrol—and it didn't take me long to decide that my best course was to lie still and wait till he tried to pass again through my room, for he could have entered no other way. He must have had a key of his own, for I had locked the door from the inside before I went to bed. But how had he managed to unlock it and enter without awaking me? That puzzled me.

"There followed what seemed an interminable interval of silence, during which I could hear my wrist-watch ticking as loudly as if it were an eight-day clock. Then I heard the footsteps recommence. They started at the cupboard and approached my room. I seemed to be listening with every nerve in my body, and, as they approached, it struck me that there was something very odd about them. They were not so much a walk as a shuffle, and one foot seemed to be reconnoitring before the other as if a blind man were exploring the floor. They approached my bed. I lay rigid with my head on my pillow and with my eyes wide open, but I could see nothing—no! not so much as a shadow. The man seemed to be holding his breath all the time. It's curious when I come to think of it—I never once heard him breathe. I was waiting my chance to leap out of bed and spring on him from behind, as soon as I should hear him fumbling with the bedroom door, when I suddenly felt the touch of a hand at the foot of my bed. It touched the outline of my feet and then drew sharply away as though the owner were startled; the next moment it began groping the bed-clothes. I felt it through the counterpane travelling up my body. But it didn't feel like a human hand at all. It was more like a claw; it seemed to be a hand without any finger-tips and it moved with a kind of stealthy uncertainty. You know how a dog paws your bed? There was something hypnotic about that touch; I tried to shake it off and I couldn't. I was paralysed. I felt again that strange insubordination in my brain, and that I was losing all

control over my senses. For my eyes were wide open and I could still see nothing.

"How long I lay like that I don't know. I could hear the valves of my heart beating against my ribs and there was a cold feeling down my spine; my throat was dry as a furnace and my skin crept. Do you know the kind of nightmare in which you dream you are tied down to two lines of rails with a train approaching along the track and you strain and strain to break your bonds till your heart seems to be going to burst? Then you wake. But I couldn't wake, or if I was awake I couldn't move. As the hands travelled up to my chest I made a violent effort to break the spell and sprang in a cold sweat from my bed. There was a startled shuffle of the feet, as though the owner had sprung back from the bed, and they scuffed back towards the dressing-room. I hurled myself after them, hit out wildly in their direction, and bruised my knuckles against the folding doors. There was nothing there. My hands were tingling with pain, but action had restored my circulation and I rushed into the dressing room. I didn't want to strike again—I felt a sudden sense of pity; I didn't know why. But I was determined to corner him. The footsteps were retreating towards the window; I tried to intercept them, but as I did so I felt a cold blast upon my face, the window suddenly shut to, and the footsteps ceased.

"I opened the window. The night was still; there was no wind, nothing but the soft sighing of the poplars. I could see nothing. But as I stood at the window, listening to the beating of my own heart, I heard the dog whining in the courtyard below, the rattle of his chain like an anchor-chain drawn through a hawse-hole, then a pause, and then the rattle of the chain followed by another pause. This went on for several minutes and I knew that the dog was wildly pacing to and fro to the very limit of its tether. I called to him, but instead of barking furiously at the sound of my voice, as he usually did, he merely whined.

"The dressing-room itself seemed undisturbed. Indeed what puzzled me more than anything else was that the cupboard was shut, and when I tried to open it I found it was locked. And then I reflected that the fact it was locked was the most reassuring thing I could have expected. I must have had a nightmare after all! After that I felt more cheerful and I determined to have a pipe before turning in again. I filled my pipe, struck a match, and was about to light up when I suddenly caught sight of the cupboard door in its flickering glow. On the jamb of the door was the impression of a thumb and four mutilated fingers. I stood staring at this with the match in my hand until the flame burned my fingers and I let the match fall to the floor. It went out. I stood staring at the cupboard, unconscious of my blistered fingers, conscious of nothing except that mark upon the door."

Kennedy stopped in his narration and gazed into the fire, as though he could see some image there. After a long pause he resumed. "Mechanically I reached out my hand for the box of matches, never taking my eyes off the door, and tried to strike another, but I struck so hard that the head of the match came off. I struck again, lit the candle, and held it up to the cupboard. The marks were still there: the very cuticle of the skin was clearly traceable in a dirty pattern, as though a dusty hand had left its imprint upon the door. The thumb was clearly outlined, so was the hand, but the fingers stopped at the knuckles as if they had been amputated. I stared at them for a long time.

"Had I delusions? For a moment there came back to me the awful days I had gone through when I was on sick leave and heard unfamiliar voices coming from great distances and was afraid to be alone with my own shadow. I asked myself the question; was that baneful image really impressed upon the door or was it a projection of my own disordered brain? I tried looking at the walls and the ceiling; it was not there. I then looked at the cupboard doors again; it was still there. I reasoned with myself that if it was really there it would reflect itself. I took the mirror from the dressing table and, standing at an angle to the door, I held it up so that the door was reflected in it. The image appeared in the mirror. Finally, to put the matter beyond a shadow of doubt, I took a piece of oil-paper such as one uses for map tracings and having heated it slightly over the candle I held

it firmly for a few seconds against the marks upon the door. Then I held it up to the light. There was a faint anthropometrical impression of a thumb and four mutilated fingers upon it. I put the paper down and thought a long while. Then I locked it up in my attaché case, and taking up the candle I went down on my hands and knees and explored the planks in the floors; they were firm. I tapped the walls; they were solid. I studied the ceiling; the plaster showed no crevice. I tried the door of my bedroom; it was locked. My papers I had seen at a glance were undisturbed.

"I looked at my watch. It was 2 a.m. I then put a chair against my bedroom door and sat down upon it with my Webley across my knees—cocked, with my finger upon the trigger-pull. The candle I kept alight beside me. I waited and watched until the moon paled and dawn broke, but I heard nothing except the sighing of the poplars, the trickle of water through the sluices, and the dog feverishly paying out his length of chain. Perhaps I dozed a little. I got up shivering with cold and crossed the room to look at the cupboard door. All trace of the hand had gone. I unlocked my attaché case and looked at the oil paper. It was as blank as the door. I held it up to the morning light; the impression of the skin had entirely disappeared, but I thought I could detect the periphery outline of the thumb and the four stumps of fingers.

"I felt worn out and irritable, but my tub and a shave refreshed me somewhat, and after dressing I went downstairs to breakfast at the mess. On my way down I encountered Madame. She looked even paler than usual, but said nothing except a languid '*Bon jour, M'sieur.*' I looked straight at her and, watching the effect of my words, I said 'Madame, is your house haunted?'

"I thought she was going to faint. Her face turned an ashen grey and her fingers fumbled with her dress. '*Mais non, M'sieur. Certainement, non. Oh, non, non.*' I couldn't make her out. Her answer was more in the nature of a petition than a denial. I had a sudden suspicion that she was concealing something from me. But I merely bowed and passed out.

"I worked hard all day to escape my thoughts and went home to my billet early. On entering my bedroom I was surprised to see Madame in the dressing-room in front of the cupboard, the door of which was open. As she heard me behind her she hastily shut the cupboard-door and, murmuring something about *lingerie*, she brushed past me and disappeared. I didn't like finding her in my room but, after all, it was her house, not mine, and I had already taken good care to remove all my papers back to the office. After she had gone I went to have another look at the cupboard, and I suddenly noticed that in her haste and agitation she had left the key in the door. I turned the key and threw open the cupboard. It was already growing dark, and in my hurry I didn't think about a light at first. I could see the outline of something with four legs. Then I remembered to strike a match. It was a child's rocking-horse!

"And yet when I recalled the experiences of the night and Madame's agitation in the morning, to say nothing of her excuse about *lingerie*, I wasn't altogether satisfied. That cupboard was certainly no linen cupboard. For one thing there was no linen there, nothing but this plaintive plaything. For another, the cupboard was thick with dust and the horse caparisoned with cobwebs. French housewives are much too particular about their linen to house it in a dusthole.

"Nothing happened that night, but next morning, much to my surprise, Madame asked me, with some diffidence, if I would take a cup of tea with her in the salon. I assented. There was nothing remarkable about the room. It was like most of the salons in French middle-class houses—a parquet floor, a gilded radiator like a row of organ-pipes, a gilt and marble clock in a glass case, and so on. Over the mantelpiece was a portrait of a child—a boy of about ten years of age. After pouring out the tea, Madame took up some knitting and began clicking her needles; she explained that she was making a *tricot* for her husband in the trenches. I thought it was a pretence to hide the agitation of her hands—curious, isn't it, that a European reveals his agitation in his fingers, an Oriental in his toes—and I noticed that she perpetually dropped her stitches as she talked. What did

she talk about? Oh! everything, but she always came back to the war and casualties. Were they very heavy in our armies? How many did I think they were? I drew in my horns at that—it is one of the first things a spy is concerned to find out—for obvious reasons. And yet it seemed to me that she had something on her mind and was more anxious to speak than to be spoken to. She seemed to be speaking to gain time. You know how a person speaks when all the time they are thinking of something else? But anyhow she never got her guns laid on the register, whatever it was, and after an hour or so I got up and went to bed. She made no further approaches after that. But one thing struck me. I noticed every night as I went up to bed that her door—which at first she had kept locked—was always slightly ajar and a light burning in her room.

"A week went by and I had begun to forget all about my strange experiences when one evening as I got back to my billet I saw a gendarme and a woman enter the house just ahead of me. I hastened my steps, and as I entered the hall I heard someone sobbing in the salon. It sounded like Madame's voice and I pushed open the door and walked in without ceremony. The gendarme and a woman in black were standing with grave faces in front of Madame, who was sitting in a chair gripping the arms convulsively. The gendarme held a piece of blue paper in his hand. For a moment it flashed through my mind that it was a warrant for her arrest. But the idea no sooner entered my mind than I dismissed it, for on the gendarme's face and the face of the woman who accompanied him—I now recognised her as a neighbour—was a look of profound pity.

"'*Votre mari était un héros, Madame,*' the gendarme said softly.

"Then I understood. You know they never send telegrams in France as we do. The announcement is always made personally by the maire or a gendarme, and a neighbour usually goes with him. Yes, they're not so prompt as we are, but I think they're more merciful. There is always a touch of ceremony about these things in France you know.

"I don't know how it was, but the sight of me seemed to give the poor soul some comfort, though Heaven knows my thoughts had been uncharitable enough. She turned her stricken face to me, still clutching the sides of her chair, and cried: '*Ah! Monseigneur le capitaine, c'était lui, c'était lui!*' I know, I know. I heard him that night.

"My eyes must have betrayed my astonishment; I thought her sorrow had turned her brain.

"You do not understand, *non*? But it was his room, your *chambre à coucher*. He used to sleep there. And the little room with the cupboard—it was the toy-cupboard of *le petit*, our little one whom we lost. *Mon mari*, I, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, sometimes the two, used to go to the cupboard to look at his little horse. It was all of him we had left. One must have something, *m'sieur le capitaine*. *C'était lui! C'était lui!*'

"As I mounted the stairs I heard her still repeating her litany of pain. '*C'était lui! C'était lui!*'

"Was it he? I said to myself.

"The next day I went back to my billet earlier than usual, determined to atone for all my uncharitableness with such words of comfort as I could offer her. I thought her strangely composed. Perhaps she divined as much in my eyes.

"'*Ah, m'sieu le capitaine,*' she said simply, 'there are some things worse than death. There is life. Had he lived he would have been blind,' and she handed me a letter. It ran as follows:—

"*Chère Madame,—Votre mari était mon camarade et avec grande douleur j'écris pour vous dire qu'il est mort. Il était frappé par l'éclat d'un obus et il a mis les doigts sur les yeux pour les protéger et les doigts sont brisés et les yeux rendus aveugles. Il est mort à une heure et demi après minuit dans la poste de secours le mardi, octobre le troisième. . .*'

"I read no more. I turned my face to the wall and pretended to be studying the crayon drawing of the dead child. I was afraid she might read in my face all that I had seen and heard on the night of Tuesday, October the 3rd. With a few hasty words of condolence I left the room. That is all."

"We gazed a long time at the fire while the rain beat against the window panes and the ashes fell softly in the grate.

"But," I said.

"Yes," interrupted Kennedy. "I know what you're going to say. No! I can't explain it. Do you remember those words of Pascal '*Les espaces infinis m'effrayent*?' I thought of them to-night when I looked up at the moon riding the heavens. The moon and the stars and the heavenly bodies are not more removed from us than we are removed from one another. If each of us is separated from one another by such vast solitudes in life, why should there be any greater separation in death? Sometimes I think the dead are nearer to us than we are to one another. You know those lines of Matthew Arnold:

Yea in the sea of life enisled

With echoing straits between us thrown.

Sometimes I can't even hear the echoes. And it's when I'm farthest from my fellow-creatures in life that I feel nearest my fellow-creatures in death. D'you remember the old regimental mess?—where's the C.O. where's the major, where is Guppy and Trelawney and Haig-Brown? I am the only one left."

* * * * *

We were both silent for a long time. At last Kennedy rose to go home to his billet. "Perhaps you understand now what I meant by 'No Man's Land,'" he said quietly as he bade me good-night. "Sooner or later all of us have to go 'over the top'—and sometimes we return."

Strategy and the Balkans

By Colonel Feyler

PEOPLE talk a great deal about principal fronts and secondary fronts. They will tell you, for example, that the western front is a principal one while the Balkan front is subsidiary. In some respects that is true. In point of fact, the importance of a front depends upon the importance that would attach to the victory upon it. If, for instance, we put the supposition that the Germans destroy the Allied armies in France, they would have peace and the terms of peace in their hands, subject only to such modifications as they might be compelled to make by the Italian, Russian and Roumanian factors in the situation. Again, a German victory on the Roumanian front is disagreeable for the Allies, because it supplies the enemy with certain means of prolonging the struggle, but strategically the elimination of the Roumanian factor makes but trifling alteration in the general position. In particular, it does not put Germany in a position to dictate terms of peace to the Quadruple Entente. Thus France is a principal theatre of operations for the Germans and Roumania a secondary one.

But the converse is not always true. A front which is vital for one of the belligerents may be subsidiary for the other, and circumstances might so develop as to make a hitherto subsidiary front a capital one for both belligerents. Let us put the case that the Austro-Hungarians are absolutely defeated by the Russians and Roumanians in Transylvania and compelled to retreat to Budapest, while in the west the German defensive remains unbroken. The question might arise for the Allies, what would be the most advantageous way to exploit this new situation? Would it not perhaps be best to relegate the advance to the Meuse to second place in the scheme in order to reinforce an offensive up the Danube, the influence of which would immediately be felt beyond, to the north of the Carpathians, towards the borders of Silesia? If victory enables them to impose peace upon Germany on the Oder as thoroughly and more speedily than on the Rhine, and the conditions are such as to render them able to achieve it, will they not seize the opportunity?

Thus in military operations everything is in a constant state of change because everything rests upon conditions of fact, and facts are in a constant state of development. The good general, like the good government, is the one who foresees events with the shrewdest eye or who, not having foreseen them, recognises them most quickly and applies the most adequate solution to them within the limits of the means at his command.

It is considerations of this kind that warrant the opinion that the operations of the Germans in the Balkans may still eventuate in disappointment for them. From the strategical point of view, this theatre of operations can only procure them successes of secondary military importance. However brilliant the victories may be that they may win there, they will still be incomplete and ineffective to compel the enemy to make peace. They will result in the acquisition of territory and of economic resources, but they will not destroy any essential forces or touch any motive power indispensable to the activity

of the enemy; they cannot deprive the Russians, or the French, or the Italians, or the English, of means of maintaining and reconstituting powerfully equipped armies capable of continuing the war in the west and in the east, that is to say, nearer to the vitals of Germany than Germany could approach to the vitals of her enemies as a result of her successes in the Balkans. In order to bring the Quadruple Entente to its knees, the Central Empires must deal it crushing blows, both in the west and in the east; any blows that they may deal it in the south may hurt, but cannot knock it out.

Here again the converse is not true. The German attacks are divergent, those of the Allies convergent. Whether the blows are delivered from Paris, or Petrograd or Salonika, they are all aimed at the head, at Berlin if a geographical objective is desired, and consequently all are in the direction of a knock-out. It is only a question of length of arm, that is of adequate means. If the means are adequate, the point of departure is immaterial, the objective everything. The place where German might is destroyed is unimportant; that it shall be destroyed is the object to be aimed at.

This illustration of the relative value of fronts for one belligerent or the other is very instructive. It is a lesson in strategy to be remembered for military schools. It is evidence for the truth of that axiom of military instruction that it behoves one to beware of set theories, of ready-made ideas, of fossilisation of thought. As each new fact emerges, observation of the general situation must be constantly renewed in the light of principles, to ascertain the application of these to the particular case, in other words, to discover what operation will most certainly and most speedily achieve the desired object.

Here some one may raise an objection. If the Balkan front is a subsidiary one for the Germans why do their High Command cling to it so obstinately? Why when the Bulgarians are becoming an increasing burden upon them, do they persist in supplying them with reinforcements, to the detriment of their main fronts? Why did the intervention of Roumania induce the German High Command to resume in the Balkans an offensive, at the risk of weakening the resistance of the great armies of the Entente? The German officers know their own business, and if they are acting so, it is not without some reason or merely for the pleasure of making mistakes for educational purposes in military schools.

The objection is a natural one, and an interesting one well worth investigation. It is of a kind to throw a fuller light upon questions at issue and perhaps to raise other questions of as vital importance. Let us look into it, and for that purpose let us go back to the real origin of the operations in the Balkans, that is to the alliance which brought the Ottoman Empire into the world-conflict on the side of the Central Empires.

It was the Germans who desired this alliance, and from the military point of view it represented the concentration of a new army, the Turkish Army, against the Allies in a new theatre of operations, Western Asia.

This alliance, which undoubtedly was advantageous from the point of view of Germany's political ambitions,

would have been equally advantageous from the point of view of strategy if it had fulfilled the two following indispensable conditions—weakening the Allies in the principal theatres of hostilities without requiring the Germans to weaken themselves proportionately; and of providing for the campaign in Asia means commensurate with the end to be attained.

These conditions were not fulfilled by the Ottoman alliance. The military object to be attained was the weakening of Great Britain, to be effected by the invasion of Egypt and by the march to the Persian Gulf. The Turks did not secure these advantages for the Germans. Their means were not commensurate with their object. On the contrary, the Germans were obliged to provide them with supplementary resources and these, too, proved inadequate. Thus not only did the means remain insufficient to the requirements, but the principal theatres of the struggle for Germany were deprived of resources which were placed, uselessly, at the service of the Turks. Without having seriously weakened the Allies the Germans have weakened their own forces opposed to them.

The Bulgarian Alliance

The mistake was even more serious. In a region where the German concentrations failed to deal the enemy any decisive blow—where they never could have done so without difficulty and now never can—they induced the enemy to meet them with concentrations which might have resulted in decisive blows if things had turned out so. We know why they did not. The Dardanelles business and the campaign in Mesopotamia were planned badly. But the German mistake, in concentrating as a result of the Ottoman alliance, endured and endures, for the checks in the Dardanelles and at Kut-el-Amara were not so serious as to drive the Allies from the Balkan theatre. They merely compelled them to work out other plans of operations.

The result has been a modification of the relative values of the Balkan front. From being a relatively subsidiary defensive front for the Allies, it has shown a tendency to become a relatively essential offensive front, since it was favourable to the delivery of more or less decisive blows at the Central Empires. Conversely, from being an indirect offensive front for the Germans, it has shown a tendency to become an essential defensive front, since it compelled them to parry there blows which threatened to weaken them decisively.

The next thing was the alliance with Bulgaria. The Bulgarians have been exceedingly ingenious. They did not see that Germany was throwing them into the cockpit at the precise moment when her High Command was recognising the impossibility of buttressing up Turkey's deficient credit by a subsidy from German resources. Finding themselves unable to parry the blows they had provoked in Asia, the German High Command induced the Bulgarians to take on the risky job.

It is quite arguable that even at that date, and while they still perhaps cherished some brighter hope, they contemplated the possibility of a shortened south-eastern front, an Asiatic front replaced by a Balkan front before which the Turkish army, gradually abandoned to its own devices, would lie as a mere advanced guard. That is what it is at the present moment. The Ottoman Empire is now merely a region outside the theatre of German operations. The south-eastern defensive front is the Bulgarian front. The Bulgarians have succeeded the Turks in the duty of covering the Central Empires.

The offensive against Serbia was the consequence of the alliance with Bulgaria. This alliance was a graft on the initial strategic mistake of the alliance with Turkey. It compelled the German Empire to furnish yet another large contingent of its troops to assist the Bulgarian army in its conquest of Macedonia, which was the stipulated price of the alliance, and generally to assume the risks of the Balkan war.

The intervention of Roumania brought one of these risks prominently into evidence. The last of the German troops in Serbia had hardly left the Balkans when they were obliged to return to meet the Roumanians and support the Bulgarian army.

And here we come to the second of the two questions referred to above: Why should they support the Bul-

garians when the Balkan campaign can now be only a source of weakness to Germany? For two reasons, apparently, one political and moral, the other strictly military in its scope.

The military mistake of the Austro-German offensive in the Balkans originated in the desire to place the region of the Straits and of Turkey in Asia under German supremacy. This desire induced the German High Command to strain the normal application of strategy. The object of strategy is the destruction of the enemy with a view to the attainment of a political object. This result is subordinated to the necessary antecedent destruction.

The Imperial High Command reversed the order of these two things. It meant to secure the political result without the preliminary condition of destruction; it sent forces into a region where it was impossible for them to destroy anything of vital importance.

Upon this fundamental error it grafted another, in showing too soon that to take possession of the coveted regions was one of the essential objects of the war and announcing to the German people, who believed what it told them, that the invasion of Serbia and the opening of communications with Constantinople were a definite guarantee that possession would be taken of them. The consequence was that it could not, and cannot, withdraw further in the Balkans without seriously shaking public confidence and without disillusioning the public to a degree that would be no less serious. Retreat would destroy the precarious nature of the victories that were celebrated too soon and also would betray the failure of the essential object of the war which the victories were supposed to have achieved. The scaffolding of the Imperial policy would begin to fall before the eyes of all.

* * * * *

Hence the obligation on the German High Command to assume the offensive against Roumania in order to protect Bulgaria and preserve its ally, as it had to assist in the Turkish offensive against Egypt and the Caucasus in order to pay the price of the Ottoman alliance, and in the offensive against Serbia in order to pay the Bulgarians. Everything is connected in this succession of bargained offensives and sacrifices in the Balkans, draining resources which would have been invaluable on the Russian front and especially in the West.

The question which arises now is whether the Germans will be able to collect new forces of sufficient strength to destroy the Allies in the West and in Russia, in which case the treaty of peace would rectify the mistake of the premature offensive in the south-east, or whether, failing such destruction, their new forces will enable them to resist long enough to extort from a wearied enemy recognition of the *fait accompli*.

It is this final hand for which the cards are being dealt now and which will be played out in 1917.

To Belgium

Will it be ever thine no more to weep
For lives, for glories vilely snatched away,
And only as a vanished horror keep
The memory and the anguish of to-day?
Can Art restore the centuries and the thought
Of generations mangled thus and crushed,
The hopes which soul to soul in myriads brought,
Now, like thy chimes, in piercing silence hushed?
No! But that sepulchre of heretofore
Which now thou art, a resurrection dream
Of beauty may embosom; and once more
Thine may be hopes and glories even supreme,
Through ages which as yet are dream to last,
And hold fit place beside the unsurpassed.

F. W. RAGG.

The pernicious propaganda with which Germany deluges the world is well illustrated in a tri-weekly English paper called *The War*, now printed and circulated in Shanghai. A correspondent has sent us a copy of this broadsheet. Most of its contents are extracts from pro-German American papers. Its leading article is headed "*Meine Marine Kann Alles*"—which is the Kaiser's boast, "Nothing is impossible to my Navy." On the strength of the German torpedo-destroyers Channel raid, it argues that the German Fleet can do what it pleases and go where it pleases. It asks sneeringly: "Is there no Nelson left in the English Navy, have all turned Baralong men?"

How the Old Brigade Keeps Christmas

By William T. Palmer

JUST where a railway threads its way through the mountains, a small squad of khaki-clad men are spending a lonely sort of Christmas. Moustaches and hair streaked with grey, well set-up figures mark them as of The Old Brigade which returned to the colours two years ago. The sergeant, leaning back, lifts a curtain from a corner of a window:

"Snowing again, boys: what a night it will be down on the great bridge by the sea."

The Old Brigade are guarding railway bridges, docks, aqueducts, factories, reservoirs, tunnels and railway junctions. The task was measured to them in the early days of the war, and well and faithfully has it been done.

"Glad we've got that life-line out, boys. It will be needed to-night or I'm a Dutchman."

Somewhere outside the sentry is pacing his lonely beat between bridge and torrent, and a few yards of wandering would mean a fatal plunge. Listen to the growl as the door opens: clamorous, insistent, a terrible thing to hear night and day in this tiny hut. The storm song of the sea is far less sinister than this. But storm or calm, summer noon or wintry midnight, the sentry-go continues without a pause. Over the great railway span a thousand stalwart youths are passing to-night, fully equipped for the battlefields of France. It is the honour of The Old Brigade to keep their passage safe. The old men are defending this artery against ignorance, wilfulness and treachery.

One sees the encampments of the Old Brigade in other stern and lonely quarters; a quiet determined man patrols the great dam and works which provide a munitions town with high pressure water for turbines and supplies. To-night his face is whipped by sleet and snow, and the rope-guard almost fails to keep him safe. Even an enemy would not dare the moors and waterside on such a night as this.

Along the shore outside some port or shipbuilding centre one knows a figure is fighting his way against the storm. There is the harsh croon of the ocean beyond the outer bar and every gust carries a curtain of spray into his face. On such a night no small craft dare venture inshore, whatever its errand, but all the same the guard must be kept.

At midnight, and again and again through the long hours of darkness which stretch toward dawn the sergeant calls out this man and that to change guard, and the ritual is as punctiliously and fully observed as at the gates of some great camp or regimental depot.

The companies whose Christmas duties call them to factory guard are pleased at the change. Great gouts of furnaces, and forges may burst and glare, the storm may be thick with acrid smoke and fumes, there may be lurking dangers. But the Old Brigade rejoices that human beings are within sight and sound; here is no longer the dreary moor, the lonely shore.

The hours pass on; grey dawn steals across a cold world. The troop-train pauses a moment at the junction, signals are against her. A moment she halts, and the steam escapes begin to roar. A window here and there is lowered cautiously, and strong voices call:

"Merry Christmas, dad; where are we?"

"Ypres junction, lad. What's your regiment?"

"The 104th Dragons, off to France."

"God bless the old regiment. Merry Christmas, lads. The signal's dropped."

And the legion of the young cheers the sturdy veteran standing at attention. He is guarding the cross-way so that they may go on the King's service.

Full day, and out of the snow whirl flings another train. There is a sobbing of brakes, a steadying of pace as she passes up the long embankment to the great bridge over the river. Even on Christmas Day the ambulance trains pass softly, with their loads of wounded and sick from the zone of war. No doubt it is irregular, but the veteran sentry presents arms, and the sergeant at the door of the hut stiffens up to the salute: "I wonder—I wonder," is the thought of both, for both have sons in

the peril which is called France. At any hour they may be stricken down, then by Fate's decree they may be whirled, all unknowingly, past this lonely guard-post next the river.

At dinner the sergeant speaks: "My third Christmas here in war-harness, boys. Yes, that's so. I'll soon be as much a fixture as the span, and as little heeded. I've seen service in India and Egypt and South Africa, but when real war came, one must be up, and among it. There's places livelier than this, but still we've had some good times and queer things here. Remember the old chap as went for the parson, with his bay'net cos he would give no password, nor yet stop when challenged? Or the young fool as nearly got slugged because he thought it fun to creep about in the bushes one moonlight night?" It was a holy near squeak for him, and he was lucky to get 'listed and out of the way.

"Still, always glad to see the old Captain we are, but one don't expect him down here in this muck. He's not so young as he was when I first knowed him, but he'll be no duffer in a scrimmage yet—the same lad. I Christ-massed with him in the desert and away up in the Indian frontier. He always hated snipers and a holy time he used to give us, up all times of night and day to give 'em special hell, we was. One night he rounded up his company for a reconnaissance. The Pathans had been awful, and I noticed that his hand was in a blood-wet bandage; some fanatic had tried to knife him within our lines. Big, powerful fellow was the captain then, fit to choke a bull. He made nought of a single-knife man I can tell you—we found him with a broken neck at the bottom of a khud.

"We climbed all night, this way and that, and got across the line them Pathans took to their village, and gave 'em something. But coming back was a caution. The whole population was potting us from among the rocks, and we had more than one wounded chap to bring down a place like a wall. The captain he led, and took his turn at carrying at the most awkward bits—and there was plenty of 'em. Got the D.S.O.—Merry Christmas sir, never expected you to-day, sir. Nor her ladyship either. It's awful weather."

The Old Brigade has loosened some of the bonds of discipline. "Don't turn out the guard, sergeant, I can see 'em quite well. I told Simpson not to warn you on purpose. Here are a few cigars and things. Merry Christmas, boys."

After a kindly word to all, the Commanding Officer departs. He, too, has his worries, for the camps of the "Old Men" are far apart and communication is difficult to keep up.

Hour after hour passes. There is an incursion from a slightly elevated postman, then as night closes down, there is a drawing in to the stove, and the tiny, unadorned room is fragrant with the captain's cigars. There are moments of forced cheerfulness, long silences which speak of home thoughts. The wind howls again and round the staunch little hut is the slash of rain. The gramophone brays its wildest notes, but there is little response to its hilarity to-night. The sergeant looks up musing from his delicate handling of a new needle and fresh disc; "Three Christmases, boys, at the span. Here's to victory and Home, next Christmas."

And the Old Brigade answers "Amen."

Two small annual pocket-books have been published which deserve special mention. For the third year Mr. L. J. Maxse has issued his Potsdam Diary. It lacks the freshness of the first production, and the quotations do not always ring quite true. Surely Bolingbroke is hardly a politician to be quoted approvingly at this juncture. The other diary is of more concrete value. It is issued by the P. & O. and B.I.S.N. Companies; the two (now the one) most powerful British shipping companies in Far Eastern waters. The extent of their operations is shown in this pocket-book, and their Imperial significance is testified to by the enormous subsidies paid to German steamship companies in the past in order to invade successfully the waters where British ships once sailed unchallenged by Teuton flags.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

THE "Fight for Right Movement" was started, I believe, by Sir Francis Youngblood. Its finely conceived business is set forth by its originator in *For the Right* (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net), a noble little volume of essays and addresses by members of the movement. The object for which this organisation was started were "continually to remind the nation of the ideals and principles for which we were fighting; to demonstrate the value and importance of those ideals both for our national life and for mankind as a whole; and to sustain and heighten the spirit of the people in this great fight, first for the maintenance and then for the final enthronement of those ideals as established principles in the life of nations." At first the Movement was chiefly concerned with showing the nation why it should fight, and one or two of the essays in the book reflect this preliminary stage. Yet the book, as a whole, is not to be taken as a mere set of missionary sermons to the converted. It fulfils the function of keeping alive in us the faith with which we entered the war. War has a tendency, ever to be guarded against, to debase after a time what it has first promised. The French went to war in 1791 to preserve their own liberties; they fought on to 1815 trying to destroy other peoples. Let the "Fight for Right Movement" still uphold the banner, "For the Right," and enforce its watchword.

It must not be supposed that within the covers of this book there is complete unity of opinion, but there is on the whole a unity of ethos and altogether a unity of temper, just as with the Allies fighting Germany there is a unity of purpose. All of the distinguished contributors to this book—such as Lord Bryce, the Poet Laureate, Sir Henry Newbolt, the late Mr. Wilfrid Ward, and Mr. Maurice Hewlett—are united in an ideal of right, though they would probably not all subscribe in every particular, or in the same particulars, to Mr. Wickham Steed's analysis of what "Right" is. The most striking divergences of opinion in the book are to be found in those essays which suggest methods for enforcing the rule of right after the war. Thus Sir Frederick Pollock's interesting endeavour to frame a constitution for a League of Peace is followed by an essay on "Interstate Relations after the War," in which Mr. Philip Kerr demonstrates, in a powerful and lucid argument, that all Leagues of Peace are impracticable. Yet both Sir Frederick and Mr. Kerr would join in repudiating, with Professor Gilbert Murray, all that is implied in the attempt to condone the crimes of Germany by arguing that "if we had been clever enough we could have done the same."

"To fight for the right, *c'est notre mot d'ordre à tous*" These words of M. Painlevé go to the root of the matter. The Allies are united to punish a doer of wrong. Modern Europe has found an armed conscience. In that lies the security for future law and order in the world. That is the significant fact of the present.

Do neutrals hold that we are fighting for the right? I believe that for the most part they do, even when they do not sympathise with us for doing it. When they are wholeheartedly on our side we are naturally flattered, and those who would approach Mr. George Haven Putnam's *Memoirs of a Publisher 1865-1916* (Putnam's, 9s.), with an introductory glow of friendliness, should turn first to the Appendix in which are printed the letters Mr. Putnam has written to the papers to prove with patient and cogent reasoning that "the cause of England and her Allies is the cause of civilisation." Mr. Putnam did not find all Englishmen so perspicacious or so generous towards the cause which he had at heart as a young man, that of the North in the American Civil War. We can sympathise with him therefore when he pokes fun at Freeman who, in 1863, issued the first volume of a *History of Federal Government to the Disruption of the American Republic*, but was prevented from

issuing another from annoyance at the refusal of the American Republic to remain disrupted. The English experiences of this shrewd, happy and well-informed American will naturally have the greatest interest for English readers, who will enjoy his impressions of Oxford common-rooms, his experience of an Atlantic voyage with Kitchener, his accounts of English publishing houses, and the like. But the really valuable parts of a book that is always interesting are those which deal with American politics, federation, State and municipal. In these sections there is much that will help and instruct the citizen who seeks guidance in carrying out the functions of citizenship.

So far opinions about the war, now for the war itself! In *The Fortnightly History of the War* (Chapman and Hall, 10s. net), Col. A. M. Murray has done yeoman service in giving a detailed and reasoned account of operations up to the close of the second year on such information as is at present available. The value of this book lies in the fact that it is a soldier's work, and though other soldiers may not agree with all the author's opinions, they will at least be able to follow his arguments and understand his narrative. For instance, Sir Evelyn Wood, who contributes a "Foreword," disagrees with Col. Murray in his objection to Compulsory Service, but expresses great admiration for his work. The well-chosen maps and plans add to the readability of a book which is among the best military text-books of the war.

In *The Ways of Virtue* (John Murray, 5s. net), Mr. P. C. Wren gives from first-hand knowledge, a graphic account of life in the famous Foreign Legion. Mr. Wren has constructive skill, a good sense of character and a vivid narrative style, so that he makes the best use of his enthralling material.

Mr. Stephen Paget writes *Essays for the Young People* as W. B. Rands used to write essays for children. In Mr. Paget's latest volume with the attractive title, *I Sometimes Think* (Macmillan and Co., 5s. net), there is indeed an essay, and a very good essay, "On the Beauty of Words" which recalls one with a similar theme in one of Rands' *Lilliput* books. This connection with an author for whom I have a great regard, arising perhaps from association, attracts me to Mr. Paget's work which, however, can very well stand by itself. It is good to leave the present world of ceaseless activity for a moment and enter by the way of this essentially sane little volume into the life of Being instead of Doing, and to peer through the temporal for a vision of the eternal. Perhaps the most complete and best thought out of the Essays is the one on Science, but there are others which appeal for a variety of reasons. Mr. Paget has already written a book for boys and girls on the war and in the last essay, "The Next Few Years," he reverts to the ever-present theme, and begs the youth of our country to see to it that when Peace comes it shall be something more than mere absence of war.

This is not perhaps the best time for a book about books, and interesting as the scheme of the monographs is, I am not sure that, even at the best of times, Messrs. Nisbet and Co.'s series of "Studies of Modern Authors, written by Modern Authors," would have been altogether a success. The authors could hardly avoid being self-conscious, and the critical value of their work has, with one or two exceptions, considerably suffered. This consideration applies to some extent to Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's study of John Galsworthy (1s. 3d. net), but to a less extent than in many of the previous cases. Miss Kaye-Smith succeeds to a great degree from the very first, when she dwells on the smallness of her subject's public, in treating him in a detached and scientific manner like a museum specimen. The result is quite a valuable little guide to what Mr. Galsworthy has achieved and to what he is capable of achieving. Only one remark in

the book seems to be a direct hint to the author. At least I hope he will consider it as such. "This misplaced pity is becoming irritating in Galsworthy. His early works—*Strife*, *The Man of Property*—are innocent of it, but lately it has grown to be a habit with him. He cannot resist the temptation to weep over everyone whose clothes are not quite as good as his own."

The Empire's Future

NOW that it has been decided to summon immediately an Imperial Conference, the future of the Empire and the many problems connected with it are bound to be prominent in the public mind during the coming months. Here is a little volume which may be heartily commended to those really interested in these vital questions. Entitled *The Empire and the Future* (Macmillan, 2s.) it consists for the most part of a series of lectures delivered by eminent men before the University of London in the autumn of 1915, and where necessary brought up to date. An introduction is written by Mr. Steel Maitland, Under Secretary for the Colonies, and a most interesting chapter is provided by Mr. Fisher, the present President of the Board of Education, which describes succinctly Imperial Administration, and more especially the curious system of Indian Administration which on the whole has worked so well and given such good results.

Mr. Kerr's lecture on Commonwealth and Empire deals largely with the question, as might be expected from the Editor of *The Round Table*, of dropping once and for all the term Empire and installing Commonwealth in its place. The present reviewer is of the opinion that the argument is rather strained, undue prejudice being laid against the word "Empire." The Master of Balliol College in his chapter "People and the Duties of Empire" (perhaps the most useful in the book, for it deals sympathetically with the working man's point of view) explains this prejudice. "The term 'Empire,'" he writes, "is connected with the shoddy Empire of Napoleon III., reactionary Russia, militarist Germany and our own Jingoism." There is truth in this, but Mr. Kerr overlooks that Commonwealth still connotes in many British minds rebellion and a certain smugness of public behaviour. He writes: "A Commonwealth bases its communal life squarely on the principle that every citizen has an unlimited duty of helping every other citizen, that it exists to maintain or promote self-government among its peoples, and that the society it fosters will be healthy only in so far as its members are governed, not by the calculations of intelligent selfishness, but by the law of love." But was it so in these islands in the seventeenth century? The fact of the matter is that both terms want washing clean, and this discussion, for which full credit must be given to *The Round Table*, is therefore most valuable and fruitful in that it compels everyone who is interested in it to formulate a personal opinion on the duties and responsibilities of one Briton to another, irrespective of birthplace, and of Mother Country to Dominions and Dependencies and *vice versa*.

The old slipshod way of thinking has done infinite harm to the Imperial idea in the past, and we accord a cordial welcome to every sincere effort, such for instance as the present volume, to train and discipline the mind better in the future. Dr. G. R. Parkin, the distinguished Canadian writer, ends thus his chapter, which happens to be the last in the book, and so these words are as it were the conclusion of the whole matter: "Nothing has such magic power to win attention from men and women of British blood as the simple word 'Duty.' And so long as a compelling sense of national duty controls the purpose of our people, this Empire will endure." One may add never before has the word "Duty" laid so strong and personal a hold on the British peoples. Whether the word floats from the masthead of the *Victory* or is whispered in dying accents in the beleaguered Residency, we see it now to be the only power which, acting through each and all, shall move the Empire to victory in the field and afterwards to a closer union and higher purpose than has existed hitherto. The British Empire or the Commonwealth of British democracies, call it which you will, having re-established the principles of liberty and justice, has still great work to do. This is practically the lesson of this volume.

Royalty at Home

WHEN an editor sets out to present a picture of a certain period, phase or section of human society by the publication of private letters, the great difficulty that has to be contended with is how much to include without boring the reader, and how much to omit without spoiling the picture. It can only be a matter of opinion, and in our opinion Mrs. Steuart-Erskine in *Twenty Years at Court* (Nisbet and Co., 12s. 6d.), has displayed admirable discrimination. The letters which make up this volume were written by the Hon. Emily Stanley, afterwards Mrs. Long, mostly to her parents, during the years 1842-62, Miss Stanley being Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria. They were the happiest years of the Queen's married life; the home was mainly at Windsor Castle when Miss Stanley was in waiting, Buckingham Palace being only occasionally visited. Osborne was bought in 1845, and the house subsequently built. With the exception of the Queen and Prince Consort, it was from the first unpopular with every one—Royal children, Household, doctors, etc. In 1852 Balmoral was purchased.

Never was the home life of a Royal Court more correct, sober and domestic than in the days of Albert the Good. But oh! it was dull. Elderly folk will learn from this volume to whose influence were due those deadly parlour-games and performances on the piano which cursed the evenings of their childhood. It needs every one of the letters in the early part of this book (though they deal almost entirely with trivialities) to make one realize the full weight of that dreary respectability. No wonder King Edward had no liking for Windsor Castle in after life; it must always have reminded him of a State prison. The ray of sunshine was provided by Queen Victoria, who interested herself in the affairs of all those around her and was very thoughtful and human. The Prince Consort was obsessed by the precise formality of the petty German Court. He revelled in trivial distinctions and etiquette. His was a narrow and unsympathetic mind; he never understood the English or their idea of personal liberty and freedom, and they never understood him. Poor man! However deep his offences in these social matters, he would be more than punished were he recalled to the glimpses of the moon and compelled to listen unperceived to the private opinion of his great-grandson on the formalities which still do hedge a prince. It has taken two generations to break down the artificialities which he constructed—artificialities so stupendous that it was contrary to the Royal Command for a lady about the Court to walk alone in the gardens with a gentleman-in-waiting!

When the future Emperor Frederick first came to Windsor Castle as Prince Fritz of Prussia, a boy of 15, speculation was rife whether he was intended for the Princess Royal or Princess Mary of Cambridge, Queen Mary's mother. In 1844 they were as busy improving the Castle and grounds as they were in 1914, and as they probably will be in 1984. "Flu" was as great a scourge in those times as to-day. The Queen had chicken-pox, they thought it might be smallpox, and the Household had all to bare their arms and be vaccinated. Though infectious "those tiresome little brats," as Miss Stanley calls the Prince of Wales and his sisters, play hide and seek in the curtains and one never knows when one is safe. "When," writes Miss Stanley, "I saw the collective wisdom of the nation arriving yesterday (April 30th, 1859), in two hack-cabs for the Council and marked what it consisted of, Lords Hardwicke, Malmesbury, John Manners, Salisbury, General Peel and Mr. Bathurst, it did seem to me a farce of the first water! Mr. Disraeli was there too; he, at least is not stupid." We had thought the hideous phrase, *in great good looks*, was journalese, but it occurs constantly in these letters.

This vivid picture of Court life is so to speak framed in black, for it ends with the death of Prince Consort! The poor Queen was besides herself with grief at the beginning, and she was led from the death-room calling along the passage: "Oh! Albert, Albert! are you gone?" It was a poignant scene, and is described very simply. Miss Stanley was not in waiting, but the Duchess of Athole and two Maids of Honour, one of whom is still alive, were in attendance, and it was from them that she wrote down the particulars at the time.

The Golden Triangle

By Maurice Leblanc

[Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos]

SYNOPSIS: Captain Patrice Belval, a wounded French officer, prevents in a Paris street the abduction of a nurse who is known to her patients as "Little Mother Coralie." Feeling that the fact of having been maimed in the service of his country is an honour rather than a disability, Belval declares his love to Coralie only to be told by her that she is already married, and that he must make no further effort even to retain her friendship—she suggests that there might be danger for him in a friendship with herself. That night, after Coralie has left him, Belval has sent to him anonymously a box containing a large rusty key, by means of which he gains access to a house, in which he finds five men torturing another man, Essarès, obviously with a view to extracting information from him. Just as Belval is about to rescue the victim he sees that Coralie, horror-stricken, is also watching the torturers at their work. Essarès manages to get hold of a revolver, with which he shoots Colonel Fakhi, one of the five men, dead. He buys off his other four assailants for a million francs apiece, with which they leave the house. From an altercation between Essarès and Coralie Belval learns that Essarès is Coralie's husband, and that he has betrayed State secrets to the enemies of his country, and then has attempted to betray his associates in treachery. Belval returns home to think out the best way of helping Coralie, who obviously hates her traitor husband, when he is rung up on the telephone and hears an agitated voice inquiring whether he received the rusty key and a letter. The voice then mentions in incoherent fashion an amethyst pendant, and after that the speaker is obviously murdered by somebody before the telephone receiver is replaced. The next day Belval, following Coralie to her house, finds that Essarès, who had contemplated flight from Paris, has been brutally murdered. An examining magistrate, after interviewing Coralie, calls Belval in and proceeds to read the following letter which has been found on Essarès' desk just after the discovery of his body

CHAPTER VII (continued)

"CORALIE,—You were wrong yesterday to attribute my departure to reasons which I dared not acknowledge; and perhaps I also was wrong not to defend myself more convincingly against your accusation. The only motive for my departure is the hatred with which I am surrounded. You have seen how fierce it is. In the face of these enemies you are seeking to despoil me by every possible means, my only hope of salvation lies in flight. That is why I am going away."

"But let me remind you, Coralie, of my clearly expressed wish. You are to join me at the first summons. If you do not leave Paris then, nothing shall protect you against my lawful resentment; nothing, not even my death. I have made all my arrangements so that, even in the contingency . . ."

"The letter ends there," said M. Masseron, handing it back to Coralie, "and we know by an unimpeachable sign that the last lines were written immediately before M. Essarès' death, because, in falling, he upset a little clock, which stood on his desk and, which marked twenty-three minutes past twelve. I assume that he felt unwell, and that on trying to rise, he was seized with a fit of giddiness and fell to the floor. Unfortunately, the fireplace was near, with a fierce fire blazing in it; his head struck the grate; and the wound that resulted was so deep—the surgeon testified to this—that he fainted. Then the fire close at hand did its work . . . with the effects which you have seen. . . ."

Patrice had listened in amazement to this unexpected explanation:

"Then in your opinion," he asked, "M. Essarès died of an accident. He was not murdered?"

"Murdered? Certainly not! We have no clue to support any such theory."

"Still. . . ."

"Captain Belval, you are the victim of an association of ideas which, I admit, is perfectly justifiable. Ever since yesterday you have been witnessing a series of tragic incidents; and your imagination naturally leads you to the most tragic solution, that of murder. Only—reflect—why should a

murder have been committed? And by whom? By Bournel and his friends? With what object? They were crammed full with bank-notes; and, even admitting that the man called Grégoire recovered those millions from them, they would certainly not have got them back by killing M. Essarès. Then again, how would they have entered the house? And how can they have gone out? . . . No, captain, you must excuse me, but M. Essarès died an accidental death. The facts are undeniable; and this is the opinion of the divisional surgeon, who will draw up his report in that sense!"

Patrice turned to Coralie:

"Is it Mme. Essarès' opinion also?"

She reddened slightly and answered:

"Yes."

"And old Siméon's?"

"Oh," replied the magistrate, "old Siméon is wandering in his mind! To listen to him, you would think that everything was about to happen all over again, that Mme. Essarès is threatened with danger and that she ought to take to flight at once. That is all that I have been able to get out of him. However, he took us to an old disused door that opens out of a lane running at right angles with the Rue Raynouard; and here he showed me first the watch-dog's dead body and next some footprints between the door and the flight of steps near the library. But you know those footprints, do you not? They belong to you and your Senegalese. As for the death of the watch-dog, I can put that down to your Senegalese, can't I?"

Patrice was beginning to understand. The magistrate's reticence, his explanations, his agreement with Coralie: all this was gradually becoming plain. He put the question frankly:

"So there was no murder?"

"No."

"Then there will be no magistrate's examination?"

"No."

"And no talk about the matter: it will all be kept quiet, in short, and forgotten?"

"Just so."

Captain Belval began to walk up and down, as was his habit. He now remembered Essarès' prophecy:

"I shan't be arrested. . . . If I am, I shall be let go. . . . The matter will be hushed up. . . ."

Essarès was right. The hand of justice was arrested; and there was no way for Coralie to escape silent complicity.

Patrice was intensely annoyed by the manner in which the case was being handled. It was certain that a compact had been concluded between Coralie and M. Masseron. He suspected the magistrate of circumventing Coralie and inducing her to sacrifice her own interests to other considerations. To effect this, the first thing was to get rid of him, Patrice.

"Ugh!" said Patrice to himself. "I'm fairly sick of this sportsman, with his cool ironical ways. It looks as if he were doing a considerable piece of thimblerrigging at my expense."

He restrained himself, however, and, with a pretence of wanting to keep on good terms with the magistrate, came and sat beside him:

"You must forgive me, sir," he said, "for insisting in what may appear to you an indiscreet fashion. But my conduct is explained not only by such sympathy of feeling as I entertain for Mme. Essarès at a moment in her life when she is more lonely than ever, a sympathy and feeling which she seems to repulse even more firmly than she did before. It is also explained by certain mysterious links which unite us to each other and which go back to a period too remote for our eyes to focus. Has Mme. Essarès told you those details? In my opinion, they are most important; and I cannot help associating them with the events that interest us."

M. Masseron glanced at Coralie, who nodded. He answered:

"Yes, Mme. Essarès has informed me and even . . ."

He hesitated once more and again consulted Coralie, who flushed and seemed put out of countenance. M. Masseron, however, waited for a reply which would enable him to proceed. She ended by saying, in a low voice:

"Captain Belval is entitled to know what we have discovered. The truth belongs as much to him as to me; and I have no right to keep it from him. Pray speak, monsieur."

"I doubt if it is even necessary to speak," said the

(Continued on page 20)

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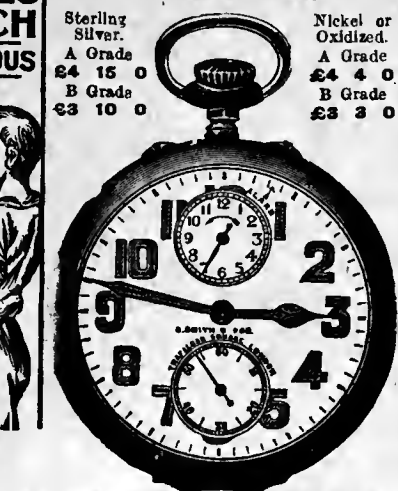
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(Continued from page 18)

magistrate. "It will be enough, I think, to show the captain this photograph-album which I have found. Here you are Captain Belval."

And he handed Patrice a very slender album, covered in grey canvas and fastened with an india-rubber band.

Patrice took it with a certain anxiety. But what he saw on opening it was so utterly unexpected that he gave an exclamation:

"It's incredible!"

On the first page, held in place by their four corners, were two photographs: one, on the right, representing a small boy in an Eton jacket; the other, on the left, representing a very little girl. There was an inscription under each. On the right: "Patrice, at ten." On the left: "Coralie, at three."

Move! beyond expression, Patrice turned the leaf. On the second page they appeared again, he at the age of fifteen, she at the age of eight. And he saw himself at nineteen and at twenty-three and at twenty-eight, always accompanied by Coralie, first as a little girl, then as a young girl, next as a woman.

"This is incredible!" he cried. "How is it possible? Here are portraits of myself which I have never seen, amateur photographs obviously, which trace my whole life. Here's one when I was doing my military training. Here I am on horseback. . . . Who can have ordered these photographs? And who can have collected them together with yours, madame?"

He fixed his eyes on Coralie, who evaded their questioning gaze and lowered her head as though the close connection between their two lives, to which these pages bore witness, had shaken her to the very depths of her being.

"Who can have brought them together?" he repeated. "Do you know? And where does the album come from?"

M. Masseron supplied the answer:

"It was the surgeon who found it. M. Essarès wore a vest under his shirt, and the album was in an inner pocket, a pocket sewn inside the vest. The surgeon felt the boards through it, when he was undressing M. Essarès' body."

This time, Patrice and Coralie's eyes met. The thought that M. Essarès had been collecting both their photographs during the past twenty years and that he wore them next to his breast, and that he had lived and died with them upon him, this thought amazed them so much that they did not even try to fathom its strange significance.

"Are you sure of what you are saying, sir?" asked Patrice.

"I was there," said M. Masseron. "I was present at the discovery. Besides, I myself made another which confirms this one and completes it in a really surprising fashion. I found a pendant, cut out of a solid block of amethyst and held in a setting of filigree-work."

"What's that?" cried Captain Belval. "What's that? A pendant? An amethyst pendant?"

"Look for yourself, sir," suggested the magistrate, after once more consulting Mme. Essarès with a glance.

And he handed Captain Belval an amethyst pendant, larger than the ball formed by joining the two halves which Coralie and Patrice possessed, she on her rosary and he on his bunch of seals; and this new ball was encircled with a specimen of gold filigree work exactly like that on the rosary and on the seal.

The setting served as a clasp.

"Am I to open it?" he asked.

Coralie nodded. He opened the pendant. The inside was divided by a movable glass disk, which separated two miniature photographs, one of Coralie as a nurse, the other of himself, wounded, in an officer's uniform.

Patrice reflected, with pale cheeks. Presently he asked:

"And where does this pendant come from? Did you find it, sir?"

"Yes, Captain Belval."

"Where?"

The magistrate seemed to hesitate. Coralie's attitude gave Patrice the impression that she was unaware of this detail. M. Masseron at last said:

"I found it in the dead man's hand."

"In the dead man's hand? In M. Essarès' hand?"

Patrice had given a start as though under an unexpected blow, and was now leaning over the magistrate, greedily awaiting a reply which he wanted to hear for the second time before accepting it as certain.

"Yes, in his hand. I had to force back the clasped fingers in order to release it."

Belval stood up and, striking the table with his fist, exclaimed:

"Well, sir, I will tell you one thing which I was keeping back as a last argument to prove to you that my collaboration is of use; and this thing becomes of great importance after what we have just learnt. Sir, this morning some one asked

to speak to me on the telephone; and I had hardly answered the call when this person, who seemed greatly excited, was the victim of a murderous assault, committed in my hearing. And amid the sound of the struggle and the cries of agony, I caught the following words, which the unhappy man insisted on trying to get to me as so many last instructions: "Patrice! . . . Coralie! . . . The amethyst pendant."

"Yes, I have it on me. . . . The pendant. . . . Ah, it's too late! . . . I should so much have liked

"Patrice. . . . Coralie. . . ." There's what I heard, sir, and here are the two facts which we cannot escape. This morning, at nineteen minutes past seven, a man was murdered having upon him an amethyst pendant. This is the first undeniable fact. A few hours later, at twenty-three minutes past twelve, this same amethyst pendant is discovered clutched in the hand of another man. This is the second undeniable fact. Place these facts side by side and you are bound to come to the conclusion that the first murder, the one of which I caught the distant echo, was committed here, in this house, in the same library which, since yesterday evening, witnessed the end of every scene in the tragedy which we are contemplating."

This revelation which, in reality amounted to a fresh accusation against Essarès, seemed to affect the magistrate profoundly. Patrice had flung himself into the discussion with passionate vehemence and a logical reasoning which it was impossible to disregard without evident insincerity.

Coralie had turned aside slightly and Patrice could not see her face; but he suspected her dismay in the presence of all this infamy and shame.

M. Masseron raised an objection:

"Two undeniable facts, you say, Captain Belval? As to the first point, let me remark that we have not found the body of the man who is supposed to have been murdered at nineteen minutes past seven this morning."

"It will be found in due course."

"Very well. Second point: as regards the amethyst pendant discovered in Essarès Bey's hand, how can we tell that Essarès Bey found it in the murdered man's hand and not somewhere else? For, after all, we do not know if he was at home at that time and still less if he was in his library."

"But I do know."

"How?"

"I telephoned to him a few minutes later and he answered. More than that, to sweep away any trace of doubt, he told me that he had rung me up but that he had been cut off."

M. Masseron thought for a moment and then said:

"Did he go out this morning?"

"Ask Mme. Essarès."

Without turning round, manifestly wishing to avoid Belval's eyes, Coralie answered:

"I don't think that he went out. The suit he was wearing at the time of his death was an indoor suit."

"Did you see him after last night?"

"He came and knocked at my room three times this morning, between seven and nine o'clock. I did not open the door. At about eleven o'clock, I started off alone; I heard him call old Simon and tell him to go with me. Simon caught me up in the street. That is all I know."

A prolonged silence ensued. Each of the three was meditating upon this strange series of adventures. In the end, M. Masseron, who had realized that a man of Captain Belval's stamp was not the sort to be easily thrust aside, spoke in the note of one who, before coming to terms, wishes to know exactly what his adversary's last word is likely to be:

"Let us come to the point, captain. You are building up a theory which strikes me as very vague. What is it precisely? And what are you proposing to do if I decline to accept it? I have asked you two very plain questions. Do you mind answering them?"

"I will answer them, sir, as plainly as you put them."

He went up to the magistrate and said:

"Here, sir, is the field of battle and of attack—yes, of attack, if need be—which I select. A man who used to know me, who knew Mme. Essarès as a child and who was interested in both of us, a man who used to collect our portraits at different ages, who had reasons for loving us unknown to me, who sent me the key of that garden and who was making arrangements to bring us together for a purpose which he would have told us, this man was murdered at the moment when he was about to execute his plan. Now everything tells me that he was murdered by M. Essarès. I am therefore resolved to lodge an information, whatever the results of my action may be. And believe me, sir, my charge will not be hushed up. There are always means of making one's self heard. . . . even if I am reduced to shouting the truth from the house-tops."

M. Masseron burst out laughing:

"By Jove, captain, but you're letting yourself go!"

(Continued on page 22)



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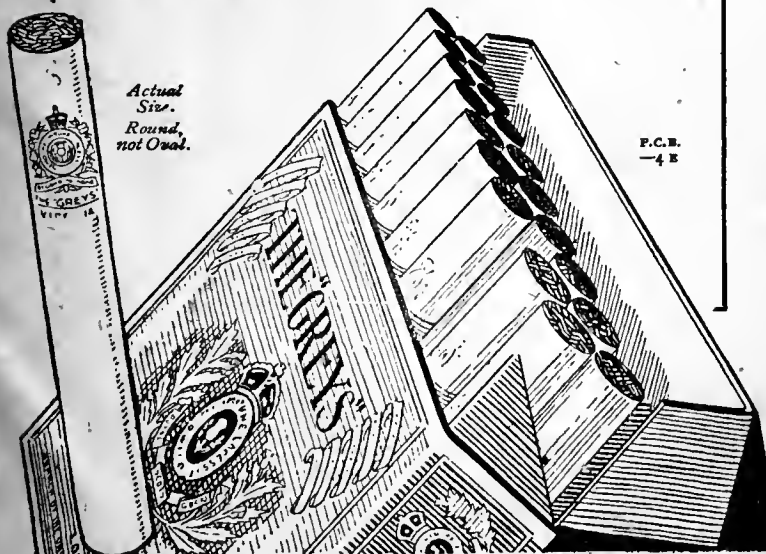
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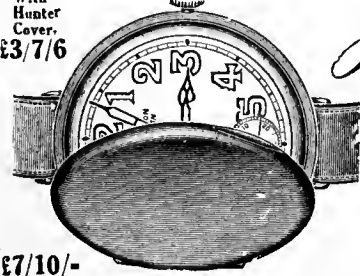
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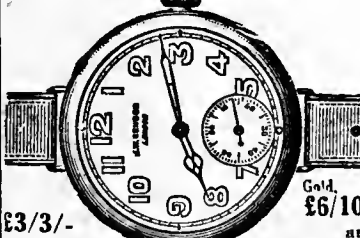
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(Continued from page 20)

"I'm behaving according to my conscience; and Mme. Essarès, I feel sure, will forgive me. She knows that I am acting for her good. She knows that all will be over with her if this case is hushed up and if the authorities do not assist her. She knows that the enemies who threaten her are implacable. They will stop at nothing to attain their object and to do away with her, for she stands in their way. And the terrible thing about it is that the most clear-seeing eyes are unable to make out what that object is. We are playing the most formidable game against these enemies; and we do not even know what the stakes are. Only the police can discover those stakes."

M. Masseron waited for a second or two and then, laying his hand on Patrice's shoulder, said, calmly:

"And, suppose the authorities knew what the stakes were?"

Patrice looked at him in surprise:

"What? Do you mean to say you know?"

"Perhaps."

"And can you tell me?"

"Oh, well, if you force me to!"

"What are they?"

"Not much! A trifle!"

"But what sort of trifle?"

"A thousand million francs."

"A thousand millions?"

"Just that. A thousand millions, of which two-thirds, I regret to say, if not three-quarters, had already left France before the war. But the remaining two hundred and fifty or three hundred millions are worth more than a thousand millions all the same, for a very good reason."

"What reason?"

"They happen to be in gold."

CHAPTER VIII

Essarès Bey's Work

THIS time Captain Belval seemed to relax to some extent. He vaguely perceived the considerations that compelled the authorities to wage the battle prudently.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes, I was instructed to investigate this matter two years ago, and my enquiries proved that really remarkable exports of gold were being effected from France. But, I confess, it is only since my conversation with Mme. Essarès that I have seen where the leakage came from and who it was that set on foot, all over France, down to the last important market-towns, the formidable organisation through which the indispensable metal was made to leave the country."

"Then Mme. Essarès knew?"

"No, but she suspected a great deal; and last night, before you arrived, she overheard some words spoken between Essarès and his assailants which she repeated to me, thus giving me the key to the riddle. I should have been glad to work out the complete solution without your assistance—for one thing, those were the orders of the Minister of the Interior; and Mme. Essarès displayed the same wish—but your impetuosity overcomes my hesitation; and, since I can't manage to get rid of you, Captain Belval, I will tell you the whole story frankly . . . especially as your co-operation is not to be despised."

"I am all ears," said Patrice, who was burning to know more.

"Well, the motive force of the plot was here, in this house. Essarès Bey, president of the Franco-Oriental Bank, 6, Rue Lafayette, apparently an Egyptian, in reality a Turk, enjoyed the greatest influence in the Paris financial world. He had been naturalised an Englishman, but had kept up secret relations with the former possessors of Egypt; and he had received instructions from a foreign power, which I am not yet able to name with certainty, to bleed—there is no other word for it—to bleed France of all the gold that he could cause to flow into his coffers. According to documents which I have seen, he succeeded in exporting in this way some seven hundred million francs in two years. A last consignment was preparing when war was declared. You can understand that thenceforth such important sums could not be smuggled out of the country so easily as in times of peace. The railway-wagons are inspected on the frontiers; the outgoing vessels are searched in the harbours. In short, the gold was not sent away. These two hundred and fifty or three hundred millions remained in France. Ten months passed; and the inevitable happened, which was that Essarès Bey, having this fabulous treasure at his disposal, clung to it, came gradually to look upon it as his own, and in the end, resolved to appropriate it. Only there were accomplices . . ."

"The men I saw last night?"

"Yes, half-a-dozen shady Levantines, sham naturalised

French citizens, more or less well-disguised Bulgarians, secret agents of the little German courts in the Balkans. This gang ran provincial branches of Essarès' bank. It had in its pay, on Essarès' account, hundreds of minor agents, who scoured the villages, visited the fairs, were hail-fellow-well-met with the peasants, offered them bank-notes and government securities in exchange for French gold and trousered all their savings. When war broke out, the gang shut up shop and gathered round Essarès Bey, who also had closed his offices in the Rue Lafayette."

"What happened then?"

"Things that we don't know. No doubt the accomplices learnt from their governments that the last despatch of gold had never taken place; and no doubt they also guessed that Essarès Bey was trying to keep for himself the three hundred millions collected by the gang. One thing is certain, that a struggle began between the former partners, a fierce, implacable struggle, the accomplices wanting their share of the plunder, while Essarès Bey was resolved to part with none of it and pretended that the millions had left the country. Yesterday, the struggle attained its culminating point. In the afternoon, the accomplices tried to get hold of Mme. Essarès so that they might have a hostage to use against her husband. In the evening . . . in the evening you yourself witnessed the final episode."

"But why yesterday evening rather than another?"

"Because the accomplices had every reason to think that the millions were intended to disappear yesterday evening, though they did not know the methods employed by Essarès Bey when he made his last remittances, they believed that each of the remittances, or rather each removal of the sacks, was preceded by a signal."

"Yes, a shower of sparks, was it not?"

"Exactly. In a corner of the garden are some old conservatories, above which stands the furnace that used to heat them. This grimy furnace, full of soot and rubbish, sends forth, when you light it, flakes of fire and sparks which are seen at a distance and serve as an intimation. Essarès Bey lit it last night himself. The accomplices at once took alarm and came prepared to go any lengths."

"And Essarès' plan failed?"

"Yes. But so did theirs. The colonel is dead. The others were only able to get hold of a few bundles of notes which have probably been taken from them by this time. But the struggle was not finished; and its dying agony has been a most shocking tragedy. According to your statement, a man who knew you and who was seeking to get into touch with you, was killed at nineteen minutes past seven, most likely by Essarès Bey, who dreaded his intervention. And, five hours later, at twenty-three past twelve, Essarès Bey himself was murdered, presumably by one of his accomplices. There is the whole story, Captain Belval. And, now that you know as much of it as I do, don't you think that the investigation of this case should remain secret and be pursued not quite in accordance with the ordinary rules?"

After a moment's reflection, Patrice said:

"Yes, I agree."

"There can be no doubt about it!" cried M. Masseron. "Not only will it serve no purpose to publish this story of gold which has disappeared and which can't be found, which would startle the public and excite their imaginations, but you will readily imagine that an operation which consisted in draining off such a quantity of gold in two years cannot have been effected without compromising a regrettable number of people."

(To be continued)

The Y.M.C.A. Fund

The following are contributions to the Y.M.C.A. Special Appeal Fund, which have been sent to the Editor and by him forwarded to the Y.M.C.A.:

	£	s.	d.
S. Ives Hopkinson, Esq.	20	0	0
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A. Herbert Aspin, Esq.	10	0	0
Frank C. Erskine, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. Jessie Collier	1	1	6
Mrs. Wilson	1	0	0

Now that the Food Controller and G.O.C. London District have taken restaurants under their care, it is to be hoped they will see that in spite of reduced prices and courses, the food supplied is both wholesome and what it represents itself to be. There should be Food Inspectors with full powers to act in this direction. Margarine should not masquerade as butter, and meat should be sound and good. Cold storage has enabled a lot of pranks to be played upon the public stomach by caterers, whose main object is dividends.

